

GREAT AUNT EDITH

Part One

Edith Stillwell was in her early sixties, full figured and set in her ways. The only reason she had married was that in her early days it was the expected thing to do. She had no children and lived with her husband until he died at fifty-six. There was nothing outstanding about her appearance. Those that didn't know would think "typical grandmother" when she passed by. Her type-A personality grew stronger as she aged and her husband, Jeff, bowed to her command. Due to her complete domination, a lot of his friends believed that her husband's death was a blessing. She didn't go out much except to buy groceries, shopping only when necessary for other things.

As a child of the fifties she learned to sew, cook and tend house. She would never be caught out in public without full makeup and her hair neatly arranged. She especially loved her fine lingerie and dress styles of that time period. So much so that she seldom threw anything away. What she distained was how women and girls were treated during that era. Like her mother she waited on her two brothers and father hand and foot. She hated being treated like a second class citizen. She vowed that when she was on her own she would never allow a man to dictate to her.

Marriage was an escape from her parents and brothers but became just another chain preventing her from doing as she pleased. After a very disappointing consummation of her marriage, she decided she had little use for a man. Jeff wasn't like her brothers or father, one of the reasons she married him. He was weak and Edith quickly took control of their lives. When they moved into the farm house, she made him sleep in his own room. Early in the marriage she gained control of her husband via the marriage bed. She allowed him to share the marriage bed only on rare occasions and then only on her terms. When he was working the farm, he could give all the orders he wanted but in the house, he jumped at her command. Living alone as a widow was a welcome relief. She was content until that faithful day when Donald Andrew Arnold came into her life.

Donald Andrew Arnold was a skinny eighteen year old, greasy shoulder length mousey brown haired nerd. He always received straight A's, had few friends and enjoyed video games. He didn't really mind being a loner but at times wished he had a girl friend. The only girls he had any contact with were ones looking for homework help. He did their homework for a smile and thank you. He was too shy to ask any of them for a date. In the privacy of his bedroom he would whack off remembering those encounters.

An only child, his parents spoiled him and never pushed him to do something. His father would have liked to have a macho sports minded son but his over protective mother discouraged any such activities. As a result Donald quickly became known as 'a momma's boy.' With that label and his bookish ways most of the guys avoided him throughout his school life.

His great Aunt Edith showed up on his doorstep two days after the fatal accident that took the life of his parents. She immediately took control and he was more than happy to let her do it as he had absolutely no idea of what to do. She kept busy settling the estate and making arrangements while he spent almost all of his time in his room. The times they were together were stiff and formal. Donald was a bit scared of her even if she looked like a kindly grandmother. She was blunt of speech and despite her age both bigger and stronger than he was.

His parents were successful but their tragic death just after he graduated left him in her care. He was old enough to be on his own but his parents felt he was too immature to manage the estate successfully. His mother wanted a strong hand to guide him once they passed. Her husband didn't like the idea but Great Aunt Edith was their only living relative.

She wouldn't have taken him in except for the lucrative expense allowance the Last Will and Testament provided for that care. It was a lot of money for a destitute widow and signed the documents for his guardianship. With the funeral over, the house and contents up for sale, they left for her home. Moving from New Jersey to remote Kansas was a shock to his system. Living in a big city even a nerd could find plenty of interesting things to do. A remote farm, miles from the nearest neighbor and surrounded by corn fields did not provide a lot of anything. He didn't even have access to the internet.

He had never been on an airplane before so that part of the trip was interesting. The five hour drive to her farm was down right boring. As soon as they got into her nineteen eighty five Buick, he was given his instructions.

"Donnie you've been forced on me but I take that obligation seriously. I am use to doing things my way and living alone. I don't cater much to men or boys and I will not let you become a distraction. You will do as I say at all times. You will be obedient and respectful at all times. You will talk only when you have a question or in response to me. You will not clomp around my house like a bull in a china shop. You do your chores without complaint and with due diligence. You will be neatly dressed and clean at all times. You disobey any of these rules and I will punish you. Is that understood?" she informed him.

"Eeerrrrr, Great Aunt Edith.....errr...what do you mean by punish. My parents never had to punish me. I'm a good boy. I'll try not to be a distraction," he replied.

"I believe in spare the rod you spoil the child. That was how I was raised and can't see how it could do you any harm. Life is full of choices boy and you make the right ones everything will be fine. As far as you being a good boy we'll just have to see, now keep quite and let me drive. We have a long way to go," she answered.

Seeing nothing but fields of corn and soy beans as she drove soon made his eyelids heavy. He slept for most of the way and didn't wake until she pulled into the garage. The wood framed house was painted white with green shutters and had a railed front porch with two rocking chairs. The inside was spacious with ten foot ceilings and hardwood flooring. The flooring was broken up by scattered well worn oriental rugs. The furnishings antique by anyone's appraisal.

The second floor room he was led to was larger than his old room but musty smelling from disuse. A window looked out over the vast fields and hung with floral drapes. The wooden floor had several pink fuzzy throw rugs scattered about. A twin sized white enameled iron bed was off in one corner with a matching night stand containing a pink ceramic lamp and old fashioned metal alarm clock, a oak straight backed chair, large wooden dresser with some of the veneer peeling off at the base, free standing oval beveled glass mirror and a white vanity with pink satin bench stool completed the furnishings.

His bathroom was across the hall and contained a large white enameled footed bath tub, counter with sink, mirrored medicine cabinet, linen closet and commode. White linoleum covered the floor. He was definitely going to miss his shower back home.

He was told to unpack then meet her in the kitchen.

Donald put his two bags on the pink quilted satin comforter and began unpacking. Edith didn't let him bring much in the way of clothing or belongings. He did have his lap top but without internet was limited to playing his music, games and movies. Even those distractions were very limited as she didn't let him bring most of his collection. He had whined and complained about leaving so much behind but she was adamant. He was starting to unpack his second suitcase when she came back into the room.

"It's a bit musty smelling from lack of use so I thought this would help. Good, you're almost finished unpacking. Supper be ready soon so don't dawdle," she said placing a violet crystal oil lamp on the top of the dresser. It gave off a floral scent that soon filled the room.

He was starving and hurried to finish unpacking. Edith had carefully folded his underwear and tee shirts when she had packed his bag. He grabbed them by the handful and tossed them unceremoniously into the drawer. Putting the empty suitcases into the large walk in closet, he headed to the kitchen. It was a simple meal of ham steak, corn and beets with the portions no where near satisfying. Seated next to Great Aunt Edith, he cut a big chunk of ham and stuffed it into his mouth. The flat side of the knife slammed painfully into the back of his hand.

"Manners, I insist upon good manners and it doesn't look like your parents taught you anything. You will use your knife and fork, cut that meat into small portions and chew at least ten times before you swallow. Understood!" she barked.

"Yeesss, Great Aunt Edith," he replied.

"That won't do either. You may call me Auntie Edith. All that great stuff makes me sound old. Now eat your supper quietly and stop that whining," she said in a more normal tone.

When the meal was over, she tied a pink gingham bibbed apron with white ruffled frills around his waist. He stood in shock as she tied the sash into a big bow at his back. Donald had never done any household chores much less any kind of work around the kitchen.

"Auntie Edith, what are you doing? I can't wear this! Aprons are for girls. Besides, I don't do woman's work." He whined.

"Stop your whining. You're living with me now and you will do whatever I tell you. You've been whining and complaining like a little brat ever since I met you and it's going to stop now," she snapped giving his bottom a sound smack.

The kitchen didn't have a dishwasher so while she washed he dried. Dishes done, he cleaned the counter top and then wiped down the kitchen table as she made tea. She took out a complete tea service set telling him that it would be his responsibility to serve in the living room.

Donald started to object but the look in her eyes stopped him. Pouting, he nodded his head in acceptance. She watched as he filled the ceramic tea pot, placed two saucers and cups on the silver tray along with creamer and sugar pots. He asked her to please remove the apron and she quickly agreed.

"Of course, that apron is completely inappropriate to serve tea," she remarked as she undid the double knot and pulled the apron off. He was more than happy to get out of that feminine garment with its ruffled hemming. Donald wasn't happy at all when she tied a white organza bibbed apron with ruffled white floral lace detailing in its place.

"Please Gre...Auntie Edith, I don't want to wear this...it's...it's just not right," he stuttered with embarrassment.

“There is nothing wrong in wearing a proper apron to serve tea Donald. I’ve warned you about your whining more than once. Don’t make me warn you again or you’ll find yourself bent over my lap,” she replied giving him a stern look.

She led the way into the living room where she instructed him on the proper way to serve. Donald had never drunk hot tea before and found the tiny handle on the cup impossible. He was forced to grip it between thumb and forefinger with his pinky sticking straight out. He gripped it tightly fearing that the slippery ceramic would slip and spill the contents into his lap. It was bitter tasting even after using cream and sugar. He took one sip and placed the cup back into its saucer and sat back on the couch.

“What’s the matter Donald, don’t like my tea?” she asked.

“It.....it’s bitter,” he replied.

“Yes, I guess you’re right but after awhile you’ll get use to it. It’s a special blend of mind made of ground Black Cohosh. It’s an herb that grows back East but I have my own in the garden so I know it’s fresh. Having evening tea is one of my favorite times of day. It’s calming and helps me relax. Go ahead and drink yours. The sooner you get use to it the more enjoyable it will be for you,” she answered.

“You’d have to be nuts to like this stuff. I don’t like wearing this frilly apron either. I think Auntie Edith has a screw loose to make me drink this and wear this stupid apron,” he thought picking up his cup.

After they finished off the pot, he took the service back into the kitchen to clean and put it away. “She’s treating me like a maid and I still have a bitter taste in my mouth. I can’t believe she made me drink three cups of that shit,” he thought. When he finished he tried to untie the apron but found it impossible to do by him self. Back in the living room he asked her to undo it for him.

With the apron hung in its place behind the kitchen door, she led him back upstairs to get ready for bed. It wasn’t that late by his standards but the long trip had been exhausting. To his surprise she took him straight to the bathroom instead of letting him go to his room.

“You will take a bath before you go to bed and one in the morning. I insist on cleanliness so I’m going to show you how to prepare your bath so you can do it yourself in the morning,” she stated.

