

Girl Time

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Donald David Jerome was a normal teenager and well liked. He did well in high school, played on the junior varsity and participated in many extracurricular activities. He wore his brown hair, like his dad's, in a short ponytail tied off at the back of the neck with a thin strip of rawhide. His best features were his deep blue eyes and charming smile. Those features he inherited from his dad. At eighteen, he stood five foot seven and weighed one thirty five. His body inherited his mother's petite frame.

Don's father was six foot and weighed two twenty. His thick forearms were covered in colorful tattoos. He was a long haul truck driver and as a consequence, home only one weekend a month. Don relished those times when his father came home and enjoyed their time together. When he graduated high school, Don wanted to join his father driving the big rigs. As a tyke he always got a big thrill when his dad would rev up the semi's Cummings diesel and blow the horn. From that first moment, all Don ever wanted to do was drive a big rig of his own.

With his father gone most of the time, his mother raised him the best she could. They lived in a small two bedroom house on the outskirts of town. Fortunately, she didn't have to work and was there whenever Don needed her. Don never gave her much to worry about. He was obedient and respectful most of the time. Don was a good kid. Everything in his life was going satisfactorily until his mom got sick in his junior year. Her illness drained what savings they had. Her passing was a bitter event. They had to sell the house to pay the bills and Don went to stay at a friend's while his father went back to work.

"Don it's not right we should mooch off friends but right now we don't have much choice. You stay at Bert's for now but I promise to get us a new place as soon as I can," his father said to him before hitting the road.

While Don was saddened by his mother's loss, he had been friends with Bert since the second grade. Bert's parents were more than happy to take him in. The summer before the start of his senior year Don's life changed dramatically. It was the last weekend in May when his dad drove up in his big rig. Inside the cab with him was a tall red head who his dad said was his new mother. Don was introduced to Harriet and told to pack his things, they were going home. Don was stunned but did as his dad wished. He had tried to protest, saying that it was his senior year but his father was insistent.

"Look Don, I'm sorry about taking you away from school and all your friends but I don't like to be beholden to anybody. Now, Harriet here has a nice enough place. She'll take care of you and she's now family. So you best listen and do as she says," his dad responded.

The space inside the cab didn't allow for him to pack much of his stuff, mostly clothing. Don was sullen as they drove away from everything he had known. He couldn't understand why his dad had to be so stubborn about being obligated to good friends.

He wasn't all that impressed with Harriet. She was a shrewish looking woman slightly older than his dad. Her longish nose had a slight hook and small beady grey eyes stared out from black horn rimmed glasses. She was wearing skin tight green Capri's,

a frilly floral decorated white top and had her hair covered with a green silk scarf tied into a floppy bow under her chin.

When she talked to his dad she was all smiles and sweetness but turned indifferent when Don entered into the conversation. As Don checked her out he was reminded of a cheap diner waitress. It was a long ride crossing several state lines before his dad turned the truck into a small trailer park on the outskirts of Reno. They stopped in front of an older model double wide at the far corner of “Shady Acres Trailer Park.”

“Its home son, I hope you like it. Let me help you with those bags and get you settled. Now I gotta leave fore sunup so I’m gonna tell you now that you behave and do whatever your new mother tells you to do. When I get back, I don’t want to hear a single bad word about you, understand? I know this is all sudden like but you need a momma and a place we can call our own. You do exactly what she tells you and everything will be just fine,” he said guiding him into the small guest room.

The room was very small and a bit feminine for his tastes. The floor was covered with what looked like the original orange shag carpeting. There was a chipped white enameled six drawer dresser with faded gold piping, a twin bed with a pale pink satin pillowed comforter with a frill of ragged lace along the hem and an old doll house placed in a corner. Piled in another corner was a tall stack of teen girly magazines and books. Sitting on top of the dresser was a ceramic princess doll and a white old fashioned wind up alarm clock. There was a lingering smell of dust and perfume.

Seeing the look on his son’s face, his father said, “Sorry about the room son but the other room is used for storage. The trailer actually belongs to Harriet and I guess this is just some of her grown daughter’s old stuff. Don’t worry. I’m sure she’ll let you fix it up some.”

Don groaned as his father left the room. “Crap! What a piece of shit! I still can’t believe he married that woman. She reeks of trailer park trash. Well, it looks like I’m fuckin’ stuck here for now. Might as well unpack,” he thought as he opened one of his bags.

Carrying a stack of clothing over to the dresser, he frowned as he had a closer glimpse of the princess doll. The doll’s black hair was piled high on the head with a golden tiara. The face was alabaster white with rosy red cheeks and bright red pouting lips. The formal hoop skirt was a bright blue with a very delicate white lace overskirt.

“You’re the first thing to go once I get my shit unpacked,” he mumbled as he opened the top drawer.

He was surprised to see that the draw contained a bunch of feminine lingerie. It was filled with a multicolored assortment of nylon panties, camisoles and bras. Cussing under his breath, he scooped them out and dropped them on the floor. Quickly opening the other drawers, he found an array of colorful full slips, half-slips, girdles, garter belts and hosiery. They soon joined the pile on the floor at his feet to be replaced with his own boxers, tees, pajamas, shorts, socks and swimming suits.

Unpacking his jeans, slacks and shirts, he walked over to the recessed door and slid it open to reveal a small closet filled with skirts, blouses, dresses and shoes.

“Crap what is all this shit still doing in here? Might as well toss it with the rest of that junk. You’d think she would have at least cleaned all this shit out before I got here,” he thought.

By the time he had unpacked and stored everything away it was late. Grabbing his pajamas he headed across the hall to take a quick shower. Like his room the guest bath was small. Again, he found the shelves and medicine cabinet filled with feminine

products. Sighing in disgust, he took a quick shower and went to bed.

Ooo

Mary Ann was in his arms, her yellow satin bra pushed up over her gorgeous full breasts. He had finally gotten to third base and as his lips moved to suckle on the pink rubbery nipple before him, everything evaporated in pain. He jerked his head up off the pillow and screamed as his step-mother slashed the wide red patent leather belt down on his upturned ass.

“How dare you disrespect me like this! What the hell were you thinking tossing my Gracie’s things about? I knew it was a mistake to marry your father! Now I’m stuck with your sorry ass!” she screamed raining blows down on the helpless youth.

Don managed to roll off the bed and onto the floor. With fearful tears falling down his cheeks, he looked up into the wild eyed woman standing above him. She was standing with her hands on her hips, the red belt swinging from her right hand.

“Get your ass up and pick up all these beautiful clothes. You are going to fold them neatly and put all of them back where they belong. How dare you do this! I said get your ass off the floor and get busy,” she screamed slashing the belt down on his bare thigh.

“Stop! Please stop hitting me! It hurts!” he screamed back curling up into a fetal position.

“It’s supposed to hurt,” Harriet said raining blows down upon his butt and thighs.

Finally Harriet stopped gasping for breath. “Now are you going to get up and pick up all that clothing or do you need more of my belt?” she demanded.

“Alright, just stop hitting me. I’ll do whatever. Just stop hitting me,” he sobbed slowly getting up.

He could see fire in her eyes as he stood, tears flowing freely down his cheeks. “I....I’m sor....sorry....I...didn’t have any place to put my stuff,” he blubbered.

“So you just decided to dump my Gracie’s things all over the floor, did you? Well I’m going to teach you a thing or two about respecting other people’s things. It looks like you need a strong dose of girl time! Maybe then you will develop a sense of responsibility and respect. Now start picking up all those clothes and put them on the bed. You will then neatly fold and put them back where you found them. You can put all your stuff back into your luggage. You won’t need it for awhile,” she ordered. Slowly, sobbing softly, he went over to the pile of clothing and bent to pick them up.

“Don’t bend from the waist. Stoop down to pick that up. Do you think I want to look at your ass!” she screamed.

Dazed and confused, he complied with her demand. Stooping, he gathered up a pile of dresses and blouses that were strewn about his feet. He dumped them on his bed and turned to retrieve some more when she stopped him once again.

“What do you think you’re doing? Hang those dresses and blouses correctly before you do anything else,” she barked.

With the dresses and blouses back on their hangers, Don moved over to pick up the pile of lingerie scattered about the floor. As he placed the pile on his bed, he wasn’t sure what to do next. He had no idea of how to fold lingerie. He gave her a puzzled look as he picked up a pair of bright green nylon panties with a frill of white lace.

“Here I will show you how to properly fold Gracie’s intimates. Pay attention because

I'm only going to show you how to do this one time. Make any mistakes and you will feel my belt," she snapped taking the panties from his trembling hands. She held the panties in front of him double checking to make sure they would fit.

"Yeah, like I thought, he's just about Gracie's size just a bit thick waisted," she thought.

It took Don over an hour to fold and replace all the lingerie back into the dresser. As he folded each item he was told what it was and it's purpose. To him, a bra was a bra and had no idea of just how many different variations and reasons for wearing a particular bra there were. By the time he had replaced the lingerie, he knew more than he wanted to know about bras, panties, garter belts, slips and foundation garments.

"Jeez, I never knew there could be so many bras. I've always thought girls wore bras just to make their tits look good. Racer back, underwire, strapless, shelf, tee shirt, push up, everyday wear and special occasion bras. How can a girl keep up with all this shit not to mention all those other items I never heard about before? Why is she making me remember all this stuff?" he thought as folded and put them away.

Once he had folded each set of lingerie, Harriet would quiz him on styles and their function. For every wrong answer, she swatted his thigh with the belt. By the time he had all the lingerie stored, his thighs were bright red but he knew much more than he had ever wanted about lingerie.

"Now put your clothing back into your luggage and put them out in the hall. I'll find a good place to store them," she demanded.

"Huh? What am I going to wear if I pack up all my stuff?" he asked surprised.

"Your punishment is no where near over and won't be until I'm satisfied that you have learned to respect me and my property. You're going to have a bit of girl time. Girl's respect their parents and take good care of their clothing. So, I think if you spent some time being a girl then you'll learn all the quicker. You'll be wearing my Gracie's clothing until I'm satisfied you have learned your lessons," she stated.

"You've got to be kidding me! I'm not some sissy and I'm not going to wear any girl's clothing," he replied sharply.

The red belt lashed out faster than he could react and landed squarely on his left hip. As he reached down instinctively to clutch at his stinging hip, she slashed him across the upper arm. Swinging the belt faster than he could respond, Don was soon begging for her to stop.

"Ple....please...please no...no more. I'll do what you want just stop hitting me," he cried.

"Very well but one misstep and you will feel my belt. Now into the bathroom with you, we have a lot to do before you are ready. You have a lot to learn about being girlie," she ordered.

Ooo

Don was back in his room with a lavender towel wrapped across his upper chest. His long hair wrapped in a pink satin turban and tears were flowing freely down his cheeks. His ordeal in the bathroom had been totally humiliating. The first thing he learned was how to properly prepare his bath. When he protested that he only took showers, the belt quickly changed his mind. He learned that only warm water was used to fill the tub along with several capfuls of floral scented bath oils and fragrant bubble bath solutions. Once he had soaked for a few minutes, he was handed a can of

women's shaving cream and instructed on the proper way to shave his legs and underarms. Completing that task with only a few nicks, he was told to stand up. Harriet, using a pair of scissors, quickly trimmed his pubic hair then had him shave it into a neat small triangle above his limp penis. What little hair on his chest was next to go.

Out of the tub, she instructed him how to pat his skin dry then apply a floral scented moisturizing lotion followed by a dusting of scented talc. Then she had him shampoo and condition his hair twice before blotting it dry and covering it with the cotton lined satin turban.

His humiliation didn't end there. Harriet pulled a pink rubber bulb syringe from the linen closet, filled it with warm sudsy water and gave it to him as he sat on the commode.

"We girls never feel clean until we have had our morning douche. I'm sure you feel the same way and can figure out how to use that yourself. If not, I will be more than happy to show you," she sneered.

Blushing crimson, he slowly worked the white nozzle deep inside and squeezed the bulb. He winched as he felt the water gush up inside of him. Completing that odious task, Harriet reached under the sink and removed a pink box. She handed the partially filled box to him demanding that he carefully read the instructions. Don looked at the box and its contents then looked up at her puzzled.

"A girl doesn't want any unwanted leakage staining her pretty dainties, now does she? Go on take one out and put it in. Don't look so horrified, all us girls do it. Don't worry it will become very natural for you in time. Who knows, you may even feel empty without it," she said with a laugh.

Don didn't know what was more mortifying, douching or sticking a tampon up his ass. Of course, Harriet made sure he understood that from this day forth, he would perform his cleansing ritual daily.

With his cleansing rituals done, she had him step into a pair of pink two inch block heeled mules with a white puff of feathers at the open toe. Handing him a lavender colored towel, she told him how to fasten it around his chest. Before leaving the bathroom, she made him look into the full length mirror on the back of the door. His reflected image brought more tears cascading down his cheeks.

Now back in his room, she led him over to the dresser where she told him to pick out his lingerie for the day. With shaking hands he opened the top drawer, paused for a few seconds before pulling out a pair of thigh high pale blue nylon panties with small white daisy imprints. Holding them between thumb and forefinger, he held them up looking at Harriet.

"Very pretty my dear. Now find the matching bra and garter belt," she replied. It took a bit of looking but he found the required garments. Again, he looked at Harriet.

"Well just don't stand there like an idiot. Pick out a nice camisole, half-slip and pair of ecru nylons then put them on," she barked swishing the belt.

He had trouble fastening the bra and garter belt. After a bit of fumbling, Harriet had to step in and help him. Showing him how to move the small metal slides to adjust the strap length, she positioned his hands behind his back so he could hook it. She made him undo and rehook the bra band until his arms were almost numb. The elasticized six inch wide garter belt was much easier to put on but it took at least two inches off his waist line. All he had to do was hook it in front then turn it around. Sitting on the

bed, she showed him how to roll the stockings into donuts, knead and smooth the nylons up his legs and fasten the welts to the six suspenders. It took him some time to get the rear suspenders fastened correctly.

Dressed in his lingerie, she handed him a baby blue translucent nylon robe to put on before stepping back into the mules. She took great delight in pushing him in front of the full length mirror on the bathroom door. Donald had to rub his eyes with the back of his hands as he stared at his reflection. With the exception of the bright pink turban, his face looked normal with a bit of stubble. From the face down was a totally different image. A blue camisole could be easily seen through the diaphanous robe. A blue nylon half-slip with four inches of white lace hemming reached to just above the knees. Under the slip, he knew that he was wearing a pair of soft panties and the tight blue satin garter belt with six suspenders with bright blue satin bows covering the tabs.

Don was jolted as he was momentarily blinded by a bright flash, then another and another as he turned away from the mirror. Harriet stood back a bit and was taking pictures with her digital camera. He could hear her laughing and saying, "Now I've got you my pretty."

"Alright, please, I...I have learned my lesson. Please let me alone and delete those horrible pictures. Please, you can't show those to anyone. I promise to respect whatever you want and do what you say but...but please stop this now. I promise, I will do whatever you want. Just not..not this," he plead as fresh tears fell.

"You do as you are told and do it happily and maybe, just maybe, I won't show these pictures to your daddy," she smirked.

"Yes, I promise, I swear to do whatever you say. Just delete those pictures and let me out of these horrible clothes," he begged.

"Oh no, you haven't even begun to learn your lessons much less spent any time in girlie mode. No, you have to promise me that you will cooperate with me fully and stay in girlie mode until your father comes back. Otherwise, I will have to share these past few hours with the world wide internet. Won't that be a thrill for your father to see from his inboard computer?" she said practically jumping with joy.

"Alright, I....I'll do what you ask," he submitted.

"Just remember, you even once disobey me and these pictures go viral. Now sit on that stool and face me. Make damn sure you keep your knees together. I don't want to see your pantied crotch," she stated.

Don pulled the pink satin pillow covered stool from the corner and placed it by the sink. Harriet opened the top drawer of the vanity and removed a pair of chromed tweezers. Cupping his chin with her left hand she began jerking hairs from his brows causing him to wince in pain. When she finished, his brows were in delicate arches.

"Going to have to do something about that peach fuzz," she mumbled as she pulled out a white jar with a chrome lid.

The goop she spread liberally across his face and down his neck to the collar bone felt cool at first but soon became uncomfortably hot. He was glad when she washed it off with a wet face cloth. What stubble he had disappeared with each stroke of the cloth.

"You're going to use this every morning and evening. So I hope you were paying attention. Now tilt your head up. I'm going to apply your makeup today but you are going to learn how to do this yourself," she remarked.

Harriet worked quickly on his face. Liquid foundation to even out his fair complexion,

powder to set it followed by black eye liner, blue eye shadow, black extender mascara and buttercup pink lipstick. With his makeup applied she sprayed him with a liberal dose of floral scented perfume.

“You start crying and ruin your makeup and I’ll really give you something to cry about,” she said turning him to face the mirror.

It took all of his will power not to ball his eyes out when he saw his reflection. The face looking back at him was actually nice looking. He would never be considered a real beauty but an easy seven on any boy’s scale of beauty. The makeup wasn’t over done and for the most part you couldn’t tell he actually had much on. The bright lips and colorful eye shadow were the most visible.

Stepping back she snapped several more pictures much to Donald’s dismay. Putting the camera out of his reach, she removed his turban and began combing through his shoulder length damp hair. Satisfied that she had gotten all the tangles out, she grabbed a clear jar filled with a pink gel and worked the gel into his hair. Using a rat tailed comb, she began sectioning out his hair and from the second drawer removed large bristle rollers. Don could feel the stiff nylon bristles dig into his scalp as she rolled his hair tightly. Parting his hair across the forehead, she trimmed it at an angle so that it would swoop above the left eye then cascade just above the right and tuck behind the ear. With his hair set, she took a blow dryer and thoroughly dried it. Putting down the dryer, she brushed it until it shined. Using a blue plastic ribbon shaped barrette, she pinned the bangs into place. His hair had a nice wave falling just above the shoulders. As a finishing touch, Harriet found a bright blue plastic hair band and placed it over the part.

Back in his room, she removed three white nylon yoked stiff net crinolines. She instructed him to place each crinoline inside one another before stepping into them. Next she handed him a blue and white checkered gingham dress from the closet. She instructed him to be careful not to mess his hair or smudge his lipstick with it. The dress zipped up the back, had short puffed sleeves, high rounded white collar, fitted waist and full flare skirt. The dress had three flounces of white lace hemming and the fit was a bit tight.

