

HER NAME WAS BETSEY

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

It was 1965 the beginning of Fall and life was good. My mom and dad weren't too strict and we went to church every Sunday. We lived in a nice four-bedroom house about three miles from the Gulf of Mexico surrounded by large trees on the outskirts of Biloxi, Mississippi. On my seventeenth birthday dad chipped in so I could buy a car. An aqua green Mustang with a 210 V-8 engine and four speed stick shift. Oh, man, did I love that car. With the start of school, I would be a senior in just a few more days. I had a beautiful girlfriend Ellen. Thanks to a somewhat new thing, The Pill and burn your bra movement, I was having some great sex. I spent the summer working as a life guard at the local country club, so had money to spend. Like I said, life was good until Betsey came to town and my life would never be the same.

September the ninth, 1965, Hurricane Betsey slammed into the Gulf Coast with a fury not often seen. She was a category 4, packing winds of 155 miles per hour gusting even more. Its erratic nature combined with minimum preparation created widespread destruction. My folks weren't too worried at the time as it was predicted to hit Florida. What no one could have foreseen was it turning into the Gulf and slamming into New Orleans. While it hit New Orleans, it wasn't that far as the bird flies from where we lived. There were no weather tracking satellites back then just aerial reconnaissance which took place during the day time. It hit Biloxi in the early morning hours during high tide which created a large tsunami like surge. Being on the east side of a hurricane is the worst possible place to be as it's the most damaging. Like I said, my folks weren't too worried, the house was brick and well-built and being three miles from the beach felt safe. We went to bed feeling uneasy but not too worried around nine that night. Big mistake.

I was awakened around three in the morning with what seemed like a thousand banshees screaming. Sitting up in bed I could feel the whole house shaking. Putting my feet on the floor there was a gigantic boom as the eighty-foot white oak that had been standing about fifty feet away crashed through the roof. Pieces of roofing came crashing down along with a torrent of cold rain. I was stuck. The tree blocking my exit. I was scared and screamed out for help but there was no response. I doubt I could have been heard due to the sound of wind and rain anyway. Then things got a bit crazy as suddenly the room was filling with rapidly rising water. I couldn't see my hand in front of my face and panicking, tried to get over the tree. I don't remember much other than something hitting me on the head. The next thing I knew I was floating draped over a thick tree limb in swirling debris filled dark water. I don't know how long I floated but the sun was high in the sky when a boat found me. Saved I was given some clean clothing, toilet kit and off to a temporary shelter. The shelter was in a school gym in a very small town in the middle of nowhere. Assigned a cot, pillow and blanket with a cold spaghetti and meat ball meal for my first food in ages. I gave the aid workers my information and repeatedly asked about news of my parents. They were nice but couldn't tell me anything. About the only good thing I could say about the shelter there were hot showers in the locker room. I stayed there for six miserable worry filled weeks. The only responses I received from the authorities was they guessed my parents were in another shelter but they were still looking.

When the authorities couldn't find my parents and since I was still a minor arranged temporary foster care for me. Her name was Betsey. How ironic I thought at the time. She was in her mid-fifties. Salt and pepper big hair, round faced with too much makeup and heavy set. She was well dressed. Aristocratic in her bearing and when she spoke commanding. She was obviously a woman who was used to getting her way. I found her intimidating as she closely examined me as if I was going to be her next meal. After Miss. Betsey, that's what she

told me to call her, completed some paperwork, she accepted custody. At the time, I was both happy and scared. Happy to be away from the shelter and frustrated that I couldn't go and find my parents.

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I got into Miss. Betsey's older model Lincoln Towncar and we drove for over an hour. From the two-lane asphalt farm road, she pulled onto a narrow electronic gate controlled gravel road. Thick woods were on both sides and fifteen minutes later clear land with an imposing white columned house appeared. The house was two stories with a veranda in an antebellum style. There was a circular driveway with a water fountain in the center. It wasn't until she parked the car that she said the first words to me since leaving the shelter.

"Leave your stuff in the trunk and follow me," she crisply ordered.