“Auntie Edith, I can do that. It’s not like rocket science,” he snapped back irritated. He was tired and with all that had happened angered at being treated like a baby.

The next thing he thought as he brought his hand up to his stinging face was, “What the hell! That really hurt.”

“Don’t ever take that tone with me sonny boy or you will be very sorry! Remember I said life is full of choices and you just made a very poor one,” he heard through ringing ears.

He was still a bit dazed as he was pulled into the bathroom. The redness on his cheek soon spread to his whole body as she began taking off his clothing. He tried to pull away but her grip on the waistband of his jeans was strong.

“Hold still or do you want another slap,” she barked.

Naked he stood with his hands covering his groin as the tub filled with multi-colored bubbles and the room with the scent of flowers. Edith had pulled a white rubber apron from the linen closet and a pair of pink gloves. She began applying a thick paste

substance to his body, pushing his hands out of the way making his blush darken. When she stepped back he was covered in a burning paste from neck to toe.

“Body hair traps odors and bacteria. I made my husband use this and so will you from now on. I expect you to keep your body hair free, understood?” she explained.

It was embarrassing being exposed to the old woman but when she began scrubbing him in the tub became mortifying. When he protested, she replied by sticking the aromatic soap into his mouth. She dried him off with a fluffy towel then handed him a bottle of body lotion.

He was in shock seeing his hairless body for the first time. Hairless legs were one thing but without his pubic hair he felt very small and childlike. He turned the bottle over in his hands and saw “Pure Green Tree Oil and Lavender Extract with Aloe” written on the lotion’s label.

“I want to see every nook and cranny covered in this after each bath. Once you’ve done that I’m going to wash that greasy mop you call hair,” she stated bringing him out of his thoughts.

Donald didn’t like the lotion as soon as he squirted some into his palm. It had a strong floral smell and there was a vague memory about a warning of using green tree oil. Seeing the look on his Aunt’s face decided he had no choice and began spreading the thick lotion onto his skin. The low humidity of Kansas had dried out his skin and was quickly absorbed. He covered as much as he could reach except for his groin.

“No way am I going to put this stuff there. Like I want her seeing me playing with my package,” he thought.

“Give me that,” she impatiently said taking the lotion and filling her palm with it. He was stunned when she grabbed his penis and covered his groin in a thick coat of the fragrant lotion. At his age almost anything gave him an erection. He wanted to die when it responded to her touch. She gave it a quick painful snap with her finger wilting it immediately and bringing tears to his eyes. She turned him around and quickly covered his back and seemed to spend more time than necessary covering his ass. By the time she had the shampoo and conditioner out, he smelled like a flower garden.

She shampooed and conditioned his long hair three times before she was satisfied. Leaving it damp and smelling of flowers, had him sit with his back to her on the commode and trimmed the spilt ends leaving the back squared off. Turning him around, she quickly combed out his bangs and trimmed them off just above his brows. She stepped back, grabbed his chin and turned it back and forth.

“Since you like your hair girlishly long you’re going to learn to take proper care of it. I expect you to wash and condition it at least twice a week and brush it every night and morning one hundred times. Now stop that infernal sniffing. You’re acting just like a little prissy girl. Get up, you’ll find a dust pan and broom in the linen closet. Clean this mess off the floor,” she ordered.

Like a little kid she tucked the towel between his breasts and led him by the hand back into his room. While he stood trembling in shame and embarrassment, she went to the dresser to get his pajamas. Seeing the piled mess he left his undergarments in, she began tossing them into the air all about the room.

“This is totally unacceptable. You will neatly fold and put them into the drawers. Now where are your pajamas?” she fumed.

He hurriedly went to do her bidding. All he wanted was to get through this night and try and forget the most humiliating day of his life. As he bent to pick up a pair of

boxers, his ass flamed in pain making him cry out. Grabbing his ass with both hands he turned to look at her.

“I don’t like having to see your bare ass poking in my face. Unless you want another swat, bend at the knees whenever you pick up anything,” she snapped turning her attention back to his dresser. Donald quickly stepped into his boxers happy to cover his privates then bending at the knees stooped to pick up the rest of his undergarments.

Later under the covers, he let the tears of humiliation flow. The room was dark and silent except for the sound of crying and the tic-tock of the clock. As tired and mentally exhausted as he was, getting to sleep wasn’t easy. He was use to hearing the sound of traffic and other night noises of the city. Out here in the middle of nowhere, it was deadly silent. Another distraction was the overpowering aroma of flowers.

Ooo

It seemed like he had just closed his eyes when the loud ringing of the alarm brought him out of troubled dreams. Rubbing his eyes he got out of bed and looked at the alarm. It was five o’clock in the morning much too early to be up according to his mind and he crawled back under the covers.

“Damn, somebody must have left that thing set like that. Who gets up this early?” he mumbled.

He was startled awake as the covers were pulled back and a stinging pain radiated from his butt. Awake and turning onto his back another stinging swat to his hip made him cry out. Aunt Edith was standing over him holding a slipper in her hand.

“Didn’t you hear your alarm go off? So, why aren’t you out of bed and in the bathroom like you are suppose to be? Get up, get moving and stop that sniffing,” she shouted swinging the slipper down one more time to hit his exposed thigh.

He hurried to the bathroom with Edith swatting his bottom with the leather soled slipper. Donald hoped that once in the bathroom she would leave him alone but that didn’t happen. She went over and began filling the tub telling him to do his business.

“What...I...I can’t go while you’re in here,” he gasped.

“Of course you can. Now get busy or I’ll help you do that as well,” she spat. He tried to turn as much of his back as he could to her as he pulled his penis free.

Before he could let the stream flow, she barked at him again, “Sit down to do that. I don’t want your pee splashing all over the seat and floor.”

A good morning piss always made him feel better but not today. Sitting with his hands covering his groin was bad but having her in the same room was humiliating. The pee was easy but he needed a good dump as well. That proved much more difficult as she was watching him now. Strain as much as he could his bowls refused to move. The tub was full of bubbles and could tell his Aunt was getting impatient. Still he couldn’t make his bowls release.

Shaking her head Edith went to the linen closet and removed a pink rubber ball with a white ridged nozzle attachment. She squeezed the rubber ball and stuck the nozzle into the bath water. From the medicine cabinet she removed a jar of petroleum jelly and coated the thick nozzle.

“Get up and bend over. It seems like I have to do everything for you like a baby. Without any further preamble she forced the nozzle into his rectum and working it in and out slowly squeezed the bulb. As she slowly pushed it back and forth, Donald was

horrified as his penis began to get erect. When he felt the warm water gushing into his guts, his penis spurted out its juices. Auntie Edith saw the whole thing and snickered at his humiliation.

“Auntie Edith....I...I don’t know what happened. I....I..I’m sorry it won’t hap...happen again,” he cried, fresh tears flowing down his reddened cheeks.

“Men and boys with their lies, I don’t cotton to lies Donald. I know the first chance you get you will play with that little toy of yours. Now clean up your mess and get into the bath. The water is getting cold and you have chores to get done,” she sneered.

His body coated in the lotion with a towel wrapped around his chest, she took him back to his room. As he brushed his hair at the vanity with a boar bristle brush, she gathered his clothing for the day. The boxers and undershirt were well worn and she grimaced as she held them out to him.

“Guess I better get him some new underwear but I don’t want to spend any of his care allowance if I don’t have to. They pay me well enough but if I keep his then I will finally have some real money of my own. In two years I could accumulate enough to get away from here and move to Paris. It’s obvious he doesn’t like me and will probably try to run sooner or later. I can’t let that happen or I’ll lose that money. Just have to figure a way to keep him on the farm,” she thought as he took them.

The sun was just coming up as he took his place at the kitchen table. A bowl of Cream of Wheat and glass of orange juice was served for breakfast. Breakfast over she tied his pink gingham apron around his waist, gave him a pair of pink rubber gloves and had him do the dishes. The dishes done, counters wiped down, she showed him the bucket and mop. Once she was sure he knew how to mop, she went out the back door to feed the chickens.

He spent the rest of the morning learning how to keep a neat house. He dusted, vacuumed and waxed until he thought his arms were going to fall off. After lunch she told him he was done with his chores for the day once he made her some tea. He had to switch his pink apron for the organza one while he served.

“Sit and have a cup with me. When we finish you will come with me to my bedroom. I have something to keep your little toy from misbehaving while you are here,” she said. It was not a request and he was confused. He didn’t think he would like whatever she had in mind to keep him from misbehaving.

One cup turned out to be three before she took him upstairs. He didn’t want to go with her especially after seeing her put ice cubes into a plastic baggie. He had no idea of what she intended to do and was very scared. In her bedroom she had him drop his pants and boxers. Pressing the bag of ice to his groin, told him to hold it there, she got up and went to a large bureau. When she returned holding something in her hand, she knelt down in front of him. Taking the bag of ice, she flicked his now very limp and small penis with her finger tips.

“Looks almost too small,” she mumbled as she took the shaft of his penis in hand. He wanted to bolt and run but her firm grip held him steady. He heard some clicks then she stood up and backed away. His penis was encased in a pink rubberized looking bent tube back between his legs and a band of pink surrounded the base of his scrotum.

“That’s a male chastity device that I once used on my husband. You can have it now. Don’t try to take it off. It’s locked on and I have the only key. Get dressed and run along. I have things to think about and don’t want you under foot,” she said with a smirk.

He went to his room and did his best to remove the chastity device. He even tried picking the tiny lock with a hairpin he found in the vanity drawer. Giving up in frustration he threw himself down on the bed and cried himself to sleep.

“When is she going to stop humiliating me like this? I’m good. I don’t ever get into trouble so why is she doing this to me?” were his last thoughts before sleep overtook him.

“Ha, he had the same expression of shock that my Jeff did when I first put it on him. He was a pathetic lover in any case and from the size of Donald’s probably no better. That won’t be enough to keep him from running and I can’t keep an eye on him all the time. There has to be some way to make him too afraid or embarrassed to run,” she thought.

Ooo

Two weeks went by before Edith figured a way to keep him on the farm. In a way it was Donald’s complaining about wearing aprons and doing women’s work that gave her the idea. He had even threatened to run away one afternoon after she had him wax the living room’s wooden floors.