To finish his dressing, she gave him a pair of white strappy sandals with a three inch stiletto heel, three white plastic bangles for his right wrist, a small white banded lady’s watch for the left and a necklace of large white plastic square cut beads. His ears weren’t pierced and she didn’t have any clip-ons. Don wobbled in his heels, totally unfamiliar with the change in his center of gravity the narrow heels caused as Harriet took several more pictures.

“Okay Priscilla, I want you to smile, real happy like, with your right arm raised and elbow tucked to your side with the wrist limp,” she ordered taking yet another snap shot. “I can’t believe how good my Gracie’s clothing fits him. Too tight in the waist but a strict diet will change that and the shoes probably a half size too small. His daddy married me just so I could be a fucking baby sitter. Well, I’m going to show him. All I wanted to do was get the fuck out of that miserable diner and go on the road with him. The only thing I accomplished was getting out of waitressing. Now I’m supposed to be a fucking baby sitter! Well, I’ll show them! If it weren’t for all that money he gives me, I’d kick the both of them out. Well, if I can’t take it out on his daddy then I’ll take it out of his snot nosed kid,” she thought.

“OMG! I can’t believe I’m doing this and what did she call me? Priscilla? Shit, I hate this but what can I do? My butt and thighs still sting from where she hit me. Now, I’m stuck or she’ll post those damn pictures on the internet and show them to my dad. If

that happens, he'll kill me. She did promise to give me back my boy clothes before my dad comes home. Once he's here and I have my stuff back, I'll get him to set her straight or I'll run away. Hell, I'm old enough to be on my own," he thought as he stood posing.

"Alright, one more and then we can begin your girl time lessons in earnest. This time I want you to bend at the waist, place your elbows on the table with your hands cupping your face. I want to see a wishful smiling face when I take the picture," she broke into his thoughts.

"Seeing him wobble in those heels, I know there is no way for him to be fast enough to get my camera. I think I'll have him stand in front of the bathroom mirror and repeat fifty times, 'my name is Priscilla and I love how I look.' That way he'll keep busy and I'll be able to upload all these pictures," she thought as she kept snapping away with the camera.

Ooo

"Okay, let's go into the living room. You have a lot of practice to begin your girl time before I get your lunch," she said walking back into the bathroom.

Harriet had to hold him by the elbow to keep him from falling as he wobbled beside her. "Plant your toe first, take small mincing steps, swing from your hips and put one foot in front of the other. You'll find it easier to walk in heels that way. Also keep your shoulders and back straight, thrusting out your chest a bit and head up Priscilla," she instructed as they went down the hall.

For the next three hours Harriet had Don walking, sitting, stooping like a girl. She made sure he learned a very girlie hip swaying walk with his elbows tucked in and wrist limp. To help him learn quickly, she used some satin ribbons to tie his elbows to his sides and to keep his stride short. The ribbons seemed to work but he was having problems keeping his fingers sprayed and wrists limp. A few times she caught him with his fists balled into fists but the ever present red belt corrected his worst mistakes.

By the time he was allowed to sit at the dining room table, his legs, ankles and feet were throbbing. His meal was meager by his standards, sliced tomatoes with a light Italian dressing, tuna sandwich on whole wheat and a glass of water. His dinner of hamburger and fries on the way to "Shady Acres" and no breakfast left him starving. He was going to complain but seeing the look in his step-mother's eyes kept silent.

"The reason I didn't release you from the ribbons tying your elbows is that you need to learn to eat as daintily as you look. So sit up straight, keep those knees together, take small bites and don't talk unless I ask you a question," she said as she sat down across from him.

After lunch, she had him repair his own makeup, don a pair of yellow rubber gloves, do the dishes and clean up the kitchen. He had his first lesson on how to properly sweep then mop floors. For his kitchen duties, she had tied a white bib apron around his waist. It was made of white organza and had ruffled hemming with a floral embroidered bib. As he swept, she took several more pictures. She made sure he had a big smile on his face.

With the kitchen area cleaned, she let him sit back at the table and brought him two of the girlie magazines that were stacked in his room. The first was a year old copy of "Seventeen" and the other was an even older "Teen Idol." There were a number of articles listed in the index highlighted with yellow marker.

"you will read and memorize all the stories I highlighted. You have two hours and then I

will give you a quiz. For every wrong answer, you will be given a demerit. Before you go to bed tonight, there will be a reckoning and you will receive a swat from my belt for each demerit accumulated each day. Make sure you keep your ankles crossed and legs tucked back while you read your assignments,” she said taking her camera and walking out of the room.

Donald looked down the highlighted articles. “The best makeup for summer,” “How to keep him interested,” “Developing the perfect body for the summer” and “Your period and summer activities,” were in his first magazine. The second had a long article about some Justin dude and another “The greatest boy bands ever.” He stifled a groan as he perused the stories he would have to read and memorize. Fortunately Harriet had given him a pad and pencil to make notes. He would be judged on his handwriting as well and instructed to make sure he used curly-cues and hearts for dots. The next two hours passed miserably for him but he did his best to concentrate. He was certain that he didn’t want anymore swats to his tender ass.

He received five demerits, two for his handwriting and three for missing questions. Don actually felt relieved as he began practicing his walk at only getting five of them. He swished, swayed, stooped and sat for the next two hours. At the end of the session, he was required to powder his nose and freshen his lipstick before putting the apron back on. He helped her prepare their dinner. Again, it was a meager affair. He had a skinless chicken breast, broccoli and large glass of unsweetened iced tea. Harriet had half a chicken and cold beer with her meal. Don could only look on with envy.

Dinner over he cleaned the kitchen to her exacting standards then allowed to sit back at the table and read for an hour. The book she gave him was one of those steamy romance novels which he had to read aloud. As he read, she made him use a higher timbre and softer voice. His throat burned slightly as he resumed practicing his walking, sitting and stooping for another hour. When the hour was up she helped him undress and get into the tub. As he lazed in the warm water, his hair covered in a pink shower cap and his face covered in cold cream, the soreness in his calves and feet began to ease.

As he was finishing cleansing his face wiping away the cold cream and makeup, she reminded him to moisturize, powder, remove his tampon, douche and replace his tampon. It was an agonizing ordeal but he managed to get through it without losing it. He had racked up ten demerits and didn’t want any more. With his evening toilet completed, she handed him a fuchsia nylon baby doll nightie with a matching pair of white lace ruffled full cut panties. Stepping into the mules he followed her back into his room.

“For not giving me any problems doing your nightly toilet, I’m taking away two demerits. Now bend over with your hands touching your toes,” she said.

As he was removing the cold cream, Harriet had rolled his hair using the bristle rollers and tied a bright lemon green nylon scarf at the back of his head to hold everything in place. Lying awake in his bed, the rollers gave him another pain to worry about beside his sore butt. He spent a very uncomfortable night but got some sleep. Between his various pains and scared thoughts running through his mind, sleep had been difficult to come by.

Ooo

He was roused by the clanging of the old fashioned alarm clock sitting out of reach on the dresser. He sat up rubbing his eyes then looked at the still ringing alarm. “Damn that thing is set on five a.m. I didn’t set that somabitch,” he mumbled reaching out to

shut it off.

He had just laid back down intending to get some more shut eye when Harriet barged in. She was wearing an old frayed green terry bath robe, had a green nylon scarf tied around her head and wore a pair of green satin slippers. Without her makeup she looked even uglier and meaner than Don remembered.

“Get out of that bed! You have a lot to learn today. Get your sorry ass into the bath and do you morning toilet like I showed you yesterday. Make sure you do everything I had you do or you will be one sorry individual Priscilla,” she said in way of greeting.

Reluctantly he got out of bed, put on his nylon robe and stepped into the mules. The bath felt good on his still aching body but his humiliation was as severe as it was previously when he douched. Harriet walked in as he was completing his morning tasks and inspected every inch. Satisfied, she tossed him a clean pair of lilac nylon full cut panties with purple floral lace frills at the leg openings, a matching satin bra and a purple pantigridle. He quickly pulled on the panties not wanting to expose himself any more than he had too. The bra proved a bit difficult but he finally got it fastened behind his back. The girdle was something new for him. It was made of an elasticized shiny material with a lighter purple satin diamond panel in the front and back with an elegant fern pattern woven in with silver thread. The girdle was very snug pulling his boy parts tightly up against his groin.

Next she had him sit on the stool with him facing the mirror and applied makeup to one side of his face. “Okay, I’ve done my half, now you finish up. Do your best to copy what I did and take your time. You need to learn how to apply your own makeup,” she instructed.

It took almost an hour but he got the makeup on to her satisfaction. The only differences from yesterday were the purple blended into lilac eye shadow and glistening plum lipstick. Stepping back into his robe and mules he followed her back to his room.

For his outer wear she had selected a white polyester blouse. It had long balloon sleeves, high rounded collar, lacy fluffy cravat tie and buttoned down the front with numerous small pearl buttons. The skirt was a black wool pencil skirt that reached to mid-calf. It was lined with a champagne colored satin. He stepped into the skirt after kneading sheer white hose up his legs. To finish his dressing, she had him step into a pair of black paten leather pointed toed pumps with a four inch spike heel. For accessories, she gave him the same ones he had already worn. Telling him to put them on, she stepped out of the room for a moment. When she returned, she handed him a white leather clutch purse.

“It’s time you learned how to carry and handle a purse. A purse is a woman’s most important accessory. Inside that purse is everything she needs from makeup to her wallet plus many other necessities. You will never let that purse leave your side, understand. I will give you five demerits if I find that purse unattended. Now come along, we have a lot to do today,” she said.

Back in the living room he began walking, sitting and stooping in endless circles as she watched his every move. He had his purse tucked under his right elbow, his right hand clutching the front corner holding it securely. During his second circle, he loosened up his elbow and almost dropped the purse.

“That will cost you two demerits. Now walk over to the mirror and check your makeup, pat your hair making sure it is still neat and reapply your lipstick. I want to see those lips glistening all the time,” she stated.

For the next two hours he swayed his hips walking one foot in front of the other. The tight skirt made sure he took dainty steps. He swept his hand under his skirt before sitting then crossed his ankles and pulled his legs back under him. When he did that it put pressure on his tucked away testicles. It wasn't painful but very uncomfortable to sit wearing the confining girdle. By the time she had him stop and help prepare lunch, he was exhausted and his legs, ankles and feet were in agony.

Lunch for him was a bowl of tomato soup, two rice cakes and a sprig of celery. His step-mother had a pork chop, mashed potatoes, green beans and a cold bottle of beer. Don could only look wishfully at what she was eating as his stomach growled in complaint at his meager fair.

Once he cleaned the kitchen, she had him sit back at the table. Harriet gathered up what she needed and stood behind him. Using an ice cube, she deadened his right earlobe. Using a heated needle and cork, she pierced the lobe and inserted a pink sparkly stone stud into the hole. She repeated the process on his left ear.

Smiling with satisfaction, she sat beside him with a manicure set and a bottle of lilac varnish. She took his left hand and began giving him a manicure. She went slowly telling him everything she was doing. When the nails were filed into ovals and painted, she told him to do his right hand. He used the polish remover many times to get the varnish off his skin or remove a clumped application. He received one demerit for his efforts before she finally approved of his work.

"You will do your nails every day after lunch from now on. In a short time you will be able to do it with your eyes closed," she stated getting up from the table.

She gave him three more magazines to read, "Style," Cosmo," and another "Teen Idol." There was a long article in "Style" featuring easy and creative hairdos. In "Cosmo" there was an article on "Being the best you can be for your man," and another article on "Sassy nails." There was only one highlighted in the "Teen Idol" about Hanna Montana. As he began reading, his mind screamed in silent agony. Today he made better notes and only received two demerits, both for wrong answers.

Finished the reading assignment, he was back practicing his walking, sitting and stooping. Stooping with a purse was very difficult for him as he tended to raise his elbows when he stooped. Another two demerits for lapses were awarded by Harriet. He received another demerit when he forgot to use a higher pitched tone and soft voice when reciting from his romance novel. He had accumulated six demerits and the day wasn't even half over for him. Not only that but sitting with his back straight, legs pressed tightly together and tucked at a slight angle under his chair became very uncomfortable by the end of an hour. Plus his throat was sore and there was a distracting burning in his earlobes.

"How long is she going to make do all this crazy stuff? I hurt all over. I'm hot, tired and this girdle is killing me. If I screw up or complain she'll give me more demerits and my butt is still sore from yesterday. I don't know if I can take this till dad gets back. I'd run away if I could but she took by suitcases and locked them up somewhere. I certainly can't go outside looking like this. Just look at her. She's sitting there smoking a menthol cigarette still in her nightgown and ratty robe with that shit eating grin on her face. Oh how I wish I was strong enough to beat the snot out of her," he thought.

To Be Continued....

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

The ringing of the alarm brought Don out of a deep exhausted sleep. It was the start of another 'girl time' day and he groaned as he sat up in bed. He pushed the quilted lavender comforter and pink sheet off and put his sore feet into the mules. Grabbing his translucent blue nylon robe, he minced across the hall to the bathroom.

"Crap, you'd think after a week of constantly wearing heels my feet wouldn't hurt so damn much. Hell, she only lets me out of them when I take a bath or go to bed," he thought as he began to undress.

With the tub filling, he removed the bright yellow nylon baby doll top and stepped out of the matching bloomer panties. He reached behind and unhooked his bra and pulled down the pantigriddle she required him to wear all the time. Folding them neatly he placed them on the padded stool sitting in the corner. He went over to the linen closet and removed the pink rubber bulb douche. As he filled the bulb with warm water and a bit of liquid soap, he winced. By now he went through his morning toilet without much thought but douching still mortified him. Harriet no longer supervised him in the bathroom but he was afraid that if he skipped what he had been told to do the consequences would be severe.

His pale butt still showed the marks left by last night's spanking. While he was getting much better with his girl time, he accumulated five demerits yesterday. Two were forgetting to speak in the higher pitched tone and soft voice she demanded he use at all times. One was for forgetting to keep his knees pressed together and two for not checking his hair and makeup as he passed a mirror. Harriet had a red leather belt and vicious swing that she didn't mind using. Donald was determined to not do anything to get more demerits as he started his morning.

After he performed his douche and inserted a tampon, he got into the bath. He made sure that his roller covered head was protected by the pink shower cap. The stiff nylon bristles in the rollers still bothered him but not as much as at first. Feeling the bristles dig into his scalp as he put on the cap made him think about how much of his girl time was becoming habit. He no longer gave as much thought to how he walked, dressed or acted while in girl time. His girl time had been twenty-four seven for the past week and Harriet's demerit system was a great incentive for him to learn. He had earned as much as a dozen those first four days of training. Last night it was down to five and he hoped not to earn any today.

He spent the first four days primarily learning how to walk, sit, stoop, check his makeup and hair and manicure his nails. For the previous two days he spent more time learning how to apply makeup and roll his hair. He hated everything he was forced to do but she had photos and promised to post them on the internet if he didn't happily comply. The last thing he wanted was for his father to find out. Harriet had promised that if he did everything she demanded, he would get his boy stuff back when his dad came home. Unfortunately his dad was a long haul truck driver and wouldn't be home for another three weeks.

As he ran the washcloth up his leg, Donald realized he had to shave. If he showed any stubble, Harriet would give him ten demerits. Taking the can of lavender jasmine scented shaving gel, he went about the process of shaving his legs, underarms and

groin. He would trim the remaining “V” shaped patch of pubic hair when he got out of the tub.

Finished his morning toilet, he wrapped a towel around his upper chest, replaced the nylon scarf over his curlers and stepped into his mules. Back in his room Harriet was waiting wearing her usual ratty robe, nightgown and scruffy slippers. A menthol cigarette was hanging out of the side of her mouth. On the bed was a simple pink and white “A” line house dress. As she watched, he went over to the dresser and pulled out his lingerie for the day. A pair of full cut pink nylon panties with white hearts decoration and a bit of lace around the legs, pink satin “B” cup padded underwire bra, matching long-line girdle with front, side and rear satin panels embroidered in a silver floral pattern and a pair of white nylons.

He received a nod of approval when he had them on. He pulled the nylon robe back on then stepped into the white leather open toed four inch spike heeled pumps. Back in the bathroom as Harriet observed, he put on his makeup. After smoothing his complexion with foundation and powder, he did a passable job of lining his upper and lower lids with black liquid liner. He then blended pink and white eye shadows before using the eyelash curler. Black mascara and eyebrow pencil finished his eyes. He finished with a wet looking frosted pearl pink lipstick.

He started to remove his rollers when she stopped him. “Leave them in, today you are going to learn how to keep house and wash clothes,” she said.

Donald spent a very long morning vacuuming, mopping and scouring the entire trailer. He wore an apron and rubber gloves but doing housework in a girdle and high heels totally exhausted him. He was more than happy to stop cleaning and help prepare a late lunch. As he expected, his meal was meager consisting of whole wheat tuna sandwich, half of a canned peach with a dollop of cottage cheese and a large glass of water. He did his best not to watch Harriet eat her cheese burger and fries.

He cleaned the kitchen before he was allowed to sit at the table and read his girlie magazines. Today’s articles were, “How to get and keep your boyfriend,” “1,2,3 easy ways to make your boyfriend happy,” “Madonna Live” and “Using scarves to accent your style.”

“Like I need to learn this shit,” he thought as he began reading the first story. Two hours later he sat as Harriet quizzed him. With each passing day her questions demanded more and more detail. Luckily he didn’t get any demerits on his responses or penmanship.

“So far so good, I haven’t gotten a single demerit. I remembered to check and fix my makeup and kept my voice like she wants it. Now if I can just get by until bed time,” he thought as he manicured his nails.

After he removed the old red polish he carefully layered three coats of frosted pink varnish without mishap. When his nails dried, Harriet told him to get the dirty laundry including the sheets off their beds and bring it into the living room. He was puzzled by her demand but did as he was instructed. When he came back into the room carrying the large bundle, he was shocked as she opened the front door.

“Don’t stand there gawking, you have a lot of laundry to do. Come on we have to go to the laundry room to get it done. Now move your sorry ass or you can get twenty demerits,” she barked.

“G....g...go outside? Like this? I ca...can’t go outside,” he stammered.

“How else do you think you are going to do the damn laundry? Of course you have to

go outside to the laundry room. You do like you have been taught and no one will guess that you're a girlie boy. Now move it or get twenty demerits," she firmly said.

