



Reluctant Press presents:

HAROLD II



Cheryl Lynn

An 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Harold II

By Cheryl Lynn

Harold paced his room nervously. He had run into Mrs. Gilmore that morning; she said she would be coming over for a visit. She hadn't visited in well over a month but now she was going to show up. His life was just beginning to get back to normal after her previous interference. Billy Thompson was off to college, so what did she want with him now? That was the question gnawing at his innards, twisting them into knots.

When Billy left, Harold figured he was finished with all that feminine crap she imposed upon him. He got rid of all his piercings, changed his hair and clothing style to that of a more normal girl. He would have loved to abandon his feminine persona altogether but all the kids at school knew him as Samantha. He even had his pictures displayed in the high school yearbook

as a member of the Queen's Court. Plus, he had small but well-developed B-cup breasts. If he revealed himself to be a boy now, his life would be forever destroyed. All he had to do was get through his senior year and he would be free to become Harold again. It wouldn't be that easy as he would have to get his permanent makeup and breasts removed but there was hope. Now, with Mrs. Gilmore coming back into his life, he didn't know what to expect. She had much photographic evidence that she could totally ruin him.

As he paced, he looked around his room. Gone were all the girly posters and nick-knacks she had put there. All the makeup, feminine hygiene products and other accouterments of young girls had been tossed away weeks ago. The pink sheets and ruffles were gone from his bed. The floral-scented oil lamp was long gone as well as the dollies that had decorated his table and bureau. He never wore the dresses, heels and feminine lingerie that had filled his closets and drawers any more. He only wore baggy blue jeans, sweaters and women's Fruit of the Loom underwear.

"Man, I hope she's not going to do anything. Mom's just now beginning to get over her visits and I don't want to go back to wearing all that girly-girl stuff. With Billy gone, why would she even bother with us anymore? She scares me though. She scares the hell out of me," he thought.

After running into Harold that morning, Mrs. Gilmore was in a rage. All her disappointments and anger over Billy's rejection of Harold and his dangerous homosexual nature were now focused on Harold. When she saw him that morning, she felt a burning hatred build up inside her like nothing ever had before. He was wearing a bulky sweater with the sleeves

pulled up over his elbows and baggy blue jeans. He had even changed his hairstyle to give him a more boyish look. She wouldn't have recognized him if it hadn't been for the elaborate eye makeup.

"How dare he flaunt himself like that to me! That slut ruined all my plans and drove my darling Billy away. The nerve of that boy! I put a year into molding him into the perfect companion for my Billy. So this is how he repays me? Strutting around looking more like a boy than the pretty girl I wanted for my Billy. It's only a matter of time before everyone starts thinking of him as a boy again. I can't have that! If it became known that Harold was a boy, Billy's reputation would be destroyed. Worse yet, my son-in-law's standing on the city council would be questioned. His political career would be over and my daughter ostracized. I can't allow that to happen," she raged.

Karen's day had been a rough one. First, the bus she took to work broke down and she was late. Then one of the other girls didn't show up, so Karen had to take on her workload. To make matters worse, her boss was in a foul mood and took it out on her. After the hard day at work, as she was approaching the steps to her apartment, she broke a heel.

"Shit!" she yelled as the heel gave way. Fortunately she didn't fall.

"Damn! This has to be the worst day of my life. What else can go wrong? Oh, I miss Mrs. Gilmore. She sure made my life much easier. I could confide in her and she always made my troubles disappear. She's been so involved with her family that she hasn't had time for me. I hope she settles her family business soon. I miss her," Karen thought as she hobbled up the steps.

"Samantha, I'm home, dear," she said as she entered the apartment.

"Damn, Samantha forgot to make dinner again tonight. I was so hoping to come home to a nice meal. The house is a mess too. She's been slacking off lately but teenagers, who can figure them out? Mrs. Gilmore seemed to know how to handle Samantha but I just don't have the energy," Karen thought as she went into her room.

Karen was standing over the stove when Mrs. Gilmore walked in. She was wearing a white ruffled blouse and brown straight skirt. In her hand was the familiar pot of herbal tea.

"Karen darling, what are you doing? You shouldn't be cooking, that's Samantha's job. Put that down, come over here and have some of my herbal tea. You look positively frazzled," she said sternly.

"Oh, Mrs. Gilmore, I've missed you so much. I can't tell you how much I missed your company. Is everything okay with your family now?" Karen beamed.

"Yes dear, everything is fine now and I have time to visit with my favorite neighbor. I've neglected you for too long as it is. Now, sit and join me in a cup," Mrs. Gilmore replied.

By the time the pot was finished, Karen was completely relaxed. All her cares and worries were taken care of by the doting Mrs. Gilmore. She barely remembered Mrs. Gilmore getting up and bringing a cowering Samantha back to finish cooking. The meal was eaten without thought, followed by another pot of that delicious tea, then off to bed.

Karen's last thought before falling into a deep untroubled sleep was, "Mrs. Gilmore is my guardian angel."

Ooo

Harold was lying on his bed, his hands tucked behind his head, staring at the ceiling when Mrs. Gilmore stormed in. Before he could do more than sit up, she had him by the arm and jerked him out. The force of the pull threw him up against the dresser with a loud thud. He stood dazed for a moment, then was pushed, bent over, back onto the bed. His ass flamed into agonizing pain as Mrs. Gilmore applied her belt vigorously.

"You ungrateful little bastard! I'll teach you to disrespect me," she screamed.

By the time she had exhausted herself pounding Harold's ass, he was a blubbering mess. He had never been as sorry in his life as he was at that moment. He agreed to everything she demanded and promised to do so happily.

On her command, he stripped naked and stood still as she inspected him. "Damn it Samantha, you have stubble on your legs. And what's that thing sticking out between your legs? Where's your gaff?" she demanded.

"I...I didn't like...like wearing it. I...I got rid of them," he stammered.

"So you didn't like wearing your pretty gaffs, did you? I bet you've been playing with that horrible thing between your legs too, haven't you? Don't lie to me. I'll know if you do," she almost yelled.

"Ye...yes," he muttered.

"When you were jerking that thing of yours, were you thinking about other boys or girls?" she asked with a sneer.

"Gir...girls," he said blushing.

"Girls? What are you, a lesbian? You don't have to answer that. I can see by what you are wearing. Cotton underwear, baggy jeans, you should be ashamed of yourself. Your poor mother would be ashamed of a daughter who was that way. Well, that's nothing that we can't fix. What have you done with all your pretty lingerie?" she spat.

"Got rid of it? All your pretty lingerie? Why you ungrateful little shit! We're going to change all that, beginning right now. Did you keep any of your dresses? No, just your prom gown? Well, get into it if that's all you have. We'll go shopping first thing in the morning. I'll get you excused from school," Mrs. Gilmore ordered.

After his mother went to bed, Mrs. Gilmore tied Harold to his bed using several pairs of pantyhose. He was left naked and unable to free himself. It took a long time before he could fall asleep. What sleep he got was troubled and disturbing.

Ooo

Mrs. Gilmore made sure to meet Karen just before she left for work to get her credit card. Then she phoned the school and informed them that Samantha was sick.

"You know how it is with young girls during their time of the month. She should be back tomorrow," she explained.

She had an evil grin when she entered Harold's room. "Time to get up, you good-for-nothing lout. Come on, you have a lot to do this morning before we go shopping," she said.

She quickly untied him, then, grabbing him by the earlobe, dragged him into the bathroom. The tub was already full of floral-scented bubbles. On the counter sat a large red rubber bag with a white hose and thick nozzle, a box of super absorbent tampons and panty liners, pink razor and feminine shave cream. Mrs. Gilmore took great delight watching him perform his douche. She had made him take the entire quart of liquid and apply a tampon to hold it all in.

"I told the school you were having a bad case of the cramps and I wouldn't want to lie to them. You leave that tampon in until after your bath. Now get into the tub and start scrubbing. I don't want to see the slightest trace of stubble anywhere on your pathetic body," she stated as she left.

Harold washed and shaved as quickly as he could. He couldn't wait to drain the fluids from his body. Finished with his bath, he patted himself dry, applied moisturizer and dusted with lavender-scented powder before he sat to relieve the pressure. When he finished up, Mrs. Gilmore came back into the room.

"Good, you're finished. Stand up, turn around and let me see if you missed anything. At least you remembered how to shave properly. I don't see any nicks or missed spots. Come on, we have to get you dressed," she said.

On his bed were a black pair of nylon panties and matching bra, a green wrap skirt and white poly man-cut long-sleeved blouse, a package of ecru panty hose and a pair of his black flats. The bra and panties were a bit big on him but would do. He was told later that they were his mother's. Dressed, he grabbed his purse and followed reluctantly her out the door.

He expected her to go directly to the thrift store but she took a turn. When she stopped, they were in front of La Petite salon. Mrs. Jefferson was waiting as they entered.

"My my, is that the gal that worked here this summer? What did ya do to yourself, girl? Ya look a mess. Go on back to Miss Yolanda's station, she's waitin' on ya," Mrs. Jefferson said in greeting.

Harold groaned as he walked back to where Yolanda was waiting. She was tall and thin but had an impressive DD rack and well-rounded behind. She was also one of the technicians who went out of her way to humiliate him.

"Well well, if it ain't the sissy faggot, of all people. Mrs. Jefferson told me you was coming for a work-over but she didn't tell me it'd be a major reconstruction. Come on, get ya white ass over here and into my chair," she caustically ordered.

It was almost noon by the time Harold left the salon. His hair was once again a bright, very brassy blond, shellacked into tight rows of flat horizontal curls. His ears were again pierced four times and held gold hoops. The bottom earring was at least six inches, the next four inches, the third two inches and the final piercing contained a large blue rhinestone stud. His left nostril was pierced and a smaller blue stone stud had been inserted. Yolanda took great delight in piercing

his navel and inserting a one-inch bright pink phallus pin. Of course his salon visit wasn't complete until he sported one and a half-inch acrylic extensions on his fingers. They were varnished a bright blue with small white daisy decals. As a finishing touch, she had painted his lips a luscious wet-looking fuchsia.

The next stop was the shoe store. There, Mrs. Gilmore insisted that he buy five pairs of stilt-heeled shoes. The heels were three pair of strappy sandals and two pair of open-toed pumps, none with less than a five-inch heel. He was allowed two pair of school shoes. They were black with a three-inch heel. One pair were ankle boots, the other pointed-toe pumps. He left the shop wearing a pair of silver strappy sandals with five-inch stiletto heels. Instead of going to the thrift store, Mrs. Gilmore led him to the bus stop.

"Where are we going?" he timidly asked.

"I found this lovely vintage clothing store downtown and I thought we'd give it a look over," she smugly replied.

"Vintage Fashions" was a large store with racks and racks of old dresses, pants suits, colorful net crinolines, and blouses along with tables of lingerie items. Mrs. Gilmore immediately headed for the lingerie section. Harold followed timidly behind, staring wide-eyed at all the old-fashioned clothing. Most of it looked brand new or barely used. As he passed a mannequin, he paused as he recognized the dress. It was the horrid orange polyester dress with the rectangular designs from that magazine his mother had showed him. In the lingerie section he saw the same matched set of heavily frilled undergarments.

"That was a catalog, not a magazine we were looking through," he thought as his eyes focused on the lin-

gerie set. A chill ran up his spine at that realization. While the lingerie was beautiful, he knew that it would be very uncomfortable to wear.

"Here, go put this on now," Mrs. Gilmore, said thrusting some clothing into his hands.

Looking down, he groaned as he recognized a long-line girdle and a matching bullet bra. Not wanting to get her any more agitated than she already was, Harold went to the changing cubicles. There he stripped down to his panties, stepped into the girdle and began working it up his legs and hips. It was a very tight fit and while it might have been older than he was, had lost none of its elasticity. The girdle grasped him painfully in the groin. With some difficulty, he managed to get his hand down to his crotch and maneuvered his testicles and penis into a less painful position. The bullet bra's four hook and eye closure gave him a brief struggle. The wide band of the bra came down almost to the top of the girdle and cut into his chest.

He looked at his reflection and noticed that the girdle took at least two inches off his waist. The pointed cones of the bra stood straight out from his chest.

"I look just like the model from the neck down," he mumbled.

The girdle and bra were a pale wine color with intricate burgundy-colored lace detailing. Scalloped lace hemmed the legs of the girdle which reached down to about three inches above the knee. From the crotch of the girdle up the middle, almost to his navel, floral embroidery formed a fleur de lei pattern. The top of the girdle was trimmed in the scalloped lace. The bra straps and band were burgundy-colored and the stiff cups a pale wine with floral lace overlay. From the

tight restrictiveness of the girdle, Harold figured that it was at least one size too small.

He wasn't surprised when Mrs. Gilmore entered the cubicle with the matching half and full slips. She smiled when he complained that the girdle was too small and handed him the full slip to put on. With the slip on, she took his hand and led him out onto the main floor.

"Mrs. Gilmore, I can't be out here in just these undies," he gasped.

"Nonsense dear, it's just us girls. Besides, I need to get the price tags off so you can wear your new lingerie home. You stand here while I get you a nice dress to wear with that lovely lingerie," she replied with a sneer.

To his utter horror, she quickly returned with that ugly and totally out-of-style orange dress, a pair of ecru seamed hose, the white satin pill box hat with a frill of white netting, white cotton gloves and two strands of block shaped white plastic beads for his neck and wrist.

"Here you go, darling, let me help you get these on. I can't wait to see just how precious you are going to look in this outfit," she ordered.

As Mrs. Gilmore zippered the back of the dress, a sales clerk came over to them, carrying a white patent leather letter purse. It was about a foot long, eight inches wide and three inches thick, with a gold clasp fastener.

"Hello ladies, my name is Carol. I couldn't help but notice your wonderful selections. That style is just so Jackie Kennedy, don't you think? I took the liberty to get this letter purse which I think would go perfectly

with it. Unfortunately, I don't think I have the matching shoes in white but those silver sandals will be okay," she said, offering the purse to Harold.

Carol was about Mrs. Gilmore's age with white hair pinned into a chignon style. Her face was round and rosy-looking and a pair of black rimmed half-glasses sat perched at the end of her nose. She was wearing a rayon shirt waist full-skirted dress with at least four white net petticoats.

"Carol, I'm Mrs. Gilmore and we certainly appreciate the offer. I haven't seen a letter purse like that in ages. Of course we will take it. Oh, this is my granddaughter Samantha," she replied with a bright smile.

Without thinking about it, Harold took the offered purse and held it clumsily in his hands. All his other purses had straps and he didn't know what to do with this rectangular purse.

Carol saw his fumbling and instructed, "Samantha, you need to put that style purse under your upper arm and use your hand to hold the bottom corner. You'll find that a comfortable and controllable position."

As Mrs. Gilmore and Carol chatted, Harold was becoming more and more uncomfortable. His undergarments were very confining and warm. His impossibly high heels were making his ankles and calves pulse. Seeing his reflection made him want to gag. No matter where he went dressed like this, he would be the focus of everyone's attention, something he most certainly didn't want. He wished that he had the guts to rip everything off and tell these women just where he thought they should go. Instead, he stood mutely waiting for them to finish their conversation.

"My darling Samantha would just love to have all your darling dresses and lingerie but...they are expensive. Carol, we will be back in the near future to purchase more of your wonderful clothing but I think we have enough for now," Mrs. Gilmore, said bringing the conversation to a close.

"I admit they are a bit pricey but as you can imagine, they are very hard to come by nowadays. However, I am running a special on peignoir sets this week. I have some really darling selections. It will only take a moment," Carol replied.

It took Mrs. Gilmore a couple of seconds to choose a peignoir set for Harold. It was the most feminine of all on display. The semi-transparent nylon robe was very full-skirted with large puff sleeves fastening just above the elbow in a chocolate color with very elaborate white lace detailing and thin satin bows. The matching negligee made of Antron nylon had a rounded collar and was full skirted, reaching to the ankle. It had an abundance of white lace detailing on the straps, bodice and hem. It positively screamed girly-girl.

