



Reluctant Press presents:

HAROLD



Cheryl Lynn

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Harold

By Cheryl Lynn

Harold's life had started out normal enough. He had a Mom, Dad, two-car garage. He was living in suburbia, going to a decent school and all that goes with that but things change. First came the divorce, followed by a move across the country. He stayed with his Mom and things seemed to go back to a semblance of normality. Once again, though, things changed. His Mom remarried and they moved into a new house in yet another new town.

Harold had to make a lot of adjustments. His new father was a drunkard and bully. He was always talking down to his new step-son and belittling him. Harold couldn't man up enough for him or so it seemed. Harold did try to play the rough sports but he was neither physically nor mentally capable to make any of the school's teams, except track and field.

Track and field was a sissy sport according to his step-dad. His relationship with his Step-father had its effect on Harold. He used to be confident and outgoing but as time went on, he became withdrawn and compliant. Fortunately, the marriage didn't last long and Harold and his mother moved again after a couple of years.

In another new town and school, Harold tried to make the best of things. However, the time spent with his Step-father, the onset of puberty and hopping from one school to another left his ego and confidence in shambles. It also put him a year behind in his class work. As a result, it was very difficult for him to make friends and he was picked on by the school bullies.

Harold was eighteen, below average height and skinny for a young man. He was fair-skinned with a persistent acne problem. His mousey brown hair framed an oval face. His best features were his sparkling sea blue eyes and long dark lashes.

His mother wasn't in much better shape. Two failed marriages and a teenaged son to care for were a lot to handle. She had hoped moving to a new city and getting a fresh start would help. However the only job she could find was as a secretary, working long hours. She had been a well-paid office manager before their move but she had to settle for the secretarial job at a large insurer. The work days started at eight, ended at five and were hectic. She also had to work most Saturdays. Her responsibilities left her exhausted and demoralized.

Living in a two-bedroom apartment in a declining neighborhood did nothing to help her spirits. The only bright side to the move was one of the neighbors. Mrs. Gilmore was a kindly grandmotherly type of woman of mixed heritage. Her black, grey-streaked hair was usu-

ally worn in a tight bun on the back of her head; a pair of granny glasses perched on her large nose. She was a woman of almost six foot tall. With three-inch block heels, she easily filled a doorway. She had greeted them the first day of their arrival with a cake and tea. Her sharp eyes seemed to take in everything and everyone.

Almost immediately, she took over. Karen, Harold's Mom, seemed to like the situation. Mrs. Gilmore would come over in the evenings, almost always with a plate of cookies for him and herbal tea. She would listen attentively to Karen's complaints and tell her everything would be alright as they sipped tea. They would huddle over the kitchen table talking for what seemed like hours. After she left, Karen would have a dreamy look in her eyes and go to bed.

Mrs. Gilmore paid a lot of attention to the shy young teen as well. She would tell him he needed to fatten up as she gave him some of her special cookies. She often embarrassed him by telling him that he was pretty. It was her idea that Harold should "shoulder his share of the load" as she put it. She volunteered to teach him all he needed to know to become a real help to his mother. At first, Karen balked at the idea of Harold doing most of the chores as she wanted him to spend the time getting good grades. That changed when he brought home his first report card. It was mostly D's. Mrs. Gilmore assured her that she would see that he not only shouldered his share of chores but would get his grades up.

"Just look at him, Karen. He is a slob, his hair is a mess and the way he carries himself...slouching and shuffling his feet like that. The problem is that he has no self-respect. Get him cleaned up, dressing nice, give

him chores and I am sure he will come around. He needs responsibilities and I would be more than willing to help. It would give me something to do besides watching soap operas all day," she said one night over tea.

Karen had to admit that she was right. Harold wore baggy pants with the top of his boxers clearly on view, he slouched and probably hadn't washed his hair in at least a month. His bad grades only proved Mrs. Gilmore's words. Karen knew that Harold wouldn't mind her if their neighbor tried to get him to change, so she handed Mrs. Gilmore a spare key and told her to do whatever she thought best.

Harold was not happy about that but he was intimidated by Mrs. Gilmore. There was something about her look and demeanor that was intimidating and he certainly was no match for her in physical size or strength. Soon, Harold found himself performing all the household chores.

As soon as he got home from school, Mrs. Gilmore would come into the apartment and take over his training. She gave him an apron. Not just any apron but a very frilly and feminine one. It was a white pinafore with a double-flounced hem and embroidered floral bib. To make matters worse, she handed him a matching cotton mob cap. It had a double-row lace brim and a bright lavender satin ribbon separating the lace from the cap proper. The satin streamers at the back of the cap hung down below the shoulders.

Harold looked at the garments in total disbelief. Stunned into silence, he just stood there, holding the offending garments. Mrs. Gilmore took the apron from his hand, quickly pulled it over his head and tied the

sash in a big bow at the back. As he felt the bow being tied, Harold found his voice.

“Ta... take... take this thing off me. I’m not wearing some stupid apron!” he shouted, flinging the cap to the floor.

“Temper temper, dear boy, mustn’t make Granny mad now. Pick up that cap and put it on! You have a lot to learn today and I’m here to see to it that it gets done,” Mrs. Gilmore replied sharply.

His face flushed, Harold stared up into her eyes. “I’m not gonna...” he started yelling but was cut off by the look in her eyes. “Not gonna wear an apron,” he finished softly.

“You have housework to do and an apron is appropriate wear for such duties. I’ll not have your poor Mother coming home to see you filthy with dust and dirt. Now pick up that cap, put it on and let’s get started, or do you need me to encourage you? I’ve spanked many an unruly child in my time and you won’t be an exception. Well, what’s it going to be?” she said in a dangerous tone.

Harold stood with his hands clinched at his sides, trying to decide what to do. He found it difficult not to bend down and pick up that stupid cap but he held firm. This woman wouldn’t dare spank him.

“It’s against the law or something, isn’t it?” he thought.

Mrs. Gilmore reached out a beefy hand, grabbed his upper arm, spun him around, bent him over and was pounding his ass within a heart beat. Since his pants were already halfway down his ass, she was spanking him on his boxers. The humiliation was almost as bad as the pain of the spanking. She pounded his ass until

he was crying loudly and begging her to stop. Finally the spanking stopped but not the humiliation. He was standing, crying, with his pants pooled around his ankles. She demanded that he say he was sorry, would wear whatever she said and would do as he was told. Harold took the tissue, wiped his eyes, blew his nose and did as instructed.

Two hours later, he had vacuumed the apartment, dusted the shelves and mopped the kitchen floor to Mrs. Gilmore's satisfaction. During that entire time she kept telling him what and how to do it correctly. She even made him put on a pair of bright pink rubber gloves when he mopped the floor.

"You mustn't ruin your pretty hands in the harsh detergent as you wring out the mop, dear. You should always be conscious of protecting your hands and nails while doing your chores," she said.

After he finished, she helped him out of the pinafore. Grabbing the back of his pants, she pulled them roughly up. Harold let out a whelp as the crotch of his pants jammed into his nuts.

"I don't want to see your boxers and I am sure nobody else wants to see them either. If I see them again, I will pull up your pants even harder the next time," she stated as she hung the apron up behind the utility room door along with his cap.

"But all the kids wear their pants this way," he complained.

"Your Mother and I don't care what the other kids are doing. The way you dress is atrocious and disrespectful. Don't let me catch you with your pants down again," Mrs. Gilmore barked.

She looked at him for a moment, then reached out. Grasping his chin, she turned it one way, then the other.

‘Ummm, you have some pimples popping up. Wait here while I fetch something for that,’ she said, leaving the room.

She came back with a pink carrying case. ‘Here, these will clear up your acne and keep your face fresh. Go take a shower and make sure you wash your hair. Then I want you to call me. I will show you how to exfoliate, cleanse and moisturize your face. Then you are going to help me fix your poor mother something to eat,’ she ordered.

Harold took the various containers and, mumbling obscene curses under his breath, went to do as he was told. After his shower, she showed him the tube of cream that would exfoliate his skin and how to apply it. The cleanser was next and, finally, the moisturizer. The white cream had a light floral fragrance and there was no label on the jar. He slathered the cream on, scowling as he did so but too afraid to disobey Mrs. Gilmore. When he came back into the kitchen, she had him sit at the table and checked his face.

‘Good, I am happy that you did as I instructed. You will use all those products when you get up in the morning and just before you go to bed at night. Do that faithfully and your acne problem will be a thing of the past. Now I want you to sit still while I get that unruly mop of hair in order,’ Mrs. Gilmore stated. She placed a large towel around his shoulders and opened the carrying case revealing a barber’s shears, comb and scissors.

‘Oh no, I don’t want my hair cut. I like it just the way it is,’ he said with a bit of courage in his voice.

“Do I have to remind you this soon of who is in charge here? Now, sit still or I’ll have you squirming in that chair for another reason. As soon as I get this done, I’ll show you how to create a simple meal,” she replied sternly.

She combed his hair straight back and examined it. “Mmmm, it’s not really long enough to style but I think I can do something nice with it,” she mumbled, picking up the scissors. Initially, she lopped off clumps of his hair, making him very nervous as the shorn locks fell into his lap. He became even more nervous as she combed the front of his hair down over his face and cut it just above his brows and across the forehead. Next, she took the shears and carefully cut away the hair at the back of his neck into a sharp “V”, then did the same with his sideburns. Using the scissors, she carefully feathered his new bangs. When she finished, Harold had a cute pixie style. He didn’t have a chance to see it as she had him sweep and clean up, then prepare the meal.

It was a simple meal using leftover chicken, lettuce, tomatoes and cucumbers to make a nice salad. She had him wear the apron again but not the cap. Just before his mother was due home, Mrs. Gilmore left, telling him she would be back in a bit with some cookies and tea.

As soon as she walked out the door, Harold reached behind and tried to untie the apron straps. No matter how much he pulled and tugged, they would not budge. Frustrated, he let out a howl and pounded his fists on the counter top. He thought about getting a knife and cutting the damn garment off his body. He knew, though, that that would only piss off Mrs. Gilmore and he didn’t want to face the repercussions.

He decided he would have to face his mother dressed like he was and hope she understood.

“Maybe seeing me like this, she’ll put a stop to Mrs. Gilmore. I just hope she stops laughing long enough for me to explain things to her,” he thought.

When his mother walked through the door, she didn’t laugh. She stood, not saying anything at first as she examined her son and the clean house. The freshly-made salad didn’t go missed either.

She let out a soft sigh, then, smiling broadly, said, “Darling, what a pleasant surprise. Did you do all this by yourself?”

Taken by surprise by his mother’s comment, he nodded his head. “Mom, please, you gotta get me outta this thing,” he said, indicating the fancy apron.

“Oh dear, you have it all knotted up in the back. Here, let me help you, then we can eat. I’m starving,” she replied, moving over to untie the sash.

As they were finishing their salads, Mrs. Gilmore walked in without knocking. She placed a plate of cookies in front of Harold and a pot of herbal tea near Karen.

“Karen honey, I hope you are happy with what we accomplished this afternoon. Oh, Harold, I see you took off your apron. It’s such a pretty thing. It is a little frilly for a boy but don’t you think it kept his clothing nice and clean? As you see, I gave him a haircut while I was here. It was the best I could do considering all the snarls and tangles. It was like combing through a rat’s nest and didn’t leave me much choice. I hope you’re not mad at me,” she said, taking her normal seat next to Karen.

Up until Mrs. Gilmore's comments, Harold had completely forgotten about the haircut. "What has the old bat done to my hair," he thought as he brushed his hand over his hair.

Karen was actually a little upset at the feminine hairdo Mrs. Gilmore had given him but refrained from saying anything about it. How could she complain when the old woman was trying to help? Yes, she admitted to herself, the haircut and apron were a bit much but the living room and kitchen were spotless. It was a very pleasant feeling to come home to a clean house and dinner on the table for a change. For the first time in what seemed like forever, all she had to do was kick off her heels and relax. She didn't even have to listen to Harold bitching and complaining about their situation. Yes, it was a very nice feeling indeed.

"How can I be mad at this wonderful woman? If I come home to this every night, who am I to complain? As far as I'm concerned, she can put him in pink chiffon aprons if she wants," she thought, then giggled out loud.

"Where did the idea of chiffon aprons come from?" she asked herself, a little confused.

Karen had several cups of tea while Mrs. Gilmore sipped at her first cup. She was feeling very relaxed and comfortable. Harold had finished his plate of cookies and gone to do his homework. There was a loud, "What the fuck has she done to my hair?" screech from his room but otherwise there were no more interruptions.

Mrs. Gilmore was saying something about taking Harold to get some new clothing more stylish and unisex that would clean up his image. This sounded good to Karen and take another worry off her mind. Mrs.

Gilmore was talking softly and making suggestions about how Harold could be made into a more responsible adult. Any concerns Karen had over the hair cut or his wearing an apron evaporated. It all sounded fantastic and she heartily agreed. She went over to her purse and gave Mrs. Gilmore her credit card. She went to bed that night feeling very happy about Mrs. Gilmore's advice.

"That woman is my guardian angel," she mumbled as her head hit the pillow.

Ooo

School the next morning was just like any other day for him. He was a nobody so most of the student population ignored him. He received a few derogatory comments about his hair from the bullies. He was getting use to being called a faggot or queer, so he ignored them. It wasn't until he was walking up the steps to his apartment that he began to worry.

"Damn, I hope she isn't here. I'm not in the mood for any of her shit," he thought as he put the key into the lock. The door wasn't locked and Mrs. Gilmore was waiting for him.

"Good, you're home. Put your book bag in your room, then get back here. We have some shopping to do and I don't want to take all day," she said by way of greeting.

As he walked back into the room, Mrs. Gilmore grabbed the back of his pants and pulled up sharply, lifting him slightly off his feet. Harold screamed in pain as the crotch of his pants jerked hard at his balls, smashing them against his pelvic bone.

“Damn it! That fucking hurt!” he yelled.

Before he could react, she grabbed him by the back of his neck, bent him over and was pounding his ass with a wide black leather belt. Harold felt like his ass was on fire as she continued to spank him. When the punishment was over, he was crying and knew that he wouldn’t be able to sit for a while.

“I warned you what would happen if I saw your boxers again, didn’t I?” she barked.

“I...I forgot. It won’t happen again,” he tearfully replied.

“Oh, you mean that I won’t catch you next time is what you are saying. I’m sure you will remember to pull up your pants before you get home. I know just the thing to keep your pants up. Now come along, we have to get you some new clothing,” she said.

They walked four blocks to a nearby thrift store. She went straight to the women’s clothing section. Harold followed behind, not paying much attention to where they were going. His mind was occupied with wondering what she had meant by her pants comment and with his sore butt. He came back to the here and now when she thrust several pairs of pants into his arms and told him to try them on.

In the changing room, he picked up the first pair and examined them. They were jeans with a flair leg and a floral pattern stitched into the back pockets. He didn’t like them but tried them on anyway. His sore bottom reminded him to do what he was told. The pants were loose around his lower legs, tight on his thighs and ass. As he buttoned and pulled up the short zipper, his boxers were bunched up and made the jeans very uncomfortable.

"Man, these are way too small for me," he mumbled as he stepped out so Mrs. Gilmore could see him.

"What was that, dear?" he heard her ask.

"I said these are too tight. I need a larger pair," he replied.

"No, I think they are just fine. It's your boxers that are causing the problem. Wait here. I'll be right back," she ordered.

Feeling like a fool standing in the communal changing area, he fidgeted hoping she would be back quickly. When she returned, she tore open a plastic wrapped package and handed him something white. He took it and went back into the dressing room to put it on. When he got inside, his jaw dropped. What she had given him were a pair of bright white brief-cut nylon panties with a hint of lace about the waist and leg openings.

"I...I can't wear these," he said through the curtain.

"You will or I will pull you out of there and spank you right here in front of everyone. Put them on with the jeans and get back out here," Mrs. Gilmore demanded.

The panties covered his navel and fitted snug around his groin. They were surprisingly light yet confining as he pulled them into place. The feeling was completely different than his boxers and he didn't like it. When he stepped into the jeans, they went on much easier. He was blushing as he stepped out of the changing room.

"Much better and the fit looks good. Now go back and put on the other pair," she said with a smirk.

The next pair of pants he didn't like at all. They were a pale tan color with full-cut legs and came with an attached thin brown belt with a small gold buckle. Again, the zipper didn't seem as long as it should be. Mrs. Gilbert liked them and told him to put on the last pair.

He positively hated the last pair. They were black and slim-cut with legs that only reached to mid-calf. What made them obviously girl's pants were the back button and zipper closure.

"I'm not putting these on, Mrs. Gilbert. They're for girls," he said as he held them up through the curtain.

"Put them on anyway. I got those for you to do your housework in. Hurry up and don't question my judgment again," she stated.

Reluctantly, he did as he was told. His fear of her was greater than his fear of public embarrassment. As he anticipated, they hugged his body in a tight embrace and were difficult to zip up. When he stepped out, blushing a bright pink, she had him turn around. The back seam dug into and defined his ass cheeks.

"A pair of three-inch clogs and a nice blouse would make that look really nice," she thought then said, "Wait here, I want to get something to go with that."

Once again Harold was left standing in the changing area, feeling like a complete idiot. Every time someone walked by, he blushed all the harder. He felt like a complete dork standing there but was grateful that no one paid him any particular attention. When Mrs. Gilmore back, she was holding a purple satin blouse in one hand and a pair of black strapped clogs with a three-inch cork heel.

“I think these will fit. Go put them on,” she demanded.

Harold stood frozen in place. He wanted to tell her exactly what she could do with the blouse and shoes. Standing in a very public place at her mercy made protesting impossible. He reached out a shaky hand and took the items from her. He would argue with her later in the relative safety of his apartment. If nothing else, he knew his mother would take his side.

The blouse was a deep purple satin, had a pointed collar and long sleeves. The many small purple metallic buttons on the front were difficult to button as they were on the wrong side. He tucked it into his black Capri's and stepped into the clogs. The fit was a bit tight and felt weird on his feet. Screwing up his courage, he stepped out of the changing room to be met by a smiling Mrs. Gilmore.

“Yes, that will do nicely. Leave them on and get all the others out of there. We still have some shopping to do,” she instructed.

“I... I can't wear this! Not out in public,” he stammered in disbelief.

“Yes you can and will. I've already taken the tags off them. It is your punishment for complaining and not doing what I said,” she replied with a smirk.

The shoes made him want to lean forward and clomped as he followed behind her. He was so distracted by the shoes and his clothing that he didn't know where he was. When Mrs. Gilmore suddenly stopped in front of him, he almost bumped into her. She had stopped near a wall filled with bras.

“I think you need an incentive to make you pay more attention to what I tell you. Now, if you don't

want everybody in this store to know that you are a boy wearing girl's clothing, smile and keep your mouth closed. Here, hold my purse while I examine some of these bras," she hissed as she waved a sales clerk over.

Harold blushed even redder as he took her large black patent leather purse. It was surprisingly heavy. He was stunned when she pushed the strap over his left shoulder while telling him to hold it close to his side so it wouldn't be a tempting target for purse snatchers.

"Yes, ma'am, how may I be of assistance?" the clerk asked.