With that she began counting slowly, as she got to three he was moving out the door. The walk to the laundry room seemed to take forever as Don's heels click-clacked on the concrete path. His heels sounded like gun fire and he knew everyone in the trailer park was looking at him. Harriet's double wide was in the far corner of the lot and by the time they reached the laundry room, his nerves were frazzled. Luckily there was no one else using it as they walked in. Don dropped the pile of laundry on the table visibly relieved.

"Where's your purse Priscilla? How do you expect to put change into the machines if you don't have your purse? That's five demerits. Now get your sorry ass back to the trailer, put the quarters I have on the counter top into your purse then get back here. Make it quick or I'll add another five demerits," she snapped.

"Oh man, five demerits and I have to walk all the way back to the trailer by myself. I look like a complete fool dressed like this and feel even worse. I just hope I don't meet or see anyone like this," he thought as he headed back.

Back at the laundry she showed him how to sort the soiled clothing by fabric and color. The lingerie she said had to be hand washed in the big sink off to the side of the room. He filled three of the four washers and got them started before doing the lingerie. He was busy washing the lingerie when someone came into the room. He made sure to keep his back to whomever walked in, trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible.

Harriet greeted the short pudgy woman and they talked a bit before she introduced him. "Say hi to my girlie boy step-son Nadine. I call him Priscilla since he likes to play dress up so much," he heard her say as he blushed flaming red.

"Well Harriet if ya hadn't a told me I don't think I would a guessed. He sure do make a cutie. Turn around girlie boy n let me have a look at ya," Nadine said coming over to the sink. Don dropped the orange panties he was scrubbing into the water and turned.

Nadine wasn't much taller than him but carried a lot more weight. She was so fat her arms stuck out from her sides. Her round face wasn't ugly but her small beady eyes made her look piggy. Her short blond hair was cut in a page boy style and she was wearing a yellow cotton uniform.

"My my he sure doan look like no boy I'd ever seen. Priscilla ya say ya name be," Nadine said staring at him.

"Don't be shy Priscilla say hello to my good friend Nadine. We use to work at the same diner before your dad married me," Harriet said.

"Hel....hello Na...Nadine," he stammered. He was so embarrassed by being outed as a boy in a dress that he was near tears.

"That be Miss Nadine to ya my little fairy. Now I has a good look at ya face, I kin believe ya is a guy. Hot damn, Harriet ifn ya hadn't a told me I'd never have known," Nadine said.

"Yeah, he's coming along nicely now that I have him under my wing. He did a pretty crappy job of it before I started teaching him how to do it right. You got laundry to do Nadine?" Harriet replied.

"Yea, jest a bit. A couple of uniforms and some undies like. Need ta git dem done fer the weekend," she stated.

“Why don’t you leave them here and Priscilla will be more than glad to do them for you. Give her your quarters and we’ll go get some coffee,” Harriet said.

“Wha....what you can....can’t leave me here alone. Wha...what if somebody else comes in here?” Donald said shocked.

“All the washers are running. If anyone comes in they’ll see and come back later. Now you just do the laundry and when it’s done, fold it and bring it all back to the trailer. Now get busy washing our lingerie or would you like some more demerits?” she stated.

It took Don an hour and a half to wash, dry then fold all the clothing. Someone stuck their head into the door just after Harriet and Nadine left but departed to his great relief. The entire time he was tending to the laundry, he was scared that someone would come in. By the time he had all the laundry stacked his nerves were frayed. Seeing the amount of clothing, he realized he would have to make several trips to bring it all back to the trailer. That realization brought tears to his eyes which he quickly blotted with the hem of his apron. As he was about to give up in despair, he noticed an empty grocery cart in a corner. He quickly placed all the clean and folded laundry into the basket and began rolling it back to the trailer. The cart wobbled on one bad wheel but at least the noise helped cover the click-clacking of his heels. Later when he took the cart back, he met an elderly woman walking her dog but she didn’t say anything. She looked him over, gave a small smile and kept on walking.

When he got back to the trailer Harriet had the ironing board and iron ready for him. She showed him how to press the linens and once satisfied he could do the job went back to talking to Nadine. Finishing the linens, she instructed him on the proper way to iron Nadine’s uniforms after making sure he understood the proper temperature settings. With the uniforms done and hanging on hangers, she showed him how to iron Nadine’s lingerie.

As he was doing the ironing, Harriet and Nadine were busy drinking beer and smoking. He heard his name being mentioned more than he cared to. He perked up his ears when he heard Nadine mention that Harriet should consider sending Priscilla to work at the diner. The diner needed another waitress since she had quit. Don breathed a sigh of relief when he heard Harriet say that now wasn’t the time to be talking about that.

Ironing was a hot, tedious arm exhausting task. By the time he had finished all of it, the only thing he wanted to do was collapse onto the sofa. He wasn’t allowed that luxury as he was told to put all the ironing in its proper place, fold up the ironing board, unplug the iron then put all that away as well.

At dinner he was so tired he could barely eat the chicken salad and sliced tomato that was his supper. Harriet who had been drinking beer most of the afternoon appeared to be in a good mood. When she finished her supper, she looked at him and smiled a crooked smile.

“Men never have any fucking idea of just how hard it is to keep a proper house. Well today you learned that a woman’s work is never done and it’s damn hard work at that. You did a good job with the laundry and ironing so, I’ll forget about all those demerits you earned for tonight. Now get your ass to bed,” she said.

As he minced off to bed, Harriet swallowed the last of her beer. “Damn, killed another one. Might as well get another and finish off the case. Going to have a hangover tomorrow so I guess I’ll let the girlie boy sleep in. No sense me having to get up at five,” she thought as she got up.

Ooo

Harriet let him sleep until shortly after seven before she yelled at him to get his ass out of bed. As every morning before, she was wearing her raggedly robe, nightgown, holding a cup of coffee in one hand and a cigarette in the other. The red leather belt was hanging out of her robe's pocket. This morning she looked a little more frazzled and bleary eyed. He had seen his father looking like that on more than one morning and guessed she was hung over.

"I'd better get moving, she doesn't look like she's in a very good mood this morning. The last thing I need to do is piss her off," he thought.

When he returned from his morning toilet, Harriet was waiting for him. "Took your own sweet time this morning didn't you. Toss the towel and grab your ankles. It's time to settle up your demerits from yesterday or you can wait and get what you earn today added for tonight," she said.

Donald started to say that she had said those demerits were forgiven but the look in her eyes made him stop. It took him a few moments to decide what to do then dropped the towel and grabbed his ankles. He hoped she was too hung over to swat his bare butt very hard. He was mistaken as she seemed to have the strength of a much stronger woman. He was crying hard and his bottom was bright red by the time she finished.

"Can't have you thinking you can get away with your mistakes, now can we. Wear another long-line girdle today and put on the clothing I left out on your bed. Don't take all damn day. I need you to make me breakfast," she said leaving the room.

He hated wearing those long-line girdles. They were very constrictive and hot. Going over to the dresser while rubbing his sore butt, he selected a set of mauve colored nylon lingerie and the pink girdle. He looked at the dress she selected and decided he needed a full slip. The dress was a black and white checkered cotton dress with a rounded collar, short sleeves and a tight skirt reaching to mid calf. The mauve slip had a pink floral lace overlay on the bodice and four inches of pink lace at the hem. Using his robe to cover his lingerie, he went back into the bathroom to put on his makeup and brush out his hair.

After he made her breakfast he was left to practice his walking, sitting and stooping. When she returned, Harriet was wearing a pair of lime green Capri's, extra large pink tee with a knot tied at her left hip and black flats. Harriet had put on full makeup, something she hadn't done before, and had tied her hair into a ponytail securing it with a lime green scrunchie. She sat at the kitchen table and told Don to bring her a cup of coffee.

Delivering the coffee he noticed a pair of golden chandelier earrings. The earrings were a small gold hoop with many fine chains of varying lengths attached to the hoop. Small golden bells were fastened to the chain ends. He looked from the earrings sitting on the table to see that Harriet was already wearing large gold hoops in her ears.

"You've had those keepers in long enough. The holes should be healed enough to wear these. Go ahead and put them on then freshen your makeup. We're going out," she said pointing to the ones on the table.

"Go....going out? Whe....where are we going?" he asked frightened by the prospect of being seen in public again.

"Grocery shopping so you'd better hurry up and make a list of what we need. Make sure you put beer and cigarettes down while you're at it," she replied.

The idea of going to such a public place caused a bolt of panic to run up his spine.

"I....I can't g...g...go out looking lik...like this," he stammered.

"You're a bit over dressed I guess but then again you're a girlie boy so it's okay," she replied dismissively.

"Plea....please not dressed like this," he plead.

"Oh alright but you will wear what I pick out without any complains," she responded.

Donald wasn't sure he liked what he heard but he held a smidgen of hope that he would be allowed to wear his own clothing for a change. His hopes were not only destroyed but he was totally mortified by what she had him change into. She had him keep on his lingerie but replaced the dress and slip with a pair of high waisted skin tight midcalf black satin leggings and red and white checkered blouse. The starched blouse had short flared sleeves, high pointed collar and was tied in a knotted bow just under his breasts leaving his midriff bare. A kerchief matching the blouse was tied at the back of his head. The outline of his girdle could easily been seen through the tight leggings. She had him change out of his three inch white pumps into a pair of red five inch spiked heeled and half inch platformed leather strappy sandals. For accessories he wore six thin golden metal bangles on his right wrist, a ring on every finger and woman's white banded watch on his left wrist.

"There, now you look like a typical housewife," she smirked once he was dressed.

As they walked into the large warehouse store Harriet showed her member card and asked where the registration desk was. At the desk, Harriet said she needed to get her sissy step-son a membership which made his already blushing face all the brighter. His eyes brimmed with tears as the woman laughingly took his picture. Soon he had his own laminated id card. The picture was of a bleary eyed girl but the name, Donald David "Priscilla" Jerome, left no doubt about his sex or his status as a sissy.

As he pushed the cart Harriet said, "Now maybe when I tell you to do something you won't hesitate again Priscilla. Here turn down this aisle. You need to get some more tampons and maxipads."

That shopping trip had drained Donald of his remaining masculine pride. He had never been so humiliated in his life and to make matters worse, wherever they went, his outfit drew everyone's attention. He was especially annoyed by the stares he received from the men in the store. If he could have seen how his round butt wiggled as he walked he might have understood why they looked.

His embarrassment didn't end at the warehouse store. On the way back to the trailer, Harriet stopped at a nail salon. There he was introduced as Priscilla and had his nails extended with ceramic tips. When walked out of the salon he had glistening oval red nails almost an inch long.

Back at the trailer he was left to unload all the groceries. To his relief there was no one nearby as he made several trips back to the car. With the food stored, he was told to practice his walking, sitting and stooping. He paused to check his makeup as he passed the mirror. The first time he stopped to reapply his lipstick, he almost poked an eye with his new longer nails. She gave him five demerits for not checking and fixing his makeup while at the store or salon so he made sure he stopped each time he reached the mirror.

After having a salad for lunch, he was back reading girlie articles. Today's assignments were "Boys and why we love them," "Ways to make your lips more kissable," "Flirty skirts," "Sexy moves that'll turn your man on," and "Why all the rage over Lady Gaga."

Three more demerits for not mastering the flirty moves listed in the article, “Sexy moves that’ll turn your man on.” Plus two more for not knowing the correct answers to questions about the others. With that task over, he read aloud from his romance novel for an hour. For a change of pace, he got to watch some television. Don hadn’t watched any TV since he arrived and was hoping to watch a ball game. Instead he had to watch some inane program on the We network. The only thing he liked about watching the program was Harriet allowing him to take off his heels. Of course, she made him tuck his feet up under like a girl would.

They had an early dinner and after cleaning up, Don was told to sit at the table. Harriet pulled out all the magazines he had previously read and began asking him questions from the various articles. Of the twelve questions he missed six. Harriet was furious with his effort and demanded that he re-read every article and memorize them like she wanted. Instead of giving him six demerits, she said his total for screwing so much up that day would be twenty.

Donald paled when he heard her pronouncement. “Please Harriet give me a break. This has been a very difficult day for me. I’m not use to being out in public dressed like this,” he begged tears brimming at the corner of his eyes.

“Calling me Harriet reminds me. From now on you will call me either mother or momma. As far as your lack of effort today and the number of demerits, I’ll reduce them to five provided.....You agree to go to the park’s swimming pool with me tomorrow and will use those flirty moves you learned on any boy or man that may be there. Understood?” she replied sharply.

“OMG! She’s serious! She wants me to go to the pool and flirt with guys. I can’t do that! Shit! After the way she tore up my butt this morning I don’t think I could take twenty. Damn, I don’t have any choice. Flirting doesn’t mean I will have to kiss any of them,” he thought.

“Okay, moth....mom...ma, I’ll do it if I don’t have to kiss any of them,” he replied. He couldn’t bring himself to call her mother.

“No, you won’t have to kiss any of them but if one of them comes to sit by you, you will be extra nice and find out all about him. I’ll want a detailed report on all the boys you talk to when we get back to the trailer. Now get back to studying those magazines,” she replied smiling.

Despite how physically and mentally tired he was Donald had a hard time going to sleep that night. The very idea of having to flirt with any boy did not sit well with him. He also knew that he wouldn’t be wearing his bathing suit but a girl’s. He hoped that she wouldn’t make him wear a bikini.

Ooo

The next morning when he came back from the bathroom, there was a baby blue spandex one piece bathing suit with a short pleated white skirt on his bed. The suit had foam cups built into the rounded bodice. Beside the suit were a blue pantigridle and a wide brimmed white straw hat. On the floor was a pair of wedges with a three inch cork heel.

Once he had all the clothing on, he looked like any young girl headed to the pool. Harriet gave him a large yellow straw tote to carry all the essentials a young girl would need. It contained everything from sun block, several magazines, romance novel to tampons. As he placed some makeup into the tote, he grimaced at seeing the tampons. Harriet was wearing denim shorts, short-sleeved white cotton blouse and flip flops. A

pair of red rimmed sun glasses was perched above her forehead. She picked up a thermos jug filled with iced tea, handed a pair of pink wide rimmed sun glasses to Don and said, "Let's go."

It was only ten o'clock and Don had hopes that no boys or men would be at the pool. It was a hot early June day and there were several people already there when they arrived. A couple of moms, five young kids, a middle aged balding man sitting under a shaded table reading a newspaper but thankfully no young men. Harriet found them two adjoining lounge chairs and laid her towel down on one. Don put his towel on the other and spent the next fifteen minutes applying sun block.

He was just getting settled on the lounge with a fashion magazine when a young man entered the pool area. He was taller than Don, his blond hair cut short with a great tan and well defined abs. He stopped at the entrance, looked around the pool then headed over to a lounge chair opposite from where they were sitting.

Don didn't have to look to see Harriet watching him. He knew she was watching to see him begin flirting with the young man sitting across from them. Like most trailer park pools this one was small and Don had no trouble seeing the young man's hazel colored eyes. With a sigh, he sat up and began rubbing more sun block over his body. This time he tried to do it as provocatively as he possibly could. Out of the corner of his eye, he could tell he was having the effect on the boy that he wanted. Finished with the sun screen, Don removed his hat, walked over to the edge of the pool, sat and slowly crossed his smooth legs as he put them into the cool water. Bracing his arms behind him, he leaned back and looking up, shook out his wavy hair. The boy across from him jumped into the pool. It didn't take him that long to reach Don's side of the pool.

Donald was both scared to death and humiliated by what he was being forced to do. He was a normal boy and was a good swimmer. He didn't like homosexuals but he had to do his best to attract this boy's attention. He had to wade in the pool like some silly girl not wanting to get her hair wet. Every move he made and much of what he said was closely followed by Harriet.

He let Mark rub sun screen on him once they were out of the pool. As the boy's hands moved over his bare skin, Donald's mind cringed in disgust. The three hours by the pool seemed like an entire lifetime as they talked, waded in the pool and lay in the sun. Finally, to Don's great relief, Mark said he had to go. He had a summer job working in a burger joint and invited Priscilla to have dinner on him that evening. Donald made a lame excuse saying that he was with Harriet and didn't think he could get away. As they made their way back to the trailer, Harriet was all smiles. She couldn't wait to show Don all the pictures she had taken.

As he was preparing their lunch, Donald had to tell her all he had found out about the boy. "His name is Mark Hamilton, he's nineteen and working the summer at a burger joint. Baseball is his favorite sport and he played on his high school's team. He was a pitcher but blew his arm out in his senior year," he said as if reading from a book.

"Priscilla you don't sound very enthusiastic. If I didn't know better I would think you're not enjoying your girl time. Now tell me everything you like about Mark like a girl would or do you have to go back and read all those articles again?" she snapped.

Donald groaned inwardly, put a smile on his face and started again. "Mark has the loveliest hazel eyes and a cute butt. He invited me out to have dinner at the burger joint he works at. I thought that was so cool to be invited on a date but I had to tell him no.....I....I didn't....didn't want him to think I was too easy," he replied thinking fast

and doing his best to sound happy.

“That’s much better dear. Did he say anything about meeting you back at the pool?” she said smiling as she put her cell phone down. Harriet had videoed him as he gushed about Mark and date offer.

After finishing lunch, Harriet showed him the pictures she had taken of them. Every one brought goose bumps of revulsion running up his spine. They all made him look just like a boy crazy girl. One picture made him gasp. It was a full frontal shot of Mark with a very noticeable bulge in his swimming trunks. Donald had never noticed.

“I’ll have this one blown up and put it in a frame for you Priscilla. I think every girlie boy should have a picture of his first conquest. While I do that go change,” Harriet smirked.

Don went back to his room cussing under his breath. The last thing he wanted was a reminder of the morning’s events. He particularly didn’t want a picture of some boy’s hard on. “Maybe I should have taken those twenty demerits. I didn’t know today would be so bad,” he thought.

Back in his room he was even more disturbed seeing the tan lines no boy should have. When he came out of the bath he found the black wool pencil skirt he had worn before, a red satin balloon sleeved blouse with a ruffled lace jabot, a set of black lingerie, four inch black heeled pumps and an eight by ten color framed picture of Mark. The bulge in his trunks was even more obvious in the blown up picture.