Her tone with no hint of friendliness bothered me but by now had no place to run. I was stuck wherever this place was until she took me out. Reluctantly I got out of the car and followed. I just hoped she would mellow out once she got to know me. The inside of the mansion was filled with old antiques. The wood flooring covered in Persian rugs. It was impressive yet somber. I now doubted the wisdom of coming with this imposing woman though I didn't have much choice. I didn't know much about this woman who now controlled my life other than what an aide worker told me. Miss. Betsey Hamilton was old money and very influential. She claimed to be related to Alexander Hamilton, whose face appears on the ten-dollar bill, a Daughter of the Revolution and Daughter of the Confederacy. I certainly didn't know anything about all that but that's all I knew.

I followed her up the elaborate rose wood staircase, down a hall to the back of the house. It looked like this area hadn't been used in a while. Miss. Betsey stopping in front of the last door on the left, pulled out a key and opened it.

"This will be your room," she stated motioning me into it flipping the light switch.

To say that I was stunned would be a vast understatement. It was a young girl's room. The walls were covered in floral wallpaper. The four-poster queen sized bed had a lavender chiffon canopy, pink pillowed satin comforter, two pink satin with white lace frill pillows and a Victorian doll stuck between them. The rest of the furnishings were delicate and feminine including a lighted vanity. There was even a fancy doll house stuck in a corner. There were three pictures hanging on the walls. A poster sized framed prima ballerina en point in front of the bed, a somewhat smaller one of Charles Atlas, the body builder on another wall. The last picture a Victorian scene of two young girls picking flowers. The room reeked of a heady floral scent. There was no way I could stay in this room but too dumbfounded to say anything. I balled my hands into fists and rubbed my eyes hoping when I opened them I'd see something different.

"Well don't just stand there with your mouth open, come over here and let's see what we can find for you to wear," she snapped opening a large bureau.

I sort of shuffled closer to where she stood trying to decide if I should fight or run like hell. That indecision cost me dearly. She was too big to fight so I decided to run. Unfortunately, I was standing too close when I turned for the door. She grabbed the back of my shirt, pulled me into her and twisted my arm behind my back.

"You're mine now! You will do what I say, when I say it or pay the consequences!" she hissed.

For a big woman Miss. Betsey was fast. I quickly found myself over her broad lap as she sat on the vanity stool. The backside of a wooden hairbrush descended in rapid strokes burning my poor backside. It didn't take long before I was a mass of tears begging her to stop and promising to do whatever she wanted. I wasn't all that big at the time but I was on the swim team. I'd been in a few fights at school and dad had used his belt on rare occasion but not the pain I was suffering now. I have never experienced such pain in my life, so said I would do what she wanted if she would only stop. A few more swats and Miss. Betsey shoved me

off her lap. I landed with a thud on the wooden floor.

As I laid in the fetal position crying, she removed a pair of shocking red nylon panties and a matching bullet cupped long line bra. Reaching down Miss. Betsey grabbed my upper arm pulling me to my feet roughly.

“Come along. It’s time to teach you a bathing routine,” she stated leading me by the arm into the adjoining bathroom.

I still remember the utter humiliation I felt learning how to properly perform a personal hygiene regimen. The first thing she had me do after stripping naked was prepare the bath. Taking a bath doesn’t sound all that bad but I had to add sweet smelling bath salts and fragrant oils. I was wondering why in hell she was making me do this. I’m all guy and guys just didn’t do this sort of thing. What guy would ever do that? Having to sit in it chipped off a tiny bit of my sense of self.

Chipping off a bit more was having to shave my legs, underarms and shape my pubic hair into a neat small triangle. I wore my brown hair in a flattop and seldom shampooed it. She told me I would have to shampoo it every three days and condition it. The shampoo and conditioner left my hair smelling like strawberries.

After the bath, I had to pat myself dry then apply a floral scented body lotion. Miss. Betsey then showed me how to tuck the bath towel around my chest. With the towel secured it gave me hope that my ordeal was over. In moments that hope died as even more mortifying instructions followed. From the linen closet, she removed a bright pink bulb syringe and box of Tampax tampons. Having to give myself a douche then insert that cardboard tube into my butt brought back the tears. The rest of my new routine was sort of normal, brush my teeth and hair one hundred times finishing with an application of women’s deodorant.