A blushing Harold left that store with a little more wiggle in his walk. The tight ass-hugging skirt and the way he had to hold his purse gave an enchanting swish to his stride. As he feared, his wiggle and mode of dress drew every eye they passed and the occasional wolf whistle. His ordeal still wasn't over as Mrs. Gilmore said he was in need of some everyday clothing.

He thought his butt was pinched more than a few times while riding the bus back to the thrift store. He couldn't tell for sure due to the thick girdle he wore. Getting off the bus was no easier. He had to lift his skirt a bit so he could take the steep step down. When

he did, it exposed a bit of the fancy lace on his slip. He received more than one wolf whistle as he began walking off. Harold's face was beaming bright red by then.

They didn't get back to the apartment until almost four that afternoon. Harold was completely exhausted, his feet and legs were killing him and the heat at his groin was noticeable. While his new undergarments were beautiful, they were the most uncomfortable clothing he had worn so far.

The stop at the thrift store had yielded more lingerie, dresses, skirts, blouses and Capri's. Fortunately, Mrs. Gilmore couldn't find any more of the old fashioned rayon dresses or bullet bras. She did find one panty-girdle that was rubber lined in a bright pink.

As soon as the clothing was folded or hung and put away, Harold had to make supper for his mother. Mrs. Gilmore didn't care how tired or exhausted he was.

"Samantha, a good daughter will make her poor mother supper and happily do the cleaning. It doesn't matter how tired you are. It is a responsibility and you *will* do it. If you have any complaints, you can only blame yourself. If you hadn't reverted to your old slovenly and lazy ways, you wouldn't be complaining now," she stated.

"Bu...but Mrs. Gilmore, this girdle and bra are killing me. They are hot and really uncomfortable. My feet are on fire too. Plea..." he started to protest.

"Samantha, that is enough! You only have yourself to blame. For that outburst, you can wear your new girdle, bra and shoes to bed tonight. As a matter of fact, you will wear them for the rest of the week. You will have them on when you go to school and when you go to bed at night. Maybe by then you will have learned to

do what I say, when I say it, without complaint and a happy smile on your face," Mrs. Gilmore yelled.

The smell of beef stew greeted Karen as she walked into the kitchen. "That smells just divine and I'm starving. Oh my Samantha, you...you've changed. Take off that apron and turn around for me. That's the outfit we saw in the catalog. It looks great especially with that hairstyle. You even got that cute hat. Did you get the lingerie we looked at too? OMG! You did! Come on; lift that dress so I can see. Oh darling, it is lovely. From the way you have been behaving lately, I thought I had lost my girlie-girl. You look really nice, much better than that tom boy. I guess I have Mrs. Gilmore to thank for this change. I'm going to get these heels off and into something more comfortable while you finish up. You look *so* sophisticated in that outfit," she said.

"Darn it, I have to stand over a hot stove wearing full foundation garments in five-inch spiked heels while she gets to get into something comfortable. This is just so unfair," Harold signed as she left the room.

As Harold stood at the sink wearing pink rubber gloves washing the dishes, Mrs. Gilmore came in with her pot of tea and a large brown bottle.

"Karen darling, I noticed earlier that Samantha didn't have any more of her multi-vitamins so I brought her a refill," she said as she put the pot down.

"We had such a wonderful day together. I'm sure you regret not being able to help your daughter get a proper wardrobe but we understand. I'm happy to step in. Samantha, as soon as you have washed the dishes, come take your vitamin. Here, let's have a spot of tea and you can tell me all about your day," she said with a bright smile.

Finished with the dishes, Harold had no choice but to take the large purple pill. Deep down he suspected that the pill was something other than a vitamin but was too afraid to confront Mrs. Gilmore. As they drank their tea and chatted softly, Harold began cleaning off the counter tops before sweeping the floor.

"Life is so unfair," he thought as he glanced over at his mother who was wearing flats and a ratty old house dress. He couldn't hear what they were saying but his mother had a contented smile on her face.

After his mother was safely tucked away for the night, Mrs. Gilmore came into his bedroom. The pill-box hat, purse, gloves and costume jewelry were sitting on his bureau. He was stiffly stepping out of the dress.

Taking the dress from him to hang in the closet, she told him to start his nightly toilet. He sat on the vanity stool, crossed his ankles, keeping his back straight and reached for the cold cream. As he performed his nightly routine, she began removing clothing from his bureau and closet.

"I picked out your clothing for school tomorrow. It should save time in the morning. Since you are being punished for your behavior, you will be wearing your girdle, bra and heels to bed until next Monday. In the morning you will douche but not drain it. Use a super absorbent tampon and maxi pad. If you have leakage...well, that is to be expected for a young girl during her time of the month. That way you will have a bit of cramps and that bloated feeling. That's a good explanation for your absence today and I won't be totally lying about your illness. Now put on your new negligee, then get into bed on top of your comforter so I can tie you in for the night," she ordered.

"Please Mrs. Gilmore, don't do that. I'm not going to run away," he plead.

"It's not to keep you from running away, dear. It's part of your punishment. Besides, I don't want you tossing and turning while wearing those heels in bed. Speaking of your bed, what happened to the pretty comforter and other nice things in your room? Did you throw them away as well? Tsk, tsk you really shouldn't have done that. We'll take care of that tomorrow after school," she stated.

Ooo

Mary and Jeannie were the first of his friends to see him at school. "OMG! Samantha, you decided to go back to being a girlie-girl again. That is a way cool outfit. Where did you get it?" Mary exclaimed.

Harold was wearing a black woolen hobble skirt, white ruffled poly blouse with lacy jabot and small pearl buttons. He was wearing a black wool Eton-style jacket over the blouse. A wide black patent leather belt with gold buckle emphasized his narrowed waist. He was also wearing his three-inch black pumps with almost black hose.

"Hi Mary, Jeannie. Thanks. Yeah, I'm so over the tom boy phase. This is just something I had in the closet. Do you really like it?" Samantha responded. He wanted to tell them how much he hated dressing this way but dared not. Mrs. Gilmore still had friends working in the school and would find out if he acted any way but enthusiastic.

While Mary and Jeannie were friends, he still wasn't positive that he could trust them with what was re-

ally happening in his life. Jeannie had Mrs. Gilmore's cell number and he knew that they sometimes talked. Even if Jeannie wouldn't deliberately say anything to hurt him, she could innocently reveal something when they talked. He couldn't take that chance.

"Yeah, girlfriend, that's a rad outfit and it look good but the hair, girl. That is so outdated. Is it as stiff as it looks? How do you sleep at night? Jeannie added.

"Oh the hair, right, it's like what I wore during the summer. It's an old style that Mrs. Jefferson though I would look good in. It is way cooler than when it hung around my neck and it doesn't take much care. I just can't get it wet or anything like that. To keep the curls, I have to sleep with a neck pillow but that's about all. Why? Don't you like it?" Harold replied.

"Errr...yeah, sure we like it. It's just so different than what we were used to. That's all," Mary agreed.

Harold feared that he would be getting more attention than he wanted dressed like he was. He was not disappointed. The girls looked at him with disdain and the guys with lust. Without thinking about it, his ass swayed very provocatively in the tight skirt as his heels clicked down the hallway.

At lunch he was catching a lot of positive and negative comments about his look. He got a lot of "I love butts" from his friends. Some were "nice butts" like "that dress is nice but I think it would look better on my grandmother" from the other girls. If guys were into making comments about his clothing and hair, it would have been more straight forward. "Downright ugly," "insane," or "you've *got* to be kidding me" would have been their way. Harold took all their comments with a smile on the outside but was crying on

the inside. His life had taken such a huge turn and he had no control over where it was headed.

The last bell of the day was about to ring when Harold got called into the office. He hadn't been tardy or disruptive as far as he knew, so he wondered why he was being called. His questions were answered when he arrived and saw Mrs. Gilmore standing by the secretary's desk.

"Hello dear, come over here we just need your signature to confirm your schedule change." Harold read the sheet of paper that was handed to him.

"What? No, this can't be real. I didn't request to be put in any job training program. It's bad enough learning to be an administrative assistant much less become a hair stylist. As a secretary I could at least get off my feet and have a chance at a decent job. This way, I don't have a prayer," he thought as he re-read the authorization.

"Go ahead and sign it, Samantha. I know this is what you really wanted. Mrs. Jefferson at La Petite was more than happy to have you back," Mrs. Gilmore said stiffly.

From her tone, Harold knew that he had absolutely no choice in the matter. With shaking fingers, he signed the authorization. All his afternoon classes were done away with and now he would spend time under Mrs. Jefferson's instruction. With minor exceptions he would have little or no contact with the few friends he had at school or participate in school activities. To make matters worse, Mrs. Jefferson would have to give him a good recommendation if he wanted to graduate. He was doomed and there was nothing he could do about it.

"I've already made changes to your room but I think we need to get you some new personal items," Mrs. Gilmore said as they walked to the thrift store.

"Wha... what did you do?" he asked fearfully.

"I went back to that vintage store and purchased new bedding and curtains. I figured since you threw away your old bedding that it just wasn't feminine enough. I found this lovely violet satin quilted comforter with the most lavish chiffon ruffled edging. You're going to absolutely love the iridescent pink satin sheets and pillow cases. They go perfectly with the comforter. Carol and I spent hours trying to find a suitable set of curtains. I bet we dug through tons before we found full-length lavender satin with cream chiffon overlay curtains. I even found the matching valance. You can thank me when we get home, dear, but we need to find some dainty figurines, dolls and such to complete the look. You know, something suitable for a real girlie-girl like you or a five-year-old," she replied with a laugh.

Harold stood, surveying his room. Centered between his pink pillows was a large Raggedy Ann doll, a fluffy-haired pink cat on one side and a stuffed wiener dog on the other. A large red heart-shaped pillow with white lace frill was placed just below them. A princess lamp with white shade and pink Krazy Kat alarm clock sitting on lace doilies were on the bedside table. Sitting on a doily was a graceful looking ceramic prima ballerina placed at the corner of his vanity. Even his computer sat on a large lace doily. The room reeked with the smell of flowers from the pink crystal oil lamp and fragrance enhancers stuck in the wall sockets. Mrs. Gilmore had even insisted that they purchase a life-like baby doll and its rocker to put into his room. The only

things taking away from the little girl look were the wall decorations.



Hanging directly across from his bed where he had to see it when going to bed or getting up, was a large portrait of a weight lifter wearing a black thong. There was no doubt about the size of the man's package. On the other wall was a color picture of two young men, bent facing one another, wearing tight briefs, holding hands and kissing.

A poster of RuPaul was tacked to the remaining wall. On top of his dresser, stuck between two Kupie doll bookends, were three books: "Jane Eyre," "Little Women" and "Black Beauty." Harold wanted to gag as he perused his room.

By the time the room had been decorated and anything remotely masculine tossed, Harold was exhausted. Mrs. Gilmore told him to take a nice hot bath, which he gladly did. Getting out of the tub, he wasn't surprised to see her walk in. She sat on the commode and told him to stand in front of her. Quickly she pulled a quarter-inch wide stainless steel chain about his waist. Attached to the chain was a V-shaped stainless steel plate with another piece of chain at its end. She reached out, pushed his testicles up into his body, shoved his penis through a tube at the back of the plate and pulled the plate tight against his groin. Harold let out a yelp when she did that. Before he could protest or move away, there was a "click" and the device secured itself.

"There now, that should stop you from playing naughty with yourself and give you a nice flat front. You can use the toilet with no problems. Just make sure you push the chain aside to poop. It's locked so you won't be getting out of that unless I decide to let you out. Now, put your girdle and bra back on. You'll find it easier if you dust the inside of the girdle with baby

powder first. Then get dressed and go make dinner for your poor mother," she stated, very pleased with herself.

The next morning, Harold went to school wearing an A-line dress with three white crinolines, hose and pumps. Neatly folded in his back pack were his semi-transparent red nylon salon uniform and a pair of red patent leather five-inch spiked heels. He almost cried when he told his girl friends that he would be working at the salon. He made sure they understood it was to fulfill his lifelong desire to become a fancy hair stylist. Mrs. Gilmore said that if he didn't tell them that, he would severely regret it. Alisha said that she didn't believe him but he insisted that it was true. She couldn't understand why a smart girl like Samantha would ever want to do something so menial. Fortunately, Harold was convincing enough to stop her questions.

After lunch, he breathed a sigh of relief as his friends headed for their lockers. He didn't want them to see him change into the embarrassing red uniform, much less see his matched set of underwear. Changed, he snuck out of the school as fast as he could. He was blushing almost as red as his uniform by the time he reached the salon. His fancy full slip with its elaborate lace embroidered bodice and hem were easily seen through the thin fabric of the dress.

"There ya are, 'bout time too. My my, girl, what's wrong with ya? Come on over here 'n' let me fix ya face. Don't be coming here without full makeup no more," Mrs. Jefferson greeted.

"I went to a lotta trouble getting' that eye makeup just right 'n' here ya go trying to cover it up. Make sure you overlay that dyed base with the same color

makeup and paint them lips a nice bright red. I want my girls ta look sharp when work here. Now get ya ass busy sweepin' up this place," she demanded.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Jefferson but I thought it was a bit much for school. I...I didn't want to get into trouble for it," Harold tried to explain.

"I don't care, girlie. Just do as I say from now on. Now scoot, that floor ain't getting' any cleaner," she snorted.

"I...I thought I was...was going to learn to be a hair stylist," Harold started to protest.

"Girl, what did I just tell you? You ain't smart enough to be a stylist so do what I tell ya or else," she almost yelled.

It didn't take long before Harold was doing exactly what he had over the long summer. He was sweeping, cleaning toilets, serving coffee, running errands or on his knees giving foot massages. All the employees at the salon knew that he was really a boy and thoroughly enjoyed lording it over him. The more demeaning the task, the more they loved watching him do it. He was sitting on the floor crying at the end of the work day when Mrs. Jefferson came to get him.

His eyes were still red and puffy when he got home. If he expected any sympathy from Mrs. Gilmore he didn't get it. Instead, she told him to change into a nice dress, fix his makeup and start his chores.

As he dusted and vacuumed, he would occasionally break down in tears. "I can't seem to stop crying. I'm an emotional wreck. What's happening to me? I never used to feel like this. At least not until she came into our lives. I didn't have tits either. Why can't I stop this? I'm heavier than I used to be but now I have trouble

just moving chairs when I clean. I can't beat her up, I can't go back to my father, wherever he is, and I can't live on the streets. I'm fucked!" he thought as he turned off the vacuum.

"Why are you still crying?" Mrs. Gilmore asked, surprising him.

"Uh, I...I'm upset from work," he stuttered.

Ooo

Saturday morning, Mrs. Gilmore released Harold from his bed. It had been a horrible week for him and he was glad it was finally over. He didn't have much to look forward to but she had promised that he could get out of the girdle, bra and shoes. When he came out of the bathroom wearing his negligee, she surprised him. She removed a key from around her neck and removed the steel chastity device. He blushed as she took a few moments to fondle his masculinity. Inwardly, he was happy that it stayed limp and unresponsive.

"Thank goodness that's over. I wish it had been a young girl like Alisha doing it though," he thought when she finally stopped.

"What's the matter, Samantha, you don't like a woman playing with your little toy? Maybe you'd rather have my Billy playing with it, huh?" she asked.

"N...no Mrs. Gilmore," he responded.

"No? What do you mean dear. No, you don't want a woman playing with it or no, you don't want Billy playing with it?" she demanded.

"Neither, Mrs. Gilmore, I just want to be left alone, please," he said, frightened by her questioning. He cer-

tainly didn't want Billy doing it but he knew that's what she had demanded of him in the past.