Dressed and in full makeup, Donald spent the next hour practicing his walking, sitting and stooping. Harriet had him read some more articles. “How to pick the right outfit for your body,” “Ten secrets every girl needs to know about boys,” “What men really want,” and “The latest from the runway,” were some of the stories he had to read and memorize. When he finished, it took him almost an hour to answer all of Harriet’s questions. This time she not only questioned him about what he had just read but all the others as well. Don received five demerits for wrong answers. By the time Harriet had finished her third degree, it was almost time for dinner. Don rose from his chair and moved toward the kitchen to start on it when he was stopped.

“Priscilla, didn’t Mark invite you out tonight to join him for a burger? Freshen your makeup and put on some more of that lovely perfume I gave you. I’ll drive you over to see your Mark,” Harriet instructed with a giggle.

As they stopped in the parking lot Harriet turned to him and said, “Priscilla, I’m going to leave the two of you alone. I’m going to sit in a far corner so I can keep an eye on you though. When you order make sure you just get the meat paddy, tomatoes, lettuce and a diet drink. When you finish your meal, go to the ladies and repair your makeup using a good coating of lipstick. Then you will go back over to Mark and kiss him on the lips like an appreciative, respectful girlfriend or I will be pissed. You don’t want to see me pissed do you? I might just be mad enough to post all those lovely pictures I have of you.”

For several seconds Donald was too shocked to say anything. “What? Go to the ladies restroom? I can’t go in there. What if someone is in there? Kiss? Kiss him like....like a girlfriend?” his thoughts raced.

If the day had started out bad the evening was far worse. He managed to go into the lady’s restroom without peeing himself. Since he was already in there, he decided he had better use the toilet. Coming out of the stall, he opened his purse and began fixing his face when the door opened and an older woman walked in. He was glad he had already peed because it would have been running down his leg now if he hadn’t. The

woman paid him no mind and entered a stall. Don quickly finished putting on his lipstick and left the restroom. Now he had to screw up the courage to walk over to Mark and give him a kiss on the lips. It would have to be a soulful kiss or Harriet might get angry. As much as he detested the idea of kissing another boy, he feared that those horrible pictures would get posted more.

Mark was waiting for him wearing jeans, white long sleeved shirt, white bib apron and that silly paper hat grinning from ear to ear. He would have looked adorable if Don wasn't a boy. Don glanced over to the corner where Harriet was waiting. He wanted to get this ordeal over with as quickly as possible. Mincing over to Mark, Don placed his hands behind Mark's neck, closed his eyes and pressed his lips to Mark's. He was a bit surprised when Mark forced his tongue into his mouth but after all his reading, didn't break contact like his mind screamed for him to do. As they kissed, Mark's hands were roaming all over Don's round ass.

As soon as they were in the car, Donald couldn't hold back any more and tears flooded down his cheeks. "Eno....enough...please....no more...I can't take any more.....please I don....don't wa....want any more girl time," he sobbed.

"Priscilla, it's only been a little over a week. How can you say that? You still have so much to learn. You did nicely back there and you should be proud of yourself. I'm sure that boy will be thinking hard about you when he goes to bed tonight," she said with a laugh.

With her comment ringing in his ears, Donald brought his hands to his bowed face and began crying all the harder. He wondered what more could she do to him. Wasn't kissing a boy more than enough punishment? "Wha....what more....more do I have to do?" he moaned.

"Why Priscilla now that you have a boyfriend, you need to make some girl friends. Didn't you see that cute little nine year old girl at the pool today? I think she would make a real nice girlfriend for someone like you. Maybe she will be at the pool when we go back in the morning. Now stop that infernal crying and pull yourself together. Your makeup is an absolute horror" she replied.

They were back at the trailer park before he could get his crying to stop. Harriet was beginning to look her usual mad self as they exited the car. Not wanting to antagonize her anymore, he rushed as fast as his tight skirt would allow into the bathroom. He removed the dark rings of eye liner and mascara running down his cheeks and redid his face. His eyes were red but he was presentable as he walked back into the kitchen.

Harriet was sitting at the table all smiles drinking a beer and smoking her cigarette. When he sat down across from her, there was an eight by ten color picture of him kissing and being kissed by Mark. A cold shudder ran up and down his spine as he looked at it.

"She has so many incriminating pictures of me now. If any of those ever get out I'll be doomed," he thought.

"I think that came out really nice, don't you? Why don't you hold it up so I can see and tell me how much you like it?" she said with a crooked smile.

"Hasn't she humiliated me enough for one day? I know what she wants to hear and I don't like it but what choice do I have," he thought as he picked up the photo.

Holding the picture as demanded he said, "Oh momma don't you think this picture came out fantastic. My....my first kiss with a boy," he said as happily as he could.

Harriet smiled more broadly as she put her cell phone down. "You're totally mine now,

you sissy. When your father sees these videos and pictures he'll probably want to kill you. Of course, I'll defend you. Poor baby, I'll say. He, I mean she, came out to me as soon as you left on your route. Seems he's always wanted to be a girl and dressed as much as his mother would let him. Oh, you didn't know that did you? Well of course they hid it from you. How else can you explain how good he impersonates a teenaged girl? It's way too natural to have just started. So what was I going to do? I let him be who he always wanted to be. You can plainly see how much he enjoys dressing up and going out with a boy from all these pictures I took. Now, he's still your child and our responsibility. If you can't handle it, give me some money and get back on the road. Yeah, that's what I'll tell him. He'll stay on the road rather than face living with a gay feminine son. I'll be able to go out partying and having a good time on his dime while the sissy takes care of the trailer and Mark or any other boy I can find for him," she thought.

For the next couple of hours Harriet had Donald practice the flirting moves described in the magazine. As he slightly puckered his lips then ran his tongue slowly across the bottom lip, Harriet watched from across the table.

"Lower your eyelids a bit and smile as you do that Priscilla, you want to look alluring not like you are licking jelly. Use your hand to play with a tendril of your hair like the story said. That's much better. Now raise the hem of your skirt a bit to show the lace on your slip. The only thing men love more than a hint of lace is seeing all the lacy frills completely off," she said.

"I feel like an idiot doing this," he said at one point.

"You feel that way because you're letting your boy mind tell you that. Now I want you to concentrate really hard and picture that Mark boy. See the color of his hair, the way it's styled, the color of his eyes, the shape of his lips as you practice your moves. When you see him smiling in your mind then your flirting won't seem idiotic. Forget you were ever a stupid boy. You're in girl time now and you must not only act like a girl but think like one. That's why I want you to make friends with that little girl. If you meet any girls your age, they'll know what you're hiding between your legs in a heart beat because you don't think like them. So you better get your act together and keep thinking girlie thoughts because I'm going to make sure you meet some older girls," she ordered.

"Now I gotta think like a girl? Shit, she's going to make me meet other girls my age. She's right they'll guess my secret probably as soon as I open my mouth. Man, I hate this girl time. Dad will be home in two more weeks. I just hope I can last till then," he thought as he was getting ready for bed that night.

Donald had many upsetting dreams that night. Mark was a prominent feature in those dreams. Mark's smiling face would enter his dream and his lips seemed to swell and get bigger as their faces came closer together. Mark's lips seemed to swallow him as he tossed and turned under the sheet. Then he dreamed that he met Mary Ann and some of her friends. It started out nice but suddenly he was in his girl time standing before them. He watched as her eyes bugged out and she screamed "You faggot!" His dream changed again and this time he was in Mark's arms being kissed soundly on the lips as Mary Ann looked on holding out her hand and swishing her finger back and forth in that "No-no" way mothers use on their little kids.

To be Continued...

Part Three

By Cheryl Lynn

Donald woke feeling like he had just gone to bed. He slipped out of bed, put his feet into the mules and minced into the bathroom. When he came back Harriet was waiting for him. A pink and white stripped spandex one piece bathing suit, white pantigridle and the straw hat he had worn the day before was on his bed. A pair of bright pink leather strappy sandals with three inch spiked heel was beside the bed.

"Since we'll be going back to the pool today, I thought you might as well be ready. When you have put on your makeup, make breakfast," she said and walked out the room.

"Oh fudge, she wants me to meet and become friends with that little nine year old. Like I'm going to have anything in common with her," he mumbled as he got dressed.

After breakfast Harriet had him practice more walking, sitting and stooping. She didn't fail to notice how easily he moved. He was becoming very natural in his movements. "A little swishy but that's the way I want him," she thought.

Before they left the trailer to go to the pool, she instructed him on what she wanted him to do. "Alright, if that little girl is there you be real nice to her and make friends. You probably should tell her about your pretty little doll house sitting in your room. I think it would be just adorable if you two were to play house together. You told me that Mark had the morning shift today so he won't be a distraction. Don't worry. I'll see to it that you two can spend some time together at the pool this evening. We may even invite him over and do a bar-b-cue. Doesn't that sound delightful?"

Donald let out a soft groan as he stooped down to pick up the straw tote upon hearing what she wanted. When they arrived at the pool, there were only two other people. Unfortunately for him, it was the little girl and her mother. Harriet immediately upon seeing them walked over to a lounge next to where the mother was and introduced herself and her step-daughter Priscilla. Donald found a lounge and began lathering himself with sun block. He tried to drag it out for as long as he could but eventually had to go sit on the pool edge and start talking to the young girl. He found out her name was Judith Ann and was in fact eight and a half years old. It didn't take him long to learn pretty much everything about Judith.

She loved the Care Bears, Hello Kitty and really really liked Dora the Explorer. Her favorite doll was named Amy. He found out that she had several Barbies and a Ken doll. She also had a lot of stuffed animals and he soon learned all there names. When he told her he had a doll house in his room, she looked up at him wishfully and said, "Gee, I wish I had one. Do you play with your dollies there?"

When he told her he didn't have any dolls, she quickly offered to let him borrow one of hers. As much as he hated the idea, he smiled and said he would be very happy if he could borrow one of her dolls. Saying that brought a big smile to her face.

"Mommy, Mommy, Priscilla wants to borrow one of my dolls so we can play with her doll house. Can I please take my dollies to her trailer and play for awhile. I promise to be good," she squealed.

Before her mother could tell her that girls Priscilla's age didn't play with dolls, Harriet broke in. "Oh how delightful. I think my Priscilla would just love to. She doesn't have

any dolls but her doll house is lovely and I think she really misses playing with it. Edith, please do Priscilla a favor and let her and Judith play for a bit. I'll go and keep an eye on them while you sit here and get some sun. Besides, you were just saying how hard it is to get someone to baby sit. I'm sure that after today, Priscilla will be more than happy to do that for you."

"Damn, now I'm going to have to be a baby sitter," Don thought as he walked hand in hand with Judith to get her dollies.

He sat in his room, Indian style, changing a dress on a doll for what seemed like hours. He was getting the doll dressed to go out on a date with Ken. Judith Ann wanted Priscilla to do that since she was too young to date. She sat off to the side changing a diaper on her Bettsey Wetsy doll. When she finished changing the diaper, she looked up at Priscilla.

"Priscilla you need to hurry up, your date will be here any minute," she said with mock seriousness.

"Okay, okay I'm almost ready," Don replied.

Don picked up the Ken doll and held it next to his doll and said, "Hi Ken. I'm ready for our date," playing along with Judith's demands.

He put the dolls on top of a plastic car and pushed it in a half arc until he came to the spot where Judith said the restaurant was. He had the dolls pretend to have dinner then, at her insistence, had them dance. Driving them back to the doll house, Judith Ann insisted that the Ken doll give his doll a good night kiss. They kept playing for over an hour when Harriet said it was time for Judith to go meet her mother.

"Priscilla walk Judith Ann back to the pool and be sure to tell her mother, Edith, how much you loved playing with her," Harriet said. She wanted him out of the house so she could put the video of him and Judith playing together in her computer.

"If this doesn't convince his father what a total sissy he has for a son nothing will," she said as she uploaded the video.

Ooo

Shortly after lunch the phone rang while Don was reading aloud from his romance novel. By now he unconsciously used a higher pitch and inflection. He was totally unaware of how much his body language and voice had changed over the past week and a half.

"Hello, oh it's you Mark. Yes, she's right here. Let me get her for you," Harriet said as Don looked at her.

Holding her hand over the mouthpiece, she said, "Don't forget to invite him to the pool then the bar-b-cue."

Hanging up the phone he told her that Mark would be at the pool by four and would be glad to have supper with them.

"Today I want you swimming in that pool with him. I think it would be nice if you showed him how happy you are to see him again. Let him put you up against the wall and when he does, give him a great big happy kiss," she instructed.

Before he went to the pool, Harriet had him put on a figure hugging pair of white denim short shorts and a loose fitting nylon floral blouse over his bathing suit. The blouse had wide three quarter length sleeves, high pointed collar and decorated with large pink chrysanthemums on a black background.

“Remember your flirting lessons and take your time stripping down to your bathing suit. You two can play around for an hour then I want you back here and cleaned up. You have a bar-b-cue to get ready. I’m sure your little Mark would be more than happy to start the pit for you, provided you give him another great big kiss,” she said as they walked out the door.

Later, back at the trailer, Donald had to get ready for the bar-b-cue. It seemed to take forever drying his wet hair. He brushed it while blow drying it until his arm was sore. With his hair done, he quickly applied his makeup. When he walked back into his room wearing just a towel wrapped around his chest, she was waiting.

“Priscilla, it looks like you are going to have to read your makeup instruction book again. Boys like their girlfriends to look gorgeous and you need heavier makeup. Now get your ass back in there and spiffy yourself up,” she yelled.

“He’s not my damn boyfriend. I’m still a guy no matter what you do to me. I’m only doing this because you have all those pictures and make me,” he mumbled as he added more dramatic colors to his eyes and lips.

When he walked back into his room, she moved over to him and pulled the towel free. “You don’t have enough upstairs to wear the sun dress I was hoping to put on you. The neckline is too low and you don’t have the cleavage you need to make it look hot. We’ll have to do something about that but now you need to get dressed. Mark will be here in an hour,” she said.

On the bed she had placed a bright red with black floral lace decorated lingerie set. The red panties were high cut and made of a very soft slinky nylon. The satin bra had gel inserts to make him look bigger. The high waist pantygridle, seemed a bit smaller than usual and had a glistening diamond satin front panel with an elaborate floral design in silver thread. Sheer black hose and a red half slip would complete his underwear.

The white rayon dress with a floral decorative panel running around the hem was next. It had a square neckline with pink highlighting. It was sleeveless and fastened in the back by the wide shoulder straps to large pink buttons. With it on, he was horrified that he could see his lingerie through the material.

“I need a full slip with this. You can see everything through this dress,” he gasped.

“Don’t be so melodramatic Priscilla. It’s not that bad, remember what I said about boys liking to see a bit of dainty lace. I’m sure your Mark will just love this dress on you,” Harriet replied.

“He’s not my Mark. He’s not my anything. I’m only doing this cause you make me,” he whined.

“Get over it Priscilla. Now I want you to be extra nice to him. I expect to see you sitting very close, cuddling and stealing a lot of kisses,” she snapped back.

The bar-b-cue was alright as he actually got to eat half a real hamburger. He had to split his with Harriet while Mark ate an inch and a half thick ribeye steak. The only red meat he had been allowed since his arrival was the hamburger patty he had the night before and what was on his plate now. He was sitting with his hip touching Mark’s as he ate the steak. The aroma coming from the steak was driving Don crazy. He was sorely tempted to stick a fork into it and grab a big hunk for himself.

Harriet was sitting directly across from them smiling broadly. She had a pretty good idea of what he was thinking. “I bet he would give anything for a bite of that steak. Well, my sissy boy you can forget about getting any of that. If I have my way, the only steak you are going to be getting will be tube steak,” she thought.

When they had finished eating and cleaned up, Harriet said she had to go over to see Nadine for a bit and for them to behave themselves. She made sure to give Mark a big wink as she went out the door. Don saw it as well and knew he was going to be in trouble as soon as the door slammed on her butt. He was so right, less than a minute after she left, Mark had Don in a tight embrace and was plowing his tongue deeply into Don's. When Mark stopped for air, Don could feel his erection pressing against his thigh.

"Oh crap, I've got to figure some way to calm this boy down and quick," Don thought as he managed to break away from Mark's grip.

"Would you like a cold beer?" Don asked as he moved toward the refrigerator.

"Yeah, sure, that would be great," he responded.

"Man, I hope a beer will chill him down a bit," Donald thought as he opened the bottle.

The beer was just a temporary fix as Mark had Donald in another tongue twisting battle. Only this time Don had to fend off Mark's roving hands. They were trying to run up his skirt, they were squeezing his ersatz breasts and they seemed to be everywhere at once.

"I always thought it funny when I heard girls talk about octopus hands but I can't find a dang thing funny now. Thank heavens I have on this tight girdle. His hand was all over my crotch before I could pull it away. If he suspects that I'm not a real girl, he'll beat the shit out of me or worse. Oh crap, now he's sucking on my neck and sticking his tongue into my ear. Oooooooooohhhhhh, that feels so icky," he thought as they wrestled on the sofa.

By the time Harriet got back Donald was a mess. His clothing was wrinkled and his skirt bundled up in his crotch. A strap was pushed off his shoulder and what little lipstick remained was smeared. It was obvious that Donald had had played a hard game of touchy feely. Harriet smirked as she noticed the angry red patching on Don's neck.

"His first hickies. Those are going to really stand out by morning. From the looks of that bulge in Mark's pants he had a great time. Maybe I should have come back a little later. No telling what I would find then," she thought with a giggle.

Ooo

Donald was appalled when he saw his neck the next morning in the bathroom mirror. The three red marks on his neck had turned into ugly brownish-yellow purple splotches. He knew what they were, having given and received them in the past. Only now, instead of having bragging rights with his guy friends cringed in disgust. He tried covering them up with foundation and powder but with limited success. Of course Harriet had to make a comment about them, making him feel even worse.

"OMG Priscilla are those hickies I see on your neck. You know that everybody will be able to see those things. They are going to think you're one of those girls, if you know what I mean," she taunted when he went back into his room.

"Momma, why did you have to go and leave me with him? He was all over me before I had a chance to stop him. It was horrible. Please don't make me go out with him ever again," Donald said with a sob.

"Oh don't make a big deal over it Priscilla. Being in girl time and all, you should expect that kind of treatment. Now get over here and lay down on the bed. I have something for you that I got at Nadine's last night," she said.

Once he was on the bed naked, she wiped down his chest with alcohol wipes then pulled something out of a box sitting beside her. Holding it in her hand where he couldn't really see it, she covered it with a thin even layer of surgical glue.