“If I hear one more complaint about wearing aprons or cleaning the house, I’m going to scream. Why couldn’t my grand nephew have had a girl? At least with another woman in the house I could enjoy myself. Maybe she would even enjoy trying on my old clothing while we listened to my old tunes. I could fix her hair in those old styles and we could have so much fun together. Instead what do I get? I get a pain in the ass nephew. Whoa, old girl, now that’s a thought. What if I turned that skinny kid into a sweet adorable niece? He’s about the right size and wearing dresses and tight foundations would take what fight he has in him out. Plus I can’t picture him running off dressed like that wearing heels.”

“No one knows he’s here except for that lawyer back in Jersey and he’s likely not to give me any interference. All he cares about now is getting his monthly fee for administering Donald’s trust fund. Men have been dictating to me all my life maybe it’s time for him to discover just how hard it is being a woman. Having to live as a girl for three years will do him a world of good so where is the harm? By then I’ll have enough to go to Paris and forget this farm life forever. He acts like a prissy girl with all that whining and crying anyway,” she thought as Donald was washing the windows.

Now all she had to do was go up into the attic and bring down all those boxes stuffed with her old clothing. By the time she had brought all the boxes down to his room her bones were aching. “Getting too damn old to be traipsing up and down those stairs and should have had him do it. That would have spoiled the surprise though and he might have made a dash for it. I’ll take a break and have some tea before I unpack this,” she muttered.

By late afternoon all the boxes were unpacked and the clothing either stored in the dresser or closet. What few belongings he had were placed in two boxes and taken out to the burn barrel. Donald was outside working in the garden when he noticed the flames leaping into the air. He was too far away from the fifty-five gallon drum used to burn their trash to see what his aunt was doing.

“That’s a pretty good fire she has going. I wonder what she could be burning. Who gives a shit anyway? As soon as she goes to sleep tonight I’m getting the hell out of here. I’m eighteen and won’t put up with this bullshit any longer. There has to be some way to contest the will and get my money,” he thought kneeling by the flower bed. He was wearing a wide brimmed straw hat tied securely with a pink satin ribbon

under his chin, a yellow with white polka dot pinafore styled apron and thick cotton work gloves.

To Be Continued

Part Two

Donald Andrew Arnold is a ward of his Great Aunt Edith. Living on her farm he is put to work doing household chores which he hated. There wasn't an internet connection at the farm. Being a nerd from the big city having no internet access made matters much worse. Now he was planning on running away but Edith has other plans for him.

Ooo

Finished weeding the garden Donald went into the house. As soon as he walked in Aunt Edith told him to follow her up to the bathroom. She already had the tub filled with multicolored bubbles and a heady aroma of flowers. Donald groaned but quickly stripped and stepped into the tub. Bathed, his hair shampooed and conditioned he was taken into his room. He was surprised at how it was now decorated. The walls once bare of any artwork held several framed prints. One wall had three prints of ballerinas in various costumes and poses. The other walls had various floral still life's and depictions of fuzzy kittens. The floral print drapes had been replaced with lavender chiffon over purple satin ones. A large stuffed teddy bear with a bright pink bow was sitting against his pillow and the pink cotton comforter replaced with a bright white with rose bud print satin one. It had been too feminine for him before but what he saw now was over the top.

"Auntie what have you done to my room? It looks like a prissy girl's now," he gasped.

"I found some of my old stuff in the attic and thought it would look nice. You know brighten it up. While I was digging around in the attic found you some nice clothing that you can wear. Go sit at the vanity so I can brush out your hair," she replied with a smug smile.

"What's gotten into that old bat's head? Like any guy would want to stay in a room like this. What difference does it make anyway? I'm leaving tonight in any case," he thought.

After she brushed out his damp hair, Edith opened a drawer on the vanity and began removing wired bristle rollers, pink plastic pins and a jar of setting gel. He was looking away from the vanity and didn't see what she had done. He felt something cool being worked into his hair.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Just giving your hair some body," she quipped.

It wasn't until he felt the first roller being put in that he tried to get up while protesting.

"Hey wait a minute. What are you doing?" he stated standing up.

Instead of answering, she picked up the wooden brush and swung. With a resounding "swat" it landed on his towel covered ass making him howl in pain. Quickly three more good swats struck their mark. Donald screamed in pain. He had never been spanked before and the towel didn't offer much protection. Using his hands to protect his butt, he leaped away. Auntie Edith was on his heels, grabbed him by his long hair and swung her brush hitting the upper thigh. Three more quick strikes against his thighs and Donald fell to his knees crying loudly.

“Now get up and back on that vanity stool or I’ll spank you until you do!” Auntie said once his crying settled into sobs.

He sat sniffing as she went to work sectioning then putting his hair up in the rollers. The stiff bristles and pin pricks made him sniffle louder as she worked. The burning on his bum and thighs reminded him not to argue. When she had his head covered in rollers and satisfied the roll was tight, she secured a pink hairnet over them. She gave his head one last hard pat, making him moan, she stepped back.

“Alright now to get you dressed,” she said walking over to the dresser.

Seeing what she was bringing over for him to put on made his eyes widen in fear and his skin became ashen.

“Oh nooooo, yo....you can’t be serious?” he said in a squeaky voice.

“As serious as a heart attack Donald, so unless I need to remind you who exactly is the boss here, you will put them on without any further complaint,” she said with authority.

Reluctantly he took the first item she handed to him. It was a pair of bright yellow nylon panties with an inch of white floral lace hemming. The next item was a yellow panty girdle with bright shiny satin diamond front panel padded hips and butt. He struggled trying to put on the garment. Auntie grabbed the wide waist band and tugged viciously until it snapped into place around his waist. Donald gave out a shriek as his testicles were flattened by the tight crotch. She handed him a prettily stitched and embroidered A-cup yellow satin bra. Edith showed him how to adjust the slim shiny shoulder straps then hooked it closed. The final item was a knee length half-slip in a glistening yellow nylon with four inches of white lace hem.

As Donald stood dumbfounded she slipped a yellow with large white polka dotted sun dress over his head. The rayon dress’ bodice was square cut with a fringe of lace, the wide shoulder straps buttoned with large white buttons on the side of the bodice and a full skirt. Going back to the closet she retrieved a pair of white strappy sandals with a two inch block heel for him to put on. The shoes were a bit tight but they fit.

Dressed she had him sit down at the vanity facing away from it. Pulling numerous items from the vanity drawers, she tilted his head back telling him to hold still. With a pair of angled tweezers she shaped his brow bringing more tears down his cheeks. Wiping the ball of her finger over the plucked brows, she stepped back to make sure they were shaped like she wanted them.

“Ummm thick at the bridge, nicely arched and tapering into fine hairs, guess I haven’t lost my touch over the years,” she thought as she put the tweezers away.

Next she went to work applying makeup. First she had to dry his tears and told him if he started crying again she would give him something to really cry about. With his youthful skin and soft features it didn’t take her long to blend in the foundation and dust with powder to set it. Using brown eyebrow pencil and liquid eyeliner she began on his eyes. She picked up a compact containing earth colors eye shadow and dusted his lids before coating his lush lashes with black mascara. The final touch was a thick coating of pearl pink lipstick.

Donald’s mouth was working but nothing came out as he stared wide eyed at the young girl staring back at him from the full length mirror. “Oh no, this can’t be me. I’m a guy and shouldn’t look this good. I can still see traces of the old me but....” his thoughts trailed off as Edith interrupted.

“Come on that’s enough time staring into the mirror. You’ll be looking like that for a long time and will have plenty of it to admire your self. It’s time to fix dinner and I’m

hungry,” she said.

“Came out better than I thought he would. Making his nose and chin look smaller and opening up his eyes really did the trick. Lips are a bit thin for a girl though. Walks and moves like a truck but with some lessons I think Donald will make a right pretty girl,” she thought heading out of the room.

Donald followed her out to the landing feeling the tug and pressure of his new attire. The two inch heels were a little wobbly but he managed okay. The clothing and shoes were a major distraction but he managed. It wasn’t until he looked down the stairwell and saw the yellow bra under the loose fitting top of his dress that he almost fell. Grabbing a death grip on the banister, he carefully made his way down the stairs.

“OMG! I’m wearing a bra and dress. Why did she do this to me? This aint right, I’m a guy and shouldn’t be wearing this stuff. It’s against the law even. Oh man, these stairs are dangerous I can’t see my feet and these lady’s shoes. That’s all I need is for EMS to find me at the bottom of these stairs dressed like this,” he thought grabbing hold of the banister.

In the kitchen Edith supervised as Donald prepared the evening meal. It wasn’t difficult consisting of broiled boneless skinless chicken breasts, broccoli and new potatoes. After cleaning the kitchen, she spent the next three hours teaching him how to walk, sit and stoop like a girl. For Donald it was extremely difficult having to learn to walk toe first when he had always planted his heel first. By the time they had finished his feet, ankles and calves were screaming in pain. He was also very conscious of what he was wearing, something he had never noticed before. When he thought he couldn’t take it anymore, Edith let him sit on the couch while she prepared and served the tea. Of course he wasn’t allowed to slump into the cushions. He had to sit with his butt at the edge, skirt tucked under, back straight, knees and feet pressed together and hands folded in his lap.

By the time he was helped up to his room Donald was both mentally and physically exhausted. As much as he wanted to just fall into bed, Edith had him strip down to girdle and bra before handing him a luscious peach nylon and chiffon baby doll nightie and matching rumba styled panties. The nightie had a rounded neckline frilled with eyelet lace and puffed sleeves tying off in bright peach satin ribbon bows, the empire full skirt was knife pleated reaching to mid-groin.

Seated at the vanity Edith instructed him in what was to become his nightly toilet. He could barely keep his eyes open as he was finally allowed to go to bed. While exhausted sleep did not come easily. His aching legs, the unaccustomed bristle rollers and tight constriction around his chest and groin made his sleep a restless one.

Ooo

After his morning toilet he was given a wine colored nylon panty with a white lace front panel, matching satin bra and panty girdle. Instead of another dress she had him put on a light weight white cotton sleeveless shell top with rose buds embroidered across the bodice and a pair of burgundy colored short shorts. The shorts hugged him like a second skin, zippered up the back and had cuffs on the legs. He stifled a groan as he buckled the white two inch heels back on his feet. The small gold buckle gave him fits before he finally secured them.