"Was she asking me a trick question so she could punish me some more?" he wondered.

"Neither? I don't buy that, I think it's a woman you want. You said as much when I caught you that day diddling yourself. You ever do it with a woman, Samantha? Have you had sex with a real woman?" she questioned.

"Err no, Mrs. Gilmore," he replied, blushing. This conversation was going in a direction he really didn't want to pursue. Yes, he was a virgin when it came to women. His only sexual experiences had been with Billy. Sex was something he didn't want to talk about, especially with her.

"Well Samantha, I think it is high time you discovered what it's like having sex with a woman and I'm going to teach you. I may be a bit old but, and you need to understand this, we're all the same down there. Some things never change, dear. I had the same pussy when I was ten as I do now and it's just like all the other girls out there. There 's no difference, young old or in between. What you are going to see is what you will always see when you have sex with a woman," she stated.

Harold lifted his head from the toilet bowl. What little he had had in his stomach churned below him. His recent experiences had left him sick as a dog and chilled to the bone.

Mrs. Gilmore stripped naked. Her upper arms sagged and swayed as she removed her bra. Her wrinkled breasts with the black rubbery nipples swung down almost to her navel and bounced on her flabby

stomach. As she bent to remove her dull white granny panties, they swayed in the air like over-stretched water balloons. The lips of her pussy were large brownish flaps of loose wrinkled skin, covered in a mat of grey springy hairs. A pungent musky odor assailed his nose as her panties hit the floor.

She made him kiss and lick her grotesque body. The worst part of that was when he had to lick under her arms and between her legs. He spent what seemed like ages on his knees between her spread legs, servicing both her holes. He fought a constant battle to keep from gagging but he managed. The entire time he was attending to her, she kept telling him it would be no different with any other girl.

After he had licked her pussy to glistening wetness, she pulled him to the bed and straddled his groin. "Now comes the best part, Samantha. You get to penetrate a real honest to goodness pussy," she said as she lowered herself.

His penis was limp and she had to rub her wiry bush forcefully against it. As she worked to get him erect, she taunted him.

"What's the matter, dear? Not man enough for a real pussy? Any real man would be as stiff as a board by now."

Her abrasive rubbing managed to get Harold semi-erect and she forced it into her gapping hole. As she moved up and down, Harold could barely feel anything. She was so open that, other than a little warmth and wetness, he felt nothing. With the lack of sensation, his dick shriveled and plopped out.

“Oh dear, it looks like your little weenie doesn’t like pussy but I know what you *do* like,” she said as she rolled him over.

Harold gasped as he felt her stick one, two, then three fat fingers into his ass. She began pumping her hand and working her fingers in as deep as she could until she heard him groan and cry out. To his utter humiliation, Harold had come all over his comforter. It was thin, watery and not very copious but it stained his comforter.

“Well, that settles that, Samantha. You can’t get it up for a pussy but you certainly got overly excited when you had your boy-pussy fucked. You may not want to admit it but you’re a faggot. The proof is in the pudding so they say and your pudding is all over the bed spread,” Mrs. Gilmore said with a hearty laugh.

“I should make him clean up his mess right now or the stain will set in that satin. Then again, if I leave it, he will remember this day for a very long time. Every time he sees it, he will question his manhood. Spurn my Billy because he is gay, will he?” she thought as Harold ran to the bathroom.

When he went to his locker at the salon one day, he found it filled with boxes of tampons, pads and liners. It didn’t take him long to start hating the sight of pussy and the women that possessed them.

From that point on, he was treated with contempt by the salon staff. The only person who treated him half way decently was the manicurist Monique. She was a small beautiful young Vietnamese with long raven black hair hanging almost to her bottom. She had a small but pert bosom, narrow waist and firm, round ass. Harold could almost lose himself in her glorious black almond eyes. She felt sorry for him and began

teaching him how to professionally do manicures and pedicures. Mrs. Jefferson didn't really approve but having a backup for Monique could come in handy.

Ooo

Over the ensuing months, Harold settled into a pattern. He went to school in the mornings, the salon at noon, then home where Mrs. Gilmore was usually waiting. She always had a set of chores for him to perform and made sure he did them in as feminine a manner as possible. Once the chores were done, he made supper for his mother. Once supper was finished, he would clean up while his mother and Mrs. Gilmore had their tea. Now that Mrs. Gilmore was back, his mother didn't spend as much time with him. Occasionally, they would find themselves sitting on the couch watching the Food Channel or some women's show.

They would talk as they watched and his mother always asked him if he had a new boy in his life. When he replied in the negative, she would go on about how nice it would be if he could have a nice man in his life. When he tried to turn the conversation around by asking her why she didn't have a man, she laughed it off.

"Darling, after three failed marriages, I don't need a man around permanently. Every now and then I get the itch, if you know what I mean, and we go to a hotel. It feels so good sometimes to have a man's strong arms around you and the sex is wonderful without commitments. You seem so down lately, maybe that's just what you need, a good man," she would tell him.

As the holidays came around, his life at the salon got a bit better. The increased demand for manicures and pedicures was so great that Mrs. Jefferson was

forced to let Harold do some of them. He actually performed that task with dexterity and received some very good tips.

Mrs. Gilmore knew that he had extra spending money as he had to report his tips to Mrs. Jefferson. His earnings were regularly reported to Mrs. Gilmore and she made sure he couldn't stash it away. She wasn't about to let him save enough to run away.

One Saturday in mid-December, Mrs. Gilmore made him cash out his entire bank account. With cash in hand, they went back to the vintage clothing store. When they left Carol's store, Harold and Mrs. Gilmore were loaded down with packages. Harold was now the proud possessor of three complete sets of lingerie similar to his first set. High waist long-line girdles in wine, pink and violet with contrasting elaborate lace embroidery in one bag. Three matching bullet bras, garter belts, full and half-slips filled another. One bag contained four nylon and chiffon baby dolls with matching robes in sunflower, orange, black and red. They were heavily frilled with lace, ribbons and ruffles at the neck, shoulders and hem. Two bags contained stiff nylon net crinolines in all the colors of the rainbow. A clothing bag held three dresses and a disco era pantsuit in lime green polyester with an emerald green satin long-sleeved ruffled blouse. The final bag contained four leather purses, gloves, belts and two hats. One hat was a knitted cloche in bright pink and the other was a black pillbox style with a veil of black netting.

Carol had been so happy with the sale, she threw in a white beaded clutch purse and a white feathery boa. "Here sweetie, these will go beautifully with that shantung-style little black dress you purchased," she told him with a bright smile.

Mrs. Gilmore insisted that he wear the little black dress, boa and purse to the salon's office party. For lingerie, she had picked out the black panties with elaborate scalloped white lace detailing, bullet bra, garter belt, full slip and white seamed hose. As he walked to the salon swishing in the tight dress, it seemed like every eye was upon him. The tight fitting silk Oriental-style dress covered him from neck to mid-thigh and forced him to take small mincing steps. He had the boa wrapped around his neck and a warm black lamb's wool jacket. He blushed most of the way to the shop.

He'd much rather have gone to his school's prom that night but Mrs. Gilmore said the office party was more important. Mixing with a bunch of people who disliked and abused him was not his idea of a fun evening. Going to the prom, even if it meant dressing like a Fifties or Sixties beauty queen, would have been preferable.

"Now that you are a working girl, your primary focus must be on your work. Office parties are very important and should have priority," Mrs. Gilmore told him.

He barely had his coat off before some of the girls gathered around. They plucked at his dress, lifting the hem to see his elaborate slip, picked at the netting on his pill box hat while making loud comments about his "retro look."

The salon was packed with people, mostly the staff and their husbands or boyfriends but some of their better customers were there as well. There was punch, a wine assortment and a lot of finger foods. Mrs. Jefferson was holding court off to one side and Harold made his way over to her to tell how thrilled he was to be

there. The obligatory holiday music was blaring over the stereo system.

Once the fuss about his clothing was over, Harold was left alone. Monique talked with him a bit and said that she really liked his outfit. Harold believed that she had been sincere in her compliment but no one else approached. He couldn't leave like he desperately wanted to, so he found an out-of-the-way chair, sat and sipped at his punch. It was fruity but very tasty. The only time he got up was to get some more. After an hour, he was a little buzzed.

About two hours later, Yolanda and a couple of her cohorts came over to where was sitting. They were obviously drunk and he dreaded their approach but he wasn't much better off. He had never drunk alcohol before other than maybe one beer and he was feeling the vodka-spiked punch.

"Happy holidays, faggot. I see ya got a small purse tonight. How ya gonna carry all our tampons and pads in that small a purse?" Yolanda giggled.

"Yeah Samantha, ya got my maxi-pad in your purse?" Sybil asked as she grabbed it from his lap and opened it.

"Yolanda, the bitch ain't got no pads or tampons in here. All she got is some makeup, tissues and coin purse. What if we needed dem tonight?" she said, looking up from the purse.

"Faggot, ya should know better. Maybe ya need a reminder so ya don't forget in the future," Yolanda said with an evil grin.

"Look, it's the holidays. Give me a break, will you? If you need any of those things, I've got plenty in my locker," he replied fearfully.

"Nah, don't think that'll do, pervert. Come on Yolanda, let's get the little faggot his gift. The shop's still open," Tashanda sneered.

"Yeah, why not? Grab him and let's go. Ya make any fuss, faggot 'n' I'll cut ya," Yolanda replied, showing him a switch blade knife.

With Tashanda and Sybil each holding on to one of his arms, they marched him out the door and down three stores to the tattoo shop. They shoved him through the door and Yolanda greeted the tattooist.

"Hey there, girlfriend. This is that faggot I told ya bout. Ya ready ta do what we talked about?" she said.

"Sure, bring him to the back. I'm all set up. You sure you want to do this?" the tattooist asked.

"We all think it'd be a real hoot. Let's get this party rolling," Yolanda replied.

When he found himself in the back room of the tattoo parlor, Harold's alcoholic buzz disappeared. This was a place he most certainly didn't want to be, not now, not ever. He started to fight and yell but the two women were much stronger and Yolanda stuck a wad of cotton four-by-fours into his mouth.

Silenced, he was forced over the padded table by both girls holding his arms, preventing him from getting up. Yolanda pulled up his skirt and slip, then pulled the black panties down. Before he could do anything, his bare round butt was sticking out for all to see.

The loud buzzing and pain seemed to last a long time and tears were ruining his makeup. Long black streaks of mascara and eyeliner ran down his face as the girls finally let him go. Slowly, trying to get his sobbing under control, he stood on shaky feet.

"Keep that dress 'n' slip up, faggot, ya don't wanna git ya tat messed up. Darlene will have a bandage on it soon as ya get ta see it. Hope ya like it, we all chipped in ta pay for it. Happy holidays, faggot," Yolanda howled with laughter.

Harold almost fainted when he saw what had been done to him. The only thing keeping him upright was the strong grips of the two girls. On his right cheek was a drawing in bright pink, framed in black ink with a garland of multi-colored flowers, of a tampon applicator with the string hanging out the end. Underneath in blue ink script, were the words, "I Luv Tampax Pearls."

Harold was in tears all the way home. It was late and his mother was already asleep. Mrs. Gilmore was sitting at the kitchen table sipping on some white wine.

"What's the matter, dearie? Didn't have a good time?" she asked.

"I... it was horrible. They forced me to get... a tattoo," he bawled, tears flowing freely down his face.

"They? Who are 'they,' dear? Now stop that infernal crying and tell me who they were and what happened," Mrs. Gilmore sternly said.

"Yolanda and her friends. They... they took me to the tattoo parlor down from the salon. They tattooed my... my ass. It wa... was horrible," he replied, crying all the harder.

"Tattoos can be removed or covered up so it can't be that bad. Show me what they did to you, dear. Come on, let me see how bad it is," she demanded.

Reluctantly, Harold turned around and lifted his skirt and slip. Mrs. Gilmore pulled his panties down and removed the bandage.

“Oh my! That is some tattoo. I don’t think I have ever seen one like it and I have seen a few odd tattoos in my life. I will say this, that tattoo artist is very talented. It looks so real. It looks like someone glued a very large applicator on your ass, sitting in a bed of flowers. It’s very realistic. Those young ladies should be ashamed of themselves but I must say, in its own way, that is an artistic tattoo. I think you had better get used to it. It’s too big to cover with another tattoo and to remove it would be just impossible. I’ll have a talk with Mrs. Jefferson tomorrow and see what can be done about Yolanda and her friends. Now go get changed for bed. Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. Billy will be home for the holidays tomorrow. I’m sure he will want to see you. Isn’t that thrilling news?” she said.

Ooo

He didn’t think this holiday season could be worse than last year’s but it reached new heights in humiliation and embarrassment. When he went back to the salon on Monday, Mrs. Jefferson made him show his tattoo to all the staff. The only one besides Harold who was not laughing her ass off was Monique. She didn’t think it was the least bit funny and told the others what she thought.

Yolanda walked up to the small Vietnamese manicurist and told her that if she didn’t like it, she could get her Asian ass out of there. Monique looked up at the tall woman and began telling her just what she thought of her and the other staff. It almost came to blows when Mrs. Jefferson stepped in.

"Enough! Ya two stop that this instant or ya both will be very sorry. Now Yolanda, get back to ya station fore I get mad. Monique, get ya things 'n' get on home. Since ya don't like the staff, you might as well git. Samantha can do your job from now on. Samantha, git ya clothes back on. The rest of you, get back ta work," she thundered.

As Monique was gathering her things together, Harold walked over. "Gosh Monique I didn't mean to get you fired but thanks for sticking up for me. I really appreciate that you know," he said.

"Don't worry your head about it, Samantha. I never cared much for working here. I've saved some money and I wanted to open my own nail shop any how. As far as that whore Yolanda goes, you should report what she did to the cops. What she did has to be illegal. Why are you still here, anyway? You don't have to take this abuse. Quit, tell that bitch Mrs. Jefferson to go stick it or something," she said.

"I... I can't. This job is part of my school work. If I quit, she'll give be a bad report and I won't be able to graduate this May. I can't report Yolanda either. It would be too embarrassing and Mrs. Jefferson would be pissed at me. I need to graduate so I can...can get away from all this," he replied softly.

"Hell girl, get a damn GED. That's what I did. You don't have to go to school to get a diploma if that's all you care about," Monique replied.

"It's more complicated than that, Monique, but I'll think about it," he said as she picked up her stuff and began walking out of the salon.

His day didn't get any better when he walked into the kitchen after work. Mrs. Gilmore was sitting at the

table, talking to Billy. Billy had to take a second look before he realized that the pretty girl was Harold.

"Harold, is that really you?" he asked, somewhat surprised.

"Yeah Billy, it's really me. Don't you like what your Auntie has done to me?" he replied coolly, not really caring what Mrs. Gilmore thought after his day at the salon.