"Close your eyes and don't move until I tell you. I want this to be a big surprise," she instructed. With his eyes closed he felt something cool being pressed against his right breast. Telling him to keep his eyes closed, she did the same to his left breast.

"Now sit up and open your eyes. Surprise! I hope you like them. I got them from Nadine last night. They were her mother's until she died a year ago. There're only "B" cups but that means you can still wear your old bras. Only now without the padding," she said gleefully.

Donald was horrified to see two very realistic artificial breasts hanging from his chest. The coloring was just a shade or so off his flesh tone, had firm thick brown nipples with large pink areolas and moved with life like precision. They also had a noticeable weight to them.

"Wh.....why did yo....you do this to me," he moaned.

"Well for one thing girls have them and for another you can now wear low cut sundresses. Why are you complaining? Did you want me to get you implants so you could have your very own?" she replied.

"Nooooo, I don't even want these," he groaned.

"While you are in girl time, you will wear them. They're not permanent and I can remove them with some special solvent Nadine gave me. Now, get dressed we have a lot to do today," she answered.

Donald quickly wrapped the towel he was laying on back around his chest. He was anxious to cover up his latest humiliation. As he stepped back into his mules, Harriet handed him a set of wine colored lingerie with white lace decoration to put on. Dressed in his lingerie, he went back into the bathroom to put on his makeup and brush out his hair.

A grey, red and black plaid pleated flare skirt and burgundy colored chiffon blouse with short bell sleeves and ruffled bodice greeted him upon his return. While his blouse didn't stick out any more than he was accustomed, he was constantly aware of his new assets as the jiggled and moved. He was also conscious of the new weight on his chest and the new pressure on his shoulders from the bra straps. In the kitchen he made Harriet breakfast then sat to eat his own standard fare of half grapefruit, whole wheat unbuttered toast and cup of unsweetened tea.

After he read the required magazine articles and faced her ever lengthening list of questions, she told him to grab his purse as they had some shopping to do. Donald only received three demerits on his oral quiz and didn't want to add to them by complaining about going out. In the car he was bold enough to ask where they were going.

"Since you have new assets, I thought you would enjoy a bit of clothes shopping. I think a few new bras are in order. You know something a bit more special occasion to wear for your boyfriend. Nadine assured me that once those new girls of yours warm to body temperature they will taste and feel like the real things. Plus, with your weight loss, your clothing doesn't hang right anymore," she said with a grin.

They rode the rest of the way to the mall in silence. Harriet was humming softly while Donald sulked. "This girl time is getting way out of control. I thought she would just make me wear stupid dresses for a few days then get over it. If I had known it was

going to go this far, I never would have done it. She would have had to beat me to death before I would put on a damn dress. She is really taking this shit seriously. I've learned to put on my own makeup, getting dressed, reading and learning nothing but girlie stuff all the time. She even has me dating and kissing a boy. Now I'm stuck with boobs and going shopping for sexy bras. This was only supposed to be for a few fucking days but now she has all those pictures. Making matters worse, everybody at the trailer park thinks I'm a girl. Now I'm going to the mall where even more people will see me. I'm so screwed," he thought.

As they walked through the mall Harriet elbowed him in the ribs. "Priscilla, stop looking down at your feet. You'll draw attention to yourself. Girls and girlie boys love to go shopping and look into all the window displays. Now smile and act like you are having fun or would you rather I tell everyone you're my sissy step-son," she whispered harshly.

Donald immediately smiled and raised his head. There was no doubt in his mind that she would do exactly that. She'd done it at the warehouse store and he didn't want to experience that much humiliation again.

"This trip is only getting worse. I can't let her tell anyone that I'm her sissy step-son like she did before," he thought.

He followed her into the Victoria Secrets store and right to the display of special occasion bras. Apparently Harriet knew exactly what she wanted as she picked out a bra from the display. Then she turned to face Donald, holding up the clear plastic hanger the bra was attached to.

"I think this will look adorable on your new tatas. It's called a balconet bra. This one's design causes a nice uplift with underwire support and the wide set straps create an open neckline. This will look great under that low cut sun dress," she said grinning from ear to ear.

He had to admit the bra was the fanciest he had ever seen and would look sexy on any girl. He just didn't want to wear it himself. It was what he found out to be called raisin/nude in color and had an embroidered purplish colored floral design sprouting up half way into the nude part of the cups. Don watched with his mouth slightly agape as she unhooked it from the hanger and handed it to him.

"Here, go try it on. I want to see how it looks on you," she ordered.

He wanted to argue but knew better. Taking the bra he walked into a changing booth and stripped to the waist. With the bra on he had to admit it made his assets look fuller. He couldn't bring himself to call them his breasts. Harriet made him step out of the cubicle telling him there were only girls there and not to be so shy. He turned crimson as he pivoted and modeled the bra for her. She shoved another bra into his hands and told him to put it on.

This bra he thought was actually prettier and sexier than the first but that didn't make it any easier for him to put on. It was a ginger colored with ivory beading balconet and delicate fern embroidery flowed from the top of the cups downward. It was unlined with underwire support and had boning for additional breast support.

This time when he came out of the booth, there was another older woman standing nearby. She was wearing a purple satin bra and was asking another woman what she thought. When she saw Donald, she said, "That looks positively divine on you dear. I sometimes wish I was as young as you so I could wear something like that but I now prefer my comfort. All that lace can itch like crazy sometimes. When you're married you'll understand."

Don's blush became flaming red when she said that. All he wanted to do was sink into the floor but Harriet told him to thank the nice lady for the compliment. Harriet decided to buy both bras plus the matching thong styled panties and equally frilled and decorated wide garter belts.

From there they stopped at several clothing stores where she purchased him several blouses, tops, mini-skirts and dresses. Now that he had breasts, she bought him two bikinis. One he really hated which was why she bought it. It was florescent pink but was nothing more than a few triangles attached to strings. The other was more acceptable. It was black with two pink hash marks at the hips and full cut. The top would at least cover most of his breasts unlike the first. He was relieved as he followed her back out to the car.

He was hoping to go back to the trailer but she stopped at a dance ware shop. "Priscilla from now on I want you doing dance aerobics in the morning. Your body needs toning," she informed him as they went into the shop. There she purchased a pink cap sleeved leotard, baby blue sleeveless round neckline leotard, some white tights, fuzzy pink leg warmers, black ballerina slippers and two aerobic CDs. On one of the CD's he noticed the wording, "Flattering tummy and rounder bottom."

When they got back to the trailer, she told him to put on a sport's bra, pantygriddle and the pink leotard. He was to spend the next hour working out to one of the aerobic CDs entitled, "Beginner's Dance Aerobics." By the time he finished his workout, Don felt like a wet noodle. He was totally exhausted. He wasn't given any time to rest as she sent him to clean up and put on one of his bikinis. They were going to the pool. When he put on the bottom of the black bikini there was a noticeable bulge. Harriet was watching with a crooked smile.

"Here put this on first. Unless you want to show that little thing of yours off to the entire park. Nadine is the only one here that knows your sissy secret but with that showing, everyone will know. I purchased a couple of these while you were changing into your leotard," she said handing him a black gaff. He took the item which looked like a miniature jock strap with a puzzled look on his face.

"Go into the bathroom, stick your thingy back and under while pushing your balls back up into your body. According to the sales lady it might hurt just a bit the first time you do that. Now scoot or do you want me to help?" she smugly replied.

She was right. It did hurt but not just a bit. It hurt a lot but when he pulled the bottoms back on there was no unsightly bulge. He stood in front of the full length mirror examining his body. He was not pleased by the reflected image. The image was of a cute girl wearing a black bikini. His waist was much narrower, his stomach flatter than it had been and showing way too much skin. When he got back to the room, he was told to grab his robe and use it as a cover-up.

When they got to the pool, there was no one else around. They had the pool to themselves. Covered in sun block, he laid back on the lounge and began reading his romance novel. The combination of his lack of sleep, the stressful day and hot sun kicked in and he was soon sound asleep. He didn't wake up until he felt a pair of lips touching his. It was Mark. Donald sat up and looked around but Harriet was nowhere to be seen.

"Hey baby, ya miss me?" Mark said with a wide grin as he stared at Don's chest. Donald seeing where his eyes were looking quickly pulled on his robe and covered up as much as he could.

Before he could do anything else, Mark grabbed his hand and pulled. "Come on

Priscilla, it looks like you're getting a pretty good burn and need to cool off. Let's hit the pool for a swim," he said.

They were soon in the pool but not swimming. Mark had Donald pinned against the side and was kissing him passionately. His hands were all over Donald as well. Grabbing and squeezing the cheeks of his ass when they weren't trying to snuggle under the bikini top. Don could feel Mark's penis pressing against his thigh as they tangled in the water. Donald didn't free himself until Edith and Judith entered the pool area. Donald had never been so relieved when they walked in. He didn't think he would be so happy to see that little girl and her mother again. Pushing Mark away, he waded over to where Judith was sitting on the steps of the pool.

Mark seeing Priscilla with Judith decided to get out of the pool and as he was walking up the steps, said he would call her later. Once he had been gone for a bit, Donald made his excuses and headed for the trailer. When he went to change out of his suit, he noticed just how red and sunburned his skin was.

"Damn, I'll be lucky if I don't blister from this burn. I hope she has some aloe here. Shit, it looks like I'm wearing a white bikini. Damn tan lines," he said as he examined his reflection.

That evening after they had dinner, Mark called and asked Priscilla out for Friday night. With Harriet standing right beside him, he had no choice but to agree to go. Donald was not looking forward to a night out alone with Mark. He was an animal the other night. What would he be like when he had Donald alone?

Ooo

Over the course of the next couple of days, Donald adjusted to the change in his center of gravity due to the addition of his breasts. Wearing his new gaffs every day was difficult for him to adjust to. He did aerobics twice a day. In the morning he worked out to the beginner's CD and the CD that worked on specific body parts in the afternoon. He still had his daily reading and memorizations plus reading aloud from his romance novel.

The magazine articles he was forced to memorize now concentrated more on relationships and clothing styles. There were three specific articles all about how to get and be a "BGFF" which puzzled him until he read the first article. It explained that a BGFF was a best girl friend forever. Reading those articles told him that Harriet was going to make him meet with and become friends with real girls his own age. Now, that scared him so much that he began paying much more attention to his girlie instructions, readings and behavior. If he couldn't convince them that he was a real girl, they would discover his secret in a flash and his life would be over.

Thursday night, Edith asked him to baby sit Judith for an evening. Harriet was standing right beside him and made him accept. So Thursday night he went to her trailer. For this excursion, Harriet had him dress in a very juvenile manner. She had explained his bazaar attire by saying he would be better able to relate to Judith. He wore his pink leotard, white tights, leg warmers and ballet slippers. A short transparent pale pink wrap skirt was tied around his waist and his hair arranged in a tight bun on top of his head. He was more than embarrassed as he walked the long path to her trailer despite the fact that she had told him girls are expected to act and dress silly sometimes.

As he walked down the concrete path, he realized that Harriet had been right. He had seen girls' dressed weird and acting silly on more than one occasion. Boys would never do something like that but girls could get away with it. So by the time he reached Judith's trailer, he was in a somewhat better mood. He wasn't as sure about making it

easier to relate to the little girl but he had a good time anyway. They played with her dolls, made popcorn and watched the Disney Channel. When it was her bed time he read her favorite fairy tale. He got home about ten thirty and was actually feeling pretty good. It wasn't until he thought about his upcoming date with Mark that he started to worry again.

Friday was another laundry day. Donald spent the morning at the laundromat washing and drying all the dirty clothing and linens. Harriet didn't go with him this time and he was a bit edgy whenever someone else came in. His exposure in girl time to the trailer park inhabitants had taken his initial feelings of panic away but he was still scared. Don was particularly worried that Nadine might come in. She was the only other person there to know his secret. She had visited the trailer a few times since they met. Each time her eyes never left him and he didn't like the way she looked at him. With each visit she would ask Harriet to let him come and work at the diner.

"Ya know, dat sissy step-son of yours would make a right perty addition to the dinner. Sam, ya remember old Sam, he would be all over dat round ass. Could make right good tips lookin' like he does too. What's say Harriet? Let me have some fun with him?" she had said. Harriet had only replied with a "Maybe" and that bothered the heck out of him. The last thing he wanted was to have to do that.

The last time she showed up, she surprised Donald when she asked him how he like dating Mark. To which he stammered, "okay, I guess."

"Yeah, well I hear he one happy boy now. Known dat boy fer some time. Ever since he moved inta dat dumpy trailer after his daddy done kicked him out. He dun likes ya a whole bunch. He'd be a good catch fer a sissy boy like you," she had told him.

He spent most of the afternoon ironing. As he was finishing up, Harriet told him it was time for him to start getting ready for his date. Donald looked at the clock and it was just after four.

"It's only four and he's not supposed to pick me up until seven," he replied.

"A girlie boy like you will need every bit of that time to make yourself beautiful for your beaux. Go on and take a nice bath, make sure you use plenty of those bath oils and do something extra nice to your hair. You been reading and practicing different hair styles enough to make it look sexy," she said.

"I don't have no beaux, I don't want to look beautiful and I certainly don't want my hair to look sexy," he mumbled as he went to do her bidding.

Three hours later Donald was sitting on his bed waiting to be called into the living room to meet his date. He was getting more nervous by the minute. Harriet insisted that he wear his new ginger balconet bra, the matching fern embroidered garter belt and thong. Under the thong, to keep everything neat, he wore a nude gaff. His only other clothing was a light weight yellow with white dot decoration rayon sun dress. The dress had a low rounded collar and yellow satin ribbon tie straps. Donald felt completely naked and knew that he would have his hands full once Mark saw him.

For the third time since getting dressed, he rose, walked across the hall to the bathroom and checked his reflection. Deep in his heart he was hoping that the image didn't reflect the pretty and sexy looking girl. He let out a soft moan as he gazed into the mirror. Reflected back was a brown haired sexy young woman. The brown hair pulled up high, tied with a bright yellow satin ribbon and cascading from the crown in gentle waves to reveal her ears with their golden chandelier earrings. Her face immaculately made up with slate blended into grey eye shadows that made her blue eyes sparkle, smooth even complexion with dusty rose cheeks and glistening wet

looking bright red lips. The straps of her bra were clearly visible beside the yellow ribbon bows that held the dress up and a good portion of her rounded breasts. Not enough to be considered indecent but enough to shout sexy. The full box pleated dress flowed in silken motion down to just above the knees which were clad in sheer black nylons. Bright yellow strappy sandals with a four inch stiletto heel made her feet look dainty. A miasma of spicy perfume surrounded the sexy figure.

Any girl would have been more than pleased with that reflected image. The only problem with that reflection, it was Donald David Jerome's. He hated what he looked like and was becoming nauseous thinking about how Mark would react.

"Crap! I'd do me looking like this and I have a pretty damn good idea what he'll be thinking. It's what he'll be wanting to do that scares the shit out of me. Since I've lost so much weight, I'm not as strong as I use to be. I think that stupid diet has me losing more muscle than fat. I don't know if I have the strength to stop him from doing anything he wants. If the other night was any indication, I don't and his hands were all over me," he thought as he walked back into his room.

Smoothing out his skirt as he sat back down on his bed, another thought crossed his mind but he tried to block it out. It was a thought of how girls could keep a boys interest without going all the way. Hand jobs and blow jobs were something he didn't want to even contemplate.

Ooo

Mark was wearing a white collared pull over shirt and blue jeans. Donald immediately felt overdressed. "I should be wearing shorts, a halter top and flats with him dressed like that. Damn, where did that thought come from. Probably all that girlie stuff I've been studying," he thought then looked into Mark's eyes. Those eyes made him tremble as they shown with pure lust and desire.

As Harriet watched Mark was a perfect gentleman. He took Donald's elbow, guided him over to the car and opened the door before running around to get into the driver's seat. However as soon as they left the trailer park, he told Donald to scoot his ass over and sit next to him. Reluctantly, he did with a small frown. Mark grabbed his hand and placed it into his crotch.

"Baby that's where all my dates keep there hand when we drive somewhere," he said. Don tried to pull his hand away but it was gripped way too tight.

"Please Mark. I don't know you that well," he said remembering some of his reading.

"Oh baby by the time this night is over, we'll be very good friends," he smugly replied.

Donald was so frightened by his insinuation that he managed the strength to remove his hand. As he freed his hand, Mark just laughed and continued to drive.

"Whe...where are you taking me?" he asked in a frightened voice.

"I thought we'd go to my burger joint and get something to eat. Can't wait to show you off to all my co-workers and then maybe drive around town, maybe the mall. You know, play some video games at the arcade," he replied to Don's relief. There wasn't much Mark could do in such public places and a real meal, even if only a burger and fries, sounded good.

The burger and fries were the best meal he had had in a very long time even if he couldn't eat it all. When they finished, Donald excused himself to go to the lady's. There was a woman and young girl waiting in line to enter the solitary stall. Entering the stall, he hurriedly pulled his skirt up to his lap, pulled down his panties and gaff

then sat to do his business. When he finished, he rose and reversed the process.

“Being in girl time is a royal pain. I can’t wait to just walk up to a urinal, unzip and piss without having to wait in lines,” he thought as he freshened his makeup.

The arcade would have been more fun if Mark hadn’t groped him every chance he got. He blushed scarlet when Mark pinned him against one of the machines and kissed him on the lips while squeezing his ass. When the kiss broke there must have been a dozen kids watching them. It was almost ten when they finally left the arcade and Donald’s trials began.

Mark didn’t drive back to his trailer as Donald feared. Rather, he drove to an isolated area and parked. Mark wanted a nice quiet out of the way place where Priscilla wouldn’t jump out of the car and walk off. He was sure the old park about ten miles from home would be the perfect place. Donald, for his part, hoped that he would settle for some kissing and maybe a bit of touching on his fake breasts. Like everything else, Donald’s hopes did not materialize.

As soon as Mark had shut off the motor, he put an arm around Priscilla’s shoulders and pulled them together for a deep kiss. As they played tongue tag, Mark’s hands reached out and plucked the ribbons holding Don’s dress up. Mark moved his lips down the side of Donald’s neck kissing and licking as he went while unclasping the bra strap. It didn’t take him long to start kissing and sucking on Don’s false breasts. All Don could do was lean his head back and look up at the ceiling.