"My granddaughter here needs a bra. The poor dear feels miserable that her breast development has been so slow. Could you measure her for a nice bra that... that, you know, might enhance what nature hasn't yet accomplished?" she replied.

"Of course, I'd be more than happy to assist you. Please follow me over to the dressing room and I'll get her measured," the woman replied.

Harold, blushing fiercely, had to lower his blouse as the clerk pulled a cloth measuring tape around his chest just below his breasts, then move it up to span across his nipples. He had never been so humiliated in his life.

As the clerk stepped back, Harold was sure she knew that he wasn't a girl. He could tell by the laughter in her eyes. Without commenting about his sex, she turned to Mrs. Gilmore.

"Ma'am, she is a thirty-two AAA cup. We have some very nice training bras but I think for maximum shaping, you might want to consider our gel-filled un-

der-wire bras. The manufacturer guarantees at least a two-cup size improvement in her bust line," she said.

"I like that. Please select two suitable training bras and two of the others if you would be so kind," Mrs. Gilmore replied, staring at Harold as if daring him to say something.

The clerk left and Harold used the opportunity to beg Mrs. Gilmore not to do this to him. His plea landed on deaf ears. She just glared at him, daring him to do something stupid. Harold stood in the cubicle with his blouse still hanging off his shoulders, trying to decide what to do. As he saw the clerk coming back, he lowered his head and blushed all the more.

The clerk returned, carrying four bras but not before she had stopped and talked to two other clerks in the area who were now staring at him. The first bra was white with pink hearts covering the nylon triangles. It was a training bra and slipped over the head. The second was very similar to the first except it was solid pink.

"Ma'am, these are our standard training bras. Would you like hi...her to try one on? I'm sure they will fit," she said grinning as she lifted up her other hand. Two of the gel-filled bras dangled in that hand. One was lavender nylon with delicate lace trim in purple decorating the cups. Dangling beside that one was another in bright pink with white floral lace covering the cups.

"I think one of the padded bras would do just fine for now. Perhaps the lavender one," Mrs. Gilmore replied after a moment of thought.

The clerk put the other bras down and handed Harold the lavender one. As he held it in his trembling fin-

gers, she explained how it hooked in the back and how to adjust the straps. She also told him that he needed to wash it in warm water and air dry it for longer wear. Then to his utter horror, she removed his blouse and guided his fingers so that he could hook it behind his back. As she slid the straps over his shoulders, she told him to bend over and push his breasts into the cups before fastening the hook and eye closure. When the bra was securely in place, the clerk stepped back. Harold was beet red as he stood trembling before the two women. Off in the distance he could hear giggling, then the voice of Mrs. Gilmore as she said they would take them.

The clerk walked off with the other three bras with a big smile on her face, straining not to laugh. Mrs. Gilmore helped a stunned Harold replace his blouse and buttoned it for him.

“Now maybe you won’t question my orders in the future,” she said, smiling from ear to ear.

Three large shopping bags were in his hands as he followed her back to the apartment complex. He was having a lot of difficulty walking in those clogs until Mrs. Gilmore stopped and gave him some instructions.

“Dear, you must take smaller steps, walk from the hips, keep your chest out, elbows in and for goodness sake, keep your head up. I know they take some getting use to but if you do what I say, it will be easier,” she instructed.

By the time they entered the apartment, his calves and ankles were killing him. However, the relief he felt by being out of the public eye was enormous. All he wanted to do was get out of those heels and clothing. The bra straps were digging into his shoulders and the band seemed to cut into his ribs. The pants were so

tight in the crotch that his balls were aching. He headed for his room. Mrs. Gilmore was right behind him. Entering his room, he dropped the bags on the floor and headed right for the bed.

“What do you think you are doing? You have a lot of work to do yet. You need to take the tags off your clothing and put them up properly. Once you have done that, you need to make your poor mother dinner. Take these scissors and get busy,” she ordered.

If Mrs. Gilmore could have heard his thoughts, his ass would be blistered as he retrieved the three bags. He removed the new pants and two new starched cotton shirts. The shirts had small rounded collars with buttons to the left and were long-sleeved. One was in baby blue to go with his new jeans. The other was in a bright white to go with his tan slacks. He removed all the tags and labels before hanging them in his closet.

The second bag contained his three new bras, an opened package containing five pairs of white nylon brief-cut panties like the one he was wearing. Another package contained seven pairs of days-of-the-week nylon panties in different bright colors. He found two more packages containing three nylon camisoles each. There was a white, sunflower and baby blue nylon camisole with a hint of white lace detailing in each package.

The third bag contained the clothing he had worn into the store. Mrs. Gilmore took possession of that one and removed his pants and shoes before moving over to his dresser. There she removed all his boxers and undershirts, stuffing them into the bag.

“What are you doing? Those are my underpants,” Harold said, shocked.

“You have new underwear now and won’t need these things anymore. I expect you to wear your new panties, bras and camisoles from now on,” she stated.

“I...I can’t wear that! Not to school! They’ll kill me if they see me wearing that stuff!” he screeched.

“Do I have to get my belt? You will wear your new underwear all the time. Keep your pants up and shirt tucked in and nobody will notice. I will check you every morning before you go out. If I find that you are not wearing your new undies at any time, you will be a very sorry young man. For school, you can wear your training bra but if you give me anymore trouble, it will be your padded bras. Wearing panties will cure you of dropping your pants halfway down your ass. The camisoles and bras will make sure you keep your shirt tucked in. Do I make myself clear? Stop your bitching and get busy removing those tags,” she said sternly.

“I...I can’t wear them Tuesday and Thursday. I have PE scheduled on those days. I’ll be dead meat if this ever gets out,” he replied sullenly.

“You have a point there, Harold. Tell you what, I’ll go with you to school in the morning and have your schedule changed so you won’t have to go to PE. I know the principal. I used to teach there at one time as a matter of fact. Changing your schedule shouldn’t be that much trouble. You are going to have to promise something for me in return. I want you to put a big smile on your face for the rest of the day and act happy. I don’t want to burden your mother when she gets home. Can you do that?” she said.

As Harold was busy in the kitchen preparing spaghetti with meat sauce and a tossed salad, Mrs. Gilmore met Karen as she walked up the steps.

“Karen dear, come with me up to my place. I have a nice pot of tea ready. You look like you could use a cup and Harold is still fixing dinner,” she said kindly.

“Thank you, Mrs. Gilmore but I really should check on Harold. It’s been a long day and I would like to get out of these heels,” she replied.

“Dear, come up and have a cup. Harold wants to surprise you and I don’t think he is ready yet. Please don’t spoil his surprise and have a cup, then you can go in,” Mrs. Gilmore pleaded.

As Karen drank her tea, she felt all her cares and worries flee. For some reason, the tea made her feel mellow and relaxed. She listened politely as Mrs. Gilmore babbled on and on. She was talking about Harold this and Harold that and about the clothing he wanted to buy.

“It’s so nice to hear that Harold wants to change his slovenly ways and become more of a help than a burden. He is going to be like a daughter to me from now on, not the boisterous rebellious son I have. His changing attitude will be a blessing. I really need him to change and take a major burden off my shoulders,” Karen thought as she finished her second cup.

When she returned to her apartment, she noticed Harold in the kitchen. She thought he looked a little strange but shook the feeling off. She went into her room, humming happily, to get out of her heels and into something more comfortable.

Back in the kitchen, she examined her son. He was smiling and looked happy finishing up dinner preparations. He was wearing Capri pants, a purple shirt and clogs. No, it was a blouse and was he wearing a bra? The idea of him wearing a bra jolted her for a second,

then she brushed it off. A bra seemed to go with his outfit, she reminded herself.

Harold saw the slightly glazed look in his mother's eyes but didn't find that unusual. What surprised him was the way she was reacting to seeing him dressed the way he was. She was acting like he dressed this way all the time. Her reaction deeply disturbed him. He wanted her to yell at him to take off those ridiculous clothes immediately but she just sat down at the table and smiled at him. At the same time he was glad that she wasn't making fun and teasing him about what he had on.

He was going to say something but decided to serve dinner first. He removed his pinafore and sat down to eat. He looked at his mother's carefree face and started to tell her how much he hated Mrs. Gilmore and the clothing she was forcing on him. He had gotten about halfway through his speech when his mother stopped him.

"Harold darling, stop complaining. Mrs. Gilmore only has our very best interests in mind. Why, just look how cute and neat you look. And the house... it's clean and you made me a delicious meal. As for your clothing, it's a pleasant relief not having to see your boxers. I know it's been hard moving from place to place all the time but we're here to stay, I promise. Let's enjoy ourselves and thank our lucky stars that Mrs. Gilmore has been so kind to us. She has been a terrific help and I want you to do what she says. She only has the best intentions for you, for *us*," she stated.

The next morning, Mrs. Gilmore was waiting for him. As usual she had her hair up in a tight bun and wore a simple blue gingham dress and sensible black heels. Her big black purse hung from her arm. She

looked the picture perfect Grandmother type. The first thing she did was check to make sure he was wearing his panties, training bra and camisole.

He was dressed the way she had told him to be when she brought over his nightly supply of special cookies in his white panties, white-with-pink-hearts training bra, white camisole, baby blue starched shirt and the new flair-legged jeans. At least he didn't have to wear the clogs. Instead, he had on his old running shoes. Mrs. Gilmore saw them and muttered something about taking care of that.

As he walked beside her toward his new school, he could feel the elastic straps and band of his bra tugging at his shoulders and chest. It was a very uncomfortable feeling, almost as bad as that between his legs. The tight fit of the jeans forced him to tuck his boy parts back between his legs. With every step, the crotch of the jeans pulled at his poor balls. The only good thing he could say about his apparel was that the bra did not show through his shirt. He was totally unaware of the distinct panty lines showing on his backside. Another problem he had was finding a place to put his wallet, cell phone and keys. The back pockets of the jeans were sewn shut so he was forced to put them in his front pockets. The wallet barely fit inside the pocket and it rubbed uncomfortably on his upper thigh.

About halfway to the school he complained about the uncomfortable feelings. She looked at him for a second, then told him she would take care of it after school. He wasn't happy hearing that and hoped that he didn't get himself into more trouble.

True to her word she didn't have any trouble changing his class schedule. When he saw it, he gasped. He wouldn't have to take PE but in its place

was something called Home and Family Living. Not only that but she had changed several of his other courses. Instead of Algebra, he now had Business Math. His Chemistry course was changed for Business Administration. Without higher math and science, he wouldn't be able to get into college.

"Mrs. Gilmore, I didn't want to change my math and science classes. I need those to get into college and what is this Home and Family Living thing?" he declared.

"What, dear? Oh, Home and Family Living. That's just a fancy title for Home Economics. You had to have that since you dropped PE. It was the only elective left. As far as your math and science courses, you weren't doing all that great in them anyway. With those changed, you should have no trouble getting much better grades. Now go to class and I'll meet you out front when the day is done," she calmly replied.

This had to be the worst day of school in his life. There were only two other guys in the Home and Family class and it was obvious they were queer. He could tell just by looking at them. The way they talked and dressed made it obvious. He was glad that he wasn't that way.

"Gay, I can't see how anyone can call them that. They're weird, no matter what you call them. To me they're just queer. I hope they don't try to make friends with me. They give me the creeps," he thought as he took his seat. Harold had no idea that judging by the way he was dressed with his hair cut in a cute pixie style, he made the other two boys look like macho men. It wasn't until his name was called in class that everyone realized that he wasn't a girl. Everyone had

checked out the new girl as she entered the room but now some giggling could be heard.

“Whatever the joke is, I don’t get it,” he thought as he pulled down his hand.

His Business Math course was nothing more than a bookkeeping class. Business Administration was just another term for secretarial studies. He didn’t like either one and was one of the few boys attending those classes. Again, there was giggling when his name was called.

As he was leaving his last class of the day, three girls from his new classes walked over to him, “Hi, Harold” they said, giggling, as they came up to him.

“We just wanted to say hi. I’m Josie and this is Mary, Jeannie and Alisha. We all have Home and Family together and I have the same Business Admin class as you do. We haven’t seen you around before. Are you new here?” Jodie inquired.

The four obese girls were standing in a semi-circle in front of him. Jodie was by far the prettiest with golden blonde hair while Jeannie was probably the least attractive. Jeannie had brown hair cut in a short bob and her face was not that pretty. Her nose was more of a beak and she wore dark-rimmed glasses. They were all smiling at him.

“Err...hi. Yeah, I’m new,” he stammered in reply. He felt very self-conscious standing in the mist of the coeds. Dressed the way he was made him very nervous talking to the girls. He decided to keep on walking, hoping to cut the conversation off but they formed on each side of him.

“Uh, Harold, I was wondering if you would like to join our group for the H&F projects we are going to

have to do this year. We could really use your help. Besides, you will have to join one anyway," Josie said as she walked beside him. As they walked, her wide hips kept bumping into his narrow ones.

He stopped in mid-step, "I have to join a group?"

"Of course. How are you going to participate in the dress making and makeover projects we have to do this year? You can't do those by yourself," Jeannie spoke up.

"Dress making and what? A makeover? I didn't know that I would have to do those things," he replied, shocked.

"Of course you do, silly. We all have to complete those projects if we are going to pass the course," Alisha said.

"Uhhhh, let me think about it. I have to meet... meet my Grandmother. She's waiting for me outside. I'll let you know later, okay?" he replied as they reached the main entrance.

"Okay, we'll see you tomorrow but please consider joining us. We really need someone your size to complete our projects. That is unless you want to join Billy and Joey's group. Theirs is the only one left that could use one more member," Mary said as they parted ways.

"What the fuck was that all about? Man, this is turning into the worst day ever. I'm not going to join those gay guys," Harold thought as he reached the sidewalk and saw Mrs. Gilmore waiting.

"Why the glum look, dear?" Mrs. Gilmore asked when he reached her.

“Mrs. Gilmore, I really really don’t like those new classes you put me in. Please get my math and science classes back,” he said.

“Don’t be silly, dear. We just changed them. Maybe if your grades really improve and you behave, I will think about it. Come along, we have some shopping to do and the bus will be here any minute,” she answered.

They took the bus into downtown and walked several blocks before tuning down a side street. Mrs. Gilmore stopped in front of a store with a sign above the door reading, “Dance Wear for All Ages.”

The inside of the shop was filled with mannequins wearing leotards, tutus, and all sorts of colorful dance wear. On the walls were colored tights stretched out on frames and other dancing paraphernalia. They were the only two customers.

“What are we doing in here? I’m not taking any damn dancing...” he started but was silenced by her glare.

“We aren’t in here for that but now because of your attitude, let’s see if we can’t enroll you in something. Now be quiet and do as you are told or else,” she hissed at him.

“Damn, this woman scares the daylights out of me. I don’t want to take no fucking dance class but she’d sign me up just to humiliate me some more. I don’t want any more of her spankings either,” he thought.

All too soon he found himself in a changing room with Mrs. Gilmore, stripped naked from the waist down. She had purchased several things called gaffs but he had no idea what they were used for. At her direction, he was pulling a bright iridescent pink one up his legs. When he got it to his hips, she instructed him

to use his palm to press his family jewels back up inside his body and position his penis back between his legs. He had a choice. He could do it or she would do it for him. Some choice.

On their way out, Mrs. Gilmore picked up some literature on dance instructions available in the area. Harold, walking a little funny, was carrying a bag containing six more gaffs, all in iridescent colors. The front of his jeans looked very smooth and the jeans rested just a bit higher on his waist.

“This is turning out to be the worst day in my entire life,” he thought, following her out the door.

From there, they went into a shoe store where he tried on a pair of trainers. They were grey striped on a background of bright pink, with pink laces. He didn’t fail to notice the bright pink LED light that lit up with each step on the heels. Seeing that the shoes fit, she made him take off his socks and shoes and put on a pair of nylon footies. When the salesman came back, he was carrying a pair of bright red leather pumps with an open toe and three-inch spiked heels.

“Come on, little lady. Just slide your foot in here and we’ll see how well they fit,” he said as he placed a hand under Harold’s calf, lifting the foot.

Harold was too dumbfounded to argue. Feeling the man’s hand rubbing under his calf didn’t help either. His first steps were very wobbly and his ankles twisted more than once as Mrs. Gilmore navigated him around the floor. She reminded him to take small steps and put one foot in front of the other while swinging from the hips.

“My granddaughter’s first high heels,” she said as she guided Harold.



Reaching the far end of the shop, Mrs. Gilmore whispered, "I'd better see a great big smile and hear a hearty 'thank you' when we sit back down. Getting

your first pair of high heels should be an absolute thrill. I want to see that expressed on your face or I promise it will be ballet classes for you. Understand?"

"Why are you doing this?" he whispered back.

"Because I want to, that's why. It will do wonders for the way you walk. Your mother and I don't approve of the way you shuffle your feet when you walk. These shoes will put a stop to that," she replied.

Leaving the shop, he was wearing his new trainers and carrying a bag containing his new heels, a dozen pairs of nylon footies. Even more humiliating, he was carrying his very own purse. The black leather purse was on special and Mrs. Gilmore had bought it. She said that it would be an easier place for him to carry his wallet. If it had been a small purse, that wouldn't have been so bad but this one was called a hobo purse and was bulky. There would be no way he could hide it and it positively swallowed his wallet, cell phone and keys.

The stress of shopping made itself obvious as Harold's bladder called for release. As they stepped out of the shoe store, he told Mrs. Gilmore that he had to go. She replied that was fine as she had to use the facilities herself. When they got to the restrooms, she took his hand and pulled him into the women's room.

"Hey, I can't go in here," he whispered.

"Of course you can and besides, do you really want to go into a men's room looking the way you do? Now that you are wearing that gaff, you will need to sit like a lady. As long as you do that, no one will notice," she said.

It took a lot of will power for Harold not to break out in tears as they waited at the bus stop. It seemed

like everyone there was staring at him. He just knew they were thinking horrible things about him. As soon as they got home, he ran straight to his room, flung himself onto the bed and cried his eyes out. It had been the most humiliating day of his life.

She let him cry for awhile before going into his room. "Harold, it's time for you to prepare dinner for your poor mother. Get up, go wash your face and meet me in the kitchen," she ordered.

"Why did that awful woman have to come into my life? I hate her for interfering in our lives. We've only been here slightly over three months and that woman has her claws stuck deep into our lives. Mother adores her for some insane reason and backs up whatever she does to me. Can't Mom see what she's doing to me? It's not right that I have to wear these girl's clothes. It's just not right. Why can't Mom see that? Instead of telling that old bat to shove off, she just smiles and says everything is just fine and dandy. Unless I can get Mom to stop this, it's only going to get worse. I don't know what will happen then," he thought as he got up to do Mrs. Gilmore's bidding.

When he got to the kitchen she was waiting for him, holding the pinafore in one hand and something else in the other. "Much better. Come over here, I have something for you," she said with a crooked smile.

Standing in front of him, she reached up and unbuttoned several of the top buttons on his blouse. With his training bra exposed, she inserted a pale pink foam pad into each of the cups.

"There, that's much better. Unless you want to wear your padded bra, be happy with what I just did," she said as she buttoned the blouse.