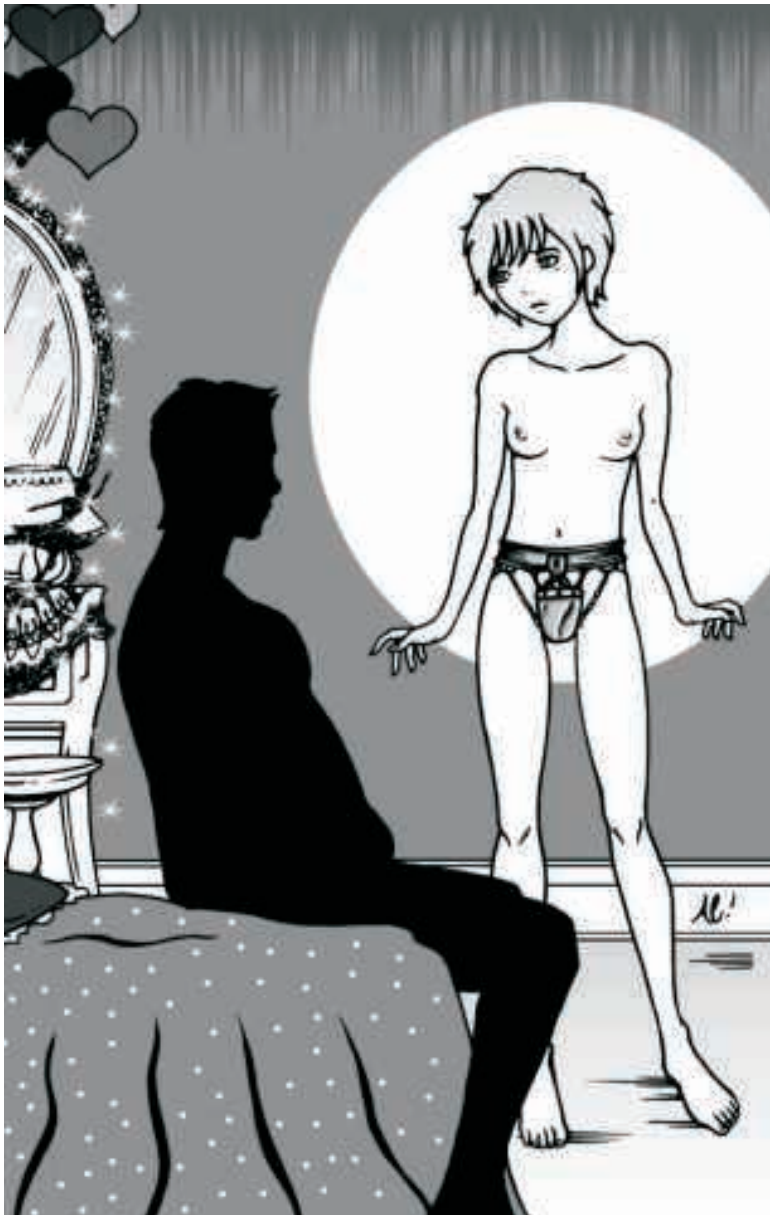
"Samantha! Is that any way to greet your boyfriend after all this time? Give him a proper kiss, then you can take him to your room to catch up on old times," Mrs. Gilmore said in a voice he knew not to disobey.

Seeing Harold dressed and looking so feminine didn't do anything for Billy. He reluctantly kissed him on the lips as Harold did his Auntie's bidding. What got Billy's attention though was the look in Harold's eyes. He could see how much he hated to be near him, how much Harold detested having to kiss another boy. That's what turned Billy on. There was no greater high for him than to have a straight male perform as the bottom. No matter how feminine Harold looked and acted, Billy knew that he still hated every aspect of his life.

In the privacy of Harold's room, Billy made him do a slow striptease while he sat on the bed. Harold tried to refuse but Billy was adamant in his demand. Blushing crimson, he stripped naked as Billy watched. During that entire time, Billy's penis stayed soft but when he saw the stainless steel gleaming between Harold's legs, it twitched.

Billy was surprised to see such a feminine figure standing nude before him. Harold had nice firm B-cup breasts with thick pink nipples almost an inch long, a

slim narrow waist and well-rounded hips and ass.
What made the figure tantalizing to him was that shiny
steel plate and what he knew was hidden there.



He got another kick out of seeing Harold's tattoo and knowing just how humiliating it must have been to have that inked into his ass. Billy's dick twitched even harder as he beheld Harold's firm, round, white ass. It was just begging to be fucked and his dick twitched some more. He had seen the fear in Harold's eyes as he turned his back to Billy and that made things even more interesting for him. Billy was now fully engorged with lust and desire. It didn't take him long to strip his own clothing off.

Mrs. Gilmore was sitting at the kitchen table with a pot of tea when Karen came home. "Mrs. Gilmore, I didn't expect you to be here so early," she said in greeting.

"I brought my Billy down to see Samantha, darling. Come sit, have some tea and we'll talk a bit before you go check on them," Mrs. Gilmore said, smiling broadly.

Karen peeked into Harold's room, being careful not to make any noise to let them know she was there. She had wanted to knock on the door but Mrs. Gilmore had told her to just take a peek and not let them know she was there. What she saw should have shocked her but it didn't. Instead she smiled and carefully shut the door.

Harold was on his back laying on the bed with his legs stretched out over Billy's shoulders. They were both naked and Billy was giving him what looked like a very sound banging. The sounds of two hard bodies coming together were loud in her ears as she returned to the kitchen.

"Are the children alright, dear?" Mrs. Gilmore asked, seeing her return.

"They seem to be getting along nicely. It was like you said, Mrs. Gilmore. They seem to be really happy together. Maybe you were right, there may be a wedding in the not-too-distant future," Karen replied.

"How nice, come let's have another cup and a toast to their reuniting," Mrs. Gilmore said with a broad smile.

As Billy reamed out Harold's tight rose bud, Harold was having strange thoughts and feelings. Yes, it hurt and at first was painful but not so much now. Instead, he was getting stiff as Billy's penis touched him deep inside. If he relaxed, he could feel the penis move up and down as it passed into his passage. It was not a bad or horrible experience; it felt nice. As the tip of the penis touched his prostate, Harold couldn't help himself but moan in pleasure. Now the pain was coming from that damn chastity device.

While the physical pleasure was becoming delightful, his thoughts were confused. "This actually feels good. It is humiliating to be used like this but I haven't had any release in so long. Maybe that's why I feel so good right now. I wish she would take this darn steel plate off me so I could get more enjoyment out of this. It's nowhere near as disgusting as it was when Mrs. Gilmore used me. Ooh, he's hit that spot again. His dick wasn't nearly as ugly as I remembered it to be. It felt kinda nice in my mouth. All warm and velvety-like. Not like those messy pussies I've had to see and smell. He smelled all musky and manly. Not that foul smell that those pussies reeked of. If only he would slow it down a bit so I could get more pleasure out of it, this wouldn't be so bad," he thought.

Billy grunted loudly and came deep inside of Harold. He lay panting above him for a few moments be-

fore he rolled off. Billy was asleep in short order. Harold grabbed some tissues off his night stand to stem the flow of fluid from his backside. He got up and, with his hand holding the tissue in place, waddled to the bathroom.

“Sex is such a messy business. Maybe it would be better if we really cared for one another,” he mumbled.

Billy visited the apartment many times during his school holiday, usually when Harold was alone. He used his vivid imagination to do all sorts of sexual things with Harold.

Christmas was a relief for Harold as Billy would be with his parents for the rest of the week. As he expected, all of his gifts were appropriate for a young girl. His mother gave him a couple of feminine angora sweaters, two new skirts for school, a couple of blouses and some jewelry. Mrs. Gilmore gave him three old-fashioned corsets that she had found at the vintage store. One was a white canvas affair with wide shoulder straps and heavy paneling in a bright satin. It had stiff wire boning, hook and eye closure in the front, laces in the back and pointed bullet bra cups.

“That is your training corset, Samantha. When you wear it every night, before you know it, you’ll have the perfect hourglass figure,” she informed him.

The other two corsets were not nearly as restrictive as the white one but would force his body to take on the desired shape. One was in bright yellow satin with frilly lace detailing and the other was emerald green.

His last gift was a box from Mrs. Jefferson. It contained a pair of shiny black pointed-toe pumps with six-inch stiletto heels. The accompanying card said he should wear them when he came back to the shop.

“Those will take some getting used to. Why don’t you put them on now, dear? It wouldn’t hurt to get some experience walking in them now,” Mrs. Gilmore said when he pulled the shoes from the box.

New Year’s Eve, Billy was taking Harold to a formal dance. Mrs. Gilmore made sure Harold would be the prefect escort for her Billy. She got him started on his preparations at three that afternoon. Billy would be by to pick him up at seven. He started out with a long leisurely bubble bath, followed by the removal of any stubble, application of a flowery moisturizer, dusting of scented talc and the rest of his hygiene requirements.

He spent the next hour getting his nails polished in a deep reddish-plum enamel and tending to his Gibson Girl wig. Mrs. Gilmore thought the dance required something a little more elaborate than his stiff curled hairdo. With those tasks finished, he began dressing.

Mrs. Gilmore laced up his emerald green corset to its tightest notch after he had put on sheer black seamed hose with lace welts and a pair of emerald green tap panties with lavish white scalloped floral lace trim. She then had him sit at the vanity and apply full evening makeup.

He sat on the vanity stool with his back straight and shoulders back. The corset wouldn’t allow him the freedom to slouch. He was getting used to the corset’s binding pressure after a week wearing his training corset every night. He was convinced that only the devil himself could have invented something so painful and unforgiving.

The wide straps of the training corset pulled his shoulders down, forced his spine into absolute straightness and compressed his innards with almost painful constriction. Fully laced, he could only take small

breaths using his upper chest. He was not only forced to wear that awful garment to bed every night but he wore hose and the six-inch heels as well. It made for very uncomfortable sleep.

With his makeup and a liberal spraying of floral perfume, he was ready to finish dressing. Mrs. Gilmore had laid out four white net crinolines on the floor for him to step into. He couldn't bend to pull them up, so she did that for him. As the nylon yokes settled around his tiny waist, she fluffed the petticoats out. She walked around him, checking to make sure the lace hemming was straight and the small pink satin bows were uncrumpled on each crinoline. As she made her way around him, she tightened a thin green satin shoulder strap on his corset.

Satisfied with the arrangement of his undergarments, she held his dress out for him to slip into. It was emerald green satin with sequins sewn on the scooped neck bodice. Soft sea foam green chiffon formed the balloon sleeves and neck of the dress. The high puffed chiffon shoulders were supported by thin wires and the sleeves tied with thin emerald green satin ribbons. The chiffon collar fluffed out from under his chin like breaking waves upon the seashore and was secured with another green satin ribbon. The bridal satin skirt flared out from just above his waist and gleamed in the light.

She helped him step into the black six-inch spike heeled shoes Mrs. Jefferson had given him. He was still trying to maneuver gracefully in those towering heels but she had insisted he wear them tonight. Black, she had said, would be the perfect color compliment to his green dress.

With him finally dressed, it was time to put on his jewelry. A black and silver onyx bracelet for his right wrist and a black dialed woman's watch for the left were put on. Several silver rings, one with a large obsidian setting, went on his fingers. His gold hoops were replaced with the matching silver ones.

Mrs. Gilmore had him sit so she could firmly attach the wig to his head. Black orchids surrounded in a bed of green lace adorned the wig. After carefully pinning the hairdo into place, she pronounced him ready.

The dance was long and tiring for Harold. His clothing was heavy and hot. The shoes were killing his feet and calves. He couldn't decide whether sitting or standing was worse because he was miserable in either position. He was more than happy when the dance was finally over and he could go home. Of course, Billy had to be satisfied before he could call it a night.

Ooo

The holidays finally over, Harold could relax but not too much. Mrs. Gilmore was in a fit once again because Billy refused to take Samantha back to college with him. Since she couldn't take her displeasure out on Billy, Harold received the brunt of her wrath. She seemed to take particular pleasure out of lacing Harold into his training corset as tightly as possible. She was so mad that she went out and bought Harold a pair of pink ballerina boots. He didn't know where she got them but he hated wearing them more than anything. They kept his feet like the name implies, "en pointe" and he was forced to mince very carefully on the tips of his toes. The position his feet were forced to take was painful just by itself and having to walk in them was

excruciating. Fortunately, it was for only a few hours each day before his mother got home. As soon as the boots came off, he would make his way to the bathroom where he would soak his aching and blistered feet in hot Epsom salted water.

Having to wear those boots and six-inch stilettos all the time had an effect on his feet. He no longer felt comfortable walking flat-footed for any length of time. Even the time he spent in the bathroom caused his feet to ache and he couldn't wait to step into a pair of high-heeled mules.

The corsets had done their work as well. Even without them, his back was arrow straight, shoulders slightly slumped, his waist narrow and he breathed with his upper chest. He found that he wasn't comfortable and his back would ache if he didn't wear either his corset or high-waisted girdles.

Another thing he noticed was that his breasts seemed to have filled out more. His flesh was beginning to flow over the cups of his bras. He didn't want big breasts, he didn't want breasts, period, but there was nothing he could do about it. Not only that but his butt and hips were getting bigger. All his clothing was tight and the fit was all wrong.

Other changes were not so noticeable to others. His emotions were on even more of a roller coaster than before. He found himself crying over the least little thing. Things like a chipped nail or a pretty flower would start the waterworks going. He also found himself looking at other guys, especially handsome ones with tight asses. Sometimes he found himself thinking about what it would be like to have a man who loved him. That thought usually popped up when he was reading a romance novel.

Ooo

With the holidays over, Harold had to go back to working at the salon. The only difference now was that he got to sit for most of the day. That was a luxury he delighted in as standing in his six-inch heels all day would have been most unpleasant. His abilities as a manicurist were improving and the demands on his time were keeping him busy. While the fumes of varnish remover and the varnishes themselves killed his sense of smell, it beat scrubbing toilets anytime.

His period of relative enjoyment ended when Yolanda decided to have some more fun with him. One Friday, as the salon was about to close, a very big older man entered the shop. He appeared to be in his early fifties with slightly graying close cropped hair. He was over six feet tall, had a middle-aged spread and when he smiled, he flashed two golden teeth. He was wearing bib overalls and a black and red checkered long sleeve shirt. The shirt sleeves were rolled up to mid-bicep and exposed thick muscle. Yolanda ran to meet him. They talked briefly and she pointed to where Harold was putting the last of his things away.

"You really a sissy boy under all that finery? Yolanda here says ya is. I like sissy boys like you, so why don't we go out for a little drink," he said, walking up to Harold.

"I...I'm sorry...but...I...have plans," Harold managed to stammer. The big man scared him and Harold didn't want to have anything to do with him, especially if he was friends with Yolanda.

"Plans can wait. I got the fifty dollars Yolanda said you charge. Call me Mr. Abraham. Let's go have that

drink, then you can go home," he firmly replied, reaching out and grabbing Harold by the arm in a tight grip. He pulled Harold in close and stuffed a wadded up bill into his bodice.

"Please, I...I don't want to go and I don't want your money. I...I just turned nineteen and I'm too young to drink. Now, please just let me go," Harold loudly said.

"What's all da commotion going on out here?" Mrs. Jefferson said as she walked out of her office.

Yolanda jumped in front of her, blocking her path. "Ms Jefferson, Mr. Abraham paid Samantha for a date 'n' now she's making a fuss. I saw her stuff the money into her top. That's all," Yolanda stated.

"Is that true, Samantha?" Mrs. Jefferson asked as she walked over to them.

"No! I...I didn't take his money. He...he put it there. I don't want to go anywhere with him," Harold said, beginning to panic.

Mrs. Jefferson reached into Harold's bodice and removed the wrinkled bill. She unfolded it, held it up to the light and handed it back to Mr. Abraham.

Looking him in the eye, she firmly said, "Mr. Abraham, I don't really care bout what my girls do once they leave my shop but they certainly ain't gonna do no hoeing while they're here. Now, take ya money and get on outta here. You want some pussy, buy it on the streets like everyone else. Now git."

As the big man left with a frown on his face, she turned to Yolanda. "Yolanda, I put up with a lot of ya crap but this has done gone far enough. Ya do sumptin' like this again, I'll kick ya fat ass right outta here, understands me, girl?" she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Jefferson. It was just a joke, that's all," Yolanda replied contritely.

"As for you Samantha, you want ta hoe yourself out, don't do it here. Now get ya young ass on home," Mrs. Jefferson ordered.

Harold was in tears and shaking like a leaf as he quickly fled the salon. For the first time since he began working at the salon, he felt thankful that Mrs. Jefferson was there. Once out on the street, he looked carefully around to make sure Mr. Abraham was not anywhere in sight. He began walking as fast as he could in the high heels, often looking back over his shoulder to make sure no one was following.