“Oh please, let this be all he wants,” Don was thinking when Mark sat up and began laughing.

“You must be one stupid cow to think I couldn’t tell your tits were rubber. Yeah, I know all about you sissy boy. Nadine told me everything about you and how you’re Harriet’s sissy step-son. It’s a damn good thing for you that I really get off on a girl like you or things might have gotten ugly. Real ugly if you get my meaning, now unzip me and pull my dick out. I’m not going to settle for a few kisses tonight,” he ordered.

Donald had never been as scared in his life as he was at this moment. He was alone, defenseless, and had no idea of where he was. Nadine had told on him. Now he understood why Nadine said Mark would be a good catch for a sissy boy like him. He was trapped with nowhere to run. With trembling hands he reached down and undid Mark’s pants. Mark rose up a bit to slide his pants and boxers down enough to give Donald easy access to his dick and balls. Taking Don’s hand, he placed it around his semi-erect penis and told him to stroke it.

Plea....please...Mark...don....don’t make me do....do this. I’m...I’m not that way. Harriet makes me dress this...this way. I’m not into boys and I have never done anything like this before,” Don plead.

“I don’t give a shit! What I do know is that you make me look good out in public. Plus, I don’t have a regular boyfriend at the moment, so you’ll do. Now unless you want me to beat the crap out of you and dump you here, get busy and make me happy. Who knows, you might wind up liking it since you’ve never done it before,” he said menacingly.

“Mark...” he started to say.

“Unless you want a broken nose for starters, get busy and kiss me to show me how much you are enjoying it,” Mark interrupted.

GIRL TIME

Part Four

By Cheryl Lynn

Mark couldn't see Donald's face but could tell tears were flowing freely. He didn't really care. He needed relief in the worst way and if his new best friend didn't like it so what. Besides, he was really liked being in total control for a change. His job and his life sucked. Ever since his old man had caught him blowing Jimmy Thomas and kicked his ass out of the house, everything had gone down hill. Everyone told him what to do and kicked his ass anyway. Now it was his turn to do some ass kicking and Priscilla was the perfect target.

"A sissy boy, what could a sissy boy do to me? I don't care if he is gay or not but he will be my regular bitch now," he thought as Don jerked him off.

"Okay sissy boy that's enough. Get your lips wrapped around my sausage and don't you even think about using those teeth if you want to live. Look at me when you suck my cock bitch and I want to hear you moaning with happiness while you do it, understand!" he harshly said.

"N....no....please no, not....not that. I'll do whatever you say but please just not that," Donald replied scared to death.

"Anything? Well I guess we could just stop, not! I was going to save your ass until we could have more time over at my place but....flip that skirt and pull your panties down then," he said.

"What? You...you can't be serious. You can....can't stick that...that thing up my...my ass," Donald replied in complete shock that anyone would want to do such a thing. Up until now Donald had lived a very sheltered life. He had heard of gays and lesbians but had no idea of what they did together.

I'm willing to wait bitch but if you don't hurry up and start sucking like your life depended on it, that's the way it will be," he snarled.

Donald tentatively reached out and grabbed Mark's thick cock at the base and slowly lowered his head. His every fiber trembling in fear and disgust, he pressed his lips to the round one-eyed head. There was a bit of moisture gathered at the tip and Don started to move back but Mark's hand was on the back of his neck pushing him forward.

A shiver ran up Don's spine and bile rushed up his throat as his lips slipped pass the engorged head. He moved down taking half the cock into his mouth before it bumped into the roof at the back of his throat. He gulped loudly forcing the bile back down.

"Don't you even think about throwing up you bitch. Come on, let me feel your tongue working that dick and look at me damn it. I want to see your eyes smiling with pleasure as you do it," Mark demanded.

Donald pulled back to where only the head was still surrounded by his lips. He let his tongue play with the single eye at its tip before slowly going back down. His jaws and lips were getting tired when he felt Mark's dick swell and throb. Suddenly his mouth was filled with hot salty gooeey fluid. In surprise he swallowed as his mouth was filled again. This time he realized what it was and did his best not to swallow. His stomach

rebelled and what just went down came back up forcing cum to spurt out his nose and leak from his lips. Before he could eject any more fluids, Mark's hand clamped tightly over his mouth.

"Damn it, I told you not to toss your cookies. Now swallow it all back down," Mark shouted.

Mark was busy zipping his pants back up as Donald was digging into his purse for some tissues. As they were doing that, there came a loud tapping on the driver's side window and a bright light flashed into the car from the passenger side. Mark rolled down the window, to reveal a policeman looking in.

"Alright, get out of the car. The both of you, now!" the officer demanded.

Mark and Donald found themselves with their backs to the car as one officer looked at Mark's driver's license and registration. The other female officer had a smirk on her face as Priscilla stood with head bowed down, face flaming red in the beam of the light.

"You're going to have to do a better job of cleaning up before you get home honey," she said with a little laugh as she lowered the flashlight.

The male officer read them the standard riot act about being out late at night in an off the beaten path area and let them go. Donald was shaking uncontrollably as Mark put the car into gear.

"Pull down the visor. It has a lighted mirror," Mark told him as they reached the road.

Donald was hysterical as he entered the trailer, tears falling like rivers ruining his makeup. He collapsed on the couch pulling his hands up to his face. Harriet came over and sat beside him.

"It couldn't have been that bad. Now tell me everything that happened tonight," she said handing him a box of tissues.

It took some time for her to drag out everything that had happened. When she was satisfied she had the whole story, she sat back and smiling said, "Priscilla this girl time is doing you a whole lot of good."

"Ho....how ca...can you say that?" Donald asked shocked. "Hell, how can she even say that after I told her about him forcing me to have..have to do that. What about the cops?" he thought as he looked up at her with tear filled eyes.

"Well, for one thing, you learned that girls are sometimes put into a position where they have to do unpleasant things that they don't really want to do. Secondly, you learned that you need proper identification. What do you think would have happened if you were taken to jail tonight and couldn't produce Priscilla's identification? Tonight could have gone a whole lot worse for you Priscilla. Just think about what I just said," Harriet replied.

"OMG! She's right! What if they had taken us to jail? I would be dead meat by now. Shit! I've got to get some identification while she's keeping me in girl time. Dad won't be home for another two weeks. What am I going to do? She sure as hell will take me back out in public between now and then. What if something happens?" he thought in panic.

"Ho...how...errrr....how am I going to get identification for Priscilla? She doesn't really exist. At least not after my dad gets home. You...you promised I could have my boy clothes back before he gets home," he said.

"Yes I did. For Priscilla's id, I can download a fake birth certificate and make a dim copy of it. That's all Priscilla will need to get a new driver's license. I'll take you down

to DMV tomorrow so you can take the written and driver's exam. Ta da, problem solved," she replied clapping her hands happily as if she'd just thought of the idea.

Ooo

They arrived at the DMV shortly after it opened. Harriet was casually dressed in a full white skirt and green pull over collared shirt. Donald a bit more so, she had him wear full evening makeup with his hair tied in a high pony tail secured with a pink satin ribbon bow. He wore the white floral boarded full skirt he'd worn before and pink chiffon bell sleeved blouse with a rounded collar. His white lace encrusted camisole could be seen through the thin blouse. He had on sheer stockings with pink low heeled strappy sandals. A gold necklace, white and pink bangles and several rings along with a white purse were his accessories.

There were only a few people there and within an hour, Priscilla was standing in front of a white screen having her picture taken. As Donald was putting his new driver's license into his pink girl's wallet, he noticed that Priscilla just turned seventeen.

"Shit, she's made me lose almost two years of my life," he thought as he put the wallet back into his purse.

"You don't look too happy for a girl that just got her driver's license Priscilla. If I didn't know better, I would think that you don't appreciate all that I have done for you," Harriet's voice broke into his thoughts.

"I'm sorry...errr...thank you for getting me this," he replied. "Yeah, like all she's done has totally ruined my fuckin' life," he thought.

He wasn't paying much attention to where they were going until she pulled into a parking lot. Looking out the window he saw a large neon sign with the name, "Fred's Diner" flashing overhead.

"What are we doing stopping here?" he asked suddenly frightened.

"I just thought we might stop and get an early lunch to celebrate you getting the license," she replied.

Nadine was happy to see them and escorted them to a corner booth. Donald smoothed out his skirt and sat but Harriet said she wanted to say hello to the staff. She came back a few minutes later.

"I ordered for us while I was in the back," was all she said.

After he ate his small Caesar salad, he had to wait until she finished her meatloaf and mashed potatoes. Sipping at his diet drink watching her eat made him call her every name he could think of in his mind. As he was waiting, Nadine came over and forced him to move over as she sat her wide ass down beside him.

"I dun heard ya and Mark had a run in with the cops last night. Gotta be careful out late like dat," she said grinning from ear to ear then turned to talk with Harriet.

Donald felt his face glowing when she said that. "I wonder what the fuck else she knows about last night," he thought blushing all the harder.

When they returned to the trailer Donald was more than happy. He hated being out in the public eye. No matter how good he knew he looked, he was afraid someone would point him out and yell his secret as loud as they could. He didn't mind sitting at the table now and doing his nails. If he had to do girl time, it was best done in private. Harriet came over as his nails were drying and placed a sheet of paper in front of him. He read at the top of the paper, "Fred's Diner Employment Application."

He looked up at her, his eyes wide and said, "You really don't expect me to work there, do you?"

"Maybe yes, maybe no. Just depends on your behavior and how good you do for the next week and a half. You go ahead and fill it out anyway," she said handing him a pen.

Worried that if he didn't cooperate, she would surely make him go work at that crummy diner, he began writing. He paused for a few moments as he looked at the space marked "Name." She hadn't told him to use his real name or Priscilla's. Figuring that it would be in his best interests to use Priscilla, he went on to complete the form. He paused only long enough to dig out his new driver's license and added the number in the space. He didn't give it a thought as he scribbled in his own social security number.

Once he finished the form, Harriet gave him his afternoon reading assignments. Glamour magazine had two highlighted articles both on makeup advice. Cosmo had two on relationships and Teen Idol had an article on the latest Hollywood scandal. He then polished his nails before doing his afternoon reading. With that accomplished he did aerobics before helping with preparing dinner. That night before going to bed, he received five hard swats for the demerits he had earned that day.

Ooo

For the rest of the week she didn't make him go to the pool or anywhere else. She kept him occupied practicing his girly moves, flirting techniques, aerobics and housekeeping. Saturday morning she had a surprise for him when he came into the living room ready for his aerobics. He was wearing his pink leotard and had braided his hair into pigtails tied with white satin ribbons.

"Priscilla, grab your purse I'm taking you to a yoga class," she said with a big smile.

"Yoga? What's that?" he asked surprised and worried that she was going to do something to humiliate him again.

"It's an exercise class with girls your age that will teach you body control. I've noticed when you do your aerobics you're not as limber as those girls on the screen. I imagine after attending yoga classes, you'll be able to do a full split with ease. Also it's the best place for you to socialize with other real girls like I promised. Come on, I've packed a tote with some things I think you will need," she said.

Donald knew it would be futile to argue so didn't waste the breath. Opening his purse, he pulled out his compact and checked his makeup. He had just put it on but out of what was now habit before he went out of the trailer had to make sure it was perfect. He did a quick scan of its contents to make sure he had everything he would need when going out. Mentally he checked that his comb, brush, tissues, wallet, makeup bag, compact and tampons were there before he put the strap over his shoulder.

He was surprised again when she pulled the car into the same park that Mark had taken him. "The class is here?" he asked.

"It's in the community building. The city holds these classes during the summer. They're free, so I enrolled you," she replied.

"I don't know if I'm ready for this momma. Do I have too?" he decided to try and get out of it.

"Nonsense Priscilla, you need to limber up your body and make some girl friends. This class meets two hours every other day for six weeks and you will attend at least for the

next week. Besides, I need some time alone and this is free supervised baby sitting for me,” she sharply said.

Donald lay exhausted and hurting on his exercise mat, sweat pouring down his face and staining his leotard. He turned his head and saw most of the other girls in a similar plight. Seeing them sweating and moaning made him feel a little better about his performance. The yoga workout had drained him completely and he didn't think he had a single muscle that didn't hurt.

“At least I'm not alone,” he gasped softly seeing the other girls.

“Don't worry after a few classes you'll be alright. Hi, I'm Nicole,” a voice said near by.

Donald saw a black haired girl standing above him smiling down at him. “Errr Hi, I'm... I'm Priscilla and I don't think I'm going to live to make the next session,” he replied.

“Sure you will. Just make sure you take a hot bath as soon as you get home, put on some liniment then eat a banana. The banana will restore potassium and magnesium your body needs. Here, let me give you a hand up. It's best if you keep moving or you will start cramping and that really hurts,” Nicole said reaching out her hand to help pull him upright.

Nicole was cute, about two inches taller than he. Her hair was styled in a pixy cut and her eyes were a sparkling green. “I took this class last year but haven't practiced much since then. So I thought I would take it again before moving to the advanced course,” she said smiling.

“There's a tougher course than this?” Donald replied stunned.

“Yeah but it's more geared to calming and controlling your mind. You know meditation and stuff like that. Do you live around here?” she asked.

“Yeah, in the Shady Acres trailer park with my step-mother,” he told her not really wanting to tell her where he lived but feeling that he had to.

“You have the prettiest eyes,” he blurted hoping to get the subject off himself.

“Oh these, they're colored contacts but don't tell anyone. It's my secret. All us girls have our little secrets, now don't we?” she giggled.

Donald paled when she mentioned secrets. “Did she guess mine?” flashed through his mind.

“Priscilla come on and I'll introduce you to some of my friends here,” Nicole said grabbing his hand and pulling him along.

Nicole introduced him to three of her friends in the class, Joan, Darlene and Kathy. Donald was very nervous at first but soon was actively engaging them in conversation. Thanks to all his reading, he could talk about fashions, makeup, boys, music and other subjects. Dating Mark gave him some insight so he could relate to their dating experiences. He was surprised at how graphic some of the girls got when talking about their dates.

It wasn't until he was soaking in the tub that he realized that he hadn't checked the girls out. Now that he was thinking about it, he had no idea how big Nicole's tits were or any of the other girls he met. As a matter of fact, all he clearly remembered about them was the color and style of their hair and what they were wearing. Nicole, Joan and Darlene wore black leotards and Kathy a dark blue with a pair of light blue nylon shorts. Nicole had a cute pixy cut, Joan long brunette hair done in a pony tail, Katy shoulder length blond hair in a sweet looking page boy while Darlene's chestnut hair was in a kinky permanent wave.

“What is happening to me? Tits are the first thing I ever check out before talking to a girl,” he thought.

Ooo

Over the course of the week, Donald’s body adjusted to the physically demanding yoga moves. He could almost do a complete leg split but his boy parts screamed in pain. He was proud that he could finally when laying face down on the mat pull his legs over his back while keeping them together and toes pointed. Don couldn’t quite get his legs perfectly straight but was doing much better than his first attempt. He still wasn’t limber enough to touch his head with his toes but he was making progress.

Friday after his first full week of yoga, he slipped up. He was chatting with the girls and they were talking about some store they liked to shop. Joan had turned to him and asked him how often he shopped there. He replied that he never had and didn’t even know where it was. When he said that, all the girls stopped talking and stared at him.

Kathy piped up breaking the silence, “It’s to die for in there Priscilla. They have the latest designs and the best assortment anywhere. You simply must come with us, you’ll love it, I promise. Come on, say you’ll go with us.”

“Girl, you mean to tell us that you have been here almost a month and haven’t even stepped into La Petite Belle. It’s only the best store in Regis Mall or any other place here in town. We won’t take no for an answer, you have to pinky swear that you will go with us, right girls,” Nicole added.

“Yeah, I would love to go. How could I pass up shopping a store that has all the latest stuff? Sure count me in,” he said without thinking his answer through.

Donald stuck out his pinky finger and they all swore the unbreakable oath. He just wanted to fit in and getting to pinky swear made him believe he was indeed one of them. If he refused, they would find it weird for a girl not to go shopping and maybe start to question him more deeply. He couldn’t take that chance.

“Fantastic, I’ll pick you up at nine-thirty Saturday so we can get there when they open. That way there won’t be too many shoppers and we’ll get first pick,” Nicole said as the others clapped and jumped around. Donald didn’t know what to do when he heard “pick you up” and “Saturday.” He couldn’t go shopping with these girls.

“No, definitely not on Saturday. My dad is do in sometime on Saturday. There’s no way I can do this,” he thought beginning to panic.

“Thi....this Saturday? My dad will be coming in on Saturday. I’m sorry but I can’t go,” he said not daring to look them in the eye.

“Priscilla you swore a pinky oath. Besides that will be a fantastic excuse for you to buy a special outfit to welcome him home in. So what if you’re not there when he arrives, he’ll be all the more happy to see his little girl in a fine new outfit. We’ll even help you pick it out,” Joan said.

Scrambling to find an out, he replied, “But I don’t have any money to buy a new outfit. I always greet him at the door when he comes home.”

“Girlfriend, I’ll buy you an outfit that will make your daddy proud. My folks have a ton of money and give me a great allowance. So you see no problem. I think between us girls, we can find you a real pretty dress that will make up for you not being there. Now no more arguments, we’ll see you Saturday morning,” Kathy said.

Donald knew that they would show up at the trailer no matter what he said. So he faked a smile and nodded his head. Fortunately, Harriet drove up to get him and he didn’t

have to say more. In the car he bemoaned what had happened and asked her for a way out. When she heard what he had agreed to she broke out into a great big smile.

"I was wondering how I could set him up to be in his girlie time when his dad got home. This is perfect," she thought before replying. "Well you did swear a pinky oath and, like you said, they will come by anyway. I don't see a way out Priscilla. Maybe, if you can get back home by noon, you could change in time. You know that's about the time he usually gets in," she said.

"You could go out when they pull up and tell them I'm sick, couldn't you," he said.

"What, lie for you? Oh no Priscilla you got yourself into the mess you're in and you are stuck with it," she laughingly replied.

Ooo

Saturday morning Donald was filled with a range of emotions from fear to worry. He was foremost afraid his dad would catch him while in girl time. Then he was worried that he wouldn't be able to get the girls to bring him back before noon. His problems only made him nauseous and he tossed his morning breakfast. Now he was pacing around in the living room waiting for them. It was almost ten by the time he heard the car pull up in the drive. Grabbing his purse, he ran out the trailer and hopped into the car.