I think I blushed as bright as the shimmering red panties as I pulled them up my legs. It was the first time I had ever worn panties and they felt weird. They embraced my groin and clung tightly to my ass. As the sleek material surrounded my genitals it twitched. My boxers never did that. Miss. Betsey had to put the bra on me and adjust the straps. She assured me I would be able to do it in my sleep before long. Panties are sort of like jockeys and I could maybe justify wearing them if they were white but a bra? No way I could do that wearing a bra. Feeling the constraint of that most feminine of garments I could never justify. A large part of my male ego fell away as Miss. Betsey adjusted the straps. The white three quarter length sleeved slinky robe with floral boarder which barely covered my butt sent goosebumps running up my back. The final insult was having to step into a pair of white satin slippers with a pink bow and one inch wedge heel. Seeing my reflection in the bathroom mirror took a big chunk out of my sense of self.

As we went back into what was now my room I was so scared my legs shook. After what happened in the bathroom I figured out what Miss. Betsey planned on doing to me. She was going to make me dress like a girl! I don’t want to be a girl much less dress like one. Leading me over to the vanity I screwed up my courage and asked her why.

“Miss. Betsey I’m not a girl and don’t want to be one. So why are you doing this to me?” I asked.

“Why? The shelter staff told me they had a minor, Marion Lynn Smyth, needing placement in a foster home. I needed someone to be my domestic servant and assumed Marion was female. A woman of my social standing simply cannot do that kind of work. Plus, being a single woman I can’t afford or want to have a male living with me especially a teenager. I almost walked out when they told me you were a young man but seeing you gave me pause. I thought with a bit of work you could be a passable enough young lady. Told I would be given full guardianship; I wasn’t about to drive over two hours and come home empty. Your height and build are very close to my last domestic. So, you’re it and I don’t give a damn what you think about it,” she answered holding up the wooden hairbrush.

Her threat was plain to see and it made my skin crawl. There wasn’t anything I could do about

it now but do what she demanded. I was scared and my poor bottom still hurt. Yes, I would do what she wanted but I would make my escape as soon as possible.

She had me sit away from the vanity mirror and began applying makeup to my face. She explained everything she did, telling me to pay close attention as I would be doing this myself. When she finished, Miss. Betsey put a skull cap on my head then a shoulder length black wig. The bangs of the wig came down to just above my now thinned out brows and tucked under at the neck. Spraying me with a perfume she called Tabu, turned me to face the mirror. The perfume was the same that my girl Ellen wore and always turned me on. That thought sent a chill up my spine. I didn't want to turn any boy on because I smelled sexy. Seeing my reflection made me grimace. Other than wearing more makeup than Ellen ever did even to our Junior Prom, I looked and smelled like a girl. I was hoping for more of a clown look so Miss. Betsy would stop this stupidity, not this. My sense of self was damaged but realized nothing had been done that couldn't be undone.

I meekly followed her over to the bed then stood bemoaning my fate as she rummaged through the bureau and then the closet. Again, she instructed me about each clothing item and how to care for it as I would be dressing like this from now on. I gulped as she fastened a white satin waist chinch that drew in my stomach three inches. As she drew up a pair of black nylons with seams running up the back, I shivered but not in horror. I remembered running my hand up Ellen's stocking covered legs and how much I like it but actually wearing them. Well that was certainly different and not unpleasant though I would never admit it. Then she gave me what looked like another pair of red panties but these seemed smaller and there was a shiny red satin diamond front panel. Miss. Betsey told me that proper young ladies always wore a panty girdle and the tabs inside the short legs would be used to hold up my nylons. It was a tight fit and crushed my manhood. I was instructed to push everything down between my legs. There was a moment of discomfort as my testicles popped back inside me but more comfortable wearing it that way.

After stuffing my bra cups with cotton bunting Miss. Betsey pulled a glistening red full slip with heavy lace detailing on the bodice and hem. I shivered again as the slip settled around my hips. It was cool and slinky and again while humiliating, felt good touching my skin. The uniform she handed me next was indeed mortifying. It was made of white nylon, semi-sheer revealing my undergarments with a double-breasted bodice, short winged sleeves and knee length full skirt. A pair of black patent leather pointed toed pumps with a two-inch block heel and dark red bibbed apron completed my dressing.

Miss. Betsey stood looking at me with a slight frown. "Something is missing." With that she removed something from a drawer in the vanity. It was a pair of screw on red button earrings. That was another item no guy would wear and they hurt when attached to my lobes.

Facing the full-length mirror on the back of the closet door chiseled away more of my ego. I was a guy but my image said the total opposite. Standing before me was a pretty teenaged girl. She was wearing too much makeup, the nose and chin not quite right but I would date her.