After he left the salon, Mrs. Jefferson grabbed Yolanda by the arm and gave her a good jerk. "Yolanda, what's got into you, girl? That tat you put on his ass was bad 'nough but now you tryin' to pimp her out. You stupid bitch! I oughta bust your ass for doing that! Ya think I wanna lose my only damn manicurist? Ya stupid bitch! Do somethin' like that again n I'll fry your ass, understood, bitch?" she screamed.

To say that Harold was shaken by that experience would be an understatement. Mrs. Gilmore gave him a cup of her special herbal tea to calm him down enough to get the whole story. Outwardly, she was all smiles and sympathetic to what had happened. Deep inside, though, she smiled. The experience would make Harold even more pliable to her demands. The experience also made him understand just how vulnerable he really was.

Harold was still shaken the next day and was apprehensive as he walked into the salon. He was determined to stay as far away from Yolanda as he possibly could. His nerves were calmed when Mrs. Jefferson

came over and reassured him that such an incident would never happen again. Her assurances were given creditability as Yolanda stayed as far away from him as she could. When their paths crossed once, she kept her head down and didn't say a word. In the past, she never missed an opportunity to make a snide or derogatory comment. He went back to his station greatly relieved.

Ooo

The Easter holidays were approaching and Mrs. Gilmore was in a better mood. Her Billy would be home soon and maybe this time she could convince him to take Samantha back with him. For the past month, she had been letting Harold eat more and it was beginning to show. His ass and hips were nice and round. He was still firm but when he walked he had a bit more jiggle in his backside. His breasts had gained a whole cup size while his waist stayed nice and narrow. The corsets had really done a number on his body. She hadn't minded dipping into her own pocket book to get Harold better fitting foundation garments.

When she couldn't find what she was looking for in the vintage shop, Carol told her of several websites that could furnish what she needed. Soon, Harold had new C-cup bullet bras, girdles and corsets. She had also found some wonderful old fashioned dresses, skirts and blouses and used Karen's credit card to make those purchases.

One of the outfits Mrs. Gilmore liked the most consisted of an ankle-length pencil skirt in black satin with a wide black patent leather belt and gold buckle, white cap sleeved satin blouse with heavily padded shoul-

ders and high frilly collar, and a darling netted box hat with a large colorful rooster feather decoration. She also purchased some almost new black satin lingerie, a black bullet bra with lace detailing, matching fancy wide garter belt, long-line girdle with diamond satin inserts and a satin full slip with over the top lace detailing. The entire bosom of the slip was made of black floral lace and there were four inches of lace at the hem. With sheer black, seamed nylons and a pair of six-inch spike heels, she figured once Billy saw Samantha wearing that, he would be more than happy to take her back with him.

She also found a cute yellow with pink polka dot design rayon sun dress, a pink suit consisting of mid-calf straight skirt and matching long sleeved open front Eaton jacket. Her final purchase was a black velvet bodice taffeta full skirted cocktail dress in a plum color with a soft violet net overskirt that would look marvelous on Samantha.

She hoped that Billy would find those dresses just as tantalizing as the pencil skirt. As she removed the pink suit from its shipping box, she was pleased to find a pink box hat with white net veil and a pair of white leather kid gloves. A note in the box said they were a bonus for all her business. Putting down the note, Mrs. Gilmore smiled broadly as she imagined Samantha wearing the suit to Sunday church on the arm of her Billy.

It had taken some scheming with her daughter but Mrs. Gilmore was confident. They had decided that it had to be a very public outing, one that would draw a lot of attention and what could do that better than a city councilman being seen at a very posh restaurant with his family? If she knew the society page, Billy and

Samantha would receive a lot of attention. Being so publicly linked, it would be harder for Billy to refuse his auntie and mother. Billy would be escorting Samantha to church, then to Easter dinner. What would happen after that wasn't as clear but hope springs eternal.

Easter Sunday dawned bright and beautiful. Mrs. Gilmore walked through his door around seven and roused him out of bed. By now Harold knew better than to even try to argue with whatever she demanded. He rose and sighed in relief as she unlaced his training corset. With the corset and nylons off, he slipped on his chocolate peignoir, stepped into his five-inch heeled mules and went to perform his morning toilet.

Harold was not looking forward to spending the day with Billy or his family. The Spring had not been kind to him and he was mentally exhausted. To top everything off, he was failing in school. Due to working at the salon and his chores, Harold was lax in doing his homework. He had a "D" in business math, a course that should have been a breeze for him. Then Mrs. Jefferson gave a not so glowing report on him to the school. She had said that while he made a decent manicurist, he probably would never pass the state's barber licensing exam.

"I was counting on a good report from her to bring up my grades. How could I ever hope to take, much less pass, the state exam if she won't let me near a head of hair? Decent manicurist, my ass, I'm a *great* manicurist. Now I don't even know if I'll graduate," he thought miserably when he read her report.

Stepping back into his room, he was not surprised to see what Mrs. Gilmore had selected for him to wear. A matching set of lingerie in bright pink with delicate

white lace frills and embroidery was laid out on the bed. The set included a high waist long-line satin girdle, long-line bullet bra, camisole, half-slip and sheer white seamed hose with lace welts. Next to the lingerie was the pink woolen suit and white chiffon balloon-sleeved blouse with full lace cravat.

Dressed in his lingerie, Harold sat at the vanity. His hair had been reset and dyed earlier that week and only needed a touch-up. This time Mrs. Jefferson had removed the horizontal curls and gave him a bouffant page boy. It was still dyed that horrible brassy blonde but the new style made his face look adorable. As was the fashion at La Petite, the style was stiffly lacquered into place.

The bangs were fluffed evenly across his forehead. The back was tucked slightly under and the sides combed forward to caress his cheeks. It was a cute cut on him but he hated that it was teased out and stiff as a board. He would have much preferred the soft natural look but he was a retro girl.

Pink and pale violet for eye shadows and the glistening wet-looking bright frosted pink lipstick would compliment the dress. Florescent hot pink varnish was applied to his one-inch long oval-shaped nails. He wanted to do them in a French tip but Mrs. Gilmore said the solid pink was more appropriate for his outfit.

It didn't take him long to put on the blouse, skirt, and jacket. Mrs. Gilmore pinned the hat securely in place at a jaunty angle just above the crown and fluffed out the netting. For accent, she gave him a double-stranded pearl necklace and matching four-strand bracelet. The bottom hoop earrings were replaced with large solitaire pearl studs.

As Billy arrived to pick him up, all he had left to do was step into the white five-inch open-toe spike-heeled pumps, check his clutch purse and put on the gloves.

In the living room, his mother took a lot of pictures. She appeared to be a little flustered but kept up a steady stream of praise about how beautiful Samantha was and what a cute couple they made. While Harold was getting dressed, she had been in the kitchen drinking tea with Mrs. Gilmore.

Leaving the apartment, Harold was surprised to see a long black Lincoln limousine waiting for them. Inside the car, Harold was introduced for the first time to Billy's parents. Dawnelle, Billy's mother, was a younger copy of Mrs. Gilmore and dressed elegantly in an expensive looking pants suit and Dior scarf. His father, Deon, was dressed in a black shark skin suit, bright white shirt and pink tie. He had a commanding presence, smiled slightly, then paid no more attention to Harold. Dawnelle seemed pleased as punch to meet Samantha and kept up a steady stream of conversation as she left for church.

Needless to say, Samantha was the center of attention the entire day. He was the subject of many a conversation and stare. The older members of the congregation were all complimentary. With the young members, it all depended on the gender. The boys stared at Harold's sharply defined bust line and jiggling rear end appreciatively. The girls were stunned that he would wear such an old fashioned style. Some of them were a bit jealous as Samantha had all the boys' attention.

It was even worse when they got to the restaurant. Apparently the editor of the society page was there and just happened to have her camera. During the course of

her interview, she remembered seeing Samantha before. It took her a few minutes to figure out the wheres and whens, then she remembered the beautiful girl in that fabulous silk gown at the school's homecoming event. She had been there on assignment for the paper.

Finally they were left alone to eat their Sunday dinner. Harold had little appetite and picked at his food. Mrs. Perkins, Society Editor, had grilled him nearly to death with her probing and relentless questions. He followed the script Mrs. Gilmore had drilled into him about why he loved the retro style. He thought he had convinced her that being a modern day girl devoted to such a high maintenance style was fun. He couldn't read her expression or had any idea of what she was going to write in her column. He knew that his picture and story would be plastered all over the next day's paper.

"This is all I need, more photos and bull about me splashed all over the paper. Attention I don't want or need if I'm ever going to get back to normal. I hate to imagine what would happen if my secret got out. If I've generated this much publicity by just going out to lunch, I'd be crucified in the media then," he ruefully thought.

The only good thing to happen to him that day occurred when he was dropped off at the apartment. Billy walked him up to the door but didn't come in.

"You know, if I was into girls, I'd be all over you like gravy on rice but even knowing you really are a guy under all that fluff, I don't feel a thing. Knowing how much you hate having sex doesn't work for me anymore either. My auntie has turned you into a real girl and I'm just not into that. You were a damn good

fuck once but not anymore. See ya," he said, then left Harold standing there.

As far as Harold was concerned, that was the best news he had had in over a year. For the first time in a long time, Harold entered his apartment with a big happy smile on his face. As he walked in, both women were at the kitchen table.

"Hi darling, did you have a good time? Come here and tell us all about it," his mother asked in greeting.

"Yes Mother, I had a perfectly wonderful time. Let me go change first. I don't want to soil my new dress," he replied.

Both women noticed his happy mood but both misinterpreted it. Karen was pleased to see him smiling and thought he enjoyed his day out with Billy and his family. Mrs. Gilmore, on the other hand, believed that her plans for the two boys were finally coming to fruition. They raised their cups in a toast, both smiling broadly.

In his room, Harold's smile faded as he recalled the events of the day. "I stood out like a sore thumb today. Everybody must have thought I was a freak. No telling what that newspaper lady is going to say about me. She'll make me the biggest laughing stock in the city. With all the publicity I've gotten, I probably will never be able to get to my old self again. I don't know if I could change back even if I wanted to. My body isn't what it use to be and dressing in boy clothing wouldn't change the fact that I would still look like a girl. Why won't Mrs. Gilmore let me dress more like a girl my own age? If I have to be a girl, at least let me be a modern one. When Mrs. Perkins said my style was very high maintenance, she had absolutely no idea what I have had to go through. I'd pay a lot just to see any of

those girls or women wear this girdle and bra for a whole day. They have no idea at how confining and hot these things are. Well, if nothing else, I won't have to worry about pleasing Billy any more. If I never see him again, it will be too soon," he thought.

He removed his gloves, jacket, skirt, blouse, cami-sole and slip, carefully putting them away. "I wish I could just wear a regular comfortable cotton bra and panties but she would have a fit," he muttered as he removed a soft rayon A-line dress from its hanger. Before he put on the dress, he carefully removed the pill box hat and checked his hair.

"A pair of slacks and pair of flats or skimmers wouldn't be so bad either," he thought, donning the dress.

When he related what Billy had said at the door, Mrs. Gilmore left in a huff. His mother took his hand in hers, patting it with her other hand and said, "Oh, you poor dear. Getting dumped is no fun but it happens. You'll find some other nice boy soon enough. I didn't think he was good enough for you anyway."

"Yeah right, Mom. You totally missed the part of why he was dropping me, didn't you. Whatever is in that tea she brings over must have really done a number on you. You have totally forgotten that I'm your son," he thought as got up from the table.

The next Sunday morning's newspaper had a full half-page spread including several pictures of him and the Thompson family in the Society Page. Despite his fears, Mrs. Perkins praised his bravery in opting for a "more traditional," as she put it, style. Mrs. Jefferson at the salon made a bit of a fuss about it primarily because of her creative hairstyling. His mother cut it out and stuck it on the refrigerator door. For a while after

the article appeared, strangers would come up to him when they saw him on the street and ask if she was that girl. Other than that, nothing untoward happened, for which he was delighted.

Ooo

After Easter Sunday, Mrs. Gilmore stopped showing up. Karen missed her terribly and later discovered from the supervisor that Mrs. Gilmore had moved away. His mother was devastated but Harold relished the freedom. He didn't dare change too much for fear that she would come back, even more vengeful than she had been before. He kept to his chores, dressed as she would have liked, and maintained his beauty regiment. A lot of what he did now was strictly out of habit. He had become so used to doing certain things that he did them without thinking. He had become so efficient and competent that he no longer thought of his tasks as being work. With her gone, he found himself feeling more light-hearted and happy.

To his great surprise, he discovered himself humming happily as he mopped the kitchen floor. What was most surprising was that he was wearing his high-waist girdle, long-line bullet bra, purple blouse, black Capri pants, with heels no less, pinafore and mob cap. Yet, despite all that, he was happy.

The only thing that marred his happiness was working in the salon. Things had improved greatly since Mrs. Jefferson had put Yolanda in her place but it was still a hostile atmosphere.

"If only they would treat me like any of the other girls," he found himself thinking on more than one occasion.

The big spoiler came in May when he learned that his grades were not good enough to graduate. He was too old to take his senior year over and his only recourse was to go for the GED. Without some kind of degree, his future looked dim. He let the guidance councilor schedule him for night classes to prepare for the test.

Another major disappointment was a visit to the doctor's office. He had a terrible summer cold and needed treatment. His high fever forced his mother to take him to the hospital despite his refusal. Harold couldn't stop the doctor from finding out his secret. He was given a whole battery of tests and examinations. The final results indicated that he could never go back to being a normal male. All his hormone tests showed high estrogen levels and that he was no longer producing sperm. His testicles had atrophied to the point of no return. Given his physical appearance and hormone levels, it was decided to keep him on a maintenance program. Harold reconciled himself to being a female for the rest of his life.

After that, living and working as a girl no longer bothered him. With his physical and mental changes, he could never go back to being a man. It didn't matter whether or not he liked it, he was stuck. With no education, he was forced to continue working at La Petite Salon as a full-time manicurist. The pay was minimum wage plus tips but it provided him with spending money.

Living with his mother was okay but he dreamed of getting his own apartment one day. Without Mrs. Gilmore's herbal teas, Karen was beginning to come out of her daze. She still thought of him as her daughter but sometime she lapsed and called him Harold.

When she did that, it made them both feel uncomfortable.

Ooo

It was mid-June when Harold stepped into a small coffee shop to get an iced coffee. It was hot outside, yet he, out of force of habit, wore his girdle, bullet bra and hose under his sun dress. He placed his order, sat at a table in the far corner and put his large brimmed straw hat and purse down. He liked the back corner. It was in shadow and the air conditioning vent was right above him. He pulled the latest edition of "Cosmopolitan" from his purse and began reading.

He looked up from the magazine when a shadow fell across the page. The shadow was cast by the figure of a young man standing over him.

"Excuse me, is this seat taken?" he asked in a quiet, shy voice.

Harold looked around seeing that there weren't many other seats available before replying. "Err, yeah, sure, be my guest," he finally said.

Harold didn't intend to give the handsome young man any more attention, but he found himself looking over the edge of his magazine.

He was handsome with sandy blonde windswept hair that hung to his collar, neatly dressed in pullover blue shirt and designer jeans. He had dreamy deep blue eyes and a cute crooked smile. Samantha liked what she saw and offered him a smile as he took the seat.



“Thanks a lot, I really appreciate this. Don’t mind me. It won’t bother me if you go back to reading your magazine,” he said, smiling broadly.

“Oh, it’s nothing, just an old copy,” Samantha replied returning the smile.

“Hi, my name is Joey, Joey Delgado and you are?” he said.

“Samantha, Samantha Ward,” she replied as a flicker of doubt and alarm flashed through her mind. “That name rings a bell. I think I know him,” Samantha thought but forgot about it when he warmly smiled.