He looked down and saw that his chest poked out where it had been flat. It looked like he had small breasts. Nothing really eye-catching but soft-looking bumps nonetheless.

“Why?” he softly said.

“Because I think it makes your blouse fit much better. See that you wear them whenever you have on a training bra. Unless you would rather wear your padded bras, otherwise, what will you have to train? Put on your apron. You have a meal to fix. Oh, before I forget, go and put on a pair of footies and those pretty red pumps I purchased for you today. The practice will do you a world of good,” she said.

As Harold was busy preparing shrimp scampi, Mrs. Gilmore had Karen back up in her place drinking tea.

“You should have seen Harold’s eyes light up when I bought him his first pair of high heels. He was just beaming as I helped him learn to walk in them. I swear Karen, he was smiling from ear to ear. Don’t you think it’s a good idea for him to be happy? You *are* happy that he’s happy, aren’t you? He is much neater in his appearance now with his hair cut and the new clothing. He also won’t be shuffling his feet with those heels. You remember how much you hated seeing him walking like that.

“You like coming home to a neat apartment and dinner waiting on the table, don’t you? If he complains, it’s only because he feels that he has to put up a big front. When I say he truly enjoys the changes I made, I’m telling you what you know to be the truth. Trust me, Karen. I know what is best for the both of you. Trust me, Karen and be glad that your son is behaving like the daughter you always longed for,” Mrs. Gilmore said in her soft grandmotherly voice.

After greeting Harold with a hug and kiss on the cheek, Karen said, "Darling, thank you so much for fixing dinner again tonight. You have no idea how pleased I am with your efforts to help out. Let me get out of these heels and I'll be right back for dinner."

"Mom, we have to talk. Please, we really have to talk," Harold said.

"Not now darling, wait until we have dinner. You know how much I look forward to our time at dinner. We'll talk then, I promise," she replied, walking to her room.

During dinner Harold decided he had to say something. "Mom, look at me. She's got me wearing girl's clothing and now she's made me wear high heels. My feet and legs are killing me. Mom, you've got to make her stop this nonsense! Not only that but she has really messed up my school courses. I'll never get into college with the crazy business classes she signed me up for. Come on, you've just gotta stop this madness!"

Karen looked at him for a few moments before replying. "Harold darling, I love you and so does Mrs. Gilmore. We only want the best for you. No, don't say anything. Let me finish. I have to admit that while your dress may be a bit unisex in style, it's not overtly feminine. I also noted that your pants are not hanging halfway down your ass. I really hated it when you wore your trousers like that. It really sends the wrong message when you do that. I didn't raise you to be a hoodlum. I don't want to hear another word about how our dear friend wants you to dress. As far as the heels, well now you know how I feel by the time I get home from work. I can't wait to kick them off. Besides, wearing them has stopped you from shuffling your feet, hasn't it? So stop complaining. It's not like she makes

you wear them outside. I don't want to hear any more complaints out of you. Let's finish our dinner. Mrs. Gilmore will be here soon with our tea and your cookies."

"But Mom! She makes me wear panties and bras. No guy should have to do that and...and..." He began arguing but stopped as Mrs. Gilmore walked into the kitchen.

"Pardon me but did I interrupt something between you two? I can come back later if you wish," she said.

"Oh no, Mrs. Gilmore. Please have a seat. We were just finishing up dinner," Karen replied.

Harold, upset that his Mother wasn't going to help, stormed out of the kitchen and went to his room. He intended to storm out but his heels made it seem more like a wobbling walk.

Karen started to tell her son to get back there and sit down but Mrs. Gilmore stopped her. "Karen dear, don't. He's just upset. Have a cup of tea and we'll talk some more. While you pour, I'll take his cookies and a glass of milk to him. Try to relax. You know I only have your best interests in mind."

Mrs. Gilmore walked in without knocking, placed the plate of cookies and glass of milk on the bedside table. "Harold, I'm very disappointed in you. Your poor mother has too many worries without you adding to them. I know you have homework so I expect you to get it done. As punishment for upsetting your mother, you will keep your heels and all your clothing on until I come back and tell you differently. I will be checking up on you, so you better do what I say. I can always get my belt, you know," she said.

He was sitting on the bed reading but not absorbing a chapter on the different kinds of cloth and material when she came to check on him.

“What are you reading? Oh, it’s your H&F book. Cloth and material you say? Tell me the difference between satin and taffeta? You did study that, didn’t you? You can’t? There are just too many different kinds? Well, we can fix that easily enough. Sewing is one of my pastimes. I’ll help you this weekend. Now get ready for bed and do your facial regimen. Make sure you leave your bra and gaff on. That way you’ll get use to them. You’ll do that every night from now on, won’t you? You’ll never know when I might pop in for a quick look,” she said with an evil smile.

Sure enough, just as he was getting settled in bed, she came back. She made him get out of bed and wrinkled her nose when she saw his worn flannel pajamas. She made him pull the pants down, then open the top so she could make sure he had done as instructed. Satisfied, she kissed him on the forehead and told him to get some sleep.

The next night when she came over with her tea and cookies, she had a small package with her. It contained his new pajamas. The first pair were bright nylon fuchsia with small white dots. The bottoms were in a flair-legged boxer design and the short bell-sleeved top had wide satin lapels. It buttoned down the front with four large white buttons. The second pair was similar in design except with full billowing legs and sleeves in a bright emerald green.

Over the next two days, nothing much different happened. He wore his new clothing including his gaff and, as embarrassing as it was, inserted the breast pads into his training bra. Of all the new clothing, he hated

the gaff most of all. It was painful in its restriction and insured that his male bump was as flat as any girl. It also forced him to sit to pee. When he arrived home, he cleaned the apartment and learned how to do the washing. He didn't like to hand wash his and his Mother's intimates but he hated ironing the most.

Mrs. Gilmore was relentless about teaching him these new chores. Not only that, she made him change into his black Capri pants, put on one of his padded under-wire bras, purple blouse and red heels. It was hard enough doing his chores but having to fight bra straps that seemed to always want to fall off his shoulder and walking in high heels made his afternoons pure misery.

School wasn't any better and carrying a purse didn't help. He was now a part of Jodie's circle of girl friends. When one had to go use the bathroom, they all went. It was embarrassing but he had no choice if he didn't want to be discovered. His seat in the H&F class was moved right between Josie and Jeannie. They quickly spotted his bulky purse and asked him where he got it. They didn't miss the slight bulge in his blouse either. After some very embarrassing questions, they started talking about other things. He soon found out that Jeannie could be downright bossy when she wanted. During the lull between the first bell and roll call, he had to listen to them talking about clothing, boys, makeup, boys and music. He did his best to forget about them talking about how chic he looked carrying his purse.

"Like any of them could ever get a date, especially Jeannie," he thought as they talked about some football player. What had surprised him was the vulgar way they talked about boys and sex. He thought girls never

talked about boys the way he had about girls. It also bothered him that Jeannie was bossing him around.

What he didn't know about was the conversation the girls had before meeting up with him the first time. They had decided that Harold was either a tom-boy or lesbian. That was the only logical conclusion based on how he was dressed and acted. After all, how many boys had panty lines and wore a bra? They also needed someone thin in their group. One of the main projects of the class was to make a formal gown from a pattern. They could save big bucks on material and time if it was made for a thin person. So what if that person was a lesbian? they concluded.

Ooo

Saturday morning came; Harold was used to sleeping in, but not this Saturday. Mrs. Gilmore roused him out of bed at eight, shortly after his mother had gone to work.

"Come on, lazy bones, we have a lot to do today. Pull those sheets off the bed. Today we wash and iron all the bedding. Now go to the bathroom, get your tush back out here and do what I said. I'll be back in thirty minutes to help you get dressed," she ordered. He got out of bed wearing the fuchsia pajamas as he felt that they were the least feminine of the two pair he now owned.

"Oh my, that just won't do! That... that hair has to go! Come with me, we'll take care of that right now," Mrs. Gilmore exclaimed.

Still befuddled by sleep, Harold let her drag him by the hand into the bathroom. There she quickly pulled

his pajamas off, leaving him in bra and gaff. Taking a can of his mother's shaving cream from the counter, she soon had his legs covered in pink foam. A pink lady's razor went to work and as Harold came fully awake, his legs were baby smooth. She didn't stop there as she raised his arm and shaved his armpit smooth, then did the other. There were only a few scraggly hairs on his chest but they were gone before he could protest.

"Much better, now fill the tub and take a quick bath. And use this bubble bath your Mother has here. Call me when you are done. I'll have to show you how to moisturize now that you will be shaving," she said.

Harold was in shock as he stepped into the bubble-filled tub. Caught half-awake, shaved naked by that crazy woman and now finding himself in a perfumed bubble bath left him befuddled. All too soon she was back. He tried to cover himself with a towel but she snatched it away. There wasn't much room in the small bath for both of them and Harold was trapped. He put his hands over his privates, trying to maintain a semblance of modesty.

"Move those hands out of the way. Ain't nothing I haven't seen a million times. Oh my, its small, isn't it? Not much bigger than a baby's. Spread 'em, seems I missed something when I shaved your legs. Now don't move. I don't want to cut you," she said.

He wanted to scream that he wasn't small and for her to leave him alone but he stood sputtering as she took his dick in hand. She took her time and was careful not to nick the tender flesh of his groin as she removed all the hair. When he was as smooth as a baby, she stood up and handed him a bottle of moisturizer. A

very humble Harold, smelling sweetly of flowers, followed her back to his bedroom.

Reaching the bedroom, the sound of a mad dog barking reached their ears. "What on earth is that racket?" Mrs. Gilmore asked.

"That's my cell," he answered as he went over to his purse and pulled it out.

"Oh crap, it's Jeannie. I don't want to talk to her but maybe it will keep Mrs. Gilmore off my back for a while," he thought as he flipped the lid.

"Harold, it's me, Jeannie. I'm here with Mary and we are having a problem. We tried getting Josie and Alisha to help but they are all tied up. Can you pleassssee come over this afternoon, pleeeassseee," she asked.

"I'm not sure. I...I have chores to get done and I...I don't know if I can get away," he replied.

When Mrs. Gilmore asked him what was going on, he told her. He prayed that she would tell him he couldn't go as he shook his head. "I hope she gets the message," he thought.

She could tell he didn't want whatever the girl wanted, so she agreed that he could leave at three. She said it loud enough so that the girl on the phone could hear. With the downcast look of a beaten puppy, he agreed to meet the girls at three.

"Give me that phone, Harold. I don't want any more calls interrupting what you have to do today. Now to get you dressed for the day," she said, taking the black phone from him.

She went to his bureau and pulled out his black nylon panties with the bright pink script saying, "Satur-

day" embroidered over the left leg opening, his bright pink-with-white-lace-overlay gel-filled bra and red gaff to put on. He took them, then hesitated, not wanting to put them on. A single sharp slap to his bare bottom made him jump. Soon he was dressed in his black Capri's, white blouse, footies and red heels. He wasn't happy at what he saw reflected by the full-length mirror. The Capri's were girlishly smooth in the front and the back seam clearly separated his ass cheeks into two half-globes. The pink bra was somewhat visible through the white blouse. From the neck down, he looked just like a girl and the head just needed some makeup. Harold was not happy about that.

He spent the morning removing all the bed linens and putting them in the wash. As that task was being accomplished, he cleaned the bathroom until it sparkled, then mopped the kitchen floor. With the linens washed and dried, he had to iron them. It was one o'clock by the time he had finished and his feet and legs were killing him. He had done all those chores with only one fifteen minute break and he was exhausted. During the entire time, Mrs. Gilmore was constantly on his case about how he walked and moved.

"One foot in front of the other, plant the toe first, then the heel, elbows close to your sides, keep those wrists limp. No, don't bend like that, stoop down. You'll find it easier if you keep your feet side-by-side when you stoop. Keep your back straight and head up. I won't tolerate slovenly behavior," she kept telling him.

At one, she told him it was time for lunch. Considering that he didn't get any breakfast, Harold was starving. The egg salad sandwich she showed him how to make didn't go very far in satisfying his hunger. He

was very grateful to finally sit down and relax a bit as he ate his lunch.

“You said you had to go to your friend’s house at two. It’s almost that now. Wash your dishes then scoot over there. I have a few errands to run but I want you back here no later than four-thirty,” she instructed.

“I...I can’t go anywhere looking like this! I have to change first,” he sputtered.

“Don’t be ridiculous, dear. You look just fine the way you are. Now get along and don’t forget to take your purse. I might not be here when you get back and you will need your keys,” Mrs. Gilmore ordered.

Harold grabbed his purse and met her at the door. “Here Harold, you will need some change for the bus,” she said, handing him some coins.

“Bus! I can’t ride the bus,” he stammered.

“Of course you can and you must if you are going to be on time. If there is one thing I hate, it’s being late for an appointment. Now go, I’ll walk you to the bus stop,” she calmly replied. She was standing in front of the doorway wearing a blue calico cotton dress, legs slightly spread with her arms nestled under her massive bosom. She was daring him to do something but Harold backed down from her menacing presence.

Harold almost peed his panties getting to Jeannie’s place. It had been humiliating walking to the bus stop, having to wait, then board the crowded bus. He actually let out a girlish whelp when someone pinched his butt. As he got off the bus, a number of male eyes were watching his pert butt swish and sway away from them. One of those men thought that the Harold had a cute ass but could use some help up top.

He didn't get much help at Jeannie's either. When he arrived, they made a big fuss over how cute he looked. As it turned out, they needed him to help decide what pattern to choose for their H&F class. It had to be a formal design and modeled by one of the team members. It would count as fifty percent of their first semester grade. They spent over an hour looking through the pattern books before settling on one. It was an ankle-length, cowl-necked full-skirted dress. They chose it because it was just complex enough to assure them of a great grade. Actually, the two girls chose it; Harold just went along with their decision. He was bored after the first ten minutes of looking at patterns.

Walking back home, he had no idea how feminine he looked. With his pixie hairstyle, black skintight Capri's and shining red three-inch heels, all he needed to make the picture complete was makeup. He walked down the sidewalk, hips rotating, elbows at his side, with his wrists loose and his heels sparkling in the sun on his way home. More than one man's head turned as he strode past.

Back at his apartment, Mrs. Gilmore was waiting. "You're back. I have a surprise for you, Harold. I picked it up while I was out. I think it is much nicer than your old one," she said, handing him a small package.

He timidly reached out and took it. He knew that any gift from her would be totally wrong. So far everything she had done made his life a living hell. He was not wrong on this occasion either. It was a bright lilac-colored cell phone with small white flowers on it. He noticed that the ring tones had been pre-set. The first one was "Theme from Love Story."

“That one is your mother’s, mine is next and yours is last. I think yours is the most appropriate,” she said as the tune played. “I am Woman” was next. The final tone was, Lady GaGa’s “Born This Way.”

“Wha...what? I don’t want these ring tones and what happened to my old numbers? It had all my old buddies’ numbers in it,” he gasped.

“That phone cost me plenty and I don’t want to see you changing anything, especially the ring tones. As far as those old numbers, well, you won’t need them. Oh, I did remember to add that new friend of yours, what’s her name, oh yes, Jeannie, in there. Did you know these newfangled things keep track of every place you go? I thought that was a nice feature as I’m sure your poor mother will want to know where you are at all times. Now take the linens from this morning and put them away. I’ve already made your bed but you need to replace the sheets on your mother’s,” she said.

He was still mumbling every curse word he knew plus some he made up over what she just did as he finished putting fresh linens on his mother’s bed. Arriving back in his room, he dropped the pile of sheets on the floor in shock. His room was different. Horribly wrong. There were white ruffled gauzy curtains covering the window with a pale pink trellis. His sheets were pink with a white daisy print and matching ruffled bed skirting. A yellow satin pillowed comforter was neatly folded at the foot of the bed. There was even a large white fluffy teddy bear sitting on his pink pillow. The room absolutely reeked of flowers.

“OMG! What has that fucking bitch done now?” he yelled.

No sooner than the words left his mouth, Harold felt himself being propelled across the room and bent over the bed. Fire and pain seared through him as Mrs. Gilmore applied her strap with a fierce passion.

“That’s it! I’m at my wits’ end, you ungrateful child! I’ve had it with your cussing, disobedience and lack of respect. If I don’t see a great improvement in your attitude, this punishment will seem like a dessert. Just one more cuss word and you will be attending ballet classes. Any argument about what I want and you will be attending classes in dresses. Do you understand me?” she yelled. A few more minutes went by as she pounded his poor bottom. Harold was in actual pain.

“Now tell me what you are going to do from now on or I can continue spanking your ass for as long as it takes,” she demanded.

“I... I won’t cuss. I will do whatever you say,” he sobbed out.

“What else? What else are you going to show me and your poor Mother?” she snarled.

“Respect?” he managed, gasping in pain.

He felt the pressure on the back of his neck removed and the spanking stopped. Sliding to the floor, he scrunched up and continued crying. His ass was on fire. She left him there and went out of the room.

“I’ll be back shortly and I expect that infantile crying to stop. Go wash your face and pull yourself together. You still have to make this evening’s dinner. I really don’t get any pleasure out of spanking you, Harold. Maybe the next time you misbehave, I’ll just post all these pretty photos of you in your panties and bras I have on my cell phone. I have some wonderful pictures of you in your Capri’s, apron, cap and heels that I

could post on the internet. Would you rather I do that?" she said, walking to the door.

Hearing that threat, Harold almost completely forgot about the pain and began begging her not to do that. If those photos got out, he would be better off dead.

"Please no, don't do that. I'll do what you say. I promise. I swear that I won't give you any more trouble. Just promise me that you won't post those photos," he begged.

"We'll see," was all she said as she walked out of the room. "Oh, I've got you now, my pretty," she thought.

Sunday, Karen was told to go into the city and have a fun day and not to worry by Mrs. Gilmore. Harold was in the utility room hand, washing his and his Mother's lingerie when Mrs. Gilmore spotted him. He had just picked up a pair of lime green bikini panties, his mother's, as he turned to face her. When he did, the panties fell from his grasp but didn't fall to the floor. They were caught on his finger nail and dangled like a flag.

"Harold, you snagged your mother's panties. Did you ruin them? I can't believe you let your nails get in that condition. Stop what you are doing and come with me," she said. Blushing, Harold put the panties back in the pile and followed her out to the kitchen.

"Dry your hands and sit down. I'll be back momentarily," she ordered.

When she came back, she had her large purse with her. Putting it down on the table, she removed an emery board, orange stick and a bottle of pale pink polish.

Taking his left hand, she began pushing back the cuticles with the orange stick.

“Now watch what I’m doing because I expect you to make this an every day habit,” she said as she worked. She rounded and smoothed out the nails with the emery board before coating each nail with the polish.

“Please, not pink. I’m a guy. Guys don’t wear finger nail polish,” he said as she pulled the brush from the bottle.

“Oh posh, this hardly has any color to it at all, besides polish will protect your nails. Just be glad I had this pale pink otherwise it could have been red. You’re not arguing with me, are you? Remember what I promised to do if you started questioning my judgment last night. There is a purpose to keeping your nails neat and polished, you know. Polished nails will not snag delicate clothing and they reflect a pride in one’s self,” Mrs. Gilmore said.