"You actually came out better than I thought but still have a long way to go. We'll have an early supper then your lessons will start. I strongly recommend that you pay attention and try your best or my hairbrush will get a workout," she stated with a slight snarl.

I was a bit dumbfounded as I followed Miss. Betsey out of the room. The heels making me take careful tottering steps as we went down the stairs. The click clacking of the heels on steps driving home my situation. The new sensations of the swishing and pulling of my new clothing occupied most of my mind.

"I'm a guy and shouldn't look this good as a girl. Why couldn't I look like a very ugly girl then she would stop this nonsense," I thought.

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The rest of my first day with Miss. Betsey was strenuous, somewhat painful and

embarrassing as I was forced to practice feminine posture and mannerisms. After I helped making a light supper, she marked off about twenty feet down the hallway with a double strip of masking tape. I then had to curtsey, that was embarrassing, and proceed walking heel and toe down the tape. I had to make sure I planted my toes first, back ramrod straight, arms loose, elbows at my sides wrists limp. At first she walked beside me instructing as we went. Later when I didn't show enough improvement began swatting my butt with that dreaded hairbrush. I think I walked for over an hour before Miss. Betsey gave me a break if you could call it that. I spent the next hour learning how to sit with my thighs tight together, feet primly tucked back under the chair and hands clasped in my lap. Long before I got to the sitting lesson, I hated the girdle as it retained heat, how the waist chinch crushed my stomach and the pinching of the earrings. The one thing I was damn sure of was that I hated being and dressing like a girl. Even with the girdle that hairbrush stung like the dickens, so tried my best.

With the sitting lesson over I was handed a red patent leather letter purse. Back to walking and learning how to stoop, never bend while maintaining complete control over the purse. The purse contained a tube of ruby red high gloss lipstick and tissues. Every time I passed the hallway mirror had to stop and reapply it. By the time she called it a night I was mentally and physically exhausted. All I wanted to do was collapse into bed and go to sleep yet the lessons continued. Two hours of learning a night time beauty regiment and both mind and body were numb. I couldn't even argue with myself about wearing the frilly chartreuse nylon and chiffon baby doll negligee set she gave me to wear. Having to wear the red girdle and bra under it was irritating but just too damn exhausted to care. Tired as I was sleep didn't come easily. It was difficult sleeping on my stomach as the padded bra made it uncomfortable. Laying on my back wasn't much better as my poor bottom stung from frequent use of the hairbrush. Eventually I did succumb to my exhaustion and fell into a deep mostly untroubled sleep.

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I was awakened at five the next morning by the ringing of the alarm on the bedside table. For a moment, didn't know where I was then shivered as I remembered. It wasn't a nightmare. Turning off the alarm I plopped back down in bed with a groan. The restriction at my groin and chest becoming painfully aware. I didn't have long before Miss. Betsey came to supervise my morning toilet. I was surprised to see her wearing full makeup and an apricot colored chiffon peignoir set. My embarrassment having to perform a feminine routine was just as intense. Having to don plum colored undergarments or I should say lingerie, no less penetrating. My ego lost another big chip as I fastened the white nylon dress. She had me apply my makeup by first doing it then wiping it off. I had to duplicate what she had done. It was tedious and as I saw my face transform another bit of my sense of self disappeared.

In the kitchen, I made us breakfast. It was simple bagel with cream cheese, black coffee and orange slices. Far less than my rumbling stomach wanted but I ate every bit. After I cleaned the dishes and wiped down the counter tops, she handed me a pale blue with white floral design plastic sleeve.

"You will take one of these in the morning and one in the evening. Start with the pink one and work your way around until they are gone. I will give you more when that's finished," she stated.

Inside the plastic sleeve was an oval container of small pills five pink and the remaining ones white. I had no idea of what they were but removed one and swallowed it. I discovered much later that those were birth control pills. Back then these pills contained a much higher level of estrogen and progesterone than modern ones.

With my meager breakfast over it was back to practicing posture and mannerisms. My body still ached from yesterday's efforts but I didn't get as many swats from her hairbrush. The ones I did get were primarily because I didn't keep a smile on my face. It was a new requirement and I certainly didn't have anything to smile about. I did my best. Curtsey, walk

the line, pivot and curtsy then walk back and curtsy at the finish. Pivot back around, face the mirror, touch up my makeup and reapply lipstick before starting the process over. So much for a fun filled morning, not!