They chatted for hours. Samantha was surprised at how much she was enjoying conversing with someone. She couldn’t remember the last time she had so much fun just talking. Joey was easy to talk to and, unlike most men, seemed really interested in what she had to say. When Joey realized how late it was getting, he apologized about having to leave but wouldn’t go until he had her phone number. For the first time, Samantha was happy to give a man her cell number.

Later that week he called and asked Samantha if she would accompany him to a party. She felt her heart skip a beat and before she gave it a lot of thought, she agreed to go. For some reason the fact that her cell rang out the song “Stardust” when he called didn’t set off any alarms.

“It’s for a gala opening at an uptown art exhibit. You know, one of those affairs where the guys wear suits and the women try to outdo each other with outlandish outfits. You can come in shorts and a T-shirt for all I care,” he said with a laugh.

“He is so cute but I can’t see me going someplace fancy in shorts and T, even if I owned something like that,” Samantha thought.

The next day Samantha checked the paper to see if she could find out anything about the exhibit. The only

one for that weekend was an Andy Warhol exhibit at the most exclusive gallery in town.

“Wow! I wonder how Joey got tickets to that. I’ve got to find just the right outfit for this,” she said as she read through the notice.

Friday night, Samantha sat nervously at her vanity. For the thousandth time she patted a stray hair back into place. She hoped that Joey would be pleased with what she decided to wear. The lingerie she had chosen was Sixties Chic. Bright red with black lace embellishments and satin bows decorating the high-waist girdle, long-line bullet bra and full sateen slip. Black seamed hose with floral lace welts and small red satin bows for her legs. The little black dress with its turned up pointed collar, wing tipped short sleeves, button front and full skirt came right out of the early Sixties. To make the skirt stand out, she had chosen four starched red nylon net crinolines with delicate scalloped lace and pink satin bow detailing. A pair of five -inch red patent leather strappy sandals, white kid gloves and the little black satin box hat completed her dressing. For jewelry she selected two large diamond rimmed cabochon faux pearls for her ears and a simple strand of cultured pearls for her neck.

While she had been collecting more modern outfits lately, she decided that an Andy Warhol exhibit needed this look. She still had a few more minutes before Joey would be there and she took the time to examine everything once more. Her makeup was flawless, her lips a bright glistening fire engine red, not too much blush, black curled lashes and her brows met with her approval. She twirled before the full-length mirror and again couldn’t find anything to change.

The doorbell rang and Samantha held her breath for a second or so until she heard her mother call her to meet her date. She grabbed her red leather purse, quickly checked the contents and hurried out the door.

Joey was wearing a black tuxedo with a red cummerbund and bow tie. He looked splendid and his broadening smile told Samantha all she needed to know about how she looked in his eyes.

Samantha was the hit of the exhibit and for the first time didn't mind being the center of attention. All the women wanted to know where she got "that fabulous dress." The men all looked with envy at Joey. It was a very pleasant evening and Samantha was enjoying herself immensely. To make the evening even more pleasurable, she ran into Monique.

Monique was wearing a red silk shantung-style dress decorated with elaborate floral embroidery and had her hair piled high up on her head. At first, Samantha didn't recognize her. It wasn't until Monique ran over and gave her a great big hug.

"There is only one person in this entire city that is so retro. Samantha, how are you? Let me step back and get a good look at you. Oh my, you look just precious in that dress," she squealed.

At first, Samantha was afraid that she would reveal her secret and destroy everything. Monique saw the look in her eyes and whispered, "Don't worry Samantha. I'll always have your back."

"I can't tell you how much I appreciate that, Monique. Thank you so much for everything," Harold replied.

"Come on girlfriend, tell me everything that's happened to you since I left that place," Monique gushed.

“There’s so much to tell you but I don’t think this is the time. Maybe we can get together later to catch up. Let me introduce you to my date. Joey, meet Monique; Monique, meet Joey,” Samantha beamed.

All in all, it had turned out to be a very entertaining and pleasant night. Monique had opened her own nail shop and was doing well and they agreed to meet the next morning for coffee. The gallery display was a delightful assortment of the artist’s works. There were a number of original and signed prints available for purchase as well. Samantha was astonished when she saw the asking price on a print of his “Campbell’s Soup” work.

On the way back home, Joey stopped at a small Italian restaurant. They got a booth in the back and shared a bottle of Chianti. Samantha didn’t remember what they had for dinner. All she remembered was how romantic and attentive Joey had been. At the door, Joey gave her the most tender and enjoyable kiss of her life. Samantha was walking on air as she went into her room to change.

Samantha was the happiest girl in the world that night. She was humming and dancing around in the room, enjoying herself for the first time in ages. As her head finally hit the pillow, she wondered what it would be like to be around a man like Joey all the time.

On Saturday morning Samantha met Monique at the little coffee shop where he met Joey. They hugged, air kissed, got their order and sat in a secluded corner. Harold filled her in on everything that had happened since she left the shop and the news the doctors had given him.

"Oh you poor darling, I'm so sorry to hear that. You look like you are coping with it well enough, though. You seemed happy to be out with Joey," Monique said.

"Yeah, funny thing about that, I never cared for boys before. I still don't feel quite right about it even now but something...something's changed inside me. On the one hand, my mind is telling me I'm a pervert for liking Joey. On the other hand, it's telling me that it's okay. When he kissed me last night, I felt like I was walking on air. That's never ever happened before. I...I still think I like girls but in a different way now. When I look at a pretty girl like you, I see them differently than I used to. I...I guess you must think I'm all fucked up. I can't believe I'm telling you all this," he said as tears filled his eyes.

"Samantha, no, don't even think that for a second. I'm your friend and would never think ill of you. Of course you have been through a lot of crap. I didn't realize how much until you just told me how bad Billy was. When I was at the shop, I thought you were one of those transgender people. I have a cousin that is gender challenged like you, so I felt sympathetic. When I had a chance to get to know you, I liked you even better. You still the manicurist at the shop?" Monique replied.

"Yes, I have been ever since you left. Why?"

"I know how good you are since I trained you, so I want you to come work for me. I need the help and I'll pay you twice what the shop is giving you. If nothing else, I can promise you that no one will know your secret and treat you with respect. I have only one requirement. Get rid of that stiff big hair before you show up Monday morning. I think it would look lovely without all that lacquer," Monique said with a broad smile.

Samantha didn't need to think about it and enthusiastically accepted. They had talked for almost three hours. He wished he could have told her about Mrs. Gilmore and what she had done but he didn't dare. Everything she had on him made it look like he was an enthusiastic participant. Besides, with her gone, it wouldn't make that much of a difference.

The first thing Monday morning, Samantha walked into the salon and packed her few personal belongings. As she was doing that, Mrs. Jefferson walked up and demanded to know just what she thought she was doing.

"What I am doing is leaving! You don't own me, so I quit! I will never work for a tyrant like you or these girls ever again," Samantha said with conviction.

"What? You can't do that! I have customers comin' in," Mrs. Jefferson said, taken completely by surprise.

"Well I can and I'm *so* outta here. You can send my last check to the apartment," Samantha said with a broad smile, picking up her box and leaving.

"Get ya ass back in here, you can't do this to me!" Mrs. Jefferson's scream bounced back off the closing door.

For the first time since they moved to the city, Harold was actually happy. He had more or less accepted the fact that he could never become "Harold" again but being Samantha wasn't so bad. At times, he actually thought of himself as being female. Still, if he had the choice, he would much rather be a man. Men had it so much easier than girls. They could piss practically anywhere, the clothing was much simpler, men could eat what they wanted and be out of bed and gone in twenty minutes or less. A girl didn't have those luxu-

ries. Going to the bathroom, usually waiting in line, fighting to get clothing out of the way, having to sit to pee, then rearrange the clothing were royal pains.

Monday afternoon when Harold was taking his break, his cell rang out with "Stardust." It didn't hit him until he answered to hear Joey's voice. Throughout the short conversation, Harold was shaking but managed to say yes to another Friday night date.

"OMG! That was Joey...Joey from school! I remember now, Mrs. Gilmore put his number in my cell with that ring tone. Oh dear, he has to know me...and my secret. He was Billy's friend. What am I going to do?" he thought.

Friday night he confronted Joey. "Joey, you know...you know who I...I really am, don't you? Why are you doing this?" Harold timidly asked.

"When I saw you at the coffee shop, I realized immediately who you were. Billy didn't exactly keep you a secret. I was always so jealous of him. He had the perfect person, the very best of both worlds, and I envied him. When he told me he dropped you like a hot potato, I was happy but you stopped coming to class. I had almost given up hope of ever finding you when I saw you sitting in that shop. I'm sorry, Samantha, if I have hurt you in any way. That is the very last thing I would ever do to you. I think I'm in love with you and probably have been ever since I first saw you," he said.

"Oh Joey, that's so sweet but...but I...I really don't know how I feel about you. I am so confused and mixed-up inside right now but I really do like you. You're funny and sweet. Believe me when I say, you are a thousand times better than Billy ever could hope to be. I really enjoy our dates but you have to swear

that you'll never tell anyone my secret," Harold replied.

"That's an easy one. Samantha, like I said, I would never do anything to hurt you. I love you. All I ask is that you give me the chance to convince you how much I care," he replied.

Ooo

Over the next two months Harold was very happy and content. His relationship with Joey was progressing and working for Monique was a blast. Harold couldn't quite bring himself to get too intimate with Joey but did give him a hand job on their last date. Joey had taken him to an expensive restaurant and been so sweet that Harold felt like he had to give him a reward.

His relationship with his mother was improving as well. They were spending more time with each other in the evenings. Usually they watched some television while doing each other's nails or browsed the latest magazines. Karen was still sad that Mrs. Gilmore was gone but lately she seemed happier. Apparently one of her gentleman coworkers was paying her some much-needed attention. She had even gone out on several dates with him. Harold thought he was a nice guy and encouraged her to go out even more. All in all, it had been a very good summer for Samantha/Harold.

The holidays were fast approaching and Harold was having difficulty finding just the right gift for Joey. Their relationship had gotten to the point where a casual gift was out of the question. He had to come up with something more personal.

"Monique, you're married and I need your help. I can't decide on an appropriate gift for Joey. What could I give him that shows how much I care? I've never cared about another boy before and I'm at a complete loss. What did you give Tom before you were married?" Harold asked.

"Oh girlfriend, that's an easy one. I gave him a red teddy with black lace for Christmas," she said breaking out into a fit of giggles.

"A...a teddy?" Harold replied totally confused.

"Of course. I was in it and we had a delightful unwrapping ceremony," she replied, still giggling.

"I...I don't know if I...I could do that," Harold stammered, blushing fiercely.

"Sure you can, girlfriend. He knows all about you. He treats you like an angel. He absolutely adores the ground you walk on. So what's the problem?" Monique came back.

"I'm not gay," he blushed.

"Gay? How can you think like that now after all this time? You're the most girly-girl I have ever known. Hell, you still wear those old fashioned girdles and I can't remember the last time I saw you wearing pants. As far as the world knows, you are a woman. When was the last time you thought about taking a woman to bed? Huh? You tell me that," Monique countered.

"Err, I like the security wearing a girdle gives me and I feel better wearing dresses. So what?" he said.

"Fine, but you didn't answer my question. When was the last time you thought about taking a woman to bed?" Monique demanded.

"I... I don't know. I just haven't given it much thought lately," Harold finally admitted.

"Like I said, honey, you're all girl and it is perfectly normal for a girl to have sex with her boyfriend. When we close shop for the day, we're going to find that perfect little bit of nothing for your Joey," Monique replied with a broad smile.

Christmas Eve, Samantha slithered into the little confection they had purchased. It was an amethyst nylon teddy with lavender lace and bows. The two-inch wide floral lace hemmed the teddy across the rounded bodice, shoulder straps and leg openings. Four rows of lavender satin ribbons closed the garment. She was also wearing a black lace-embellished garter belt, sheer black nylons with back seam and lace welts and a pair of black patent leather spiked heels. Smiling, she checked her scarlet lipstick and adjusted the large lavender bow tied on the left side of her neck.

"I sure hope Joey likes what I got him for Christmas," she thought as she stepped out of the room.

##

Sugar Plum Fairy

By Cheryl Lynn

David had been the result of an indiscretion and he never knew his father. His mother was a strong, determined, woman who believed that children should be seen but not heard. While she loved her son, she saw motherhood as a duty. Her character was such that boisterous and rowdy behavior could not be tolerated. She was determined from the beginning to not allow her child to grow up that way. He would be a refined gentleman when he grew up. She did everything in her power to ensure that happened.

She made sure that, as he grew, he would have an appreciation for the arts. On the weekends, they attended art exhibits, museums and classical concerts. At home, she strictly controlled what he watched on the

television. Sports and anything else she considered violent were strictly forbidden. She was not the type to sit around idle and made sure her son didn't either.

As he grew, she gave him more and more household chores to perform. She taught him how to keep a clean house, cook, wash and iron. Early on, when he balked at doing his chores as being 'woman's work,' she spanked him for the first time.

"Woman's work! Where did you ever get such a notion? There is no such thing as woman's work. It is simply work that needs to be done and you will learn the proper way to do it. I don't care what your ruffian friends say. As a matter of fact, I don't want you hanging around with those boys. They are no good and will get you into nothing but trouble. You will stay away from them, understand?" she said.

From that point on, she made sure his association with other boys was limited to school. She tried to limit that by getting him excused from physical education. To get him exempted, she enrolled him in ballet classes. She figured that ballet would allow him to have some interaction with his peers but in a more controlled and refined environment.

As a result, David was a timid, shy, ninth grader. Some would call him overprotected and a momma's boy. He also had delicate features and a small lithe build. He had a cute, slightly pointed, chin and up-turned nose. His brown hair was kept at collar-length. His best features, if you asked his mother, were his bright sparkling blue eyes. Due to his build and upbringing, he didn't enjoy sports or roughhousing. Besides, if he came home in dirty clothing, his mother would have a fit.

He fit in better with the girls and had several good friends. Of course he was teased and ostracized by the other boys and that only reinforced his mother's training. David was still a boy and while puberty hadn't started, he enjoyed being close to the pretty girls. When he was around his friends, especially in ballet, he would feel a tingling in his body. It was a feeling he couldn't really describe but it was a good feeling.

His ninth grade music teacher, Miss Daphne, really made him tingle. She was in her early twenties, had curly long blond hair and the prettiest red lips. David was smitten with her from the first day of class. When she would walk down the aisles passing out papers, he would inhale deeply the sweet perfume that trailed behind. Those feeling made him even more shy and timid when he was in her class.

For her part, Miss. Daphne thought the boy intelligent but special. He was so shy and delicate, not at all like the other boys in her classes. When she noticed the other boys giving him a hard time, she was drawn to him like a mother hen. To limit his abuse by the boys, she made sure that he sat with the girls. One day as she was walking down the hall during free period, a group of boys was surrounding another boy. When she got to them they scattered in all directions, leaving a crying David behind. They had pantsed him. His underwear had been pulled up and hooked over a locker handle in the back. She dried his tears and took him to the office. There, she arranged it so he could spend free period in her classroom. She would have him help clean up the room, erase the chalkboard and perform other minor errands. He didn't even put up a fuss when she had him don a white cotton bib apron to keep the chalk dust off his clothing.

Now that his music teacher had saved him from those horrible boys, David became even more spell-bound. There was nothing she wanted him to do that he wasn't willing to take on. He even accepted the apron without complaint though he knew it would only add to his sissy reputation. He went so far as to write her love notes but was far too timid to actually give them to her. He kept them in a notebook hidden in the bottom of his backpack. He knew he would die of shame if anybody actually saw them but couldn't bring himself to throw them away.