The clothing felt totally different than when he wore the dress. The light full cut blouse was loose and airy but the shorts felt like they were cutting into his groin and ass. Glancing into the mirror he could see the bra’s band through the armhole and very visible girdle lines. Donald didn’t like the look any more than he did wearing the

dress.

“At least the dress didn’t show what I’m wearing underneath,” he thought going over to the vanity. As he started to sit on the vanity stool, a hard swat from the hairbrush made him stand upright.

“Always brush your backside before sitting even when wearing shorts. Make it a habit or you’ll feel my brush. Remember your lessons from yesterday. Keep your knees pressed together, elbows at your side and hands in your lap. This morning I’m going to teach you how to apply your makeup so pay attention,” she stated tapping his head with the brush for emphasis. He winched in pain as the impact drove the bristles into his scalp.

With his makeup done, she fastened a bright white satin scarf over his rollers tying it in place at the back of his head. He couldn’t complain but dared to ask, “Auntie aren’t you going to take out these rollers?”

“No, they will help remind you of your new status around here. Besides it’s a good look on a young girl dressed as you are. Which reminds me, can’t keep calling you Donald now can we? Denise sounds much better or perhaps Pricilla, Prissy for short. So which will it be?” she replied.

“What? It’s bad enough having to wear these clothes but taking on a girl’s name. Like I want to be called Denise or worse yet Prissy,” he thought then replied, “Denise.”

“Denise, huh? I guess that’s as good as any. Well just don’t stand there Denise, it’s time you fixed us some breakfast,” she said.

Being dressed as a girl then actually looking like one plus having to accept a girl’s name were devastating to Donald’s ego and sense of masculinity. The chastity device pulling his penis back between his legs and preventing any chance of erection was another blow to a fragile young man’s sense of self.

Oatmeal with some walnut pieces wasn’t difficult and with the kitchen cleaned it was back to his room. There she removed his makeup with cold cream then proceeded to apply foundation and powder to the left side of his face. Donald then had to do the same to the right side. He spent a good part of the morning learning how to apply eye makeup. It was very hard for him to put something near his eyes and liquid eyeliner is difficult even without that handicap. He practiced until she was satisfied that he had the basics down.

The afternoon was spent learning how to walk, sit, stoop and use his hands in a feminine manner. After supper she had him working on his voice. For those lessons she gave him a romance novel to read aloud.

“Now Denise I don’t want to hear a falsetto as it won’t sound natural. Just soften your own voice, using your chest,” she instructed.

After an hour of practice she had him sit with her while they watched television. It was some old romance black and white movie. As they watched she kept telling him to concentrate on how the women moved and acted.

“I want you to pay particular attention to how the women act and react around the men in the movie. Watch their hand movements and facial reactions. When the movie is over, I’m going to ask you a number of questions. For every wrong answer, you’ll earn a swat from my brush,” she stated.

Donald went to bed that night with a sore bottom, still wearing curlers, bra and girdle.

Ooo

Over the next two months the only changes in his routine were his clothing. He wore dresses for the most part, his hair always in rollers but his shoes gradually increased in heel height. By the end of two months he could easily manage four inch spiked heels and do his own makeup. After reading romance novels his voice took on a soft tonal quality. His poise and mannerisms were becoming more naturally feminine. He responded to Denise automatically. Edith made sure he lived, breathed and behaved like a young girl of the sixties.

At the end of the two months Edith decided to make him look even more feminine by removing his curlers during the daytime. She started by dying his mousey brown hair a strawberry blond and cutting bangs. She teased and back brushed his long shoulder length hair into a big bubble style she remembered wearing in the sixties. The feathered bangs were separated from the crown by a hair band of stiff wide ribbon and bobby pins. The hair bands always matched whatever outfit he was wearing for the day. Liberal use of hairspray insured that the style held in place all day.

She also pierced his ears and once healed had him wear six inch or larger gold hoops or large dangly chandler type earrings. She also taught him how to sew and knit. Much of her old clothing was too large for his slimmer frame. Once he learned how to hem and tuck she could greatly expand his wardrobe. Edith was a very hard task mistress and Donald took less than a month to become proficient with his sewing. She continued with his demeanor and deportment lessons every day but with his growing capabilities spent more time teaching other feminine arts like flirting. He didn't know he was learning to flirt as these lessons concentrated on his facial and hand movements.

After six months of her intensive training Donald looked and behaved like June Cleaver from the "Leave it to Beaver" television show. Edith's strong dominant personality and harsh punishments made him very submissive. Edith no longer had to supervise his toilet or select his clothing. He managed easily in the fullest of skirts and five inch spiked heels without much thought as he went about his daily chores. He learned never to leave his room without full makeup, neatly dressed and with a bright smile.

Other changes occurred during this time. Changes that were more subtle yet more disconcerting. The liberal use of green tea tree and lavender oils plus the Black Cohosh tea which were extremely high in natural estrogen had their affects. His breasts actually filled his A-cup bra, his ass was fuller, more rounded and his skin smooth and soft.

Besides his physical changes, Donald's mind was altered as well. He no longer gave any attention to the way his clothing felt. Dresses, petticoats and foundation garments were just everyday wear. Making sure his clothing stayed neat and clean, his makeup fresh and the way he moved no longer took any thought. He did everything femininely and without thought. He still hated everything about his forced change of gender but accepted it. Accepting and doing was much better than the alternative of having a flaming rear end and thighs.

Ooo

It was now December and Edith decided it was time for Denise to get out of the house. Donald hadn't left the homestead in over six months. Over the course of those months a few people visited the house but with crops to plant and harvest they were few and far between. He needed public exposure to ensure his acceptance of womanhood. Now that it was winter and the crops in it was time for some social pleasantries.

"What better way to cement his feminine persona than to get him out under the public

eye or better yet a nice young man. I know of that special one to introduce her to. Denise has come a very long way but needs a good kick to keep her that way. I think a trip into town would do her good. Do some window shopping and maybe get a bite to eat," she mused one day.

Told they were going into town, Donald was very apprehensive. It would be his first outing since arriving all those months ago. He was nervous as he donned his baby blue foundations, matching full slip and ecru opaque support hosiery. It would be cold out and the thicker hose would help keep him warm. A black satin pencil skirt and blue long-sleeved satin blouse with ruffled collar and lace jabot completed his dressing. Sitting at the vanity he removed the large bristle rollers and quickly brushed it out into the bubble style before lacquering it into place with lots of hairspray. He put a navy blue ribbon hair band in place above his bangs and gently patted the side of his head. Satisfied with his look, he stepped into the four inch blue patent leather pumps.

From the hall closet he removed the heavy woolen overcoat, woolen gloves and scarf that would keep him warm. Edith was waiting for him and with a nod of approval they left for town. The weather was clear, the sky a dark blue with wispy high clouds. What little snow was still on the ground hid in shadows. The drive took about thirty-five minutes, the landscape grey and dull. The town had five stop lights and two main streets with a few people walking around. It was nothing like where he came from but he was out of the house.

"Man talk about being in the middle of nowhere. Where is she stopping? Oh, a hardware store. Damn, I don't want to get out of the car. What if someone sees me?" he thought as she parked the car.

"Denise, come on get out. I have to get some chicken feed and make arrangements for the coming planting season," she said opening her door.

"Please Auntie can't I just stay here?" he asked.

"No you cannot. What's the matter Denise? Oh, don't worry. No one would ever mistake you for a boy now. Just remember your lessons," she stated.

Reluctantly he got out and followed her into the hardware store. As he got out of the car noticed that she had left the keys in the ignition. "She left the keys. Maybe I can get away when she's not looking. I can't believe she left the keys but then again she never locks up the house either," he thought.

Inside the large building Donald was surprised at all the merchandise. It wasn't like any hardware store back in the city. It was filled with all kinds of farming and ranching material. They even had a large penned in area containing baby chickens, turkeys and rabbits. It was much more than a hardware store and he was amazed at the vast array of farming and ranching items.

Taking him by the arm she led Donald over to a small cluttered office. "Hey Reggie I need a little help," she said to the tall young man behind the desk.

Reggie appeared to be in his early twenties, at least six foot tall, slender with sun burnt skin and short blond hair. He was wearing a purple fringed cowboy shirt and jeans. The gold buckle of his belt was the size of a saucer and sparkled in the light as he stood up to welcome them.

"Howdy Miss. Stillwell, aint seen ya in awhile. What can I do for you today? This your new ward momma done told me about?" he replied with a bright smile extending his hand.

"Reggie I need some chicken feed and to make planting arrangements. Oh, this is my

grand nephew Donald but prefers Denise. Say hello to Reggie dear. I've been friends with Reggie and his momma so long none of us have any secrets. You remember her, she stopped over a month or so ago," Edith answered. Inside Donald wanted to bolt and run but Edith's grip on his arm was strong.

"OMG! Did she just say what I thought she said? She called me her grand nephew and Donald. I met his momma? Oh that must have been the short fat lady. She reminded me of that cartoon character Petunia Pig. Kept looking at me like I was something to eat," he thought as Reggie held out his hand with a huge smile on his face. Gulping, he took the callused hand in a weak grip and managed to say hello in the soft modulated voice Edith required him to use.

Reggie came from behind the desk and took their coats. It seemed to Donald that he took a little more time than necessary when he removed his woolen coat. He also didn't like the look Reggie had in his eyes as they scanned his girlish body.

With the pleasantries over, Edith got down to business. As they discussed what she wanted, Donald noticed Reggie staring. It made him very uncomfortable as Reggie would look at him, smile then continue talking with Edith. It was the first time anybody had looked at him that way and it was very disconcerting.

Edith didn't miss Reggie's distraction and smiled. "Oh yes, this is going to work out wonderfully. Little Reggie seems attracted to Denise. Maybe Reggie won't be making those trips into the big city every month. His poor momma is always worried about that and the trouble he could get into," she thought.

Her business completed everyone rose to shake hands once again. This time Reggie held onto Donald's. "You're a might pretty sight. Never woulda guessed. Don't look so worried darlin' I can keep a secret. Now that we know one another why don't you go with me to the Grange's square dance this Saturday?" he said grinning widely.