“No, I wasn’t arguing. I...I was just wondering..wh..why the color,” he stammered, remembering her threat.

When she finished, she handed him the orange stick, emery board, varnish and polish remover. “Go put these in your purse, dear. You’ll need them to repair any chips. I’ll take you to the store later to get your own nail care kit and some other things you will need. You can’t go on using your mother’s personal things,” she said.

With the laundry done, Harold had some time for himself. Sitting at his computer, he was stunned when his homepage came up. Looking at it, he was filled with rage and embarrassment. The hard rock theme

had been replaced by a pink background and boy bands. His photo had been replaced by a more recent one showing his new hair style. His profile had also been changed. His wannabe rocker profile was replaced with pictures of teen idols like Justin Bieber and many Barbie photos. He tried to change everything back to the original setting but was blocked from doing so.

“Oh that bitch! She’s made me look like the biggest faggot ever. Come on, you damn machine, let me in,” he screamed, pounding uselessly at the keyboard.

Giving up on changing his homepage, he checked out his favorite web pages. They were blocked for him, replaced by such sites as “Macy’s,” “Modern Teen,” “Dior” and other girlie sites. He was about to delete those listings when Mrs. Gilmore entered his room.

“So you discovered some of the changes I made to your computer. To save you some time, I restricted your access and ability to make changes, removed your old buddy list and all those pornographic sites. I added two hunky guy websites since you seem to like looking at pictures of naked people. Maybe now you won’t be so chauvinistic about women. Now shut that down and get ready. We have some shopping to do,” she said.

Later he was led by the hand down the aisles of the local drugstore. In their basket, Mrs. Gilmore had placed a number of items. A woman’s pink razor and spare blades, feminine strawberry-scented shave gel, strawberry-scented shampoo and conditioner, strawberry body wash and body lotion, a pink leather nail kit, emory boards, and cuticle sticks were already in the cart. Now they were walking down the feminine hygiene aisle. To his further embarrassment, she stopped at a display of panty liners.

“Harold, I couldn’t help but notice that there were skid marks on the crotch of your panties. We can’t have that so from now on, you will wear a panty liner. I hear the ones with wings work the best. Also, I think to make sure you don’t mess up your liners, a proper douche should be used daily from now on,” she said, moving over to that section of the aisle.

“These prepared ones are probably too harsh for your system. I think we’ll just stick to the old-fashioned bulb syringe,” she said as she put the item into the cart.

From there, they moved on to the nail polish display. Mrs. Gilmore looked over a few of them before deciding on two bottles in different light shades of pink and one bottle of bright red. Seeing the look on his face, she said, “Dear, this one is for times when you don’t show enthusiasm doing the things I ask you to do. Don’t you think this color will match your pretty heels?”

As they were heading to the checkout, Mrs. Gilmore stopped suddenly. “Oh my yes, this will do perfectly,” she said, reaching up and taking down a box. Harold was confused for a moment or two before realizing what she had in mind for him. She had picked out a box from the hair coloring section. The box said it was “True Strawberry Blonde.”

By the time they reached the checkout, his eyes were misting over. “What is she trying to do to me? Pads, douches and now hair dye? I should tell her there’s no way in hell I’m gonna use any of this shit but I don’t want another beating or have to wear any stupid dresses to school. She even has total access to my computer. Without Mom’s help, I can’t do anything,” he thought.

“Miss, oh Miss, will that be all?” he heard the clerk ask, bringing him out of his thoughts.

“Miss, who is he calling Miss?” he thought before coming to his senses. “I can see where he’d make that fucking mistake. She has me wearing my push-up bra, tan slacks, white blouse and these red heels, plus I’m carrying a fucking purse,” he thought.

Monday in his H&F class, the girls made a big fuss over his strawberry blond hair. They told him he looked cute, precious and darling. To his surprise, Josie said, “Come on, girlfriend. We need to decide on the color and material of our formal, then someone needs to volunteer to go get it after school today.”

The group had decided on three colors: emerald green, amethyst and lilac. They got the material down to satin, nylon with chiffon overlay and taffeta. After much arguing, they decided on an amethyst-colored nylon with a pale lavender chiffon overlay as it would look the best with blue eyes. In addition, the material would make it much easier to create the deep cowl neckline the pattern called for. They also decided that the dress would need a petticoat to fill out and give some shape to the full skirt design they had chosen.

During the discussions, Harold half-heartedly participated. His mind was still obsessed with his strawberry blond hair. However, when he heard the comment about blue eyes, he had to ask, “What does blue eyes have anything to do with what color we choose.”

“Haven’t you been paying attention in class when Miss Harris said that you shouldn’t wear colors that conflict with your skin tone or eye color? Most people have brown or black eyes and can wear pretty much anything but those with green or blue coloring have to

be more careful. You don't want to wear a color that detracts from those beautiful sea blue eyes of yours, do you?" Mary answered.

"Huh? What? You want me to wear the dress? No way! I don't wear dresses," he said, shocked that they would even think of such a thing.

"Look Harold, we know you're a butch lesbian and we don't really care. What we *do* care about is getting an A on this project. If we make the dress for you, it will take a lot less material which will save us money and time to sew. Besides with your good looks, the dress will guarantee all of us an A. We've decided and you *will* wear our dress. Not only that but we'll get extra credit when we put you in full nighttime makeup. No, don't say anything. I know you don't wear makeup to classes but you will this one day for us. Cosmetology is part of this course too," Jeannie stated.

Harold sat stunned by what Jeannie said and his mind began to race. "Dress? Full makeup? Butch lesbian? Have they totally lost their minds? I'm no lesbian. Oh shit! They think I'm a real girl. Oh damn, that clerk yesterday called me 'Miss' too. Does everybody think I'm a girl? I have to wear girlie undies but my jeans and slacks cover that all up. I've got to set them straight. I don't want to wear a dress and makeup."

"Jeannie, you shouldn't have said that about being butch. It wasn't nice," Josie's voice cut into his thoughts.

"If its true then it was alright to say it," Jeannie replied, then turned to Harold and continued, "Well, are you a butch lesbian? You like girls?"

"Yes, I like girls," he replied indignantly.

“See, I told you so,” Jeannie taunted the others before turning her attention back to him. “Harold, now that that is settled, tell me your real name. You know, your girlie name. Calling you Harold when you are wearing our dress just doesn’t seem right.”

Harold looked around the room in a panic. He couldn’t help but notice that the girls in nearby groups were staring at him, as were his partners. “Oh damn, they must all think I’m a girl. What am I going to do? If I tell the truth, I’ll be a laughing stock and punching bag for the rest of the time I’m here. I don’t know if they would believe that I’m being forced to dress like this. If I lie and tell them some made up girlie name, I’ll be stuck like this until I graduate. I have to come up with a girlie name or tell them I’m really a guy and I don’t want to do either. A girlie name, what’s a good girlie name? I’d better think of something quick.”

Looking at Jeannie, Harold screwed up his courage and said, “Samantha, its Samantha but I don’t like being called that.”

Mrs. Gilmore was waiting for him when he left school that afternoon. “Harold, we must get you some more clothing. I’m tired of seeing you in those old baggy clothes when you are not wearing your darling jeans and slacks. Your mother gave me her credit card so we can get you something nicer,” she said as he walked up.

“Bye Samantha, I mean Harold, sorry. See you tomorrow,” Jeannie yelled and waved at him in passing.

Harold’s face went very pale as Jeannie walked on down the sidewalk. He was right to be afraid as Mrs. Gilmore stared down at him. Her eyes were twinkling and there was a broad smile on her face.

“Samantha is it? Now why did that young girl call you Samantha?” she asked.

“It...it’s just a silly joke, that’s all. She called me that because...because I’m in that stupid Home and Family living course. I’m the only guy there,” he said, glad that he came up with a quick explanation.

“Well Harold, or should I say Samantha, I know for a fact that there are two other young men attending that class. Do the girls have names for them too?” Mrs. Gilmore asked.

“I...I don’t remember, besides, they’re queer and who cares?” he stammered.

“Now Samantha, don’t be a bigot. There are a lot of very nice gay men out there. It might do you good to spend some time with them. Who knows, you might have a lot in common. As a matter of fact, I want you to get me their names and phone numbers. I would like to talk to them. Now remember your promise not to use cuss words anymore. I don’t ever want to hear you use that horrible word to describe gays, understood? Come on, we have a lot to do yet,” she replied.

He was so shocked hearing her demand that he get the queers’ names and numbers, he forgot about her calling him Samantha.

“Maybe I can get Josie or one of the other girls to get them for me,” he thought as they began walking down the street.

Back in the thrift store, she took her time looking through the racks. Every now and then, she would pick something out and hand it to him. She selected six pair of slacks and ushered him to the changing room. Now that the weather was getting colder, she had selected some heavier pants. The first three pairs were wool



with satin lining in charcoal, navy and black. The front of all three pairs were pleated, the legs had two-inch cuffs and came with thin leather matching belts. None of them had any pockets. The fourth pair he hated instantly. It was a soft pale pink pair of denim skinny

jeans. The last two pairs were skinny jeans in pale blue denim.

As he pulled on the charcoal slacks, he felt a shiver run up his spine as the cool satin lining slid up his hairless legs. He buttoned the front closure, zipped up the short zipper and fastened the small silver buckle on the belt. Mrs. Gilmore made him turn around a couple of times to check the fit, then go back and put on another pair.

"Please Mrs. Gilmore, don't make me come out here wearing those pink jeans. I don't like them at all," he said as he showed her the black slacks.

"Samantha, you will put them on so I can see how they fit. No more arguments or maybe you would like me to see if I can find a pretty dress instead," she replied with a smile.

Her words stopped any further protest and he did as she demanded. The jeans hugged his groin and ass as if painted on. He was disturbed to see how flat his groin looked as he turned before the mirror. The other two pairs fit just as tight and Mrs. Gilmore gave her hearty approval to all of them.

By the time they left the store, he was the proud possessor of six new pair of pants, six new long-sleeved blouses, three fluffy sweaters, six pair of black, two pair of white and two pair of blue tights, one new jacket and cap. The jacket was fiber-filled in a white satin with baby blue detailing. It had the added feature of being able to remove the sleeves so the jacket could double as a vest. The white cap was made of angora with a tassel on top and a wide turned-up brim that could be folded down to cover the ears.

They stopped at a shoe store on the way home. When he left that store, he had three new pairs of shoes. The first pair were ankle boots in black leather with three-inch stacked heels. The second pair were black leather pumps with five-inch spiked heels and the final pair was pink with baby blue detailing and laces tennis shoes. She also purchased a half-dozen each of knee-highs and pantyhose in different colors.

Ooo

Over the next four weeks, Harold fell deeper and deeper into his forced feminine role. His biggest shock came when he was called into the school's student affairs office. There his picture was taken and he was issued a new student identification card. This card identified him as "Samantha Marie Ward," The card had an "F" in the "sex" space. The woman in charge explained that they were just correcting a horrible mistake in the school records and apologized profusely over the mistake.

"If your Grandmother hadn't notice our mistake, it probably wouldn't have been caught until next semester. You really should have come in as soon as you noticed the mistake but everything is corrected now. We're so sorry this happened. I assure you it won't happen again," she explained.

Harold left the office stunned. Somehow that bitch had gotten the school to alter his permanent records and there was nothing he could do about it. "I can bitch and raise all kinds of hell but that would only get me clobbered. Everyone would know that I was a guy dressing like a fag and no telling what the girls would do to me. Like I've been going with them to the bath-

room and they think I'm a girl. If I get found out, my life here won't be worth a shit," he thought, walking back to class.

Mrs. Gilmore was relentless in her demands. She not only oversaw his performance while cleaning, she made sure he did his homework. It seemed like she was constantly looking over his shoulder. The funny thing about his homework though was that she only made him do it for his H&F, Business Math and Business Administration courses. He wore his black pumps every day with a pair of knee-highs or pantyhose. He had trouble with the higher heels at first but was soon walking with ease. By the time he went to bed, he couldn't wait to kick off the heels and strip off the hot stockings.

When the girls first saw him wearing his new clothing, they praised and complimented him. They especially wanted to know where he had purchased the platform ankle boots. When the first cold snap hit, he wore his pink skinny jeans and white jacket over a pink cotton long-sleeved blouse for the first time. The girls couldn't stop talking about how great he looked. Josie commented how much she liked the idea of him dressing more femininely. Occasionally, they would slip up and call him Samantha and he would ask them not to. His complaint didn't do much good; the girls just started calling him Sam. However, no matter how much he complained, he couldn't get Jeannie to stop calling him Samantha.

It was during the cold spell that Jeannie added to his femininity. She noticed that his lips were chapped and insisted that he put some gloss on them. The gloss was, as the name implied, glossy with a definite hint of red color. It didn't matter how much he resisted her,

she reached over, grabbed an earlobe with one hand and smeared the gloss across his lips with the applicator. Defeated, he gave in to her demand that he keep the gloss and dropped it in his purse. He promised himself that he would never wear that stuff again.

The only bright spot was when Mary gave him the names and phone numbers of the two gay boys that Mrs. Gilmore wanted. Their names were Billy Thompson and Joey Delgado. He put the paper with their names on it in his purse and tried to forget about it, hoping Mrs. Gilmore would too. It was less than a week later that she asked if he had gotten them. She had him put their information into his cell with their own ring tones. Billy's was "True Love Ways" and Joey's was "Stardust."

While he was digging through his purse trying to find the paper with the boy's numbers, Mrs. Gilmore saw the tube of lip gloss. She told him to take it out and show her what it was.

"Where did you get this, dear?" she asked, smiling.

"Errr..Jeannie put that in there. I don't use it...it's hers," he hastened to reply.

"Why would she put her lip gloss in your purse? Don't lie, I will know if you do," she shot back.

"I had chapped lips and she...she put some on me, that's all," he said, blushing.

"How sweet of her but you really shouldn't wear someone else's makeup. We'll stop by the drug store and get you your own. Your lips could use a daily moisturizing treatment and lip gloss will do just fine," she said.

By that evening, Harold was applying his very own plum-colored lip gloss. Mrs. Gilmore had picked it up

that afternoon, telling him that it was either the Red Plumb color or one called Fire Engine Red as they were the only ones available. The plum gloss had a grape taste. When he first put it on, it made his lips tingle. He didn't know that this gloss had an ingredient that would plump up his lips.

In H&F class, the girls began working on their dress project. Mary had gotten the material for the project. Instead of the satin for the skirt, she purchased six yards of Irida Purple silk along with the chiffon. The pattern they had agreed upon was not available, so she purchased a V-neckline, V-backline empire waist pattern.

"I know we planned on a nylon skirt and cowl neck pattern but I couldn't resist. The silk was a close out special. It was actually cheaper than the satin, if you can believe that. They didn't have the pattern we wanted so I picked this one" she said as she flipped the bolt of silk on the table and unrolled about two yards.

The girls began jumping up and down and screeching in a way that only girls can. A high-pitched, drawn out EEEEEEEEEKKKKKKK! Harold plugged his ears with his fingers trying to dull the demented noise.

When the girls had settled down, they helped Mary unload the bolts of lilac chiffon, white stiff netting, taffeta and white nylon that would be used to make the petticoat. Once the cloth has been unloaded from Mary's car and brought to the classroom, Harold thought they had enough to make dresses for all of them. Harold stood there with a dumbfounded look on his face when Jeannie grabbed his arm and began pulling him behind the changing screen.

"Hey, where are you taking me?" he asked.

“Over here so I can get your measurements. If those two boys weren’t in class with us, we could do it right here. We could do that if you want. They’re gay, so I don’t think it would matter to them to see you in your undies,” she replied.

“Yo... you want... want me to... to take my clothes off?” he stuttered.

“Of course. How else are we going to get accurate measurements for the dress size? That pattern is for sizes four to six and we need to know which one you are. My guess is a five,” she said.

Behind the screen, Harold slipped off his blouse, revealing his training bra. He balked at taking off his jeans but Jeannie told him he could either take them down behind the screen or she’d make him do it in front of the whole class. Blushing furiously, he let them drop to the floor as she began measuring. She measured him across the chest, shoulder to shoulder, waist and hips with a cloth tape.

“Damn! It looks like you’re only an A cup and this dress really calls for at least a full B,” she muttered, putting down her tape.

“An A? That can’t be right. The lady at the store said I was an AAA just a couple of months ago,” he said in disbelief.

“No, I measured correctly. Your chest measures thirty-two and across your nipples measures thirty-four. That two-inch difference means an A cup breast. You really should be at least a thirty-six B by now. I guess you’re just a late bloomer. It’s nothing a little padding won’t cure,” she replied, picking up her tape and notebook, leaving the very confused boy behind.

“Let’s see, we moved here in late May and now it’s almost November and what have I got to show for it? I don’t have any real friends unless you count Josie, Jeannie, Mary and Alisha. Mrs. Gilmore is constantly riding my case and Mom seems to get weirder every day. I think she believes I like dressing and acting this way. She doesn’t even say anything when I’m wearing a stuffed bra and high heels. Everybody at school thinks I’m a girl named Samantha even if I don’t wear dresses and makeup. To make matters even worse, I think I’m growing boobs. They’re puffy; my nipples are sensitive as hell and itch. It has to be from wearing those bras all the time but how can I go from an AAA cup to an A cup because of wearing bras? I haven’t put on any weight except my ass seems to be getting bigger. My poor dick! I don’t get to see or play with it unless I’m taking my bath. Even then, that bitch is usually watching. Those tight gaffs are killing me. What’s happening to me? I would run away but where can I go? My step-dad? I have no idea where my real father is. If I don’t do what Mrs. Gilmore tells me, then she’ll either spank me or put God knows how many pictures of me on the internet. This is all that bitch, Mrs. Gilmore’s, fault. If she hadn’t come into our lives, everything would be great now. Why did Mom have to move here?” he pondered as he dressed.

Ooo

“Karen dear, I think you need to show Harold that you appreciate his efforts. You know he has come a long way since you made him start helping out around the house and dressing nicer,” Mrs. Gilmore said over tea one evening.

“Oh, I do appreciate all that he has been doing, Mrs. Gilmore. It’s *so* comforting to come home to a nice clean house and dinner on the table. We haven’t argued over his sloppy dressing and long hair in months. You’re Heaven sent, Mrs. Gilmore. I never thought it would be possible to bring about such a change in his attitude but you did it. What do you think I need to do to show him how appreciative I am? I tell him he looks nice, compliment him on the dinners he makes and kiss him goodnight,” she replied.

“I bought him some new clothing but you should give them to him. Tell him it’s in appreciation for all he’s done. It would mean so much more coming from you. Have another cup of tea, dear, I have something else to tell you,” Mrs. Gilmore, said handing her a bright pink wrapped box with white bow.

After Karen had poured another cup and took a few sips, Mrs. Gilmore took her hand and patted it. “Dear, listen carefully. It wouldn’t bother you if Harold became a little bit more feminine, would it? You don’t want that smelly nasty boy attitude back, do you? He looks nice in his heels, tight jeans and apron, doesn’t he? He told me that he would have to model the dress he and his friends are making in their Home and Family Living class. He’s afraid that you will object and make a big fuss over seeing him in a dress. You don’t want to embarrass or make a fuss over a silly dress, do you?” she asked as she refilled Karen’s cup.