After another skimpy meal for lunch it was time to learn domestic chores. I knew what a vacuum cleaner, mop and broom were but had never used them. By early evening I knew how to use them as well as other home cleaning products. As the day wore on I wasn't sure what hurt the most my aching back or butt. One thing for sure I absolutely hated wearing that girdle. The only relief I received from its tight embrace was to use the bathroom when I changed my tampon or other need.

As with the other meals I helped with supper. This time it was baked chicken, yams and broccoli. Miss. Betsey had a very full plate which I served in the dining room. I had half a breast, tablespoon of yams and all the broccoli I wanted. I hate broccoli but finished it off in the kitchen. Domestic servants never eat in the dining room and eat only after the Mistress finished hers. I cleared off the table after giving her a cup of coffee and finally got to eat. Between the girdle and waist chinch what she had given me was more than enough. Don't get me wrong, I was still starving but couldn't eat another bite. Miss. Betsey watched as I swallowed another one of those pills, had me sit at the kitchen table and handed me a romance novel.

A romance novel. Who in their right mind would read this tripe much less aloud with feeling? Well I did along with the encouragement of the hairbrush. I had to raise the pitch of my voice until she was happy with the resonance. Satisfied with that I then had to put feeling into the dialog as I read. I wanted to vomit having to do that but a few strokes to my thigh stopped the urge. It was a painful experience both in body and mind but I tried my best.

The rest of the evening was spent learning all about doing laundry another totally new experience. I thought all you did was throw the clothing in the washing machine, toss in some detergent and turn the darn thing on. Boy, did I learn a lot especially how to hand launder lingerie. More of my ego went down the drain along with the dirty water.

I finished my second night with Miss. Betsey repeating my night time beauty regiment. Like last night I slept with that darn girdle and bra on. This time I was out like the light I was so drained by the day's activity.

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By the end of my first week I was adjusting to my new role in life, still hating every minute of it. I was getting used to wearing a long line bra all the time except when bathing. I don't think I will ever get used to that darn hot girdle. Wearing a slip and stockings weren't all that bad except for having to pay close attention in keeping the seams straight or getting a run in my hose. Every morning it was learning makeup application, posture and mannerisms. My morning toilet routine wasn't as humiliating but changing out my tampon kept chiseling away at my ego. After lunch was occupied cleaning the house. My evenings were spent learning meal preparation, reading that romance book with feeling, higher pitch and softer voice. Followed by more posture and mannerisms using three inch spiked pointed toed pumps. After two hours in those heels I was more than happy to get back into my two inch stacked heels. Miss. Betsey said I would soon be walking in five inch stilettos, ugh. I guess I was improving as she didn't use her hairbrush as often. This routine didn't change the next week except I was now learning how to iron. Of all my household tasks, I hated ironing almost as much as washing and drying dishes by hand. It was hard tedious work. The first few times I ironed I thought my arms would fall off by the time I finished.

It wasn't until the third week that my schedule was altered. Miss. Betsey stopped supervising my morning and evening bathing routine or watching while I applied makeup. Oh, she did check me every day but seldom sent me back to my room to fix whatever she found wrong. Miss. Betsey also began a demerit system. If I received 10 demerits during the day I would get twenty swats of the brush. If I managed to get less I could have a small bowl of ice cream after supper. I love ice cream so I tried my best. Despite my efforts I didn't get any ice cream

that week. Most of the demerits came from me not always smiling. Maybe if I had a reason to smile it would have been easier. Another change was having me do all the household chores from morning until supper. After supper, I continued reading aloud from some romance novel then back to posture and mannerisms.

At the beginning of the fourth week, Miss. Betsey gave me new girdles. These were all long-line, high waisted in style with elaborate embroidered fern or floral designs on the bright satin diamond panels. I hated my panty girdles but these were horrendous. The top of these girdles almost touched my bra strap, crushing my ribs and the elastic legs approached my knees. My waist was narrowed more severely, the elastic gusset forced my testicles up into my body with an iron grip and retained more heat. The cotton bunting in my bra cups was replaced with pink foam inserts which firmed up the cups. Now when I looked down all I could see were two pointed mounds. The bunting was bad but absorbed my sweat and not as firm. As you can see I'm now referring to my clothing as my bra, my girdle and my dress. Something I never thought I would do but they are mine now. I also got another container of pills. She has always watched me closely as I took one in the morning and at night. As far as I could tell they weren't doing much to me but lately I have some slight nausea and weird mood shifts on occasion.