"That's so nice of you Reggie. Poor Denise hasn't gotten out of the house since she arrived. I'm sure a night out would do him....errr...I mean her a world of good. See you round the house then," Edith broke in before Donald had a chance to refuse.

Donald could only stand there mouth opening and closing like a guppy. He wanted to refuse but Edith's response made it clear he would be going out with Reggie. Shaken he finally managed a "but I don't know how to square dance. Plea....please....some other time."

"Denise square dancing is real easy and I'll give you some lessons when we get home. Now say goodbye we still have some things to get done." Edith said.

In the car Donald plucked up his courage and began arguing, "How could you let that happen? I can't go out with him! He's a guy! Please tell me this is just some kind of sick joke. I won't do it!"

"Now listen here girly, you will go out with Reggie. He's a very nice boy and I owe his momma. You will go out with him as often as he asks and I expect you to be real nice to him. You say one more word and I bust my brush against your stubborn hide when we get home," Edith threatened.

Donald was shivering and pale as he contemplated having to go out on a date with a boy. Not just any old boy but one who seemed to like other boys in dresses. That thought scared him more than anything else. He decided as they pulled into drive that he was going to run away no matter what before he would go out with another boy.

As Edith drove she kept one eye on the road and one on Donald. "He's up to something. I can see it in his expression. He don't like the idea of going out with

Reggie but I don't care. For a male Reggie aint all bad and if dating Donald makes him and his momma happy then Donald will go out with him. I'll have to keep a close eye on him now though. He's apt to run if I give him the chance," she thought as she pulled up in front of the town's only diner.

The diner was crowded but they found a booth. Edith walked in like she owned the place giving and receiving hellos from the patrons. Donald followed behind keeping his head bowed, blushing every time he was introduced as her grand niece Denise. Comments like, "What a cutie," "She's precious" and "She's gonna give the fellas fits" and the knowledge that no one questioned his femininity carved away at what remained of his male ego. The way the men and boys in the diner stared at him certainly didn't help.

As they got back into the car, Edith leaned over and said, "You know Denise if any of those men folk back there ever found out who you really are they'd not take it kindly. I wouldn't be surprised if they tarred and feathered you or worse. So it would be wise if you didn't let them find out. Men out here don't cotton much to perverts."

"I'm not a....a pervert. You did this to me," he faintly replied his hands shaking at the mere thought of what could happen.

"Ha, who do you think they would listen to? Me, an upstanding woman of the county, or a foreigner like you? People around here don't take to strangers. So if you know what is good for you, behave and do as you are told."

Donald sat stunned for a few moments. He remembered reading and hearing about what can happen to queers out in the west. Sever beatings and death were not uncommon and those thoughts scared him to death.

"OMG! What has she gotten me into? By now the whole town knows me as Denise. I have no real idea of where I'm at except which way the town is. Where can I run too? I'm so screwed," he thought as tears of hopelessness began running down his cheek.

For the rest of the week Edith spent time teaching Donald the basics of square dancing. Doesie Does and twirl your partner was easy steps to learn but getting his hips and ass to swing so his skirts flared out took some time. He was especially reluctant to expose the bottoms of his panties as he twirled around the room.

"Put more swing into those hips and ass Denise. You're supposed to expose some hints of panties as you swirl about. Why do you think you're wearing those fancy rumba panties? Now swish and swing those hips," she demanded.

Ooo

Donald started Saturday with dread and his housework helped keep his pending date out of mind. At lunch he tried one last time to get out of going. This effort only brought him more distress.

"Denise by now Reggie has bragged all over town about going to the dance with you. I won't allow you to embarrass him by not showing up. That poor boy has had trouble all his life living here. You have no idea how hard it is for a boy as gentle and soft natured as he is to get along. I've been friends with his momma for neigh on thirty years and you're gonna be his date as long as he wants. After being seen out courting you some of those rumors will be put to rest. Now get upstairs and take a nice hot bubble bath. Make sure you're clean both inside and outside. Shampoo your hair while you're at it and I'll fix it up real pretty. You don't want to make a bad first impression. It's almost time to get you ready any how," she stated.

"Embarrass him, hell! He's not the one wearing a friggin dress. How could he possibly

have it worse here than me? If anyone finds out I'm really a guy they'll kill me," he grumbled as he went to do her bidding.

When he emerged from the bath she was waiting for him in his room. "Take off your robe and do a turn for me. I want to make certain there isn't any unsightly hair growth," she said.

After all the times she had seen him naked Donald still blushed as he slowly turned. Facing her, he noticed her frown. "Errr...what's wrong. I just finished shaving," he said.

"Back into the bathroom, you left an unsightly patch showing in your crotch. Get back in there and shave that nest growing in your crotch or must I do that for you? No, better yet, stay here and pluck them out with these tweezers. Maybe then you'll remember to keep a clean front," she snapped.

When Donald looked down between his legs there were about two dozen curly pubic hairs growing around his pink chastised penis. The device had kept the razor from trimming them away.

"Knew I should have used the scissors," he winced as he began plucking.

Sitting at the vanity she began working on his hair. After brushing it out, placed a round pad on top his head and began pulling the hair up and over it. His hair completely covering the pad in a high dome shape, she held it in place with bobby pins then sprayed it heavily with a can of hairspray. Combing out sections of his bangs, she twisted them into curly cues holding them in place with two bobby pins before lacquering them.

"That style is called a beehive and was quite popular at one time. It's a perfect style for a square dance as it will keep your hair out of your face while you twirl. Most girls use pony tails but they swish about too much and not nearly as elegant as this," she stated.

Hair styled she handed him a pair of bright red satin rumba panties with seven rows of white ruffled lace, red floral embroidered wide waist chinch with eight garters. The tabs of the garters had small red satin ribbon bows covering them. A matching satin push up B-cup bra with foam inserts, black sheer hose and four stiffly starched white net petticoats completed his lingerie. The dress was a red and white checkered pattern cotton with a rounded neckline and short white puffed sleeves. The waist was tightly fitted and the full skirt flared from just above the hips. The skirt left about one inch of lace frilled petticoat showing and reached to mid-thigh.

"Don't have a pair of cowboy boots for you but I think these red satin three inch spiked heeled pumps will do. Do your makeup while I go fix a little something for you to eat before you go," she commented as she helped put them on his feet.

Ooo

"This can't be happening. This can't be happening," he thought over and over as he sat on the vanity stool waiting to be called down to meet his date.

For the third time he checked his hair, makeup and white purse. There wasn't much in it, tube of luscious strawberry red lipstick, compact, perfume, brush, tampon, tissues and small pink change purse with about two dollars in it. He had visions of buying a bus ticket and getting away but two dollars wouldn't get him to the next town. He was very nervous and hoped that Reggie wouldn't show.

Even in three inch heels Donald had to look up at the tall slim youth wearing blue

jeans, pink satin cowboy shirt with white tassels on the sleeves and pockets, pink and brown checked cowboy boots and that ever present large gold belt buckle. He was holding a white Stetson hat in his large hands and a grin as wide as Texas across his face.

“Howdy Miss. Denise, you’re prettier than a picture,” he said in way of greeting.

With all those petticoats Donald’s skirts practically filled the cab of Reggie’s pick up truck. He had to use both hands to keep them from flaring up which Reggie took advantage of. Once the truck was in gear and on the county road, he put his arm around Donald’s shoulders and pulled him close.

Donald wasn’t happy about having his head resting against Reggie’s shoulder or the arm around him. “Reggie, please, this feels awkward,” he said trying to straighten back up only to have Reggie squeeze his shoulder and pull him in closer.

“Relax darlin’ or should I say Donald? Yeah, I know all about you. Momma and Mrs. Stillwell done told me. Don’t you worry none, I’ll keep your secret. You see I like other boys just like you. Now you be nice and your secret is safe,” he replied.

“OMG! What has that old woman gotten me into now? Reggie said he likes other boys like me. Shit! He’s queer. Does he think I’m one too? Crap, that’s all I need him to think. Got to set him straight before...before this goes too fuckin far,” he thought.

“Look Reggie, you....you seem to be a nice guy but....but I’m not what you think I am. My Auntie Edith is making me dress and act this way. I hate it and I’m certainly not que...errr...gay. Please you have to help me get away from her,” Donald said.

“Sooo, you don’t like it? Mrs. Stillwell forcing ya to do this and you’re not a queer. Want me to help you get away? Well, you certainly don’t look like no man to me or anybody else from what I hear tell. As a matter of fact some of the boys that saw you in the diner think you’re hot. Well, tell you what Denise, you play along and pretend to be my new girlfriend tonight. You know all lovie dovie and I’ll think about helping you out,” Reggie replied with a broad smile.

Donald didn’t like the tone or smile Reggie gave him. It came out more like a threat than any help. “Reggie, please....just loan me some money and drop me off at the bus station. I promise I’ll pay you back and more. I’ve...I’ve got money but can’t get at it right now. Please, help me and you won’t regret it,” he begged.

“Darlin’ now why should I do that? I promised Mrs. Stillwell I’d take good care of you tonight and a promise is a promise. You be really nice to me tonight and I’ll think about helping you. Besides aint no buses coming or going tonight, only one at noon stops here,” he replied.

“If I do....do that, you’ll help me,” Donald cautiously answered.

“I’ll think about it but you have to be extra nice to me,” he stated.

“What do you mean by extra nice?” Donald nervously asked.

“Simple, just make sure everyone at the dance thinks you’re my girl. You being new here, everyone is gonna want to meet you. Just make sure you tell them I’m your man. It has to be convincing, so give me plenty of hugs and kisses. I don’t think you would want any of the other guys hitting on you. They can get pretty nasty if they think you’re a queer. Believe me I know. I can put a lot of rumors away when I show up at the dance with a pretty girl like you. So be nice,” he stated as they drove up to the dance hall.

Like Reggie said, the dance hall was full of people. The men and boys all wore jeans,

cowboy shirts, Stetsons or baseball hats and boots. The women and girls mostly in full skirts with petticoats though some were in skin tight jeans and blouses. As soon as Reggie paid the entrance fee people came up to them for introductions and asking questions. It took them over thirty minutes to get to a table.