With the holidays approaching, Miss. Daphne was assigned to put on the Christmas play. She had always admired the "Nutcracker" and decided that's what they would do. With that in mind, she interviewed all her classes to determine their roles in the upcoming performance. All the boys wanted to be soldiers, except for David. She went through all the roles, assigning each student until she came to him. He had several years of ballet but was too small to take the male lead. She had assigned that role to one of her junior class boys. As she studied her program, trying to figure out a place to put David, she had an idea. It would be perfect for him, provided he was willing to go along with it. Smiling, she decided it would be best if she contacted his mother before broaching the idea to him. His mother probably wouldn't go along but she had to give it a try.

"Hello, Mrs. Davenport, this is Miss Daphne, David's music teacher. I have a rather delicate situation and was wondering if you might help me. I am short a dancer for our school's Christmas play, the Nutcracker. It's an important part and his ballet training is perfect for the role. Yes ma'am, I need David to star as the

Sugar Plum Fairy. I know...," Daphne began but was interrupted.

"Oh how wonderful! A leading role would do so much to build his confidence. His ballet has been off lately and this would be a great way to get him back to performing well. You needn't worry. I'll have a talk with him tonight and I'm sure he will do whatever you ask without question," Mrs. Davenport gushed.

"Err, Mrs. Davenport, maybe you didn't understand me when I said he would be the Sugar Plum Fairy. The costume is for a young lady, with a full tutu and all. A boy fairy just wouldn't do and...," again she was cut off.

"I heard you correctly the first time, Miss Daphne. Let's get down to business. When is the play, how long do we have to properly prepare my David for this assignment and what costume is needed?" Mrs. Davenport replied tersely.

"We need to start right after Thanksgiving and have the show on Friday night just before the holiday vacation begins. That will give us three weeks to prepare. It should be easy enough. He only needs to learn the choreography. I'll keep it as simple as I can. For the costume, I'm thinking purple and lilac in a sequined satin," Miss Daphne said.

Hanging up the phone, Miss Daphne was pleasantly surprised at how enthusiastic Mrs. Davenport had been. She had expected problems convincing his mother to let him take a feminine role. Now she could get down to the business of setting rehearsals and getting the scenery construction started. She thanked her lucky stars that most of her upper class boys were tak-

ing shop. As she thought about that, she had to giggle. Those boys would look ridiculous wearing tights much less tutus. David, on the other hand, would look positively darling.

When David got home that evening, his mother called him into the living room. "David, I spoke with Miss Daphne this afternoon and we need to talk," his mother said as he entered.

"Oh, crap, did I do something wrong today?" he thought at hearing that.

She was smiling and patting the seat cushion next to her on the couch. "David, she wants you to have a starring role in your class' Christmas play. Can you believe that, a star. I accepted the role for you. You are going to be so good and we are going to practice every day until you have it down pat. Isn't this exciting?" his mother gushed.

"Starring role? She's already given out all the good ones, Mother. I wanted to be the Captain of the Guard but she gave that to Rodney. What else is there?" David replied, confused.

"Captain of the Guard! Don't be ridiculous, David. You could never play that part. You're way too small for it. Miss. Daphne gave you a much more impressive and demanding role. You're going to be the Sugar Plum Fairy. Isn't that wonderful news? Now come along. We have some shopping to do tonight to get you ready to be a star," Mrs. Davenport stated.

"Sugar Plum Fairy? I don't want to be a fairy anything. It's bad enough the way the guys treat me now. I'd never live this down," the boy started to argue.

"David, don't take that tone with me. It's what your music teacher wants you to do. This is a chance for you

to shine. Besides, what do you care what those hooligans think? So what if you have to dress in costume? It's really no big deal, especially if we get you accustomed to it early. Now let's go, we have shopping to do," his mother snapped.

When she took that tone of voice with him, David knew there was no use in complaining or stopping her. She was determined that he would be the Sugar Plum Fairy no matter what. As much as he hated the idea, he would do what she demanded. The fact that Miss Daphne wanted him to have that part in the play made it worthwhile. Dancing around in black tights and leotard in front of the entire student body would be embarrassing but he could live with that for her sake. He wasn't sure why they had to go shopping as he already had dance clothing for ballet. Biting his lower lip in worry, he grabbed his coat and followed her out to the car.

Ooo

The dance wear shop was located at the far end of the mall. He was used to going in there and it didn't bother him. The majority of the shop displayed girls' dance wear but they carried a good selection of boy's attire as well. Of course, like many boys his age, being in such close proximity to all the gaily-colored dance panties, bras, leotards and tutus, he was a bit uncomfortable the few times he went there. Instead of heading straight to the dance shop, his mother grabbed his hand and pulled him into a nearby lingerie store.

"David, we have to get you some necessary foundation garments so your costume will fit correctly. While we are in here, you will stay quiet and do as you are

told. Miss Daphne would be very disappointed if your costume didn't fit properly. You do as I say and we should be done without too much embarrassment. Understood?" his mother said as they approached the entrance.

"Foundation garments? What is Mother thinking? Why would my costume need those? I don't want to disappoint Miss Daphne and when Mom gets something into her head, well, I can't change that," he thought.

His mother led him to the young teen's department where a pretty clerk greeted them.

"Hi, my name is Judy. How may I assist you today, ma'am?" she asked.

"Yes Judy, you most certainly can. We need a few bras, panties and girdles for my son here. He's starring in his school's Christmas play as the Sugar Plum Fairy," his mother stated with a smile.

"Oh....oh my. Sure, I can help you with that. Let's go to the back where we can have some privacy," the stunned girl replied. Judy had heard some of the other sales girls talking about helping other women buy lingerie for their men but this was a first for her. She was a bit flustered but a sale resulted in a commission and she wanted this sale.

In the back, she had David take off his coat and shirt. Using a cloth tape, she measured across his chest just under the nipples and again over the nipples. Looking at the results, she announced that David had a twenty-eight AAA cup.

"I imagine you'll want bras with a little padding. I will get you some to examine," Judy said, putting the tape away.



She came back with several small boxes in her hands. Judy then opened one, pulled out a white bra, and handed it to his mother.

The box was labeled "My First Training Bra." His blushing went from pink to a deep rose color as he looked back up at his mother. Judy had unfolded the bra and held it up, examining it closely.

"Did she have to hold it so everyone in the store could see it?" David thought as he watched.

"Come here, David, let's see how this fits," his mother ordered.

"Does she have to speak so loudly?" David thought as he took the three or four steps to reach her.

He blushed scarlet when his mother draped the straps across his shoulders and fastened the two-hook-and-eye closure at the back. She moved in front of him and made some minor adjustments to the straps before stepping back.

"Yes, that looks like it's a good fit. How does it feel, David? Not too tight across the chest is it?" Mrs. Davenport asked.

"Mom, please...not so loud," he replied.

"We'll take it, Judy. Now, let's see what else you have," she said as she ran a finger under the band, checking its tightness. His head was reeling and he was felling faint. The vision of the bra filled his mind. The bra was a soft bright white with eyelet lace decorating the hem of the cups and straps with a small pink bow centered between the round cups. He could even see a small bit of cleavage where the cups pushed his flesh up and together.

"David, David, pay attention, dear, I want you to try this one on," his mother said, holding out a pink satin bra.

Judy was standing behind him, unfastening the first bra. "Don't worry, David. No one can see us back here. There is no need to be embarrassed," she said softly.

The pink bra was followed by a bright yellow satin one with white floral lace trim that made his chest look even bigger. He had never been so embarrassed in his life. He was left wearing the yellow bra as Judy went off to find him some suitable panty girdles. She returned, carrying four more small boxes. Opening one, she removed a bright yellow piece of cloth and handed it to Mrs. Davenport. After shaking it out and examining it, she handed it to David, telling him to go into the cubicle and put it on.

In the cubicle, David looked at the garment. It was yellow with a bright yellow satin diamond-shaped center embroidered with silver thread in an elaborate floral design. The legs were long, reaching mid-thigh, and had fancy elasticized lace hems like the waist band. It looked too small for him but he didn't have any choice but to put it on. Reluctantly, he stripped down to his undershorts and struggled to pull the girdle up his waist. His cotton underwear bunched up and he couldn't get it up and over his hips. When he complained to his mother, she told him to wait a minute and she would fix his problem.

"This isn't what I meant, Mom," he said, taking a yellow nylon panty with a daisy flower print from her.

"Just put them on and don't give me any more trouble," his mother stated.

It was a struggle to get the girdle on, even with the panties. He had to keep his legs together and wiggle his butt and hips before it snapped into place. It was a very tight fit, pulling in his stomach and groin. Looking into the cubicle's mirror, he saw that the outline of his penis was very noticeable.

"Mom, I can't come out there looking like this. It's too embarrassing," David complained, sticking his head between the curtains.

"It's just us here, dear. There is no need for you to be embarrassed. Oh dear, I see what you mean. Go back in there and push that back between your legs," Mrs. Davenport said.

David struggled, pushing the girdle down more than he did when putting it on. He almost strained a thumb when the elastic material snapped back on him. When he managed to get it folded down to his groin, he did as his mother had instructed. Pulling the girdle back up, he checked his reflection. The unsightly bump was gone and only a flat girlish groin could be seen. The high waist of the girdle left only a few inches of bare skin showing below the bra's band. The legs of the girdle hugged his thighs in a tight embrace down to mid-thigh. With his flat front and cleavage, though small, he was ashamed at how girly he looked.

"Man, with my longish hair and these clothes, I look like a stupid girl," he thought as he turned from the mirror and stepped out into the shop.

His mother was more than pleased. "Judy, we'll take them all. David, go back in there and put your shirt and pants back on. You can meet me at the cash register," she said.

"What? Come on, Mom. I don't want to wear this stuff out in public. Somebody might see," he protested.

"Don't argue with me, David! We still have to get your costume for the play and you will need to have those foundations on for a good fit. Now, scoot and meet me at the register," his mother snapped.

As they left the store, his mother handed him the large pink bag with the lingerie shop's logo to him. "You carry this, dear. It is yours and you will be wearing them for at least the next three weeks. It takes time to get use to their feel and constriction. I know you don't like it now but you will look and perform so much better. Come along, we still need to get your costume," she said.

Walking to the dance shop, David kept his head down and his eyes on his feet. With each step, he couldn't help but see the slight protrusion pushing out his shirt. He wished he had thought to zip up his coat when they left the lingerie store. He tried but the cumbersome bag kept getting into the way.

Fortunately the dance store was almost empty of other customers. His mother marched right over to the fancy leotards displayed in the girl's section. As she perused the racks, a sales lady asked if she needed help. It was Mrs. Grimwall; she had waited on them in the past.

"Mrs. Davenport, it is so nice to see you again. Is there anything I can do to assist you this evening?" Mrs. Grimwall asked.

"Hi Doris, yes you can as a matter of fact. You know my son David. Well, he is going to be the star in his school Christmas play and will need a pretty cos-

tume. He's going to be the Sugar Plum Fairy. Isn't that marvelous?" his mother replied.

"Oh...errr...that sounds lovely. Do you have any specific colors or style in mind?" Mrs. Grimwall replied.

"Yes, according to his music teacher, Miss Daphne, it should be a full tutu with sequined bodice long-sleeved leotard in lilac and purple. Tell me you have something like that?" his mother said.

"You know, I might have something just like that only...well, it's expensive and probably more suited to Swan Lake. If I remember David's size correctly, it's a bit small for him," Mrs. Grimwall said.

"I must see it and David will have to try it on, Doris. I want him to really shine during the play," replied his mother enthusiastically.

When Doris removed the costume from its protective covering, it was indeed fancy, elaborate and expensive. The Spandex/Lycra bodice was a bright shimmering lilac covered in lilac sequins and fancy bead work. It had a scooped neckline and long tight-fitting sleeves with finger loops. The deep purple bridal satin skirt was stiff and elaborately decorated with crystal bead work. There were three sparkling stiff white net petticoats under the skirt. A bright lilac brief-styled satin panty, a lilac feather head band and purple satin "en pointe" ballet shoes came with it. It was indeed a very beautiful costume and his mother didn't bat an eye when she saw the price tag.

"David *must* try that on. It's absolutely gorgeous!" his mother gushed.

It took almost half an hour to get David into the costume. It was indeed a tight fit but with the help of

Doris, they had gotten it on him. He looked and felt ridiculous wearing it with the long-line girdle and said as much.

"David, this costume is *you*. It might look a bit silly with that girdle on but we can take care of that. All you need is a nice firm corset, that's all," his mother stated.

"A corset? This girdle is bad enough but a corset would make it impossible for me to dance," David said defiantly. He wasn't as naive as his mother thought. He had managed to look at a few girly magazines at school. He remembered seeing some models wearing corsets. They had looked good on the models but he didn't want any part of wearing one himself. They looked much too restrictive.

"That's enough, David! I'm not talking about those full-body corsets. I'll get you a few midriff ones. They will pull in your stomach and keep your back straight. You'll still be able to sway and bend wearing one of those. You can wear your long-line girdles for a couple of weeks to get used to the restriction, then move on to a corset," his mother snapped back at him.

"Doris, we'll take it. I also will need some tutus and leotards with long sleeves similar to this costume so David can practice. He's always worn boy's dance outfits and will need to get used to the girls attire," she said as she turned to Doris.

His mother carried the clothing bag with his costume while he had the bag containing his new dance wear. She had purchased a bright lime green and lustrous pink Lycra/Spandex long-sleeved leotard, white net tutus, white tights and leg warmers to match the leotards. Of course she had to buy the matching "en pointe" ballet shoes as his plain black slippers simply wouldn't do.

As they walked back down the long hall of the mall, he kept his head down, not daring to look anyone in the eye. He was very self-conscious about his new underwear and hoped that no one could tell what he was wearing. He kept his eyes riveted on his mother's heels as he followed behind. He was so absorbed in doing that, he didn't notice when she walked back into the lingerie shop.

He didn't become aware until his mother stopped and said, "Hello, Judy. Could you please assist us again?" In no time, David found himself in the back of the shop, stripped down to his new panties. Judy tried her best to reassure him but he was trembling from both fright and embarrassment. His mother reminded him that he was doing this for Miss Daphne and that, if he cooperated, they would soon be home.

"I can't believe my own mother would do this to me. Doesn't she understand how humiliating this is for me? I'm a boy and shouldn't be standing here wearing panties, of all things, waiting to try on some stupid corset. She's so wrapped up in me being the best Sugar Plum Fairy ever that I don't stand a chance. I'd do most anything for Miss Daphne but I don't know if I can manage this. Please hurry up before someone comes back here and sees me like this," he thought.

He was roused from his thoughts as Judy returned. "I found these lovely satin and lace bustier corsets. They have hook and eye front closure, back lacing and underwire cups. The wire boning is double lined for added comfort," she said, handing the garments to his mother.

David was quickly laced tightly into a claret colored corset. The straps pulled down at his shoulders, the underwire cups made it look like he had real breasts

and severely restricted his torso. He found it difficult to breathe until Judy told him to do it from his chest rather than from his stomach. It took him a few moments to get his breathing into the proper rhythm.

They left the store with David carrying another pink bag. It contained two additional corsets; one in white satin and the other beige. In addition to the corsets, his mother purchased three panty girdles in white, yellow and beige. The panty girdles had satin panels with a feminine fern pattern embroidered on them. David was even more embarrassed than before as he was now wearing a corset and girdle which made his clothing hang funny. His belt was pulled into the last notch which in turn made his pants pucker up at the waist. The corset's bra cups made his shirt stretch tightly across his chest and billow loosely on his torso. The only saving grace was the bulky coat he wore and he remembered to zip it up this time. Still, he knew what he must look like; blushing cherry red, he followed his mother to the car.

Safely ensconced in his room, David sat on his bed wearing the corset and girdle, removing tags and labels alongside his mother. "Mother, why did you get me all this stuff?" he asked, confused by the large array of support garments and panties.