“There is something else. If his dress is voted the best, he will have to attend the Homecoming Dance wearing it. You would be very proud if his dress won, wouldn’t you? Yes, that’s what I thought. The dance is all formal and he would be included in the Homecoming Queen’s court. It would be very embarrassing for

him, unless you really encourage him. Of course, Harold would also need a date. I'm glad you agree, dear. Since he will be wearing a dress, don't you think his date should be a boy? Not just any boy but one who can watch out for Harold while he is wearing a dress.

"You will accept the fact that Harold will be wearing a dress and going to the dance with a boy. You will not spoil his fun. You will insist that he do this. He will scream and argue but it is all a ruse. He has to put up a big front and act all macho so you won't think less of him. Trust me, inside he really wants this and so do you. It will be a good experience for him. You must tell yourself that it is just an act and he will love the experience. You remember your prom, I'm sure so don't spoil it for Harold," she said softly but firmly.

As Karen finished her tea, Mrs. Gilmore sat with a broad smile. "After all these months of the tea, she'll accept and do whatever I say. It's been a slow process but worth it. Another month or so, she'll believe that Harold has always wanted to be a girl named Samantha. Of course, he'll hate every second of it but I don't care. When I'm finished with him, he'll be perfect for my nephew Billy. Billy, the poor soul, has been a burden on my daughter and son-in-law with his sexuality. A prominent politician doesn't need the adverse publicity a gay son would attract. It's only a matter of time before Billy does something stupid to attract that attention or get himself killed. Harold is a virgin, healthy and just right to be Billy's future wife. I'll never understand why a gay boy like Billy is only attracted to straight boys. One of these days, he is going to act on that desire and get into real trouble. He confided in me that it was a real turn-on for him but if I live to be a hundred, I'll never understand. Oh well, I love my family and will do whatever I have to," she thought.

Ooo

It had been another frantic two weeks for Harold. It started with his mother, of all people, giving him a box wrapped in pink paper with an elaborate white bow. When he opened it, he found a pink chiffon ruffled pin-afore apron and matching mob cap. It was bad the next day when he had to wear it along with his black Capri's and heels. That gift meant that his mother supported whatever Mrs. Gilmore wanted.

His H&F class was no easier on his nerves. It didn't so much have to do with helping the girls sew the dress as it was the final results. When the girls told him that the class would model their creations before the entire student body during the Homecoming pep rally and serve in the Queen's court, he nearly lost it. He flatly refused to wear the dress.

"It is one thing to have to wear this in class but I'm not doing it before the entire school," he told them.

"Yes you will. Not only that, you will do whatever it takes to make our project the best ever," Jeannie yelled at him.

"Make me!" he stormed back.

"Okay," she replied, reaching into her purse for her cell.

As Harold watched, he noticed that their argument had drawn the attention of most of the class. He had no idea who Jeannie was calling but with all eyes staring at him, he became very nervous. As Jeannie put her cell back into her purse, "I am Woman" could be heard coming from his purse. Now Harold began to seriously worry. Mrs. Gilmore had never called him before. A

very red-faced Harold put his phone back into his purse.

"I'm...I'm sorry. I will do it...but I won't like it. Ho..how did she...?" he softly said with his head bowed.

"How does she know me? Your grandmother called me about a month or so ago. She seems like a very nice person and is very concerned about you. She told me that if I ever have a problem with you to call her so I did," Jeannie said smugly.

"Dang! That old bat must have gotten it when she gave me that stupid phone. What else has she done that I don't know about? If I don't do this, she'll post all those photos on the internet. My life is over," he thought.

"Okay okay, you win but tell me everything. I want to know what I have to do besides wear this stupid dress?" he asked.

"Well, first of all, it is not a stupid dress. It's a fabulous dress. All the girls get up on stage during the Homecoming Pep Rally and strut their stuff. The winning dress is decided by the crowd's response. The winner, and it's going to be you, attends the dance as a member of the Queen's Court. Isn't that the best thing ever?" Josie said.

"No, it's not! I don't want to make a spectacle of myself in front of everyone. I don't even want to go to the dance. I never go to dances, *ever*," he replied.

"Sam, it's about time you cast off your tomboy attitude and get with the program. I don't care if you are a lesbian but you definitely need to loosen up. It wouldn't hurt you to look your best. Beautiful girls can be lesbians too, you know. Any one of us would give our left

arm to be as slim and beautiful as you but we know we're fat and ugly. Nobody wants to date a fat girl or see one waddling across the stage in a dress," Mary said as she broke out in tears. Harold stood open-mouthed as the girls huddled around Mary while glaring at him.

"Oh man, what have I gotten myself into now? The entire classroom is watching us. They probably all think I'm a bitch, and a lesbian at that. I'm a regular guy who likes girls but they all think I'm a girl. Being called a lezzie is just as bad as being called a fag. Now I'll catch all kinds of grief from the other girls about being that way. It wasn't so bad when just the girls thought I was a lesbian but I can't have the whole school think that. I've got to figure some way to get out of this mess. Guess I'd better apologize to Mary," he thought.

"Mary, I'm sorry, I really am. I promise to do whatever I have to. I'm not a bitch and I'm not a lesbian! It's just that I have never been good at this sorta thing. I've never gone to a dance, worn a dress and appeared in public like you're asking me to do," he said loud enough for everyone to hear.

"Well, that's a much better attitude Samantha. Come on girls, we've got to figure out what accessories Samantha is going to need. I was thinking pearls with that dress. I have a pair of drop pearl earrings with diamond studs to die for that I'm willing to donate to the cause," Jeannie stated.

"I have a four-strand pearl bracelet we could use," Alisha said.

"I have a beautiful cameo choker my Aunt gave me we could use unless someone has a nice necklace," Mary added.

"And I have a gorgeous solitaire pearl ring that would be perfect, if it fits," Josie said.

By the end of class, they were all sitting huddled together staring at the finished dress hanging on the dress maker's dummy. The Irisa Purple silk had a "V" neckline, fluted cap short sleeves, empire waist and ankle-length full skirt with a gathered train in the back. The lilac chiffon was draped across the bodice from shoulder to shoulder in soft folds before falling to the empire waist. A four-inch wide section of the silk had been pleated and sewn around the empire waist to further define and enhance the bust line. To give the silk skirt flare, they used a stiff white nylon netting and taffeta yoked petticoat.

"That dress screams out for an elaborate hairdo. Something piled high and all fancy like. Not a big hair style but something soft and sensual. Anybody have any ideas?" Josie asked.

"Josie darling, in case you haven't noticed, our model has a pixie cut," Alisha replied.

"I think I have the very thing in my closet. I wore it for a play last year. It's a Gibson Girl wig in a nice chestnut color. Not real hair but a pretty good artificial wig. We could fancy it up a bit by adding matching ribbons and perhaps some flowers, like maybe violets and lilacs," Mary piped up.

Harold was uncomfortable over the idea of wearing the dress and jewelry but the wig sounded like more than he could take. "Hey guys, just a second here. It's bad enough wearing the dress and stuff but don't you

think the wig is a bit much? I'm...," he started but was cut off.

"No! It's settled! You will be wearing pearls and the wig. With the right amount of makeup and proper heels, you'll win the contest for sure. Plus, we'll all get A's on our report cards. You will need to get a pair of four inch strappy sandals or open-toed heels in either Irisa Purple satin or leather. I'll get you a scrap of the silk and you can have the shoe repair shop dye the shoes the right color. Before I forget, you'll need a nice clutch to go with the dress. I think I saw the perfect one at Macy's. You need to do something about your bust though. Get a nice bra that's makes you at least a C cup. That dress just calls out for a nice pair of jiggling girls. Don't look so worried, I'll call your Grandmother and clear it with her," Jeannie stated with conviction.

After school, Mrs. Gilmore was waiting for him. When he saw her, he went livid with rage. "Damn it! How could you do this to me? What have I done to deserve this? I can understand helping clean the house and cooking dinner but *this*? It's bad enough that everyone thinks I'm a girl now but...but making me wear a dress in public and to some stupid dance.../" he raged.

"Harold! Watch your tongue! Maybe you want this posted on the internet?" she said, reaching into her purse.

Harold gasped when he was handed an eight by ten photo. It was a color photo of him wearing his Capri's, red heels, pink chiffon pinafore and mob cap, using a feather duster.

"Or maybe you'd rather I use this one? I think your girlfriends would get a kick out of it," she said handing him another color photo. It showed him in profile,

wearing his padded under-wire bra, panties, thigh-high nylons and black heels.

“No! Please don’t show these to anyone. I’m sorry,” he said in surrender.

“Very well but for cursing and arguing with me, you will be wearing dresses. Remember our agreement? You promised not to argue and do what I ask if I didn’t make you wear dresses. You also promised not to use curse words. I was coming here to tell you that you wouldn’t have to model that dress but now you have put yourself in dresses. So don’t blame me. It’s your own fault,” she hissed.

“What have I done? She wasn’t going to make me wear that dress. Why did I have to go off like that?” his mind raged at him.

“I believe we have some shopping to do. Hand me that swatch of cloth so we can get the shoes dyed the proper color. Put a pretty smile on that face and look like you’re thrilled to go shopping. Remember, this is of your own doing. So far I have been lenient with you but from this moment on, you will do what I say or everything gets posted,” Mrs. Gilmore said as they began walking.

Once again, he found himself in the thrift store. Mrs. Gilmore was busy looking through the racks of dresses humming happily. Harold broke out in a cold sweat as he watched her push her way through the racks. It didn’t take her long to find something she liked and pulled the dress off the rack. It was a rayon A-line style with a full skirt in a pink paisley print. The short sleeves had white button down cuffs and white pointed collar.

“Oh my, I haven’t seen one of these in ages. I just loved this style when I was younger. So light and airy, the skirt screams for pretty petticoats to fill it out. Here, try this on while I look for more,” she said, thrusting the dress into his hands.

A blushing Harold took the dress into the communal dressing room and slowly removed his clothing. For the first time since all this nonsense started, he regretted taking off his blouse and slacks. He unzipped the back of the dress and stepped into it. He had a bit of trouble zipping it up. It took him several minutes to figure out that he had to grab the zipper at the bottom, work it up as high as he could before reaching behind his neck and pulling it all the way up. Mrs. Gilmore was certainly right when she described it as being light and airy. It felt like he didn’t have anything on. The cuffs and collar were a bit tight, the hem fell to knee-length and it seemed to fit. The only problem with the fit was that the bodice seemed to sag a bit on his chest. As he looked at his reflection in the changing booth, he heard Mrs. Gilmore call out for him. Reluctantly, he stepped out.

“Good, there you are. Here, pull these petticoats up your legs and then we’ll see how well that dress fits,” she commanded as she handed him three stiff net petticoats with soft nylon yokes. She had stuffed the three petticoats together so all he had to do was step into the opening and work them up his legs. The outer petticoat was black, the next dark blue and the last, pink. Harold was embarrassed as there were other men, women, boys and girls around the changing area. The women barely seemed to notice but the young boys all stopped and stared as he wiggled into the petticoats. With the petticoats settled around his waist, the skirt flared out.

"Isn't that dress scrumptious, dear? Now, give me a twirl. I want to see how it fits," she said.

"Mrs. Gilmore, I'm...I'm not complaining or arguing but don't you think this dress a bit dated? Girls don't wear this style anymore. I can't wear this anywhere in public. I'd be a laughing stock and the top is all droopy on me," he stammered.

"Samantha, I know it's outdated but I think it would work very well when you do your household chores or laze around the house. That style will certainly teach you how to manage skirts and that sag in the bodice will go away once you put on your regular bras. As a matter of fact, I have just decided that you will no longer wear training bras. You're way too old for that. From now on, you will be wearing regular bras like the ones you have now. Here, take this dress and try it on," she said, handing him a similar dress but in a lightweight pale blue cotton.

Mrs. Gilmore didn't stop at getting him two old-fashioned dresses and crinolines. She insisted that he get three skirts, six frilly polyester blouses, four wooly sweaters, six high-waisted garter belts, six half-slips, three full slips with lacy bodices and hems and six new bras that were designed to add two full cup sizes. He had to try on each item and, when not in just lingerie, had to parade around the communal dressing area, pretending to be enjoying the humiliating experience.

Harold stood looking into the three-way mirror not quite believing what he was seeing. He was wearing a white poly blouse with ruffled trim on the cuffs, neck and down the front. He could see the lacy frills on his white full slip and bra straps through the blouse. Underneath the calf-length black wool pencil skirt, he was

wearing a high-waisted black garter belt with lace detailing and a small bright red ribbon bow at its waist and on the six garter tabs hanging through his black nylon panties. The garter belt pulled in his waist at least an inch. Sheer black hose covered his legs and a pair of black strappy three-inch spike-heeled sandals were on his feet.

“That is a very nice outfit you have on. I’ve already pulled the tags off so you can leave it on while we finish up,” Mrs. Gilmore said walking off, not giving him a chance to complain.

She finished up their shopping trip by buying Harold two pair of gloves, one in black leather with fur lining and one in bright pink wool which came with a matching pink woolen cap. Two woolen scarves, one in pink, the other in a black and white checkered design. Three new purses, one for his class project which was a pearlized small box purse with silver chain strap and trim. Several pairs of leggings, tights and hosiery were tossed into the cart as well.

He sat on his bed still wearing the blouse and pencil skirt, carefully folding or hanging the clothing as he removed the tags. He was mentally exhausted and wanted nothing more than to get out of his feminine clothing, especially the heels. It had been a long slow walk back to the apartment in those heels and tight-fitting dress. He carried three and Mrs. Gilmore carried two full shopping bags as they left the store. As he walked down the sidewalk, Harold knew that everyone was looking at him and laughing. In reality, he did get a number of stares but they were in admiration of his swaying bottom.

Mrs. Gilmore stayed to oversee his work and make sure he sat up straight, feet crossed at the ankles as he

removed the tags. When he was almost finished, she left, telling him to be in the kitchen in fifteen minutes to prepare dinner. He spent over an hour removing all the labels and tags with a pair of pinking shears. All he wanted to do was go to sleep. The last thing he wanted to do was prepare dinner, then face the scrutiny of his mother when she arrived.

It wasn't until he removed his pink chiffon apron that his mother noticed he was wearing a skirt and blouse. She sat silent for a few moments as she examined him from top to bottom. Harold, embarrassed by his mother's examination, bowed his head in shame, hoping that she would demand he get out of that ridiculous outfit. He blushed even harder when looking down as all he saw was his chest sticking out.

"Oh Harold...or should I say Samantha? You look very beautiful in that outfit, dear. Is it new? How silly of me, of course it's new. Mrs. Gilmore told me over tea before I came in that you picked out some new outfits. Did you pick that out yourself or did Mrs. Gilmore help?" she asked.

The blush never left his cheeks as they sat and ate dinner. He told her that Mrs. Gilmore helped him pick out everything that they bought and he was very happy with what they found. He did his best to sound cheerful and happy about the whole expedition but inside, he was dying. He hated everything that had happened but if he didn't act happy about it, Mrs. Gilmore would totally destroy him. If he thought about complaining, that ended as Mrs. Gilmore came into the room with her usual pot of tea and plate of cookies.

"Has Samantha told you about our shopping trip today? We found some adorable old-fashioned dresses and even crinolines while we were there. I thought

wearing full petticoated skirts would be a great aid in teaching your darling how to manage skirts and become more graceful. We also found that darling pencil skirt. See how it restricts the stride and creates a more fluid, dainty, step? I think it's a great improvement over that scruffy, foot dragging rebellious child you used to have. Don't you agree, Karen?" she said as she poured the tea.

"I guess but somehow this...seems strange. I do have to agree my life has been so much easier since...well since he started helping out. We use to have such terrible fights over his behavior and what he wore," Karen slowly replied, sipping at her tea.

"Samantha, why don't you go and put on that lovely pink paisley print dress you bought today? I think your mother would like to see it," Mrs. Gilmore said, giving him a look he could not refuse.

Reluctantly, he got up and went to do her bidding. Once he was gone, Mrs. Gilmore refreshed Karen's tea. "Karen dear, there is nothing strange about any of this. Isn't your life so much more pleasant than it used to be? Don't you enjoy coming home to a clean house and a delightful meal on the table? Doesn't Samantha seem happy to you? Of course she does, dear. Shouldn't your child's happiness be important? So what if she enjoys wearing dresses and keeping the house clean? Forget Harold. Harold no longer exists. Instead, you have a lovely daughter, Samantha. Oh, I think I hear Samantha coming back. Finish your tea, darling and show Samantha that you support her new life style," Mrs. Gilmore softly said.

Ooo

Friday after school before the big Homecoming event, the girls dropped the dress and accessories off at Harold's apartment. The girls were excited about the Saturday one o'clock pep rally and dance that night. Mrs. Gilmore had the girls show her every single item and praised their workmanship. When they showed her the accessories, she noticed that the earrings were for pierced ears.

"Jeannie, these are lovely drop earrings but Samantha doesn't have pierced ears. I wish you had told me earlier but it's not too late to remedy that. Come on everybody; let's get to that earring shop on Elm. This will be my contribution to the cause. It would be a horrible shame if Samantha didn't wear those precious earrings," she said.

Surrounded by the three girls and Mrs. Gilmore, Harold didn't stand a chance. By the time they entered the shop, he was resigned to having two holes punched into his ears. He wasn't that lucky. Jeannie noticed a pretty pair of small gold hoop earrings in a faceted design that made them sparkle.

"Oh these are so pretty. Mrs. Gilmore, don't you think these would look fantastic on Samantha? I mean for when she gives me back my pearls," she piped up.

"Yes, I think you are right about that. They are a bit small for the lower lobe though, don't you think? Perhaps they would be better hanging a little bit higher on the ear. All you young ladies are wearing two sets of earrings. Isn't that the style now?" she replied.

“Yeah, some of us even have a third piercing like mine,” Alisha replied, pushing her hair back and exposing a gold clip in the middle of her ear.

When they left the shop, Harold wore the drop pearl earrings in his lower lobe, the gold hoops Jeannie found just above the pearl and the middle of his ears sported a pink faceted solitaire stud. A boy could probably get away with two earrings in each ear but a third, never, especially if they were as feminine as these were.

“Samantha, you’ve got to tell me if the rumors are true. Are you going to the dance with Billy?” Mary asked as they walked back to the apartment.

“Yeah, I heard Billy and Joey talking about it earlier. Billy seemed to be really happy about it. I always thought they were a gay couple but I guess I was wrong. Joey didn’t seem to mind one bit,” Alisha exclaimed.

“Huh? What? Going with Billy? Billy Thompson? That gay kid from class?” Harold sputtered, caught by surprise.

“That’s soooo cool and here we all thought you guys were gay. You two would make a great-looking couple,” Jeannie said loudly.

Harold felt his face turn an even brighter shade of red as they all looked at him. “I’m *so* not going out with Billy,” he thought. He opened his mouth to say just that when Mrs. Gilmore spoke.