Even then they were not left alone. Another two couples sat at the same table, Davie Joe and his date Emma, Calvin and his date Irene. There was a pitcher of beer on the table and cups were given to them as they sat. Donald was extremely nervous and it showed.

Calvin leaned over and said with a laugh, "Don't worry little girl we aint gonna eat ya. At least not until we get to know ya."

His date Irene tossed an empty cup at him yelling, "Stop scaring her Calvin. Sorry sweetie but these guys can be a little intimidating until you threaten to neuter em. Hi, I'm Irene and these here are Davie Joe, Emma and I'm Irene."

After the introductions Donald felt a little better that no one suspected he wasn't a girl. His nerves eased as he told them that he was staying with his great aunt Edith and as little as possible about his past life. Of course once the girls found out he was from the big city back East, they wanted to know all about the current fashions and makeup trends back there. Things he had very little idea about which made him nervous once again. Fortunately the music started, Reggie grabbed his hand and pulled him out onto the dance floor.

As they formed squares and began moving, Donald was very self conscious but as the night wore on, relaxed and actually began having fun. He found it easy to follow along as it was more like skipping and twirling around in a big circle. It was not complicated but fast paced. During the breaks, they were back at the table drinking luke warm beer. It wasn't until the girls rose saying they had to visit the "Little Girls Room" that he became nervous again.

Irene gave him a meaningful stare as she stood, left Donald no choice but to pick up his purse and follow. He might have been naive but knew enough that girls always went to the restroom together. He had never gone into the girl's bathroom but if he didn't serious questions would be raised. The room was packed as they shoved their way into the bathroom. There were a dozen stalls but there was a cue in front of all of them. Now that he was there, he realized that he really had to go. Standing in a line was new and found himself shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

"Denise you all right," he heard as someone touched his arm.

"Oh Emma, yeah sure, I....I was just thinking....that's all," he replied.

"Well girl, tell us how you met Reggie? You know you surprised us all when you showed up with him tonight," Emma asked.

"Err I met him at the Hardware store.....errr...I was there with my aunt...He asked me out then....," he shyly replied and then remembered Reggie's threat. "OMG! What can I say? How do girls answer that kind of question? Shit, got to think of the right thing or these girls will get suspicious," he thought in panic.

"He's dreamy don't you think? He's...he's really handsome you know and I couldn't say no," he said after a brief pause.

He was saved from further inquisition when a girl exited the stall. Thanks to all the practice over the past months, Donald was able to pull up all his skirts and undergarments out of the way. For the first time that night he relaxed a bit as he sat and relieved his full bladder.

“Man, this is getting complicated. I’ve got to start thinking like a girl or I’m toast. Think, stupid, think what did you read in all those magazines Aunt Edith has me reading. That’s it, those fashion magazines. They wanted to know what the girls are wearing in the big city. I’ll just describe some of those outfits and styles I read about. Yeah, when they start asking personal questions I’ll steer the conversation back to fashions,” he thought.

It was getting late in the evening and Donald had his hands full. Square dancing had been replaced by a country band and he was being held tightly around the waist as they danced to a slow song. Every step or two Reggie would kiss him on the lips or nuzzle his neck. He didn’t like it but had no choice. If he didn’t show affection, he’d draw unwanted attention from the other boys. He had already danced with Calvin and Davie Joe and those experiences scared him more than Reggie did.

As the band struck up “Goodnight Irene, Goodnight” signifying the end of the dance, Donald was more than ready to leave. He was slightly drunk, his nerves worn down and exhausted. As Reggie helped him on with his overcoat whispered, “You did real good tonight darlin’ but you’re gonna have to do better in the future. I’ve got a feeling that Emma and Irene are going to want to find out a lot more about you. Those two are the biggest gossips in the county.”

To be Continued

Part Three

Donald had his first date with Reggie and met Irene and Emma. To his surprise he was accepted as the new girl in town. Now on his way home Reggie’s intentions become clearer. He doesn’t want to date Reggie ever again but Edith and Reggie’s mom makes it clear that he has no choice. Then there is the New Year’s Eve dance and Reggie has his way. This part is rated X for nonconsensual sex.

Great Aunt Edith Part III

The ride home from the dance was done mostly in silence. Donald was deep in thought not only about Reggie but the girls as well. He couldn’t find much to complain about his date. Reggie had been a complete gentleman all night except for the occasional kissing. He hadn’t spent a lot of time with the girls as he was dancing most of the night. His experience with them in the girls’ restroom had been disturbing but he survived it. He was very worried that the girls would follow up on their promise to see him real soon. He doubted that he could keep his secret if he spent a lot of time with them. Donald’s thoughts were disrupted when Reggie pulled to a stop. They were parked in Auntie Edith’s driveway just outside the lighting from the yard light.

Reggie had his arm around Donald’s shoulders and pulled him in close kissing him passionately. He tried to break the unwanted kiss but Reggie’s grip was firm on the back of his neck. When the kiss broke Reggie smiled, licked his lips, took Donald’s hand and placed it on his crotch.

He tried to pull his hand away but the grip too firm. “Now darlin’ it’s been a good night so far so behave. You know you danced with most of the town’s single guys tonight. What do you think they will do if they find out who you really are? They don’t like being made fools of and the girls won’t feel much better. So I suggest you show some appreciation and unbuckle me,” he said.

“Look Reggie like I already told you, I’m not the least bit that way. I don’t do other guys. Please you’ve had your fun don’t make me do this,” Donald fearfully replied.

“Denise I a simple man with simple tastes. I love other men and if I can’t be seen socializing with them you’re the next best thing. Actually I’m surprised just how much seeing you all gussied up made me so horny. Now get busy and unzip me. I’ve asked nicely and you don’t want to make me mad,” he said.

With trembling hands Donald undid Reggie’s jeans and grimacing pulled out his large thick dick. It was hot, velvety smooth, hard as a rock and considerably larger than his six inch one. It was intimidating and the only dick he had ever touched besides his own. He started to jerk his hand away but Reggie grabbed his wrist.

“Go on rub it,” Reggie hissed frowning. Donald swallowed back the bile as he renewed his hold and began giving his first hand job.

“You have such soft hands. I don’t think any of my other dates had hands half as soft as yours. Keep it up darlin’,” he said with a smile.

“Yeah, I got soft hands. You’d have soft ones too if you kept them moisturized and creamed all the time like Auntie makes me. I can’t believe I’m doing this. This is disgusting and sick. Maybe if I can pretend I’m doing myself I can get through with this. Ha! That’s a good one. Like, I haven’t been able to do that in like forever much less get a hard on. Hell, it was so painful those first few months. Every time I got stiff those sharp pricks hurt so much. I don’t know if I can get stiff anymore. It’s just too painful,” he thought as his eyes misted.

As Donald stroked the hot pulsing flesh, Reggie gave him several deep French kisses. With each kiss the tongue tag became fiercer and Donald’s mouth filled with spit. He didn’t want to swallow but when he did it kept the bile from surging. Reggie took hold of Donald’s neck and began pushing his head down into his lap. It was obvious what he intended and Donald was using what limited strength he had resisting.

All action stopped when there came a loud banging on the hood of the truck. The windows were fogged from their activities but there was no mistaking the voice.

“Alright you two, break up whatever nonsense you’re up to in there. Its way past Denise’s curfew,” Auntie Edith’s voice rang out.

Donald had never been so thankful to hear that voice as he was at that moment. Pulling his hand free, sitting back upright, he slid over to the passenger side and opened the door. Without looking back he walked as fast as he could in the heels to the front door and up to his room. He sat at the vanity, placed his elbows on the table top with his hands covering his face began sobbing. His was still shaking and crying when Great Aunt Edith entered the room.

“Stop that infernal crying. I had a nice talk with Reggie and he really likes you. You should be happy otherwise you’d be stuck in the house all the time. We’ll talk all about it in the morning. It’s too late now. Get busy on your toilet and into bed. We have church tomorrow,” she said before turning and leaving the room.

“Be happy? How can she expect me to be happy after what he just tried to make me do? I don’t ever want to leave this house again. Not dressed like this. Did I hear her say we’re going to church tomorrow? What the...we haven’t been to church since I got here. So why now?” he said drying his eyes with a tissue.

Ooo

Church, he didn’t believe it but they were actually going to church. Edith had laid out a matching set of white lingerie heavily frilled with floral lace and powder pink woolen suit with white chiffon blouse. The long-sleeved blouse was semi-sheer allowing a hint of the lacy bodice of his full slip to show. The straight skirt was satin lined and fell to

just below the knee. The jacket buttoned with one large brass button at the navel where the box pleated hem flared out. White opaque hose and pink satin four inch spike heeled pointed toed pumps finished his dressing.

His hair was styled in the big bubble page boy Edith liked so much and firmly fixed in place with a lot of hair spray. With his hair and subtle makeup done, she attached a white straw pill box hat with net veil to the crown, a pair of drop pearl earrings and white cotton wrist length gloves to complete his look. Edith was wearing a somber charcoal grey suit similar to his but with a white satin blouse and sensible two inch block heeled pumps.

“Why are we going to church Auntie? We never went before, so why now?” he asked.

“Cause it will give you more exposure to the town folks. Now that they know you are living with me, they’ll spect ta see you and me. Just remember what I taught you and everything will be jim dandy. Grab your purse I don’t want to be late,” she stated.

“Like I want to meet any more people like this,” he thought as he picked up his bright pink patent leather letter styled purse.

Walking down the center aisle Donald was aware of eyes following his every movement. Edith stopped at a pew about three quarters of the way down and motioned for him to enter. Looking up much to his dismay saw Reggie sitting there.

“Give him a quick peck on the cheek when you sit then stare straight ahead with your hands in your lap,” Edith whispered.

“Oh give me a break,” he thought but did as instructed.

He was surprised when Reggie took his left hand and placed it on his thigh. Donald tried to pull it back but Reggie held it in place. Leaning over Reggie whispered, “You want everyone to know that you done placed a claim on me. Unless, that is, you want all them boys hitting on you when the service is over.”

Reggie was right about one thing. When the service was over most of the boys didn’t bother him. They did give him more than a once over which made goose bumps run up Donald’s spine. There was something about the way they looked at him that made him cringe.