Friday the girls had all agreed to wear shorts and simple tops so they could change quicker when they shopped. Donald was wearing a pair of white short-shorts that fitted like a second skin. They were a full size too small but he managed to button them on. He had tried to complain when Harriet gave them to him but she said it would make sure he kept neatly tucked and would make his butt look good. She also gave him a pink low necked tee that flared out slightly just above his navel. He didn't like that choice either nor the four inch silver strappy spike heeled sandals.

As they turned onto the road leading to the mall, Joan pulled out a cigarette and offered the pack to the others. Katy grabbed one before passing it on to Donald. He didn't like it when Harriet smoked and he wasn't going to start.

"Hey, if you guys are going to smoke you are going to have to open all the windows," Nicole shouted over the blaring music coming from the car radio.

"Come on Nicole give us a break. You know the wind will muss up our hair. We'll look like freaks by the time we get to the mall," Joan complained.

"Open the windows, I need a friggin smoke and don't worry you guys, I'll pay for a touchup at the salon. its right there where we go in anyway," Kathy said settling the issue.

Sure enough when they got to the mall everyone's hair except Darlene's was a mess. Darlene enjoyed pointing her finger and laughing at them. "That's why I had this perm done. Easy care, just wash, dry and I'm done for the day," she laughed.

"Crap! Now I have to wait while the girls get a comb out. I sure hope that doesn't take too damn long. Shit, its ten thirty already. Got to hurry them up," he thought as they entered the salon.

Luckily there were no other customers in the salon and Katy insisted that they all get their hair fixed including Donald. He said he could brush out his own pony tail but she insisted. As Donald sat in the chair, Kathy was whispering something into the stylist's ear. He was draped with a pink nylon smock and told to lean back and relax. Before he could react, she was shampooing his hair. He wondered what in the world the stylist

was doing to him but didn't dare protest, not with the other girls all sitting nearby.

He was the last one to be finished. The girls were standing in a semi-circle around him as the stylist stepped back with great big smiles on their faces. He already knew that his hair had taken on a drastic new look from what he felt the stylist doing. He just hadn't seen it yet but when the chair was turned to face the mirror, his jaw dropped.

"OMG! I'll never be able to change this back anytime soon," his mind screamed.

The brown tones of his hair had been evened out into a true brunette, given blond highlights and flowed to his shoulders in gentle waves. His mouth was working but no words were coming out.

"She's speechless, see. I told you guys that she'd look great with some highlights. What do you think Priscilla? Do you like it?" Kathy squealed in delight.

"Oh, it's lovely. Kathy you really shouldn't have," he managed to say enthusiastically.

Donald was so worried trying to figure out what to do with his hair, he didn't even notice as they walked into La Petite Belle. He also forgot to look at his watch. It wasn't until all the girls started digging around a rack of dresses that he noticed where they were. He stood stupidly as one girl or another placed a dress up against him to check for fit and color. The girls were so busy looking for just the right dress they didn't noticed the worried look on Donald's face.

The dress they picked out for him was in a soft pink. It had puffed translucent sleeves tied off with bright pink satin ribbons at the lacy cuffs. The square neck bodice was embroidered with bright pink flowers and crystal beading. The neckline was trimmed in a thin band of floral bright pink lace. It had a high waist and double layered full skirts. The underskirt was bright pink while the overskirt was sheer soft pink knife pleated chiffon. A built in white net crinoline with floral lace hemming fluffed out the skirts.

"Hey, I can't wear this. It's way too little girlish for me. How about something like that grey silk pants suit over there," he said pointing to a nearby rack.

"With a name like Priscilla girlfriend this dress is so you," Joan commented.

"Oh no Priscilla, that's way too conservative to meet your daddy in. He wants to see his precious little girl, not some grown up woman. The pants suit would be great if you were going for a job interview, not to meet your daddy. Come on, just go and try it on for us, please," Kathy added ending any argument.

Reluctantly, Donald took the feminine dress and headed into the changing cubicle. As he pulled the curtain closed, he noticed the time. It was eleven thirty already. I've got to get back home and quick. Guess I don't have any options but to put on this stupid dress, tell them I like it and get the hell out of here," he mumbled as he changed as quickly as he could. He wasted a couple of minutes just trying to undo the button on his tight short-shorts.

Stepping out into the circle of waiting girls, he did his best to smile and tell them that it was nice but a bit too girly for him. When that didn't work he tried out some other excuses but in the end gave in. Then he had a brilliant idea.

"Look, okay, I'll take the dress but you have to get me home right now. If we hurry, I can get home before he does and put on the proper hosiery and shoes this beautiful dress calls for," he said.

"No, I said I would pay for the dress so getting you some hose and shoes is no big deal. Besides, by the time we do all that, get to the car and drive you home he'll probably already be there. So you might as well chill and let us do our thing. When

we're finished, you're daddy will be really surprised," Katy replied.

"Damn, you have no idea how surprised daddy will be when he sees me like this. I just hope he is so surprised I can get away before he kills me," Donald thought as he followed the girls over to the hosiery department.

The girls looked through the packets of hosiery. Joan found a pair of white sheer stockings with fancy lace welts and a floral design running from the back of the heel to just below the knee. She let out a loud shrill scream and held them up for all to see. The other girls had been looking at pantyhose but when they examined the fancy stocking all agreed they were perfect.

"Great, these hose will coordinate beautifully with that dress. Now we have to find a nice garter belt for Priscilla," Kathy said not giving Donald a choice.

As they started to walk to lingerie, Donald found his voice and said, "W..we don't need to go there. I...I'm wearing a pantigriddle with the tabs." He was looking at his watch and if his dad was running a bit late, just might be able to get home before he did. They would have to be quick though.

Back in the changing room, he quickly kneaded the stockings up his legs and fastened them to the garter tabs. Putting his silver heels back on, he stepped back out and said, "Okay I look great, let's go."

"Not so fast Priscilla, your makeup is all wrong and those heels just have to go. Come on, let's get over to the cosmetics counter," Kathy said grabbing him by the hand.

"OMG! This is getting so fuckin' out of control. How did I let myself get talked into this? It was supposed to be just a quick trip to the store. I should have said 'fuck it' back at that salon and caught a bus back to the trailer," he thought as he sat on a stool at the cosmetics counter.

Before he knew it another hour slipped by as the technician worked on his face. Kathy purchased the expensive lipstick and color palette of eye shadows used on Donald. When the technician stepped away to ring up the purchase, he protested that the makeup was too expensive.

"Priscilla, I don't mind and besides that girl works on commissions. So you see we just had to buy something. I love what she did with your eyes by the way. I never would have thought to extend the eyeliner out like that or blended that off white over the center of the lid before using the dusty rose to fill it all in. It really is dramatic looking. Let's go girlfriend, we need to get you some hot shoes to go with that dress. Isn't La Petite Belle the greatest? Like, I mean, they have everything here," she replied.

They spent another thirty minutes in the shoe department before finding the "oh so perfect" shoes. The satin four inch heeled pumps were almost an exact copy of the dusty rose eye shadow in color. With the shoes on, he was pronounced ready to meet his dad. The only problem with that Donald knew his dad had to be home by now. The last thing in the world he wanted to do was see his dad looking the way he did. With the new hairstyle, professional makeup application, dress and shoes he looked like a very pretty teenage girl on her way to a fancy party.

Donald was very nervous as the girls piled into the car. He was frantically trying to figure a way out of meeting his father. Every idea that had popped into his head so far was discarded. As the car pulled into the trailer park, he asked them to stop by the pool and he would walk the rest of the way. He justified his request by saying he wanted a private moment with his dad.

Kathy glanced at him with a smile and replied, "Priscilla, its way too hot today for you

to be walking. By the time you get to the trailer, your makeup would be melted off. No, we'll drop you at the trailer then leave so you can have some alone time with him. How does that sound?"

True to her word, she stopped a short distance from the trailer to let him out. After thanking them profusely for all they had done for him, they drove off.

"Yeah, thanks a million girls. Now what am I going to do? Wait a sec, I don't see his semi. He hasn't gotten home yet. Hot damn, now I can get out of this stuff and try to look like me again," he thought as he looked around.

Donald rushed as fast as he could in four inch heels into the trailer. He didn't get more than four steps in before he heard his father's voice coming from the kitchen.

"May I help you young lady?"

Donald froze and looked to his right where his father was standing next to Harriet. The last thing he remembered before fainting dead away was the satisfied smile on his step-mother's face.

To be continued...

GIRL TIME

Part Five

By Cheryl Lynn

Donald felt woozy as he slowly came around. He had never fainted before but he had never been so scared either. He was lying on the couch with Harriet pressing a cold damp cloth over his forehead. Realizing what had happened, quickly sat up and shouted, "Dad, I can explain."

"He's gone Priscilla. When he realized that you were no girl, well he kind of flipped out. So I convinced him to leave. The way he stormed out of here I guess it's a good thing that he left. Now, you lay back down for a few minutes. By the way, that's a very beautiful dress. How did you manage to get it? It has to be expensive," she said.

"Dad....dad left? He didn't even give me a chance to explain. Didn't you tell him I was just being punished?" he said starting to cry.

"There wasn't much time to explain anything to him. You know how bull headed and stubborn he is. Now tell me, where and how you got this lovely dress, who did your hair and makeup. Its gorgeous," she gushed.

"Th....the girls...they...they did this to me....I was....was trapped. They wanted me to look good for daddy.....I....I couldn't stop them...." he replied sobbing.

When he finally stopped crying, she managed to get the whole story about his morning adventures. If he was expecting any sympathy, he didn't get it. Instead, she criticized, "Priscilla, I can't believe you'd do something like that. Can you picture what your father would say about you letting that girl...what's her name, oh, yes, Kathy pay for all that? You, of all people, know how he feels about being beholding to anybody. It was bad enough that you were so thoughtless as to not be here when he arrived much less still in your girl time. I gave you the chance to be back in your boy time when he came home but no, you lolly gagged about until it was too late. This is all your fault. You have really upset your father and put yourself in debt to your friends. I guess it was a good thing he left before he found that out. No telling what he would have done. He

was plenty pissed when he left.”

“M....my fault? This...this wasn’t my idea. If you hadn’t made me wear dresses and be in girl time this never would have happened. I’d never met those girls and wouldn’t be in the fix I’m in,” he said startled and getting a little bit angry.

“Don’t take that tone with me Priscilla. You could have told those girls the truth, you weren’t forced to go with them this morning, you weren’t forced to have your hair and makeup done, you want to hear any more ‘you weren’t’s?’ I got plenty of them. No, don’t blame me for what happened. No, you accomplished that all on your own,” she yelled making him cringe and bringing fresh tears.

“O...okay, but still if you....you hadn’t put me in...” he started to defend himself but was cut off.

“No buts Priscilla, it was your actions today that got you into this mess. Now I have no idea when or even if your father will be coming home thanks to you. If he finds out that Kathy bought all this stuff for you, he may never come back. So here’s what you are going to do. Starting Monday, you are going to Fred’s and take that waitress job. At least you’ll have a summer job and will be able to pay Kathy back every single penny plus interest. No arguments, I have decided. Now get to your room, change those clothes and then you can do your aerobics. Go on, not another word,” she stated.

Donald was devastated and crying as he went to do her bidding. “I don’t care what she says, it wasn’t my fault. She’s the one that made me wear dresses and learn all that girlie stuff. Now my dad has seen me like this. He must really hate me and she is right about one thing. He certainly doesn’t like to be beholding to anybody no matter what. It was bad enough being seen like this but at someone else’s expense....I’m dead meat. He’ll never forgive me now unless I can pay Kathy back. Maybe if I do that and get back into my boy clothes we can patch things up. He knows I’m not a sissy,” he thought.

While Donald was getting changed, Harriet went to the refrigerator and grabbed a cold beer. Sitting at the kitchen table, she lit up a menthol cigarette smiling happily. “I never in a million years could have arranged a better outcome. The look on Robert’s face when he realized that pretty girl was actually his sissy son was priceless. I don’t think he really believed me when I showed him all those pictures but now....oh wow...what a kick in the pants. I thought he was going to have a fuckin’ heart attack. He married me just so he could have a fuckin’ baby sitter. Well I hope he is satisfied. Just threw a wad of cash on the counter and took off did he. Well good riddance. Now I can have some fun,” she thought.

Sunday night Nadine came over with Donald’s uniforms. They were a simple “A” line with a short box pleated skirt. The uniforms were made of yellow nylon with brown wing cuffs and crisp low cut “V” notched collar. A white apron with ruffled hem and side pocket and starched white nurse’s styled cap with brown hemming completed the uniform. Donald had to wear a waist chinch to get a proper fit despite the strict diet. What he didn’t know was Nadine had taken a couple of inches off the waist measurement provided by Harriet.

Harriet insisted that he model it for them so they could check the fit. As he stood before them blushing, “Ya know Harriet, if’n your sissy step-son had bigger tits he’d make a lot more tips. The right bra could do wonders,” Nadine said as she checked him out.

“You’re probably right with the customers that come in that dive. Priscilla here is going to have to do some adjusting if he wants that job. You are going to have to put up with a lot of pawing and butt slapping Priscilla but if you do, you’ll get good tips. Just

remember, you have to pay Kathy back and you need this job. You lose it and maybe I'll get you a job working at Diva's bar. You saw that run down beer joint down the road and are old enough to clear tables and dance for the guys," Harriet said.

"Yeah, she's right Priscilla, only cheap hoes n sluts go anywheres near dat place. At da diner all ya gotta get past is old Sam. You remember him Harriet, Dat old fart dat just loves to pinch, slap ya ass and get a free grope. He's a good tipper though especially if'n ya give him a big hug now and agin," Nadine added.

"How could I forget that old bastard? My ass was black and blue cause of him until I learned to wear that blasted hot girdle. You do wise Priscilla and wear a girdle. Believe me. It will save you a lot of pain. Now, go get ready for bed. You have long day tomorrow. Make sure you call your girlfriends first and tell them you aren't going back to class. You tell Kathy just why you are a working girl now. Maybe she'll think twice before she ever buys you something else. You're working the mid-day shift eleven to five," Harriet said.

Ooo

A little before eleven Donald stood in uniform being examined by Fred. Fred turned out to be a beefy German woman, Fredericka. She had a large round face with grey hair tied into a tight bun at the back of her head.

"Okay, you'll do. Until you get the hang of things, you do what Nadine tells you. You break a dish and it comes out of your pay. You get two breaks, one fifteen minute break at two and one thirty minute break to eat at four. In case you haven't noticed, this is a blue plate diner which means my customers can get a bit rowdy. You handle that and you can make pretty good tips. If you can't then you might as well leave now. Any questions?" she said.

Donald was miserable by the time he was allowed to get something to eat. The staff had an area in the back of the diner where they could smoke and eat their meals. He was sitting next to Nadine, just stirring his salad with his fork. He was too mentally exhausted to eat.

"What's da matter sissy boy, ya aint hungry?" Nadine asked.

He looked up from his salad at her comment, checking to make sure no one else was about. "Na...Nadine please watch it. Somebody might hear," he softly replied.

"You call me Miss when ya talk ta me sissy. Ya show me da proper respect, ya hears. Now eat ya dinner, we only got another fifteen minutes fore we gotta get back," she hissed while blowing smoke from her cigarette into his face.

"I...I'm sorry Miss Nadine but please don't call me a sissy. I....errrr...we can't take the chance that somebody will hear you," he replied looking around.

"Well it aint gonna bother me none if'n ya secret gets out but....but I promised Harriet ta watch out fer ya so if ya was to make nice nice with old Sam and da rest of the regulars maybe I'll keep ya secret," she sneered.

"What do you mean...a...about being nice nice?" he fearfully asked.

"Nuthin much, ya know, be real friendly like. Jest give em a kiss on da cheek, let'm have a little grope is all. Lang as ya pretending ta be a girl, ya might as well know what's it really like," she said with a giggle.

"I...I can't do that," he said in shock.

"It bees ya choice sissy boy, I might fergit and let it slip. Doan know what'll happen then. Dem guys doan like being made a fool of," she replied.

“He’s so easy. With him taken old Sam’s attentions the rest of us kin breathe easier. What a wimp,” Nadine thought as she finished her cigarette.

When he got into Harriet’s car at the end of his shift, Donald broke down in tears. He cried almost all the way back to the trailer telling her about his humiliating day. She just laughed and said, “Don’t know why you’re so upset. A lot worse can happen to a girl. Heaven knows, I’ve had to put up with that for years and much worse. Get over it. It’s part of your girl time learning.”

Back at the trailer he had to give her his tip money, all of sixteen dollars and seventy six cents. She took out three dollars she said was to cover her gas costs and put the rest into a mason jar.

“We’ll keep your earnings in this jar until you get enough to pay back Kathy,” she said as she put the jar up on a shelf.

Even as tired as he was she gave him three magazines to read before allowing him to go to bed. He couldn’t concentrate with all that had happened that day and accumulated five demerits. He went to bed with a very sore ass that night. Donald not only had a red ass but several black and blue marks on his inner thighs were the guys pinched him.

Ooo

Over the next couple of weeks Donald fell into a routine. He would get up and do his exercises, get dressed in his uniform and go to work. Each day seemed to last forever and each day brought new humiliations. Sam had proved to live up to his reputation and groped Donald every chance he got. What made it even worse was when Priscilla tried to kiss him on the cheek. Sam would always turn so their lips met instead and give him a little tongue.

Old Sam was in his early seventies, wore dentures only when he ate and smelled of sweat, stale cigarettes and beer. It was all Donald could do just to be near that dirty old man. His only relief came on Thursdays and Sundays which were his days off. Even then he seldom received a respite. Harriet saw to that. On most Thursdays he had to do the laundry and baby sit Judith Ann. Sundays after he cleaned the trailer were spent at the pool deepening his bikini tan lines and spending time with Mark. Using his job as an excuse, he was able to keep from going out on another date with him.

Three weeks into his new life, Harriet pulled some strings and got Donald off for the whole weekend. He was pleasantly surprised to hear that he had the time off but worried that she had something devilish up her sleeve. When he got up the nerve to ask her why, he was sorry he asked.

“You’ve been doing so good at the dinner. You have almost three hundred dollars in your tip jar. I thought you deserved a treat. You know all that about all work and no play makes Priscilla a dull girl. Well I got you the time off so you could spend some quality time with Mark. You have a date with him tonight. So go out and have a good time,” she replied.