“Girls! Girls! Please hold it down but to answer your questions, yes, Samantha is going to be Billy’s date,” she broke in sternly while giving Harold a meaningful glare.

The girls were standing in a semi-circle around them, waiting expectantly for more information. Harold couldn't think of anything to say. The look Mrs. Gilmore had given him made him pause. Every fiber in his being was shouting for him to deny everything. As he was about to let it burst forth, Mrs. Gilmore spoke.

"Girls, can't anyone keep a secret around here? I was going to surprise Samantha later about her date with Billy. Now you have gone and ruined it for me. Even as old as I am, I know how important it is for a girl to have a proper date for the Homecoming Dance. I didn't want my darling Samantha to be alone on such a night so I arranged for Billy to be her escort. It's only proper for a member of the Queen's Court to have a date, isn't it? There, now you have it all. Samantha, I'm sorry that you had to find out this way but you will thank me for it later. Girls, it's getting late and we still have a lot to do, so why don't you go home. In the morning, when you come over to work your makeup magic, we'll talk some more," she said.

Once the girls left, Harold had to say something. He found the very idea of going out with Billy disgusting and infuriating. He was so upset about his upcoming date, he completely forgot about the new holes in his ears.

"Mrs. Gilmore I'm not going out with Billy. He's a guy and so am I. Not only that, he's gay! In any case, why would he want to go out with me? Everybody at school thinks I'm a girl. Please, don't make me do this. Mom is going to have a hissy fit when she hears about it. No way she'll let me go out with another boy. This whole thing is ridiculous. I don't want any date," he said.

“Samantha, you will go to the dance and you will do whatever Billy says. If I hear even one complaint about your behavior from him, you will be the sorriest person on this planet. You will not defy me on this. I have gone to too much trouble to have you wreck everything now. If your mother agrees that you should have a date with Billy, you will do so willingly. No more back talk, no more complaints. Do you understand?” Mrs. Gilmore sternly replied.

“No way Mom would ever agree to this,” he thought hopefully before saying, “I understand but why are you doing this to me?”

“Why? Because I can. Your life may seem to be in a tailspin at the moment but believe me when I say it could be much worse. Right now, all of your friends think you are a tom-boyish girl and accept the fact that you are a bit different. What do you think will happen when they discover who you really are? What do you think the authorities will do when they find out? Even if you escape their wrath, what will happen later in life? You know as well as I do that once something is posted on the internet, it is there forever. I’m not completely heartless; I will give you a chance to get out of your date with Billy. If your mother tells you that you cannot date and go to the prom with Billy, then I will leave you alone. However, if she agrees, then you will abide by my rules from now on.

“My rules are simple. First, you will do everything in your power to make Billy happy. Second, you will do everything in your power to maintain your feminine image. Third, you will always show me and your Mother the proper respect. Do you understand me?” she replied.

Her words rocked Harold's entire being. Images of the worst possible scenarios flashed through his mind, making his knees tremble as she spoke. He knew that he was royally fucked by this old woman. His only possibility of escape rested wholly upon his mother's choice. A glimmer of hope that she would say "no" kept him from fainting dead away. Reluctantly, he nodded his head. He was too distraught to say a single word.

"Good, now let's get you dressed in your prom outfit so we can show your mother how beautiful you look. She has to work tomorrow and won't have the chance to see you until after the prom. We don't want that, do we?" Mrs. Gilmore said with a very satisfied smile.

Karen's mouth nearly hit the floor when she walked into the apartment. There was Harold standing with his hands clasped in front of him, blushing prettily.

"Oh sweetie, you look amazing," she said, rushing over to give him a great big hug and air kiss to the cheek.

As she hugged him, Harold knew that he was doomed.

Ooo

Saturday morning, Mrs. Gilmore woke him at eight. It was going to be a long day and she wanted him well-rested. After his morning toilet and bath, she checked his body for any signs of stubble or stray hairs from his chin all the way down to his toes. As she looked at his chest, she was more than pleased to see the pear shape of budding breasts and the lightening of

his puffy nipples. She glanced at his groin and was more than satisfied. His penis was shriveled and shrunken and his scrotum showed no sign of containing testicles.

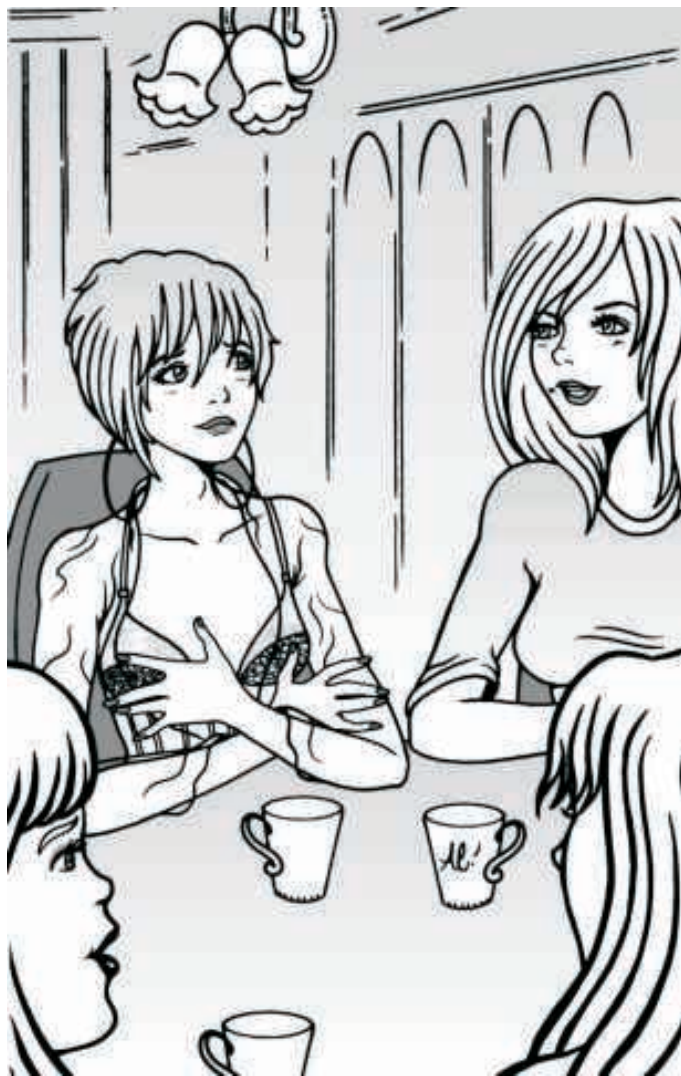
“Samantha, the girls will be here in a few minutes to help you get ready for your big day. Remember, you have to be at the school auditorium no later than twelve-fifteen. Just put on the lingerie I put out for you and a robe and meet me in the kitchen. I’ll have a light snack for you and the girls ready,” she stated.

“Yes, things are moving along nicely. Let’s see, it’s been six months since I started him on my estrogen and testosterone blocker-laced cookies and he is developing nicely. Keeping his testicles shoved up into his body has certainly helped. I really should go back and thank that sales girl who sold us the gaffs for telling me not to let him keep that on for more than a couple of hours a day or he could be damaged. Ha, if only she knew,” she thought.

Harold reluctantly pulled the purple satin gaff up his legs. He still hated that garment but had to admit that it no longer bothered him. For the first couple of weeks, it just felt strange; later, he had painful stabbing aches coming from his groin. That really bothered him but Mrs. Gilmore said it was to be expected and would soon go away. After the first two weeks, the pain disappeared except for an occasional twitch. What bothered him more were the two protruding mounds of flesh sticking out of his chest.

The high-waist purple garter belt with its lavish black lace detailing and purple satin ribbons covering the metal tabs came next, followed by the purple-with-black-lace decorated hem and legs silk tap-style panties. The purple satin bra with black floral

lace-frilled cups he pushed off to the side. He wanted to delay putting that most feminine of garments on to the last possible moment. It was bad enough having to look at his naked mounds but the bra made them look humongous to his eyes. Instead, he slowly kneaded sheer black nylons up his legs and fastened the welts to the garters.



As he stepped into the Irida Purple satin open-toed pumps with four-inch stiletto heels, he heard Mrs. Gilmore calling that the girls had arrived. He grabbed the bra and settled his mounds into the soft lining of the cups. As his nipples rubbed against the lining, a tingle of pleasure went up his spine as he fastened it in back.

Harold felt totally out of place sitting at the kitchen table, surrounded by the three girls. They were all talking a mile a minute. Harold found it strange that all three of the girls had actually gotten dates for Homecoming. Needless to say, that is what the girls were all talking about. While they didn't pay him that much attention, he felt conspicuous sitting there in just his undies and a flimsy white nylon robe. It was almost a relief when Mrs. Gilmore told them it was time to get on with their project.

It took the girls almost two hours to get Harold dressed with full nighttime makeup. Some of that time was spent with them oohing and ahing over his fancy lingerie. Jeannie just had to reach out and finger his tap panties.

"Samantha, these panties are to die for. You have to tell me where you bought them," she asked.

The other girls, of course, had to do something similar much to his embarrassment. At last, they calmed down and got to work. The first step was applying his makeup. They chose purple, lavender and pink eyeshadows for the lids and a rich reddish plum color for his lips. Black liquid eyeliner and mascara were used to highlight the eyes and they blended shadows to make his eyes really stand out. With his makeup done, he was sprayed with a heady spice perfume.

Once he had the dress on, the Gibson Girl-style wig was securely fastened to his head. Mary was beaming as the girls complimented her on how beautifully she had styled the wig. She had woven silk violets and lavender satin ribbons into the wig along with a small cluster of white roses to make it look very classy.

During the entire process, Harold's stomach was doing flip flops and his palms were sweaty. All their compliments on how pretty he was did not ease his nerves. Deep down, he knew he was a regular guy but the vision appearing before him in the mirror said otherwise. He was particularly taken aback by the site of cleavage clearly visible through the thin chiffon draping his shoulders and chest.

"OMG! I look like a girl. Mo, not a girl, a woman, a very pretty, sexy, woman. How could this have happened to me? I don't want to be a pretty girl, much less a woman," he thought as he posed before the mirror.

The next hours went by in a fog. Harold vaguely remembered getting into the car and arriving at the school. The flashes of cameras and the noise from the filled auditorium as he walked across the stage was a faint recollection. What stuck to his memory was having the rhinestone tiara placed on his fancy wig as they pronounced him the winner. He won the class project and was now a Handmaiden to the Homecoming Queen.

That honor meant that he not only would participate in all the Homecoming events but his picture would be prominently displayed forever in the class yearbook and the local newspaper. His picture would be featured on the yearbook's H&F page. It would appear on the Homecoming pages and were bound to be

featured in the pictures taken during the dance that night. He was doomed.

He was with the girls waiting for Mrs. Gilmore to bring her car around when Mrs. Harris, their H&F teacher, walked up.

“A great show, girl, your project was one of the best I have ever seen. I have just one criticism. Girls, what material did you use for the dress?” she asked.

They were all surprised and a bit puzzled at the question but immediately replied, “Silk.”

“Good, now Mary, describe silk to me,” she replied.

“Well, it’s a flowing, sensual, material, Ma’am,” Mary said.

“Jeannie, what else?” she asked.

“It’s delicate but strong and...and made of natural fibers,” she replied.

“So, silk is a sensual flowing natural material. Why did you decide to use a crinoline with the skirt? While it gives the skirt fullness and foundation, doesn’t it take away from the free-flowing appeal that silk provides? Don’t get me wrong, I think the dress is lovely and you all will get A’s on your project but I think you ought to consider getting rid of the crinoline. Samantha has a lithe, sensuous figure that would really compliment a free-flowing skirt. It’s just a suggestion you might want to consider for the dance tonight. I am looking forward to seeing you girls there, have fun,” she said as Mrs. Gilmore drove up.

Ooo

Harold stood, looking at his reflection, a frown on his face, as he swayed his hips. The dress clung to every curve, every indentation of his body. The cause of the frown wasn't just the way his breasts were prominently displayed but the way the dress clung to his crotch. As he walked or moved, the silk would flow in a smooth river caressing his groin and legs. It accentuated the soft round flatness between his legs, making him look one hundred percent girl. Without the petticoat, the dress took on a new bold look. It would definitely draw attention wherever he went. Attention he did not desire.

His nerves were shot over having to go with Billy and being dressed so provocatively didn't help one bit. He almost jumped out of his heels when Mrs. Gilmore walked into his room.

"Billy will be here shortly. Your mother will call you. I wanted to make sure we understand each other before you go. Billy is your boyfriend and you adore him completely and will act accordingly. Isn't that correct?" she said, her expression daring him to contradict her.

"Yes, Mrs. Gilmore, I have to be nice to Billy and all that. I understand," he replied almost in a whisper.

"You will be more than nice. If I hear even one complaint from him, you know what will happen. So don't disappoint me. Now let me see your purse," she said.

Harold handed her the small box purse with the golden chain strap. She rummaged around in it for a bit before exclaiming, "Where is your protection, dear?"

I see your makeup, cell, student ID, tissues, some cash but no condoms," she stated.

"Con...condoms?" he stuttered in disbelief.



“Yes, condoms. A girl can’t be too careful nowadays especially during her high school prom. Fortunately, I took care of that for you,” she replied, dangling a strip of foil-wrapped colored condoms in front of him. Harold stood frozen in place as she dropped them into the purse and snapped the lid closed.

“Samantha, your date is here,” his mother shouted as Mrs. Gilmore handed him the purse.

“Have a good time, dear. Don’t forget our agreement,” Mrs. Gilmore said with a crooked smile.

Billy was wearing the blue tuxedo that he and his group had done for their class project. In his hand was a box containing a wrist corsage of purple orchids. He had the biggest shit-eating grin on his face that Harold had ever seen. Harold walked over to him with his hand extended. Billy took it but instead of shaking hands, he pulled Harold into a light embrace and kissed him full on the lips. It was a quick, almost chaste, kiss but Harold quickly stepped back. His first urge was to wipe his arm across his lips but he managed to keep his composure. Mrs. Gilmore was right behind him.

“Here, I got you this,” Billy said, holding the corsage out.

“Oh my, that is a pretty corsage, Samantha. Here, let me help you put it on then we can take some pictures,” his mother offered.

Still dazed by the kiss, Harold held out his right hand but Mrs. Gilmore butted in, telling him that the corsage should be placed on the left wrist.

“The wrist closest to the heart, darling,” she informed him.

“Yes dear, that is correct. You’ll have to forgive Samantha, Billy. This is her first corsage and date for that matter. Now let’s hurry. You two have to be going and I want some pictures to remember this evening,” his mother interjected.

“When your Mother takes the picture, I want you to kiss Billy on the cheek. Remember, nice smiles,” Mrs. Gilmore whispered as she pretended to make an adjustment to Harold’s dress.

Later after the kids had left, Mrs. Gilmore poured Karen a cup of tea. “Karen, don’t you think they made a very handsome couple? I do believe that Samantha is really smitten with Billy. Did you see the way she kissed him? It was so sweet. I bet we’ll be seeing a lot more of that handsome young man. Let me see that picture again,” Mrs. Gilmore said.

Karen felt a bit confused over the whole thing. The tea and Mrs. Gilmore’s comments seemed to ease her misgivings. Looking at the digital image showing the cute couple standing side-by-side with the girl kissing the cheek of the young man seemed so right. The doubts in the far recesses of her mind were put to rest as she looked at the next picture. It showed a smiling young woman wiping the lipstick imprint off the handsome young man’s cheek.

“How could there be anything wrong? just look at that happy smiling face. I can’t remember the last time I saw such a happy smile on Harold’s face,” she thought, taking another sip of tea.

“I can’t believe how hot you look for a guy,” Billy said as they drove off.

“I beg your pardon?” Harold replied, confused and somewhat afraid of the answer.

"You really don't remember me do you, Harold? I mean aside from our H&F class," Billy asked smugly.

"I...I was just kidding around then. My...my name is Samantha," Harold said, feeling very afraid.

"So you don't remember that first day of school, the lunch room and having to sit at that 'table of losers' as you called it? Yeah, that was me and Joey sitting there when you sat down at the end of the table. You remember cussing about your lousy luck getting stuck at our table? What was that endearing term you used to describe us? Oh, yes, I remember. 'Fuckin' queers,' I believe. You even tossed your apple core at us when you got up. A week later, you slammed me into the lockers as you walked by. Well, I didn't forget about you, the uppity straight dude with an attitude! All gansta-like with your greasy unkempt hair and baggy jeans hanging halfway down your ass. A very cute ass, I might add.

"You see, I really really like uppity straight dudes Harold but getting them to like me is, well, kinda difficult. It's always been a fantasy of mine to get someone like you. That's all I could think about. When my Auntie Gilmore found out about my fantasy last year, she promised to help. So I told her about you that very first night after we met. I don't care if you aren't the gansta type now. It's what's in your heart that matters. Despite that pretty dress and fancy undies I'm sure you're wearing, I bet you'd much rather be a tough dude. I know your secret and unless you want me to make sure everyone else knows it too, then you had better be *real* nice.

"Auntie tells me she has some great pictures of you in your undies and working as a maid around the house. Bet a great big gansta like you would love to see

those plastered all over the school," Billy said viciously.

"Billy, no! Please... I'm sorry. I didn't mean all that. Please don't do this! I'm not gay and I hate what your aunt has done to me. Look, I'll pay you. I have some money in my college fund. You can have it all. Just don't do this! Please," Harold begged as tears began to spill.

"You stupid bitch, didn't you hear what I just said? I don't want your fuckin' money! I want *you* even if I have to take you all femmie. If I wanted a limp-wristed partner, I would still be with Joey. No, all I have ever wanted was a macho man who would never consider a gay partner, ever. I'll be more than happy to settle someone all girlie-girl on the outside with a macho inner self. With you, I lose the gay image yet I get exactly what I've always wanted. We're almost there, so I'll give you until the dance starts to decide whether or not you're going to be my bitch," Billy replied.

Ooo

Harold walked into the gym carrying the train of the Homecoming Queen. The Queen and her attendants were being presented to the student body. He had been exposed to hundreds of people as Samantha; there was no telling how many photos had been taken. If his secret got out now, it would probably make the front page of all the newspapers. He was still undecided as to what to tell Billy and time was running out.

The pressure of having to give Billy an answer made his head ache. He had only two choices and the result would be bad either way. With his first option, he would have to keep up his pretense at least until the

end of the school year. With the other option, his reputation would be ruined for the rest of his life. Over the past month or so his emotions and thinking had undergone changes he couldn't explain. He had never had emotional swings so frequently or the inability to make a quick decision. In the past, he never took the time to examine a decision from all possible angles like he did now. In the past, it would have taken physical pain to get him to cry. Now he cried at times for no apparent reason.

His duties as a handmaiden were over. Now he stood facing Billy. A year with Billy or a lifetime of humiliation and he had to give an answer.

"Alright, Billy you win but you have to promise to never reveal my secret. So do we have a deal?" he finally said.

"As long as you behave and be my bitch, I promise," Billy replied with a satisfied smile.