The first person he met was Reggie’s mother, Darla. She was a small fat woman wearing a black bright floral print dress with a large stiff red satin ribbon bow pinned to the back of her black hair. She had a round face with short stubby nose, double chin and way too much makeup. The heady aroma of violets filled the space around her.

“Oh Denise it’s so nice to see you again. My lands, I can’t believe how pretty you are today. When Reggie told me he met you, I was just thrilled to death. He’s needed someone like you since forever. Here, give me a hug,” Darla squeaked as they stood in the aisle.

They were soon surrounded by the other women in the church asking all kinds of questions. He was very nervous but managed to hold his own until one of the older women asked him if he was going to join the women’s bible club. He looked over to Aunt Edith but she only gave him a brief smile.

“No, I don’t want to join any group much less a bible study group with a bunch of women,” he thought. He was getting ready to reply when Reggie walked up and interrupted.

“Excuse me ladies but Momma, Aunt Edith, Denise, we need to be going if we’re going to find any tables at the diner,” he stated taking hold of Denise’s hand. He pulled

Donald close to his side and quickly kissed his cheek.

“Some other time then,” the woman said as Reggie slid an arm around Donald’s waist and the other around Darla whisking them away. Getting them away from the crowd, Reggie released his hold around his momma’s waist and turned Donald towards his truck.

“We’ll see you two at the diner,” Edith said heading to her car with Darla following.

In the truck Donald tried to sit as close to the passenger side as possible. “Slide over next to me or folks might get the wrong impression,” he said patting the seat beside him.

“Look Reggie, please, I’m begging you don’t do this to me. I’m not that way. Honest,” Donald replied.

“Look how many times do I have to tell you that I don’t care. Unless you want every jack leg in the county trying to court you, get that fine ass over here next to me. It wouldn’t take much for them to discover your little secret and then neither of us would live through it,” he replied.

They had to wait thirty minutes before a booth opened up. During that entire time, Reggie held onto Donald’s hand or had an arm around his waist. Donald couldn’t help but notice that he drew a lot of curious stares from the people in the diner. In the booth, Reggie put his hand on Donald’s thigh and didn’t move it until the waitress came over to take their order.

They were in the back booth with Darla and Donald sitting against the diner’s wall. Darla reached out, took both of Donald’s hands in her chubby ones pulling him closer over the table.

“Donald, sweetie, I can’t thank you enough for taking care of my Reggie. I can’t begin to tell you how relieved I am that he doesn’t have to go to the city any more. So I want to warn you that if you let my baby down, I will be really upset. Don’t disappoint me girl,” she said just loud enough for him to hear.

“OMG! Did she just threaten me? It sure sounded like it. That’s all I need is another one threatening to hurt me. First it was Auntie, then Reggie and now his mother too. Crap! I can’t win,” he thought staring into the black beady eyes of the woman sitting across from him.

When they left the diner it was beginning to snow. Donald hugged his woolen coat as a gust of wind chilled him to the bone. He was walking with Reggie headed to the truck when Darla sang out, “Oh Reggie baby, we need to get home. I don’t like the looks of this storm.”

Happily Donald left Reggie’s side and headed over to Edith’s car. In his glee at getting away, he didn’t mind the kiss Reggie gave him. By the time they got back to the farm there was a foot of snow on the ground.

“Looks to be a bad one,” Edith said as she pulled into the garage.

It had been a bad storm with over ten inches of snow. Donald didn’t like snow all that much but he didn’t mind this one. It kept them in the house and he had enough of being out in public. Edith kept him busy practicing his feminine gestures and mannerisms or working on one or another sewing project. The bad weather and cold kept them inside for the next two weeks.

Ooo

Edith was not a Christmas holiday person. There were no decorations or any other

indication that it was a special day. Donald used to enjoy it with his parents but had no holiday spirit for this one. Christmas morning he was wearing a blue gingham full skirted dress with three white crinolines and white pinafore apron as he performed his morning chores. He was in the dining room wiping down the table when someone knocked on the back door.

Taking off the apron he went to answer it. Reggie and Darla were standing on the stoop holding brightly wrapped packages. "Merry Christmas," they yelled entering and putting the gifts on the table.

"I'll find Edith, you two say hello," Darla said as she rushed off.

As his mother left, Reggie looked around the room then said, "Don't see no mistletoe but you don't need it to give me a great big welcome kiss."

When the kiss broke, Reggie leaned back, his hands still holding Donald's waist. "Darlin' I can't believe how good you look. You've been on my mind ever since church. Did you miss me as much as I missed you? No, you don't have to answer that. By the way, I'm taking you to the New Years Eve dance at the Grange," he said leaning forward and giving him another deep kiss.

Donald managed to break away from him and sputtering replied, "Reggie that was a one time thing. I...I'm not going out with you any more. Like I told you I'm not that way and....and if you...you say anything about me....you'll be in as much trouble as me. You don't want people knowing your secret any more than I do."

"Secret...What secret are you talking about Donald? You're the one traipsing around wearing dresses not me. Everyone in town thinks you're a girl. Oh, some may suspect me but once your secret is out, no one would believe you're not a pervert faggot. They won't take kindly to that, no not one bit. You'll be lucky to escape with your life. As for me, I'll be just as shocked and affronted as they will be. No, you better think again darlin'," he sneered.

"He's right you know," Darla said from the doorway. "You've passed yourself off as Edith's niece to the whole damn town. If they find out you've been taking them for fools and a pervert too boot, it would go real hard for you."

"That's right Denise and telling them that I done forced you won't do any good. All I have to say is that when I done picked you up in the city, I found you dressed that way. An old woman with failing eyesight can't be blamed for not seeing through your disguise. To be honest, I didn't plan on Reggie falling for you. I was doing it too keep you from running away plus I don't particularly like men or boys. I owe Darla a lot. If she hadn't helped me out I would have lost the farm and destitute. So, until you turn twenty-one and get your inheritance, you're gonna be Reggie's girl," Edith chimed in.

Donald looked at each of them, too stunned by what he heard to say anything. The buzzing of their words filled his head as a red mist formed before his eyes. Donald's mind couldn't take any more and he fainted.

Ooo

Edith stepped back to admire the elaborate Gibson Girl hairdo she had spent hours brushing and lacquering into place. She had woven bright emerald green satin ribbons into Donald's strawberry blond hair and inserted several pink silk rose buds as accents. Satisfied that she could do no better, told him to get up and finish dressing. He was uncomfortable in the black nylon lingerie she had selected for him after his

perfumed bath. The black satin shelf-bra with just a bit of padding lifted and enhanced his flesh creating small mounds. The chiffon pleating around the cups barely concealed the nipples. Donald was more than surprised to see how much of his own flesh filled the cups and that mortified him. The matching waist chinch garter belt was delicately embroidered with pink rose buds and frilled with floral lace. The glistening black chiffon tap panties with two inches of black floral lace were almost transparent and revealed the outline of his chastity device. Sheer black seemed lace welled hosiery and a layered black taffeta and tulle petticoat finished off the lingerie set.

She helped lower the emerald green bridal satin dress over his head. The dress had a scooped neckline, leg-of-mutton three quarter length sleeves, fitted waist and floor length full skirt. The bodice was decorated with crystal beads and sequins in a rose floral pattern. The dress felt like it weighed a ton and fitted him snugly highlighting his feminine figure. With the dress on, Edith helped him step into a pair of black satin four inch pointed toed stiletto pumps.

For accessories she had put a large drop pearl with diamond studs into his ears, six stranded braided fresh water pearl necklace around his neck, a solitaire pearl ring on the right ring finger and the matching fresh water pearl bracelet on his right wrist. To make everything complete he was given a black fur stole and black beaded clutch purse.

He stood before the full length mirror staring at the reflected image. His eyes first took in the elaborate hair style, drifted to the immaculately made up face with its full wet strawberry red lips, down to the mounds moving in rhythm with his breathing in disbelief.

“OMG! I look like a fashioned model I saw in some of her old magazines. I can’t believe how much I look like a girl now. I don’t remember having tits and my ass looks larger. This whole thing is ridiculous. None of the girls here will be dressed this extravagantly. Even the girls back at my dad’s country club never dressed up this fancy,” he thought before saying, “Auntie, please, this is too formal. None of the other girls will be wearing anything near like this. Please, let me wear something else.”

“Nonsense Denise, you look positively divine. Admittedly this isn’t the big city and country folks don’t dress up that often but New Years Eve is special even around here. Practically everybody from miles around will be at the Grange tonight and it won’t hurt to make Reggie look good,” she answered.

“Bu....but Auntie this dress is so outdated,” he protested.

“Out dated, well maybe a bit but most of the girls around here wear older styles. It’s not uncommon for them to switch each other’s old prom gowns around for special occasions. No, you look just fine. Reggie will be arriving soon so stay here until I call you down. When I call you count to twenty before you head down. It’s important for a girl to make the right impression,” she replied.

“Make the right impression, yeah, sure that’s what I really want to do is impress Reggie or any other guy. Like I have any choice now after what happened Christmas but to do what they say,” he mumbled holding up his left hand and looked at the small diamond promise ring Reggie had given him then.

Edith had taken Darla up to her sewing room to show her latest project off leaving them alone. As soon as they disappeared, he handed Donald the small black velvet box. “Denise, you will wear this as my girl. This way everyone will know you’re mine. You heard what they said in the kitchen and you really have no choice. You’re mine for the duration and you will do your best to keep me happy. Wearing my ring will make

me happy. Well, that and a few other things,” he had said.

“Denise, Reggie’s here,” he heard Edith call bringing him out of his memories.

Slowly he counted out to thirty as he wanted to delay the inevitable as long as he could. Heaving a heavy sigh, he went down the stairs, the loud rustling of his petticoats and skirt filling his ears to meet his fate. Reggie beamed as he reached out, grabbed him around the waist and pulled him in for a deep tongue twisting kiss. After all the kissing he had to endure from Reggie, Donald could almost stomach it now. He didn’t like kissing another boy but he was becoming use to it.

“Denise you’ve smeared you lipstick and gotten it all over Reggie. Here take this tissue and wipe that away then fix your lips,” Edith chided with a smile.