“No....oh no....I don’t want to go out anywhere with him,” Donald said completely taken aback. This was something he never would have expected and certainly something he didn’t want to experience again.

“Yes you will. I have plans for Saturday too, you know, and I don’t want you sitting here by yourself. Besides, you need to get out and experience more girl time learning about boys. Reading all those articles on relationships and how to flirt can’t replace real practical hands on knowledge. You can only learn that by dating,” she stated.

“He’s a beast! At least wait until I can find....find... a nice boy. Someone who won’t....won’t try to take advantage of me,” he sobbed.

“If I left it up to you, you’d never go out. No, you will go with Mark. I’ll tell him to just take you out to dinner and a movie. Nothing else, okay? But you will go out with him tonight. I think he probably learned his lesson about taking you parking after that incident with the cops. Now, until you find a better boyfriend, plan on dating Mark,” she demanded.

Donald felt a little edgy as he came out of the bath Saturday evening. He hoped Mark would hold to his promise of only taking him to see a movie. When he saw what Harriet had laid out for him to wear made that edgy feeling one of fear. Laid out on his bed was his other special occasion balconet bra, matching waist cinch garter belt, thong panties and pale green sheer hosiery. The only times she picked out his clothing anymore was when she had a specific outfit she wanted him to wear. When she did that, he had to wear only what she selected, nothing more and nothing less.

Putting on the lingerie, he went back to the bathroom to apply his evening makeup. Harriet had him spend most of the week practicing what she called, “the glamour look he got at that store” to give his face a more sophisticated appearance. To his mind, it made him look like a hooker.

The clothing she selected wasn’t much better, consisting of a mid-thigh length gray pleated flare skirt, peach semi-transparent short sleeved scooped necked chiffon blouse and a pair of gray leather sky scraper strappy sandals. The heels were pencil thin at least six inches and their only saving grace was a half inch padded platform sole. A wide black paten leather belt, matching handbag, gold necklace and several rings were his accessories.

Dressed he went back into the bathroom to check out his reflection. Standing before the mirror was a very sexy looking school girl. At Harriet’s insistence, his hair was fashioned into two pony tails hanging from the sides of his head. Puffy peach chiffon scrunches held them in place.

“Damn! Is Harriet trying to get me raped? I look like a teenybopper sexpot,” he thought as he peered into the mirror.

Instead of taking him to the movies like he promised, Mark made a right u-turn back into the park at the entrance. “Where are you taking me? You promised to take me to dinner and a movie. You said nothing about taking me to your place. You do this and I’m walking,” Donald said as forcibly as he could.

“Fine by me bitch, although there is one thing you ought to think about before you decide. What do you think sweet Judith Ann’s mother is going to do when I tell her who and what you really are? What’s gonna happen when she starts thinking about all that time you two spent together alone? Of course I wouldn’t say you two did anything improper but.....” Mark said smiling evilly and letting the threat hang there.

“You wouldn’t.....you couldn’t....no....please. You know I’m not that way and I’d never do anything to harm that pretty little girl. You can’t do this,” Donald replied stunned.

“If you make me unhappy, then I’m going to have to tell somebody why I’m so sad if you get my drift. Now what’s it gonna be? I know you’d never do anything bad to that girl but who knows how a mother will react. She might be so upset she calls the cops or maybe even that sex offender hotline. So what’s it gonna be?” he said intimidating Donald to his very core.

“What the fuck am I going to do? Everyone knows you’re guilty if you’re charged with a

sex crime especially if it involves a little girl. With me dressing like this, I'll fry unless a lynch mob gets me first. Crap!" he thought.

Donald sat there and tried to figure some way out of his situation. Mark outweighed him by at least sixty pounds. Yeah, he had a beer belly but the rest of him was muscle which Donald no longer had. Thanks to the strict diet and exercises, he was down twenty pounds. He not only looked weak and fragile like a girl he also felt that way. There was no way he could fight his way out of this mess nor could he talk his way out of it. He'd already proved that. Resigning himself to his fate, he couldn't help it as tears began to flow down his cheeks.

As soon as they entered the dilapidated trailer, Mark went to a cabinet and took down a bottle of cheap bourbon and pulled a six pack out of the fridge. He grabbed two large glasses, poured a healthy serving of bourbon into each and followed it up with a can of cold beer.

"Here, drink this boiler maker. It'll loosen you up a bit," he said.

Donald didn't need to be asked twice. He took the glass and gulped down a mouthful. He choked but took another quick swallow. He had only a couple of glasses of beer in his life until now and wasn't use to hard liquor. He could only hope that it would deaden any pain that he felt sure was coming.

Ooo

He was staggering down the dark cement path leading to Harriet's trailer. He had taken off his heels as soon as he left Mark's place. His nylons already laddered and torn before he removed his heels. Tears of pain and humiliation were flowing freely down his cheeks. His makeup was a total mess and his clothing almost as bad. Donald removed the scrunches, letting his hair flow free. Mark had use his pony tails as handles as he pulled Don's face into his crotch and he didn't want to be reminded of that. He kept trying to keep his ass cheeks clinched but it was a losing battle. With each painful step, he could feel liquid running down his thighs and soaking into his nylons. His head was spinning; he stopped and tossed up what little he had in his stomach before moving on. He made a wide detour of the lighted pool and laundry area. He thanked his lucky stars that no one else was about as he entered the trailer.

No one was home when he got there much to his relief. The only possible thing that could have made this night any worse was for her to be there and see his humiliation. He staggered into the bathroom and tore off his clothing, tossing his stained panties and hose into the trash basket. For only the second time since his arrival, Donald stepped into the shower. He scrubbed and shampooed until the water turned cold. Stepping out of the shower onto the cold linoleum floor, he shivered but not from the cold. No matter how hard he had scrubbed and washed, he still felt dirty.

When he arose after a restless night Harriet was still no where to be found. He took another shower and performed his morning toilet. As he had the day off once he completed his workout, dressed in simple green cotton short-shorts and extra large white cotton tee tied into a knot at his side. He had put on only the minimum amount of makeup, mascara, gray eye shadow and bubble gum pink lipstick.

He was in the kitchen when Harriet staggered through the front door. She looked like she had been rode hard and put up wet. Her hair, makeup and clothing were a mess. Her pantyhose had two large long ladders running up both legs. She gave Donald a crooked half smile but didn't say anything as she passed him on her way to her room. She reeked of booze, cigarette smoke and sex. Donald didn't see her again until late afternoon.

The first thing Harriet did was grab a bottle of beer and light up a cigarette. Seated at the table she looked at Donald and said, "Finish cleaning the damn trailer."

"Aren't you even going to ask me what happened last night? I'll tell you what happened! I got raped! That's what happened! Don't you even care?" he snapped.

"Date raped huh? Well get over it. It happens to us girls more times than I care to think about. Just be glad you can't get pregnant. You can either consider it another lesson or you can call the cops. I don't really care which. My head hurts too much for me to be very sympathetic at the moment," she replied.

Donald's mouth was working but nothing was coming out. He had been so stunned by her cavalier response; he didn't know what to say. Seeing that he wasn't going to get anywhere with her, he stomped off back to his room.

"Couldn't that bitch see how much I was hurting? I was fuckin' raped! So what does she tell me, forget it or call the cops. Like I can call the fuckin' cops! It happens more times than she cares to fuckin' think about! Yeah, maybe, but it happened to me," he thought as he flung himself onto the bed crying.

Donald woke up with a gasp. He had a nightmare in which Mark was having his way with him. He sat up in bed, rubbed his eyes and realized it was still light outside.

"Must have fallen asleep, will I ever forget what happened last night? Geez, could Harriet have been right? It was a horrible experience for me but at least I couldn't get pregnant. If I was a real girl I could call the cops but I don't have that option. Shit! I'm going to have to put up with that asshole as long as I'm staying here. If I don't do what he wants, he'll get me arrested. I've got to get out of here. I must have about four hundred bucks in that jar counting my tips and pay. Just got to figure out where I'm gonna go. Maybe back to see Bert. He's my best friend but I can't go looking like this. He'll freak but she's locked up my boy stuff somewhere. I can always buy some new stuff once I'm away from here. Yeah, that's what I'll do," he thought.

With his decision made, Donald first checked to make sure Harriet wasn't around. He grabbed a stool so he could reach the top shelf where his jar of money was kept. He was surprised then became angry when he pulled the jar from the shelf. The jar was half full of loose change and about eight dollars. He doubled checked the cabinet to see if there was another jar of money but found nothing.

"Damn it! That bitch stole my money. Now what am I going to do? I can't get anywhere with what's left. Maybe it's in her room," he muttered.

An hour later he gave up searching for any money. The only thing he found in her room was some cheap jewelry and a few pennies in change. He fumed, ranted and cried in frustration coming up empty handed. Now he was truly fucked. Without money he was stuck in this shitty trailer park and would have to face Mark again. He cried himself asleep again not hearing Harriet come stumbling through the hallway drunk as a skunk.

Ooo

He had no choice but to go back to work the next day. Only this time he refused to give her his tip money when he came back home. She had admitted to taking the money so she and a friend could go to the casino and didn't push the issue. They settled into an uneasy peace for the next several weeks and he managed to avoid Mark. Harriet still made him do the household chores and laundry but otherwise left him alone. By now so many of the things he had been forced to do were ingrained habit. He didn't have to think about poise, manners, makeup application or hair styling, he just did it. The one

thing Harriet insisted on was that Donald contribute a share of his earning to help pay gas, meals and rent otherwise she told him he could leave. With little choice he gave her half of his paycheck every week. It would take him a bit longer to save enough to get away but for now he could live with it.

By early August he had saved up almost enough to get out of the trailer park. He had gone out several times with Nicole, Kathy, Darleen and Joan. He even paid Kathy back all that she had spent on him that fateful day. He still hadn't heard from or seen his dad which hurt him deeply. Every time he heard a semi go by the diner or park, his hopes would rise only to crash in disappointment. Harriet was spending more and more time going out and coming home drunk. She was usually too hung over to give him much grief. Using his job as an excuse, he only had to go out with Mark twice. Each of those dates was just as horrible as the last.

Fred reassigned Priscilla to the night shift. It paid a dollar more an hour and the tips were better. He would have to work from five till midnight. When he told Harriet about the shift change, she shrugged and told him he could take her car. He was surprised but happy that he now had transportation. With the extra money and car he figured he could get away by the end of the month. With him working the night shift he didn't see much of Harriet which he considered an additional benefit. The best thing about working the night shift was that he wouldn't have to see Mark. August was turning out to be a very good month for him.

That all changed one morning in the latter part of August when he woke up to an empty house. He went to do his exercises figuring she was still out with her friend when he noticed that the television was gone as well as some of the furniture. Scratching his head, he went over to the kitchen table. There was a letter and key ring on it sitting beside an empty bottle of beer.

"Priscilla, I got served divorce papers this week and I'm no longer married to your father. Can't say it was much of a marriage anyway. He just wanted a baby sitter for you. He didn't give a damn about me. You can guess how much I hated that. So I'm out of here. Don't bother trying to find me. I'll be long gone by the time you can do anything about it. Keep the car, consider it repayment for the money I took from you. The trailer's rent is paid up till the end of the month. You're daddy will be here to fetch you by then. There's a storage bin back by the laundry, got the same number on it as the trailer. You'll find your stuff there. I think you learned exactly what we girls have to do just to survive. By the way kid, I found where you stashed your savings, thanks," it said.

He couldn't believe what he was reading but a quick look around the trailer proved she had packed up and left. His money was gone but at least he was finally free of that bitch and could go back to being normal. No more girlie stuff for him. All he had to do was get his stuff, cut his hair and be ready to explain what she had done to him to his father.

He clutched the key ring, smiled broadly and walked out the door. "Yeah, I learned what a real mean bitch you are. You were right about one thing though, girls do have it rough. Worse than I ever could have imagined before now. I can't wait to get out of this girlie stuff and back to normal," he thought.

Donald was severely disappointed when he opened his suitcases. Nothing fit. His ass was too big, his waist too small for his pants while the shirts were way too big and hung from his torso like tents. The shoes still fit but felt like he had on cinder blocks they were so heavy.

"I know that I have lost a lot of weight but...but I didn't realize just how much until now. I've changed more than I thought. I've forgotten the last time I really looked at myself. Guess I was too afraid to see what was happening to me," he thought as he pulled his robe on and headed to the bathroom.

When he looked at his reflection, he was surprised to see that he still had on his bra, panties and gaff. He turned sideways and blushed for the first time in over a month. "Damn, my butt is big," he muttered.

The image in the mirror shouted girl from the red painted toe nails to the smooth crotch to the tiny waist to the soft mounds on the chest up to the wavy brunette hair. In the past, he tried to ignore that image but now that he was free he actually saw the drastic changes.

Hoping to change the image he was seeing, Donald reached behind his back and unhooked his bra and tossed it aside. The prosthetic breasts were still firmly attached to his skin. He knew that water wouldn't work to get them off so he tried nail polish remover. It worked and the falsies were tossed aside. Standing nude before the mirror, he was shocked at what he saw. On his once flat chest were two noticeable protrusions, a full "A" cup, with round button nipples. Amazed, he reached up and cupped them. They didn't quite fill his palms but they were real.

Quickly, he removed his gaff and examined his groin. He breathed a sigh of relief when his flaccid penis flopped down. The only time he had been out of his gaff was when he took a bath. It was also the first garment he put back on. He fondled it for the first time since his arrival and discovered that his testicles hadn't descended. They were still stuck up inside him. He prodded the area hoping to get them back out but that only resulted in pain. He was worried before he entered the bathroom, now he was near panic.

"OMG! I've got tits and my balls are gone!" he thought as he slumped on the floor crying.

His aspirations of getting back to normal stymied until he could buy some new clothing, he decided he had better get to work. With his saving stolen, he needed the money. Back in his room he got dressed still in a bit of a daze. Now that he had removed the false breasts, the cups of his bra sagged. He had to go to work and reluctantly stuffed the cups with panties. He had automatically reached for a clean gaff but dropped it back into the drawer. He had hopes that his balls would drop back down if he quit wearing it. He took out the matching chocolate nylon tap panties with white floral lace hemming and garter belt. Dropping a chocolate full slip down over his head, he stepped into his mules and headed to the bathroom to put on his makeup. Ever since he started working the night shift, he put on his glamour face which helped him get bigger tips. He had also learned that leaving a few extra buttons undone on his uniform, just enough to display a bit of cleavage, got him much better tips.

Ooo

With Friday's paycheck in hand, he left the diner for good. It was too late to do any shopping, so he drove back to the trailer. "I'll get up early tomorrow and head to the mall. Get me just the minimum for now. A pair of jeans, shirts, underwear and decent shoes, I have to be back before dad shows up. I don't want him to see me dressed or looking like this," he thought.

Pulling up to the trailer he was surprised to see a light on. He didn't remember leaving it on. He looked around and didn't see any cars or trucks parked nearby, so dismissed an uneasy feeling. When he went in, he froze. Sitting at the kitchen table was his father.

They both stared at one another for a few moments before his dad broke the silence.

“Who are y.....Don.....Donald is that really you?”

“D....dad....I can explain.....just give me a chance.....please let me ...” he started but stopped as his father got up from his chair.

“No Donald you don’t have to say anything. I’m the one who should be apologizing to you. It...it was such a shock seeing you that...I...I couldn’t take it. Harriet told me everything but....but I wasn’t ready....Your mother should have said something. I might have been better prepared. I hope you can forgive me but I’m here to get you,” his dad said walking over to him.

Donald threw himself into his father’s outstretched arms and hugged him tightly. “Oh dad....daddy, it’s not what you think,” he said beginning to cry.

They talked into the wee hours with both of them in tears at times. By the time Donald had finished telling him what had happened, his dad was beyond furious. He became even madder when Donald opened up his uniform top and pulled down his bra. His dad slammed his balled fist down on the table top hard enough to make the kitchen rattle.

“Don’t worry son we’ll get that bitch. I promise I’ll make everything right. I’m taking you to see a doctor first thing then we’re going to the sheriff. That miserable woman is going to pay for what’s she done to you,” he said.

The doctor visit was traumatic and the outcome not what either of them wanted. Donald had a significant amount of female hormones in his system and would probably never be able to have children of his own. He was told that they could get his hormones back to what they had been but it would require surgery to remove the breasts. Unfortunately, because he had worn a gaff for so long his testicles had atrophied to where they would never produce sperm. The doctor surprised them when he suggested that Donald consider getting reassignment surgery to become a functioning woman.

“Look I’m only suggesting that you consider having the procedure. Let’s be honest, with your build, behavior and looks you already pass as female. Breast reduction surgery is both painful and leaves a lot of scarring. I can recommend a very good gender therapist here in Reno. Her office is right across the street. Please, before you decide what you want, let me make an appointment for you,” the doctor told them.

They left the hospital and went to the sheriff’s office. With Harriet’s note and what the doctor had discovered backing up what Donald told them, a warrant was put out for her arrest. Since Harriet had over a week’s head start they didn’t make any promises about catching her anytime soon. Donald did not tell the sheriff anything about Mark. The last thing he wanted now was to have to appear in any rape trial. It would be humiliating enough to appear at her’s but it would be a thousand times worse discussing the intimate details of those unwanted encounters. He couldn’t even bring himself to talk about Mark with his dad.

There was still a week left on the trailer rental so they stayed there. His dad bought him some boy’s clothing but Donald felt very uncomfortable wearing any of it. For the most part, they didn’t leave the trailer except to make appointments with the gender specialist. While in the privacy of the trailer Donald tried to dress and act like a boy but his girlish habits refused to go away. The clothing didn’t feel right or fit his body. No matter what he tried he still looked like a girl wearing boy’s clothing. After a week he gave up. He felt so much more comfortable wearing his girl time stuff. By the time the lease ran out, his dad had purchased a small two bedroom house in Reno. Donald was more than happy to get away from that trailer park. He never wanted to see that place

again.

After two months with the gender specialist, he did tell her about Mark and what he did. It was very upsetting to have to reveal those intimacies but it helped to get it off his chest. Soon after that, she informed him that he met all the requirements for reassignment surgery if he wanted it.

“Dad I don’t really have any choice in this. I tried to become your son again but it just doesn’t feel right. I hope you don’t mind having a daughter. I want to have that surgery,” he said one night over dinner.

The End