The King and Queen walked out onto the dance floor and the band began playing. Being a member of the court, Harold was expected to join in on this first dance. He didn't like it but endured Billy's arm around his waist and being pulled in close. Billy held him tightly and their groins pressed against each other's as they slowly moved across the floor. Harold had to put his arms over Billy's shoulders and clasp his hands behind his head, forcing their bodies even closer.

Josie, Jeannie, Mary and Alisha watched the couple dance. "Oh, don't they make just the loveliest couple? Do you see how our dress just molds to her body as she moves? That's so sexy," Mary sighed.

"You know, I could have sworn that Billy was gay. We were wrong about Samantha too. They are so cute

and look at the way they are dancing so close to each other. Maybe he works both ways,” Alisha said.

“Yeah Ali, I thought so too but neither one of them look gay now. Samantha sure has come out of her shell, hasn’t she?” Josie added.

“Oooooohhhh,look! They’re kissing and Billy has his hands all over Samantha’s butt,” Jeannie almost shouted.

Harold was feeling sick as Billy began kissing him on the neck as they danced. The lights in the gym were still on as it was the Queen’s dance and pictures were being taken. Suddenly Billy was kissing him full on the lips and trying to force his tongue into Harold’s mouth.

“I can’t believe he’s trying to French me right here in the middle of the dance floor. Oh, damn, he has his hands on my butt too! What am I gonna do? I can’t knock him on his ass like I want or he’ll tell. Oh crap, here comes Mrs. Harris and she doesn’t look happy,” he thought.

“Billy Thompson and Samantha Marsh, stop that immediately! Have you no shame? Dance like a lady and a gentleman or I’ll send you home,” she whispered harshly.

If their kissing hadn’t gotten them noticed, Mrs. Harris’ appearance certainly did. Billy put a bit of space between their bodies. Harold breathed a bit easier as the dance ended. That didn’t last long as the lights began to dim.

The dance seemed to go on forever and with the lights dimmed, Billy took full advantage. As the lights came up signaling the end of the prom, Harold was nauseous and his feet were killing him. Dancing backwards in spike heels was a new experience and his legs

and feet were throbbing. He was feeling sick from being felt up and kissed relentlessly. When he went to the Ladies room, he noticed that Billy had given him hickies on both sides of his neck. He tried covering them up with foundation but it did little. They would be black and blue by morning and impossible to hide. To make matters worse, the other girls in the room noticed and gave him knowing smiles.

The dance ended at ten but Harold didn't get home until just before his twelve o'clock curfew. Billy had stopped at the local make-out spot and continued where he left off at the dance. Mrs. Gilmore's warning about making Billy happy kept Harold from resisting. He cringed as Billy pulled him close and gave him a deep tongue-twisting kiss and unzipped the dress. Smiling cruelly, Billy told him to unzip his fly and pull out his dick when he broke the kiss.

"Please Billy, this is our first date...and I'm..." Harold started to protest.

"I don't give a rat's ass! You're my bitch now so do what I say or I'll tell my Auntie. Now take it out. You got me so horny with your prick-teasing, I need some relief," he snapped.

With shaking fingers, Harold did as told. Billy's hooded dick flopped out and filled Harold's hand. It was twice as big as his in both length and width and wasn't even fully erect. As he did that, Billy pushed the bra up and over Harold's budding breasts and began to suck on the tender nipples. He was not gentle as he bit and pulled on the sensitive flesh while Harold's fingers squeezed and stroked his erection. After what seemed like hours to Harold, Billy pulled off the left breast, leaving the nipple stiff, throbbing and dripping with saliva.

Billy was molesting his right breast when the policeman tapped his flashlight on the driver's side window. Harold, blushing beet red, hurried to pull his bra down and dress up as the bright light filled the car's interior. He had never felt so humiliated as when he looked up at the officer's face.

"OMG, is this how it feels to be a girl? I don't think I have ever been this ashamed of myself and why did he call me a prick-teaser? I didn't do anything! I did everything to stop him. His hands were everywhere. I guess I should be thankful that cop showed up when he did. No telling what Billy would have made me do next. Why is he sitting there with a shit eating grin on his face? I feel so humiliated, so...so...used," he thought as Billy drove him home.

As he entered the apartment, his mother was sitting on the couch reading a magazine. "Oh sweetheart, you're home. Come, sit beside me and tell me all about the prom," she said.

Harold wanted nothing more than to get to his room and remove all his clothing. He told her that he was tired and wanted to go to bed but she insisted that he join her. He remembered to fold his hands behind him and smooth out his dress before sitting. As he sat, she closed the magazine and he saw the title: "Modern Brides."

Hoping to divert her attention from his date, he asked, "Mom, why are you reading that? Are you planning on getting married again?"

"No dear, Mrs. Gilmore gave it to me while we had tea. She thought you might be interested, so she gave it to me. I was just browsing and thinking how lovely you would look in one of those darling dresses," she replied.

“For me? Why would she think I would be interested in that?” he asked.

“Well darling, you never know where a romance will lead you. I thought it was nice of her. I want to hear all about your romantic evening. You know, my Prom was when your Father and I conceived you. I’m dying to hear all the juicy details but please don’t tell me you’re pregnant,” she said giggling.

“Mom!” Harold shouted as a picture of his mom and dad doing it in the back seat flashed through his mind. Then, more softly, he added, “How could you? I didn’t want to know that! Besides, it was just a date and nothing more. It’s late and I’m tired. Please, I’ll tell you about it in the morning.”

“Alright sweetheart, we’ll talk in the morning. If you use concealer rather than foundation on those, they won’t be so visible,” she giggled, referring to his hickies. Harold blushed scarlet as he went to his room.

The next morning was a real bitch. When he went down to breakfast, his mother happily fixed it for him while asking the inevitable twenty questions. He was able to divert her “Billy” questions onto what the other girls were wearing and what went on at the dance. Finishing his meal, he thought he was home free and wouldn’t have to go into any details about Billy. Putting his dishes into the sink, Mrs. Gilmore walked into the kitchen with her ever-present pot of tea.

“Good morning all. I know I’m a bit early but I couldn’t wait to hear about Samantha’s date. Come dear, have a seat and tell me all about it,” she said, looking meaningfully at Harold.

He sat back down at the table fearing the worst. He did his best to gloss over his date and tried to keep the

conversation on the prom itself. That effort failed when Mrs. Gilmore saw the hickies.

“Well, it certainly looks like someone frolicked a bit more than she wants to let on, doesn’t it? Those two love bites tell me more than you have so far, Samantha. Why don’t you tell us what happened, dear? I’m sure your mother wants to know just as badly as I do,” she quipped.

Reluctantly, he told them about stopping and making out with Billy. Under Mrs. Gilmore’s questioning, he even admitted to French kissing Billy. The memory of that made him queasy in the stomach. He knew that she demanded that he be enthusiastic about everything happening to him so he made it sound like he enjoyed making out with Billy. He was stunned when she asked him if he let Billy get to second base.

“Second base? I...I’m not sure what you mean?” he stuttered.

“Oh you know, dear. Let him fondle your breasts. Now don’t lie. There is nothing to be ashamed of, we have all let the boys do that at one time or another,” Mrs. Gilmore said.

Under her glaring eyes, Harold had no choice but to admit that Billy did fondle and kiss them. He turned beet red when she had him open his pajama top to expose his naked breasts. His pink nipples were standing erect and there was some noticeable redness where Billy’s stubble had irritated the tender skin. He was more than glad to button his top and go to his room after that.

Once he was gone, Mrs. Gilmore, with a Cheshire Cat smile on her face, turned to Karen. “It looks like Samantha is growing up into a woman, doesn’t it, Ka-

ren? I do believe that she has developed a real liking for Billy. I mean, letting him go that far on a first date. In our day, that never would have happened but nowadays girls are much more liberated. Here, let me pour you some more tea," she said.

Karen was glassy-eyed already and simply nodded as her cup was refilled. She was a bit confused as Mrs. Gilmore kept rambling on. "Harold, no, Samantha, now has breasts. Breasts that only girls should have. Samantha is my son but that couldn't be because he has breasts. Breasts that she let some boy play with... something only a girl can do. Samantha must be my daughter and she likes boys," her clouded mind told her.

"Karen, listen to me, don't you think I'm right? Now that Samantha is getting sexually active, she needs to be on birth control. I took the liberty to get this prescription filled. It's your duty to make sure that Samantha takes one of these every day from now on. You don't want her becoming pregnant this early in life, do you? Go on dear, take them and give them to Samantha," she said as she pressed the plastic container into Karen's hand.

"Oh how thoughtless of me. Of course I will see to it that Samantha takes her pills. I...I should have thought of this before now," Karen softly said.

"One thing more before I go and help Samantha get ready for her chores. You should spend more time with her. I think it would do the both of you good if you were to sit down with her and go through your fashion and makeup magazines. Your daughter is growing up and your guidance would help. Maybe you should give a hint or two about how to please her man, don't you think?" Mrs. Gilmore replied.

In his room, Harold was putting the finishing touches of makeup on his face when Mrs. Gilmore walked in. "I was happy to hear Billy had a good time last night. Make sure he stays that way. After lunch, I want you to get that Brides magazine and ask your Mom to go through it with you. I expect you to act interested and excited when you do that, or else. Make damn sure you ask her if she thinks Billy would like to see you in those gowns. I'll know if you don't. Now stand up, I want to see," she stated.

Harold felt like a fool as he sat besides his mother leafing through the pages of "Modern Brides." His mother seemed to favor the traditional-styled gowns while he couldn't care less about any of them. He pretended to like each and every one of them. He kept a smile plastered to his lips and every once in a while he clapped his hands in feigned delight. About halfway through the magazine, Karen paused and looked closely at his face.

"Darling, you seem to be really excited about these wedding gowns. You do understand what being married means, don't you?" she asked.

"Er yeah Mom, I guess," Harold responded, afraid of where this conversation was heading.

"When you get married, life really does change. You no longer have privacy or personal space. You share intimate moments and sometimes, for the wife, they can be disappointing. That's just something you will have to get used to but you can never let your husband know how disappointed you are. Always remember that or you will wind up divorced like me. Sweetheart, always do your best to keep your man happy or he might stray on you," she began.

“Mom! Please, let’s not go there right now. I...I have enough to worry about with school and stuff, ya know,” Harold interrupted. This was certainly no topic he wanted to talk about.

“What’s up with her? She’s talking to me like I was...I was her daughter. Don’t know why that surprises me though. Mrs. Gilmore has me in dresses all the time and acting like a poof. She’s my mom. Shouldn’t she see that this is all an act? I want to tell her what’s happening but I can’t. Mrs. Gilmore would ruin me,” he thought.

“Okay dear, I guess you’re right but we need to talk about one other thing. I want you to finish school so for, let’s say precaution, I want you on birth control. I wasn’t and despite my intentions, you were the result. I love you dearly but I think getting on the pill is the right thing for you to do. I got you these and I want you to promise to take one faithfully every day. I will be checking to make sure you take them. Now take one and I will answer any questions,” she said, handing him the plastic dispenser.

“Mom! You have got to be kidding me. Birth control? Me?” Harold replied, shocked.

“Go on, take one now or else,” Karen said with a look of determination.

Harold swallowed the small white pill with a loud gulp. He wasn’t happy but there was no arguing with his mother. “She really thinks I’m her daughter. What’s gotten into her? This is so totally stupid but what can such a small pill?” he thought. What he didn’t know was that these little pills were much higher in estrogen and progesterone than normal. With him on the pill, Mrs. Gilmore didn’t have to bake those special cookies anymore.

Ooo

Thanksgiving had been anything but thankful for Harold. He started the morning like he had every morning since Mrs. Gilmore entered his life. As the tub was filling with aromatic fumes, he checked his body for any unwanted hair. Satisfied that he was smooth, he removed his bulb syringe and performed his morning toilet. Laying in the bath letting his body absorb the fragrant oils, he tentatively reached down between his legs, keeping his eyes on the door. If Mrs. Gilmore caught him playing with himself, his ass would be blistered. She had caught him once before while he was still in bed and received the worse spanking ever. It had only been months but it felt like years since he had last brought himself to climax. His hand clutched at a shriveled penis and a deflated sack. He had worn his gaffs for so long with his balls pushed up inside, they refused to descend back into their rightful place. He was growing more worried by the second as he pulled and stroked with no response. His dick remained flaccid, no matter how hard he stroked. Giving up, he touched his left nipple and gave it a pinch. To his surprise, it sent a wave of pleasure up his spine. Clutching both hands to his swollen chest, he began to message and caress his breasts, sending even more pleasurable sensations to his brain.

As he was losing himself in the strange new sensations, Mrs. Gilmore walked into the bathroom. Seeing what he was doing, she smiled and said, "It looks like you are enjoying yourself. Don't let me stop you but you need to hurry. It's getting late and you have dinner to prepare."

Harold, seeing her enter, pulled his hands away but it was too late for her not to see what he was doing. He was shaking in fright, knowing that a severe spanking would be coming his way. When she didn't immediately start shouting at him but actually told him to continue, Harold's jaw dropped in disbelief.

"What is that crazy old woman up to now?" he thought as she left.

Back in his bedroom, he saw that she had set out his clothing. Emerald green gaff, lime green nylon "Thursday" panties, matching gel-filled bra, high-waist matching garter belt, sheer black hose, green lace frilled half-slip, three white net petticoats, pink rayon dress and black patent leather high-heeled open-toed pumps were all neatly arranged on the bed. Sitting on his bedside table were a tube of royal crimson lipstick, black eyeliner, pink eyeshadow and black lash extender mascara. He didn't like wearing makeup but Mrs. Gilmore insisted.

"You looked so beautiful for your Homecoming dance, Samantha. Your dress was lovely. I liked seeing you with makeup and long hair. As a matter of fact, from now on, I want you wearing makeup at all times. I think we'll start letting your hair grow as well," she had told him.

Dressed, makeup on, he went into the kitchen. Mrs. Gilmore was waiting with the pink chiffon apron and mob cap in her hand. "Good, I'm glad that you decided to put on everything I laid out for you. Your makeup skills are improving but you can do better. Now let's start with the turkey as it will take the longest to cook," she instructed.

He was mashing sweet potatoes when his mother came into the room and sat down next to Mrs. Gilmore.

After taking a sip of her tea, she looked up with a big smile at her son.

“Sweetie, I can’t begin to tell you how much I appreciate you volunteering to cook Thanksgiving dinner and you look marvelous in that outfit. So...so womanly, I just love it,” she said.

As Mrs. Gilmore and Karen sat talking softly at the table, Harold continued dinner preparations. “At least they could get up and help me with all this. My feet are killing me in these heels and I’m tired. Damn, there goes that bra strap again sliding off my shoulder. Guess I’m going to hafta adjust that slide tighter. I hate having to wear all this stuff! The bra leaves red tracks on my shoulders and around my chest. Between the bra sticking out my chest and this skirt, I can’t even see my feet. Oh shit, I’ve gotta go pee. What I would give to be able to stand up and pee once again. It’s a royal pain juggling all these petticoats and skirts when I’m peeing. Man, I hate this. I *hate* this!” he thought.

He musings stopped when his mother asked him if he had taken his pill. When he replied that he hadn’t, she instructed him to go get it and take it while she watched. He returned with the dispenser and blushed as he punched out a pill and plopped it into his mouth. The dispenser was more than half empty as he swallowed. He was blushing because he had never before had to take it with someone else present. Everyone knew what was in that dispenser, what it was used for and it embarrassed him to be taking it in front of Mrs. Gilmore.

It was two o’clock and Thanksgiving dinner was ready to be served. Harold still wore the same outfit but Mrs. Gilmore helped him freshen his makeup and made sure he liberally used the spice-scented perfume.

For the meal, he wouldn't have to wear the cap and his hair was brushed until it glowed. It would be the three of them plus Billy sitting down to dinner. This would be Harold's third date in as many weeks and he dreaded it. He did not like Billy or the power he held over him. The last date had him rolling a bright red condom on Billy's uncut penis and giving his first blow job. The only positive thing about that date was not having to swallow. Still it was a loathsome thing for him to do. Now he was going to have Billy sitting next to him during the meal and have to act thrilled about it. He did as Mrs. Gilmore instructed, acting giddy and love-struck in front of his mother. They kissed and held hands prior to the meal. His smile didn't disappear as they ate while Billy ran his hand up and down Harold's nylon-clad thigh.

After the meal, Harold was surprised when the two women got up and helped him clean all the mess and wipe down the kitchen. He was more than disappointed when Mrs. Gilmore said that she and Karen were going up to her apartment for some tea. He was very afraid of what would happen while alone with Billy. When he asked them how long they would be gone, Mrs. Gilmore gave him a leering smile and said at least a couple of hours.

No sooner had the door shut behind them when Billy had Harold in a tight embrace. Even through all those petticoats, Harold could feel Billy's hardness as they French kissed. Breaking the kiss, Billy took him around the waist and said, "Come on sweet cakes, take me to your room."

Once in the room, it didn't take Billy long to get Harold out of his dress and petticoats. Standing in just his underwear and heels, Harold was forced to pose

and strut around the room while Billy watched and took pictures on his cellphone from the bed. The embarrassment didn't end there. Billy had him remove his panties, gaff and bra, then play with his tits as he continued to take pictures.

"This is so frickin hot. You're one hell of a prick-teaser. You got me all worked up, bitch. I never thought such a tiny dick would get me so worked up. Get your ass over here and take off my pants!" he demanded.

"Let me get a condom first," Harold said, not relishing what was about to happen.

"Forget the damn condom, bitch! I said get over here and take my pants off or would you rather see all these pictures I've been taking posted," Billy snarled.

Kneeling between Billy's legs with his shaft standing straight up, Harold slowly pressed his face forward, his eyes shut tightly. He didn't want to see what was about to happen.

"Open your eyes and look up at me. I don't want to see those eyes anywhere but on my face. How else are you gonna know how much I'm enjoying this?" he ordered.

Reaching out a trembling hand, Harold took the shaft and slid the skin down, revealing the mushroom head of Billy's dick. There was a pearl of glistening pre-cum at the tip as Harold stuck out his tongue. Slowly, he lowered his lips and encircled the plump head. His tongue reluctantly lapped away that pearl drop of moisture. As he did that, Billy grabbed the back of his head and pressed Harold's face down until his lips were forced against his pelvis. Harold panicked, he had never given deep throat before and he

couldn't breathe. His throat was burning. He couldn't catch a breath and was using all his might to push Billy back. It wasn't enough and Billy held him there until he thought he was going to pass out. Finally the cock moved back and out of Harold's mouth.

"Listen bitch, I want to feel your tongue all over my dick and you're gonna take all of it. Not only that but I want to hear you moaning and grunting like a pig in slop. You bite and I'm gonna knock out your fucking teeth. Now get those lips and tongue working before I get mad," Billy snarled.

It took Harold a number of tries before he was able to take all of Billy. With Billy's dick all the way down his throat and grunting like he was ordered, the bedroom door opened part way. Karen stared in muted surprise, taking in all that was going on.

"Oh my, I can't let them catch me looking. They would be so ashamed," she mumbled as she shut the door.

Back with Mrs. Gilmore, Karen sat heavily into a chair, picked up her tea and took a big swallow. "I can't believe it. They were...they were having oral sex when I looked in. I hope they didn't see me. That would have been devastating," she said.