"Well dear, Miss Daphne and I want you to perform at your very best, for one thing. You can't be a very good Sugar Plum Fairy if you wait until the performance to don a girdle and bra. You need time to get used to those garments. The leotards and tights you will need for practice. You've never worn a long-sleeved leotard before, just your workout shorts and tights. Believe me, you will feel completely differ-

ent dancing in a leotard and tutu. You do want to do your very best for Miss Daphne and the rest of your class, don't you?" she replied.

"Well yeah, for Miss Daphne but I'm not so sure about doing it in front of my classmates. They give me all kinds of trouble as it is. The boys, when they see me, won't let me forget this for the rest of my life. It's bad enough having to wear that girly costume but why these?" he said, holding up one of the long-line girdles and bra.

"I thought you wouldn't want to wear your corset to school, David. I got those for you to wear under your school clothes. Now before you say anything, I didn't do it to embarrass you. I got them so your body could get used to being restrained and hampered just like for many women. You are playing a female role in the play, so you need to dance and act like one. I couldn't think of a better way to teach you. As far as those boys are concerned, they're probably jealous, that's all. Now stop complaining and finish up, we still have dinner to prepare," David's mother stated.

"I'm so screwed! When I promised Miss Daphne I'd do anything, I didn't think she'd want me to be the Sugar Plum Fairy. Now Mom is so totally into this, I won't be able to worm my way out. Crap! Did she say I had to wear that girdle and bra to school? I'm so totally screwed!" David thought.

Ooo

The next day in school, David was miserable. Even sitting in his music class so close to Miss Daphne didn't help his mood. The only thing going his way was that it was cold. His bulky jacket covered up any tell-tale

signs that he was wearing his new white long-line girdle, matching bra and panties. His mother had certainly been right about one thing; he was completely aware of what he had on underneath his boy clothing. It felt like the bra straps and band were cutting into his shoulders and chest. The girdle's compression on his stomach, groin and thighs was very distracting. The only thing positive about his new clothing were the panties. They were so light and felt so good against his groin. As the day wore on, he became a little less paranoid as no one seemed to notice his secret.

It wasn't until he went to Miss Daphne's room during free time that he was discovered. The room was hot and he removed his jacket, thinking that with no other kids in class he would be safe. She was standing by the chalk board and called him over.

"You are such a little sweetheart to step in and help like this, David. You have no idea how happy I am that you volunteered to do this for me. I can't wait to see how thrilled the girls will be when they find out you decided to join them as the Sugar Plum Fairy. They have been pestering me ever since I made the announcement that we were doing the Nutcracker," she said, bending slightly and patting him on the back.

"David, are you wearing a....a bra?" she gasped as she felt him across the back.

David blushed scarlet and nodded his head. He was too scared and embarrassed to say a word.

"A girdle too? David, please explain this to me," Miss Daphne added in disbelief.

"M...my mother said I had to wear this so...so I...I could get used to the dance costume. She said...said

you would want me to do...do my best," he replied sniffling.

"Oh dear. Sweetheart, don't cry. Everything is alright. I can't believe you would go so far to play that part. The Sugar Plum Fairy is an important part, usually danced by a girl or a really special boy like you. None of the other girls have your ballet experience. That's why I wanted you to have it but I didn't expect you to take it so seriously. I can't believe you have made me so happy. The Nutcracker has always been my favorite and you will make a beautiful fairy," the teacher said, bending down to give him a kiss on the cheek.

"Please Miss Daphne, don't tell anyone, not even the girls, that I'm wearing this stuff. I'd catch so much grief if anyone found out," David blurted.

"OMG! She kissed me. Miss Daphne kissed me. I don't mind it so much if I get to be this close to her. Dang, she kissed me," he thought and blushed all the more.

"Don't worry, sweetie, I won't tell anyone but they are going to find out when we start rehearsals on Wednesday and Friday. Don't be so shy, sweetie. You'll make them all jealous. You will make a perfect little Sugar Plum Fairy," Miss Daphne gushed enthusiastically.

As soon as he got home, David's mother had him go to his room and change for practice. "We are so lucky, sweetheart, I called your dance instructor and she has agreed to give you some extra time every other day until the play. Don't worry, there won't be any other kids there on Tuesdays and Thursdays but there will be some older girls there on Saturdays. You're still just a little kid and I don't think they will bother you

any. Now hurry along, we don't have much time," she said.

Spread out on his bed were a lime green leotard, white tights, white panty girdle, corset, pink leg warmers and stiff tutu. On the floor were his new ballet slippers. He groaned as he began taking off his clothing. He was just pushing down his girdle when his mother walked in.

"Oh good, you're ready to change. Leave the panties on and put the panty girdle on, dear. I will help you with your corset, then I want to do something with your hair," she said.

"Mom, please not so tight. I can hardly breathe," David complained as she tightened the corset in the back.

"Nonsense my dear, breathe from the chest like you were told and everything will be alright. Now, come over here and sit so I can brush out your hair," she replied.

She parted his hair down the center, vigorously brushed first one side, then the other until she had two small but cute pig tails. She tied them off with green satin ribbons into neat bows with streamers that reached his shoulders. With his hair done, it didn't take her long to assist him in getting fully dressed. She had to show him how to properly lace up his slippers. His boy ballet shoes just slipped on.

Mrs. Francis, his ballet teacher, was thrilled to see David all dressed up. She made a big fuss over his attire and straightened out his pig tails. All the while she was telling him how precious and professional he looked. However, once the music started, she was all business. She knew that wearing a corset was not nor-

mal for a boy but had to admit that it forced him to move in a more feminine manner.

“He is stiff and slow to take the correct positions but once he gets used to it, I think he will move as the willow. He will bend and flow but not break. I might have to consider making some of my less accomplished girls wear one,” she thought as she ran him through his paces.

Ooo

Wednesday and Friday’s rehearsals weren’t much more than ‘getting organized meetings’. Each student was told their roles, what was expected of them, duties were assigned, followed by the handing out of scripts. Of course the announcement that David would be the Sugar Plum Fairy resulting in a mild riot. It took Miss Daphne several minutes to restore order.

“Alright students, that will be enough! Now pay attention! If I catch anyone of you inside my class or anywhere else teasing or giving David a hard time about the role I chose for him, you will automatically fail my class. That means an F on your report card for the entire semester, not just this six-week period. I trust you know what that will do to your chances of moving on to the next grade or graduating. Now, let’s get back to business,” she lectured.

Miss Daphne pulled David off to the side after she finished her lecture. Bending down, she put an arm around his waist and said, “Sweetie, you’ll do wonderfully. I really appreciate your sacrifice and efforts. I can’t begin to thank you enough for doing this for me. I don’t think any of them will give you any trouble after what I just said but if they do, let me know. Now go

along and join the other girls." Before rising, she gave him a kiss on the forehead and a pat to his butt.

"Gosh, she kissed me again. That makes dressing like a sissy worthwhile," he thought as he walked over to where the girls were gathered.

After Miss Daphne's lecture, David was pretty much left alone. The boys avoided him like the plague and the girls did their best to ignore him. All the girls except Margaret; she was resentful and jealous that a mere boy had the lead role. She wanted to be the Sugar Plum Fairy. She wanted to be the star. He would pay for taking her part in the play but like a woman, she would get her revenge in a subtle and discreet way.

One day, David opened his locker only to see dozens of tampons and applicators fall out onto the floor. All the kids in the hallway saw the scene and laughed loudly at David who was horribly embarrassed.

At their fourth rehearsal, David's stage makeup was switched. Instead of the water-based mascara and lipstick, waterproof mascara and lip stain had been used. As a result, David's lashes and brows were deep ebony which wasn't too outrageous. However, his lips were stained a deep unnatural red. It took all of Miss Daphne's powers of persuasion to get him to continue with the play. It wasn't easy but a few hugs and kisses to his cheek mollified the boy.

Despite what was happening to him at school, his mother and ballet teacher were determined to make him the best Sugar Plum Fairy ever. He dressed in his leotards, corset and tights every night and practiced for two hours under his mother's watchful eye. Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, he worked for three hours under his teacher's strict guidance. By the start of the third week, David had the choreography down pat.

He was becoming more graceful with each passing day. His only difficulty was performing the “en pointe” dance steps.

When he came home in tears Monday afternoon and told her about the tampon incident, she was angry. She called Miss Daphne and wanted to know why something wasn’t done about it. She explained that the school was looking into it and whoever was at fault would be punished.

“Mrs. Davenport, I can assure you that I personally will be going through the security camera footage to find the culprit. When I do, that person will be suspended and will apologize to David. You have my word,” Miss Daphne said.

However his mother’s reaction was totally different when he came home with his red stained lips. She had to do a double take when she saw him. While giving him a comforting hug, she thought, “I didn’t realize he had such adorable full lips. I can think of a number of women who would give their eye teeth to have such full lips. I guess accidents can happen.”

During the weeks leading up to the play, David was on a roller coaster of emotions. The tampon incident and the makeup mishap were definite downers but he spent a lot more time with Miss Daphne. Every time she gave him a hug, praised his accomplishments or kissed his cheek, he was in Seventh Heaven.

As the days went by, he was becoming less aware of what he had on beneath his boy clothing. When a bra strap slipped, he didn’t even think about adjusting it. While the girdle was holding him in its tight embrace, he seldom felt uncomfortable. They had become just clothing to him.

What he didn't realize was the effects they were having on his mannerisms. He walked with his back straight, shoulders back and chest out. He stooped to pick things up rather than bend at the waist and there was a definite swaying wiggle in his hips. Due to the tightness at his groin, he found it more comfortable to sit with his knees together. After the initial embarrassment with the lip stain and seeing himself in the mirror every day, he became accustomed to the look.

Even the girls were beginning to think and react like he was just another one of them. If David was a momma's boy at the start, he was surely a sissy now and didn't realize it. From the second rehearsal when the cast had to wear the appropriate dance wear, all the girls and some of the boys knew that he was wearing a bra and girdle under his leotard. No one dared to say anything for fear of Miss Daphne. The only exception to that of was Margaret.

David had his own small screened changing room behind the curtained off girl's changing area. It wasn't difficult for Margaret to sneak in before the start of rehearsal, make a few strategic snips and leave unseen. In the middle of David's routine, seams ripped and his leotard top fell down, revealing his bright yellow satin bra and girdle top for everyone to see. He ran off stage, crying amid general laughter. Miss Daphne didn't think that it was an accident but there was nothing to prove otherwise. All she could do was comfort a distraught David. By the next day, everyone in school knew about his underwear.

Again, Miss Daphne and his mother managed to sooth over his damaged ego. It took him a bit longer to ignore the playful giggles and crooked smiles of the other students as he passed them in the halls. After that

incident, many of the girls felt sorry for him. They could relate to the teasing he had been subjected to and tried to be extra nice. David's mood was greatly improved by their kindness.

After that, several of the girls would gather around him after he had changed into his leotard to help with his makeup and hair. He was a little leery but succumbed to their sincere desire to help. They took the time to teach him the proper way to use and apply makeup. They took special delight in teaching him how to do his eyes and use sparkles in his shadow to dramatically bring out his beautiful blue eyes. By the start of the third week, he could pin his own hair into a neat tight bun and apply his makeup. Being surrounded by pretty girls lavishing attention on him certainly had an affect on his demeanor. From that point on, when his mother insisted he practice the feminine arts at home, he didn't object.

Ooo

Opening night arrived and everyone was excited except David. He had a serious case of the jitters and misgivings. It was one thing to wear a leotard and tutu in front of a few people dressed much like he was. It was totally different in front of most of the student body and their families, performing while dressed in an elaborate costume. It took the combined efforts of Miss Daphne, his mother and the other girls to get him calmed down enough to get ready.

"I'm a boy and I shouldn't be doing this. Let one of the other girls take over. I will never be able to live this down as it is but if I appear on stage dressed like this, I'm dead meat. Everybody in town will know I'm a boy in a dress," he wailed.

“Calm down sweetie, no one will know if you go out there and perform as you have practiced. You can’t let all those hours of hard work go to waste,” Miss Daphne said while giving him a great big hug.

“David, you can’t stop now, we’re all counting on you,” one of the girls said.

“Darling, you will go on stage, you will dance and you will be wonderful. You’ll be the best Sugar Plum Fairy ever. I never taught you to be a quitter and I don’t expect you to be one now. Come on, everyone is counting on you tonight,” his mother admonished.

It seemed like it took forever to get his fancy costume on and makeup applied. For underwear, he had on his baby blue satin bra, matching waist chinch and panty girdle pulled tight over his gleaming tights. The waist cinch allowed more freedom of movement and was a welcome relief compared to his corset.

It didn’t take long to get his hair into a tight bun at the back of his head. The white feathered headband was pinned tightly across the crown and his bangs were set in spiral curls, gelled stiffly into place. His eye makeup took the longest. When they were finished, his blue eyes sparkled, surrounded by what appeared to be a peacock feather. Iridescent greens blended with lilac, lavender and plum with glitter really made his eyes stand out. Long ebony black false eyelashes completed the look. To finish off his makeup, he applied a deep scarlet red lipstick and coated it thickly with clear gloss.

He had worn the costume several times but was still amazed at how heavy it was. The bridal satin skirt spilled straight out from his hips supported by the stiff net petticoats; the bodice and sleeves clung to him like a second skin. With every movement, the skirt and pet-

ticoats would bounce with a life of their own. As he looked at his reflection, he couldn't believe how pretty he was.

"I really don't believe this. I look like a pretty girl. I don't want to be a pretty girl or *any* kind of girl. I shouldn't be here, not now, not *ever*, dressed like this. Everybody is going to think I'm a real girl. I'm not a stupid girl. I'm a *boy*," he fumed as he took his place on stage.

David was brought out of his thoughts as the curtain went up and he heard the announcer say, "Please extend a warm welcome to our special guest dancer in the role of the Sugar Plum Fairy, Mr. David Davenport!"

David stood on the stage and stared into the crowd. To have all those eyes looking back at him was frightening. "This is even worse than I thought it could ever be. They announced my real name. Now everybody will know I'm not a girl but a great big sissy," he thought. He tried not to cry as the music started.

Despite everything, David's hours of practice took control and he performed his part well, to the delight of his mother and Miss Daphne. Yes, there were a few missteps but the crowd didn't seem to notice. It wasn't until his performance was over that he began to really worry.

There had been countless numbers of flashes going off in the crowd; no telling how many pictures of him were taken. Then there was the encore and he was presented with a large bouquet of red roses. More pictures were taken with him in various solo poses, with the other girls, and with the whole cast. More pictures than he could keep up with, the daily newspaper, the school newspaper, the school year book.

All the photos were an embarrassment but the one with the boy playing the Captain of the Guard, handing him a solitary long stemmed red rose, bending down and kissing him solidly on the lips, had to be the worst. Another problem with that particular photo was that David had enjoyed the kiss and returned it.

The aftermath of the Nutcracker was a total change in David's life. A number of the girls included him in their activities and he enjoyed doing the things they liked to do. He was looked-up to by the other girls in his ballet classes. Roger, the boy who played the Captain, was nice and they became friends. He was one of the few boys that David's mother actually approved of and she encouraged their friendship. With the passage of time, David moved on to the next grade and left Miss Daphne behind. She would always be a fond part of his boyhood memories. How could anyone forget such a beautiful teacher?

Miss Daphne followed up on her promise to Mrs. Davenport. She looked through all the security tapes and spotted Margaret stuffing the tampons into David's locker. Margaret admitted what she had done and apologized to David and his mother. True to her word, Miss. Daphne made sure she was held back a grade. Margaret would always hold a grudge against David from that point forward.

His role as the Sugar Plum Fairy would be forever etched into his mind. His mother had a poster-sized color photograph of him dressed in his fabulous costume and makeup framed and hung from their mantle. It never came down until her passing many years later.

THE END