Donald was right. He was the best dressed female at the dance by a long shot. He was the center of attention as soon as Reggie ushered him through the door. Most of the men drooled when they saw him much to the annoyance of their dates and the women for the most part envious. He wasn’t surprised when Reggie led him over to a table where Irene, Emma and their dates were waiting. As Donald sat, Irene saw the look Calvin gave him and punched him on the arm. Emma just gave Davie Joe a look. The kind of look that said, “Don’t you even dare.”

“You’re stunning and I’m jealous,” Irene exclaimed.

“I absolutely love that dress Denise. I just wish I could borrow it but it wouldn’t fit,” Emma piped up.

While their compliments sounded sincere Donald could tell by the look in their eyes that the girls were not happy. “Shit, they’re pissed. I didn’t do anything. Oh, it’s the way their stupid boyfriends are behaving. It’s bad enough having Reggie pawing me. Got to...yeah...I’ll just show them my promise ring. Maybe that will stop any further bad feelings,” he thought.

“Look girls what my Reggie gave me for Christmas. Isn’t it lovely?” he said flashing the ring. Fortunately that did the trick and the conversation quickly turned to what the other was wearing and how good they all looked.

During the evening a number of young cowboys came over to see if they could get a dance with the pretty girl. All Donald had to do was flash his ring and smile. They soon got the hint and left the group alone. He made a number of trips to the lady’s room with the girls where he was plummeted with questions about his outfit or Reggie. Many of the girls walked off muttering that they though Reggie was queer as he seldom ever dated before. It was hard for them to believe that “Reggie” actually had such a beautiful girlfriend much less practically engaged.

It was well into the evening when Reggie guided them during a dance to a side corridor. Breaking apart, he pulled Donald down the dark hallway and into a small office. He shut and locked the door before pulling the startled Donald into a firm hug and tongue twisting wet kiss.

“Oh shit darlin’ I can’t believe how hot you’ve made me. Between the way you look and flashing my ring all over the place I’m so turned on. Come on, bend over the desk. I can’t wait any longer,” he huskily demanded shoving Donald over the desk.

“Wha....what, no Reggie, please....you can’t,” Donald protested trying to push away from the desk.

Reggie grabbed Donald’s upper arms in a tight painful grip, pulled them close and planted another deep kiss to his lips before flipping him around to face the desk.

Donald did his best to fight back but far too weak to offer much resistance to the much larger and stronger man. He kept crying out nooooo, noooo as the dress and petticoats were pushed out of the way and the panties pulled down. There was a ripping sound as the delicate panties were torn from his legs and stuffed into his mouth. Donald tried to scream then but only muffled sounds came out.

Relax darlin' and this won't hurt all that much," Reggie whispered harshly.

Donald didn't know how long he lay across the desk crying after Reggie left. His back passage screamed in pain and there was wetness dribbling down his upper thighs. His eyes had become use to the darkness and grabbed a box of tissues. He rearranged his skirts and picking up his torn panties snuck out of the room. Across the hall he noticed a janitor's closet and snuck inside. There he washed as best he could to remove most of the traces of his ordeal. As he exited, Reggie was waiting for him in the hall.

"Come on everyone is asking where you are. I told them you wanted to walk outside to clear your head. Here's your purse, get back in there and fix your makeup," he said.

What was left of the evening passed in a fog. Donald remembered someone giving him a glass of champagne and hugs and kisses from various people but nothing concrete.

Ooo

Edith wasn't surprised by what had happened at the dance. A lot of young girls lost their maidenhead in that old office over the years. Too keep Donald from thinking about the incident she kept him busy over the next couple of weeks. She also made sure Reggie wouldn't be calling or coming over. Donald needed time to get over it.

Saturday a week after the dance, Irene called and asked Donald if he would like to get away from the farm and do some shopping. Emma had her momma's car and they were going into a nearby city that had a mall. Edith wasn't too happy about the idea but figured it would be good for Denise to get away for a bit.

Donald for his part was of two minds. Did he want to spend a whole day with two nosey women or not go at all? Another part of his mind said run for it. If he could get to a larger city there was a chance he could escape. He didn't know what he wanted to do. In the end he chose to go for no other reason than to get out of the house. Once in the city he would decide what to do.

For the trip Edith made sure Donald was dressed as femininely as possible. She laid out his pink with chocolate lace decoration and embroidered high waist long line girdle and bra, two white starched net petticoats and a pink paisley print circle skirted dress. The dress was embellished with white lace frilled collar and cuffs. A pair of white opaque hose and pink four inch patent leather spiked heels would complete his dressing.

She put his hair up in an old fashioned bee hive and lacquered it firmly in place. She pinned a wide pink satin ribbon to separated his bangs before she stepped away satisfied with the style. Telling him to put on his makeup and get dressed, she left the room.

When the girls arrived he grabbed his white purse, woolen gloves and coat and got into the back seat. Another girl, Sarah, that he faintly knew was sitting there. Irene and Emma were in the front. The back door had hardly been shut when the girls started asking where he had disappeared to during the big dance. If the car hadn't already been moving he would have jumped out. He tried to tell them that he had just gone out for some freshair but they didn't believe him. Finally he said that he and Reggie went

into the hallway and made out. They seemed content with that and the conversation shifted to other girl talk, like fashions, music and of course their boyfriends.

The town wasn't all that much bigger than the one they came from but it did have a small mall. There were two anchor stores, Sears and J.C. Penny's, a number of smaller outlet type units and three fast food joints. It was on the outskirts of town and Donald didn't see any mass transit or way to get away. He quickly realized that the only way to get around was by car. For a brief moment he thought about stealing Emma's but quickly discarded the idea. He resigned himself to make the best of it and followed the girls into Sears.

They quickly swept through Sears after checking their coats and headed into the mall. Once inside Irene made a bee line to the Fredrick's store. Donald had no choice but to follow along. He had never been in a lingerie store especially not one like this. It took all of his will power not to blush as the girls went from one area to another holding up skimpy unmentionables. He did blush scarlet when Sarah held up a black PVC corset with bright red lace details and a skimpy red thong in front of him telling Denise how fantastic it would look on him.

And so his day progressed as the girls went from shop to shop. By the time they left to go home, Donald's mind was numb from being in such close proximity to pretty girls trying on clothing while in their underwear. Edith had given him forty dollars and he wound up spending it on a red satin sleep shirt with a large pink heart on the front. He didn't want it but Irene and the girls insisted telling him it would be perfect.

"Denise this is just so you," Irene exclaimed handing him the shirt. "Look you can even use a black marker or your sewing skills to write Reggie's name in the heart. It's the latest rage."

Donald was more than ready to get home. It had been an exhausting day both mentally and physically. He now had an appreciation for the "shop to you drop" girls talked about. It wasn't until he was in bed that night wearing his new sleep shirt with "Reggie" embroidered in black thread across the heart, Edith insisted, he realized that he had never got an erection. He had observed all the girls in just bra and panties at one time or another during the day. He even saw Sarah with her full D-cup breasts on full display yet his penis never stirred.

"What's wrong with me," he moaned before falling into a fitful sleep.

After two weeks Edith was tired of Donald's melancholy mood and decided to put an end to it. She walked into his room as he was putting on a white Playtex eighteen hour long-line high waist girdle. A white satin full slip with a white floral lace trimmed sheer bodice and three inches of matching lace at the hem was lying on the bed along with a grey paisley A-line full skirted dress and ecru support hose. He was going to wash the windows and wanted to be comfortable.

She grabbed him by the ear and pulled him over to the full length mirror. "Now look at that reflection and honestly tell me what you see," she demanded.

Donald was taken aback by her actions and for a few moments just stood there before replying, "I....I see...see a young woman wearing a girdle and long line bra. What's this all about Auntie? We've been over this before. I admit you've done a number on me, so what?"

"That's just it Denise you see what you have become but still refuse to acknowledge that's what you are in your mind. You not only look like a woman you even put makeup on like a woman and you move and act like a woman. Hells bells, you even spent a day with three girls shopping and they never new anything different. Get it through that

thick skull of yours that is what you are and will be. I expect you to start thinking of yourself as that woman, do you understand me? Once you do that going out with Reggie or the girls won't be so traumatic and you'll start to have fun. From now on I want to see a happy smile on your face and maybe a little song or two now and then just like a happy young girl," she answered.

"So what if I don't? You going to beat me some more, tell the town my secret or what? You don't seem to care that Reggie raped me or anything else about my welfare. So why should I do what you say? Isn't it bad enough what you have already done to me?" he loudly replied in anger and defiance, emotions that he had almost forgotten.

"Denise calm down and I do in my own way care about your welfare. I regret that Reggie was so brutal. He should have been gentler I grant you but you are wearing his ring and his girl. What he did was horrible only in the way he did it. He should have waited until you were more ready," she replied.

"More ready.....You've got to be kidding me.....more ready. I'll never be more ready. I'm not queer no matter what I look or dress like," he exclaimed.

"And that is my point exactly Denise. You have your mind set on what you use to be and not on what you have become. It's not queer for a boy and girl to have relationships. Look into that damn mirror and tell me what you see. Is there any remote hint that there is a boy lurking in there somewhere? Be honest and you will see that I'm right. Get your mind straight and the next year or so will be a whole lot more fun for you," she snapped back and left the room.

Donald stood there for a long time after she left. He stripped off his lingerie and looked at his naked form even longer. He couldn't deny the changes that had taken place in his physical appearance. There on his chest were two small round mounds with extended nipples. Small mounds shaped like little pears where his chest used to be flat. He couldn't deny that he actually had real breasts as he cupped them and felt a tingle as he rubbed the nipples. His torso tapered into a slim waist then flared into wide hips and a heart shaped rear end. There were only some fine hairs on his arms and none on his face. There was only one thing that marred the feminine image and that was the pink chastity device.

He reached down grabbed it and began pulling and twisting but it was secure. Giving up he cupped his pink hairless ball sack. It seemed much smaller than he remembered and had no feeling other than a bit of warmth. He hadn't had an erection in a long time and the device hadn't been removed since it had been put on. He tried to will an erection but nothing happened. He pictured Sarah's massive tits, tried to remember what had turned him on in the past but it did nothing for him. He looked like a pretty naked woman and wore sexy lingerie now so the imagery did nothing for him. Giving up in disgust, he started to redress.

"OMG! She's right. I'm not a man any more," he thought as tears began to fall.