"Is that all, Karen? Oral sex? Now aren't you glad I talked you into getting Samantha on birth control? They're young and in love, so what could be more natural? Don't worry about it sweetie, its just nature's way," Mrs. Gilmore replied with a satisfied smile.

Meanwhile back in Harold's room, Billy sat, holding Harold's head with just the tip of his dick pressed between his lips. "Alright bitch, here it comes. I want to

see you drink down every single drop. And smile when you do it for my camera," he said with a sneer.

The taste wasn't so bad but the consistency nearly made him throw up. It was like drinking raw egg whites. With his head released, Harold sat back on his haunches doing his best not to spew everything in his stomach back up. Billy was content for the moment to just let him sit as he removed the rest of his clothing.

Lying naked on the bed, Billy had Harold join him. Sated for the moment, Billy was happy to just French kiss and twist his tongue into Harold's ear. As they kissed, Billy's hands were squeezing Harold's breasts. He had grabbed them around the base and was squeezing them so the nipples seemed to pop out.

"Billy, please, that hurts," Harold complained.

"Shit, tits on a guy! I don't like that but Auntie says I have to put up with them. Too bad your nipples aren't as big as a dick then they might have some fuckin' use," Billy said. With that, he lowered his head and began sucking hard on the tender nipples.

Harold lay moaning but not with pleasure. It was pain that made him moan as Billy continued sucking and biting. Billy was also pulling painfully on Harold's soft dick as he sucked hard on a nipple. Having enough of Harold's nipples, he moved down and began sucking and nibbling the still soft penis. The penis twitched a couple of times in his mouth but remained soft. With a few cuss words, Billy pulled his head from between Harold's legs.

"Shit, I guess I'm gonna have to get Auntie to get you some damn Viagra. That thing is useless as it is right now. Either that or I'll have her cut the damn

thing off. Okay bitch, spread your legs. I've got something better in mind now," he ordered.

"Oh no Billy, please not that!" Harold pleaded as his ankles were grabbed and shoved over Billy's shoulders.

All his pleading and crying did nothing to stop Billy from doing what he wanted. Billy pulled back his foreskin, pressed the mushroom head to the tight brown hole and pushed. He pumped his iron hard penis in deep and roughly took Harold's cherry ass. When he finally came, it seemed like he pumped gallons into Harold. It had been Billy's best climax ever. He knew that the surging pleasure he was now feeling would be the first of many. As odd as the situation was, his climax was still better than he could ever get out of doing Joey.

Over the course of the holidays, Harold did all the cooking and cleaning. Mrs. Gilmore made sure that he always had on full makeup and wore old-fashioned underwear and dresses. When she had found those two old styled dresses at the thrift store, she was determined to find him more of the same. She had to go to several stores but found what she was looking for. Two open bottom girdles with garters, one violet and the other pink, had diamond front panels embroidered with silver thread in an elaborate floral pattern. She also found four long-line bullet bras with DD cups in white, red, black and orange, two spring steel boned corsets in white and blue, two more rayon full-skirted dresses in yellow with white cuffs and collar; the other was a silver grey and several nylon-yoked net crinolines.

Harold was almost constantly dressed in gaff, panties, girdle, bullet bra stuffed with panties, corset, crino-

lines, nylons, four-inch spiked heels and one of his old-style dresses. Doing chores dressed like that was very restricting on his movements and uncomfortably hot. When he finally got ready for bed each night, the relief he felt was palpable.

Additionally, with so much time off from school, Mrs. Gilmore was able to finish denuding Harold of any remaining facial hair. Shortly after she had given him his pixie haircut, she purchased a home electrolysis kit. She used it first to remove the sparse beginning of a mustache and disposed of the rest of his facial hair and sideburns. By the end of the year, Harold would never again have to shave his face.

Christmas dinner was a repeat of Thanksgiving. Only this time, Karen caught them in a more compromising position. Harold was on his elbows and knees wearing only a burgundy-colored lacy garter belt, black sheer nylons and silver sling-back five-inch stilettos. He was taking everything Billy could give him. Harold's moans sounded like he was enjoying himself tremendously. As before, she shut the door without them noticing her spying. She was crying by the time she got back to a smiling Mrs. Gilmore. Two cups of tea and Mrs. Gilmore's wise council later and she was feeling much better. Seeing her little girl having sex had lost its devastating effect. Now she was happy, thinking that maybe a wedding would be next. Billy was such a nice boy. She would have to talk to Samantha about reeling in such a great catch. She could look forward to being a nice grandmother, just like Mrs. Gilmore.

Ooo

The holidays had been a horrible nightmare for Harold. He had become a talented cock-sucker under Billy's guidance. He not only learned to deep throat but to hum as he held Billy's sack in his mouth. He was really good now at using his lips and tongue to please him. He also learned that it was a good idea to have a tampon handy for when Billy finished with him. Goopy fluid dripping down his thighs not only felt yucky but left horrible stains in the gusset of his panties.

With school starting up again, Billy now came to Harold's apartment to walk him to school. He would come in, say hi to Karen, and get a welcome kiss from Harold. Then hand in hand, they would walk to school. Every spare minute at school, Samantha had to be with Billy. They were seen holding hands and kissing in the hallways. They were seen once during lunch break under the stairwell with Samantha on her knees in front of Billy. It was only a matter of time before his girlfriends got all the juicy details of their relationship. Despite his best efforts, they even got him to reveal details about his sexual encounters.

Every Friday and Saturday they went out on a date. Usually they ended with some heavy petting and a blow job. Billy wasn't about to give up on his favorite pastime. On many occasions, Samantha could be seen sitting on his lap, hands clasped around Billy's neck and moving slowly in an up and down motion.

Harold's mannerisms were more girlie than ever, thanks to Mrs. Gilmore's constant attention. It was on her suggestion that Harold got his navel pierced. It was a cute pink pussy cat stud and hanging from its tail was a small diamond faceted letter "B". He needed

new bras as his breasts were a full "A" cup and his nipples the size of pencil erasers. His waist was three inches slimmer and his hips and ass cheeks were larger.

His mother was treating just like a daughter. She made sure to sit down with him when she got home to talk about his day. She always made it a point to get him to tell her all about Billy. She would gush and tell him how lucky she was to have such a nice boyfriend. Occasionally, after Mrs. Gilmore left with her empty pot of tea, they would talk some more. During these times, the subjects were wide-ranging. They covered anything feminine from the latest hair and clothing styles to makeup and relationships. Since they were spending more time in girl talk, they seldom watched television. When the television was on, Harold could only watch certain channels for women. News and sports were a strict no-no. His reading was restricted to women's magazines, romantic novels and entertainment. The newspaper, except the People Section, was totally off-limits

Harold went through many different emotions every day. One minute, he would almost be happy and the next, he would feel depressed. His mental processes were undergoing a profound change. In the beginning of his change, he hated everything about it and tried to resist. Now there were times when he felt real pleasure in finding just the right skirt, blouse or the perfect shade of lipstick. He still disliked having to do whatever Billy wanted of him but even that had changed. The sexual encounters didn't hurt that much and to tell the truth, some parts were actually becoming enjoyable. He even found his limp penis oozing a clear fluid when Billy hit the right spot. The sex was still messy but it wasn't as loathsome as it had been. He

was now at the point where he would rather have Billy deep inside of him than playing with his nipples.

Harold was becoming more complacent with each passing day. At times, he found himself very confused. Everyone, especially his mother, treated him like a normal girl yet he felt that he was a normal guy. Then again, what normal guy doesn't get a stiffie looking at a beautiful girl? He hadn't had a stiffie in ages, even when near a half-naked pretty girl. What normal guy would have a set of boobs? His were a full B cup and seemed to be still growing. What normal guy would suddenly break out in tears watching a sad movie? He was crying now over the least little thing. He was beginning to believe that he was, in fact, a sissy. How else could he explain all these changes? How else could he explain his lack of courage and inability to resist? If he was a normal guy, he would have kicked Mrs. Gilmore back on her fat ass. Why hadn't he the balls to beat the living shit out of Billy when he first kissed him? He had to admit that he was a wuss, a sissy, a complete failure as a man. The fact that he was on The Pill and its consequences on both his body and mind, never entered his thoughts. After all, what could such a small white pill designed to keep a woman from getting pregnant do to a normal guy?

Ooo

With school over and the long summer looming, Harold hoped things would ease up a bit. Those hopes were dashed when Mrs. Gilmore told him that she found him a summer job. He would be working as the new shampoo girl and gofer at "La Petite Salon." It was an ethnic salon five blocks away in a less desirable

neighborhood. The owner, Mrs. Jefferson, was a friend of Mrs. Gilmore.

The La Petite salon was fronted with large plate glass windows and had four stations. The floor was green and white checker-patterned linoleum; the wall was painted in a flamingo pink color. The aroma of incense, ammonia, lacquer and perfume filled his nose as they went in. Mrs. Jefferson was tall, full-figured, about Mrs. Gilmore's age and very stern-looking. She was wearing a black satin midi-skirt, white satin blouse with full puffy sleeves; black hose and two-inch block-heeled shoes.

"So this is Samantha. Come on girl, ya gotta fill out the employment forms then I'll tell ya what ya gonna do," Mrs. Jefferson said.

In her office, Harold signed his name to the W-2, an application for a social security number as he didn't already have one and a consent form allowing the salon to use him as a model. Harold tried to object to being used as a model. Deep down he knew that whatever modeling they wanted him to do, he would not like it. Plus the agreement gave the salon a Limited Power of Attorney which would force him to model as determined by the salon or face damages.

Mrs. Gilmore made sure he signed all the documents using Samantha Marie Ward, Female. The federal government would now have that identity in its records. All that was needed to complete the existence of Samantha was a new birth certificate. Mrs. Gilmore was working on that. Samantha would be working for less than minimum wage with the difference made up with free salon services. With the paperwork completed, Mrs. Jefferson went to a cabinet and removed a uniform.

“Here, put this on ‘n’ let me sees how it fits. Go ahead ‘n’ change right here. It’s just us girls,” she said.

Reluctantly, Harold pulled the yellow sun dress off.

“Shit, what’s that ya got on, girl?” Mrs. Jefferson asked.

Harold was wearing a pale yellow long line bullet bra, white corset, yellow high-waist garter belt, ecru nylons and white patent leather pointed-toed pumps with a three-inch heel, undergarments that Mrs. Gilmore insisted he wear when not in school.

“M...m...my lingerie,” he managed, blushing fiercely.

“Samantha is really into that retro look. I can’t begin to tell you how many stores we had to dig through before we found those,” Mrs. Gilmore said.

“I ain’t seen nuthin’ like that in ages but whatever floats ya boat,” Mrs. Jefferson replied.

The uniform was made of semi-transparent red nylon in an “A” line style with winged white cotton short sleeves and pointed collar. A white nylon apron adorned with floral lace trim was tied at the waist and reached to the hem of the skirt at mid-thigh.

“Ya gonna need a full slip with that but it looks just fine. Now lets go meet the rest of my staff ‘n’ then ya can get to work,” Mrs. Jefferson said.

After working at the salon from eight to five Monday through Saturday all summer, Harold was exhausted mentally and physically. Almost as soon as he started, Mrs. Jefferson decided to help him with his retro look. His hair was now long enough to do something with so she styled it. First, she dyed his hair into a very brassy-looking golden blond. Then it was

permed into tight flattened longitudinal barrel curls and lacquered stiffly into place. His bangs were feathered, puffed out and painted with the lacquer. He was told not to wash or get it wet so the lacquer set would hold its shape. It would be shampooed in about a month and the set would be redone. He didn't just get a new hairdo. Inch-long acrylic nails were glued on and varnished a rich purple color with narrow bright white diagonal stripes. A small rhinestone was glued to the right index finger nail.

When his nails were done, he was sent back to work. Walking to the back of the salon, Harold was wondering how he would be able to do anything with such long talons. Mrs. Jefferson spent a week teaching him how to hold and use his hands so as to not damage his long nails. He soon learned to keep his wrists limp and to use the flesh of his fingers when touching anything. If he chipped or, heaven forbid, broke a nail, she would smack him across the palms of his hands with a ruler until they glowed red. It didn't take too many swats before he could be seen mincing across the salon floor, elbows bent at his side, fingers spread and wrists flapping.

Later, justified by the modeling clause in his employment agreement, his right nostril was pierced and a rhinestone stud inserted. Two more holes were pierced in each ear and four new gold hoop earrings inserted. A six-inch hoop dangled from his lower lobe, followed by smaller hoops. Billy loved to grab Harold by those hoops and use them to pull his head back and forth into his groin.

Again using the modeling clause, Mrs. Jefferson had permanent makeup tattooed on his lips and eyes. "I decided since you like that retro look, I'm gonna

give ya permanent makeup. Back in the day, Cleopatra was the hottest movie and influenced all the styles. It'd be good advertising for my business if' ya had that look," she informed him.

By the time she finished, his eyebrows were removed by electrolysis. Harold's lips were now bright red, thick black eyeliner extended out giving them an ancient Egyptian look, his lids were colored a deep blue to enhance his eyes and his thin highly arched painted brows were a deep black. Over the course of the summer, Mrs. Jefferson injected his lips with filler so that they were now very full and perfect for cock sucking.

As a going away present at the end of the summer, Mrs. Jefferson personally shaped his pubic hair using her electrolysis machine. She, of course, knew his secret and it didn't faze her when she saw his shriveled dick. When she finished, he had a cute arrow-headed landing strip just above his penis.

It wasn't just his facial appearance that changed over the course of summer. His breasts were now a respectable "B" cup with thick one-inch long nipples. His waist lost another two inches and his hips gained the same. He wasn't half as strong as he had been. Lifting anything over twenty pounds was now a difficult task.

At work, he was given the most menial of tasks like cleaning out the bathroom and emptying the trash. He had to curtsy when addressing either a staff member or customer and say "Miss". Mrs. Jefferson chastised him whenever he didn't show the proper humility or didn't act in a feminine manner. He was a servant to all the staff and customers and did whatever they demanded. The staff and customers made sure he understood that he was the lowest of the low in their

company. On a daily basis, he found himself kneeling in front of a customer or one of the staff, giving them a foot message.

With work, his household chores and Billy's demands, there was very little of the old Harold left. He went through every day in a mental fog. He reacted to the demands placed on him without any real thought. His mother was very concerned by his change in attitude but couldn't do much. Mrs. Gilmore's special tea limited her ability to help Harold.

When classes resumed in the Fall, Harold got a little of his life back. Billy had graduated and was going off to college. Now that Harold was not putting up any resistance, Billy was tired of him. There was an additional benefit of Billy leaving. Mrs. Gilmore was coming over less often. In his Home and Family class, he was with his old girlfriends. They treated him like an equal and, noticing his mental change, did their best to brighten his spirits.

Mrs. Gilmore was royally pissed. She hadn't gone to all that trouble to get Billy a perfectly good boyfriend who wouldn't reflect badly on the family for nothing. When he had refused to take Harold with him off to school, she was furious.

"You ungrateful little shit! You can't do this to me after all I have done! This is not over, no, not by a long shot, mister. You go on but this is not over!" she had screamed at his departing back.

Ooo

It had been over a month since Mrs. Gilmore had come over to visit and Karen missed her. Karen spent

more time with Harold. After the dishes were cleared, Karen would get out her women's magazines and they would go through them together. At first, she did most of the talking but gradually she got Harold participate in the discussions. Harold wasn't happy doing this as all the magazines she went through were from the Fifties and Sixties.

"Mom, where in the world did you get these old magazines? They're positively ancient," he asked.

"Oh, they were a gift from Mrs. Gilmore. They're for you since you like the retro look so much. Come on, I know they are out of fashion but let's just look for the fun of it," she replied.

Karen pushed a magazine over to him saying how precious she thought the lingerie was. Displayed on the page was a matching set of lingerie. He groaned as he looked at it. Pictured from right to left were: A long-line satin girdle in a soft pastel pink with elaborate burgundy-colored floral inserts. The inserts went around the leg hem, waist and up the crotch in a fleur de les design. The next picture was of a matching bullet bra with burgundy trim decorating the cups and straps. This was followed by a full slip elaborately decorated at the hem and bodice, the matching half-slip and finally, brief-style nylon panties.

"Yeah Mom, they sure don't make 'em like they use to," he finally said.

"Your grandmother used to wear beautiful lingerie like this. As a little girl, I just loved to put it on and pretend I was all grown up. It felt so sensuous and delicious on my skin. It's a shame that you can't experience that feeling," she replied, dreamy-eyed.

“Yeah Mom, that girdle looks positively divine,” he sarcastically replied.

“Lookie here at this one. That would look fabulous on you,” Karen said, turning to a page with dresses illustrated.

The dress was cowl-necked with a figure-hugging straight skirt to just below the knee. It was bright orange with large white and black rectangle design. It was made of polyester. A matching satin pill box hat with short black veil was pictured next to it.

“You have got to be kidding me, Mother. That dress is hideous and I won’t even tell you what I think of that silly hat. Look, if we have to look at fashion magazines, at least let’s get something a little more modern. Besides, you can’t buy that stuff anymore,” he laughed.

“Don’t be so sure about that, darling. Come on, let’s look some more and see if we can pick out some outfits that would look good on you,” she acknowledged.

The biggest advantage to not having Mrs. Gilmore around was that Harold could start wearing whatever he wanted. He started wearing blue jeans everyday. Not pink, not white but real blue denim jeans in a baggy cut. He had no choice about wearing a bra but he kept to basic white cotton. He also said goodbye to heels and wore flats or skimmers most of the time. He couldn’t do anything about the permanent makeup but he could change his hairstyle. One of the first things he did with the start of school was get his hair dyed back to its natural color and cut into a simple page boy. The other changes he quickly adopted were to cut his long nails down to the tip of his fingers and remove all his piercings. Harold couldn’t talk his mother out of giving him his birth control pills but managed to stop taking his large purple “vitamin” pills. He didn’t like being a

girl but there was nothing he could do about that until he graduated. He promised himself that as soon as the year ended, he was going to a doctor to put things back to normal.

Everything was going nicely for him until he met Mrs. Gilmore on the steps. Up until that moment, he had done everything in his power to avoid her. She caught him as he was going to school. He almost made it past her before she realized who he was.

"Samantha, is that you? It *is* you. What have you done to yourself? Oh never mind, I can guess why the change. It's my fault for neglecting you this past month. Tell your mother I'll be by for tea later," she said as she stomped past him.

When she saw Harold on the steps, she almost didn't recognize him. He looked just like any other teenage girl in the city. As she examined him, all the hatred and disappointment she had directed at Billy now focused on Harold.

"It's that little slut's fault for chasing my Billy away. If Samantha had taken care of Billy like I told him to, then none of this would have happened. Well, I'm not going to let him get away with spoiling my plans. I'll teach that little slut not to do what he's told," she thought as she went to her apartment.

Harold was shaken to his very core at meeting Mrs. Gilmore. As he hurried away from her, a cold sweat broke out on his brow.

"OMG! She's back! I thought she was out of my life when Billy left but...but what now? What could she possibly want now?" his mind screamed at him.

...*To be continued...*