After six weeks, my routine was again changed. Once I finished dressing in the morning, I would go to the master bedroom bringing her breakfast then prepare her bath. No biggie but after her bath I had to help her get dressed for the day. Other than seeing my Ellen mostly naked Miss. Betsey was the only other woman I saw without any clothing. Her stomach was a mass of overlapping layers of fat and stretch marks. Her thick thighs and sagging butt covered in cellulite. Ellen's breasts were firm and round while hers were sagging and bloated. I used to think seeing any woman naked would give me a ragging hard-on. It didn't even twitch when I saw her that way. It was almost repulsive. Now that I think about it I haven't been able to get a good erection lately. The only time I can masturbate is when I take my bath and only since she stopped observing. It seems like it takes me forever to get my rocks off now. Guess my memories of Ellen and the things we did are getting dimmer over time.

The one thing that has stayed constant that I truly abhor is wearing my girdle and bra all the time. Last week I asked to be allowed out of them during bed time but all I got was two quick hard swats of her brush.

"Proper young ladies always were their girdles and bras. Just like not letting your slip's hem show. It would be indecent otherwise," she informed me.

Yeah as silly as it sounds I received a lot of demerits for exposing the lacy hem of my slip. It's not like you can't see my slip through the thin nylon uniforms I must wear daily. Speaking of uniforms, I did get a new one to wear on formal occasions. Apparently, I had improved enough in my impersonation of being a woman Miss. Betsey was going to have guests over. It was an A-line black cotton dress with mid-calf full skirt. The sleeves were short puffs of white chiffon and came with a delicate sheer lace frilled white apron and matching cap. In addition to the dressy uniform were five pristine white net petticoats with nylon yokes. I spent a lot of time learning how to manage a skirt with that many petticoats. Those petticoats seemed to have a life of their own. If you're not careful when you sit, they pop up into your face. If you're not watchful when vacuuming they will knock things off tables. Being a woman is no easy task and I sorely miss me being me. Hell, just using the toilet is a royal pain and takes a lot of work.

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During that entire time, I constantly thought of ways to escape this mad woman and regain my manhood. However I had two major problems, one I didn't want anyone seeing me dressed this way. Secondly, I had no idea of where I was or where to run. I did know that we had driven for at least fifteen minutes up a gravel road. No telling how long it would take me to walk that far even if she didn't come after me. After my sixth week of forced servitude and

feminization I couldn't take any more. It was bad enough having her see me dressed and acting this way but strangers no way I could endure that. Miss. Betsey was taking an afternoon nap and I just went out the front door. Wearing women's shoes even with a stacked heel wasn't the best way to walk on gravel and impossible to run in. Taking off the shoes just wasn't an option.

I didn't get very far before Miss. Betsey caught up with me. I had been walking for a little over an hour but guessed I was only half way to the highway. From the expression on her face I knew she was furious with me and my stupid attempt to run.

I was surprised when she didn't say a thing other than, "Get in the car!"

I was stunned when she didn't turn my backside flaming red but instead sent me to my room. "Go to your room and stay there. I have an idea to keep you from running away again," she ordered in a cold voice.

As I watched the alarm clock tick off the hours my fear became worse. I knew she was royally pissed at me and not knowing my fate only increased my fear. Screaming and yelling at me or blistering my butt would have at least eased my fear. Waiting for some unknown punishment was far worse. About four hours later Miss. Betsey and a portly elderly gray haired man entered my room. He was wearing a white with blue pen striped suit, dress shirt and blue bow tie. In his right hand was a black leather doctor's bag. I watched bewildered as he opened the bag on my bedside table and took out a syringe. Miss. Betsey grabbed me from behind and held me fast as the man stuck the needle into a vein and pressed the plunger home. Shortly after that everything went dark.

When I awoke, my hands were secured to the bedposts with pink satin ribbons and it felt like I had a diaper on. With my slightest move my chest and groin hurt making me moan in pain. Now I was truly scared. So scared, I screamed. Miss. Betsey entered the room with a big shit eating grin on her face.

"Good you're awake. Doc Beardsley did some great work and I don't think you'll want to be running away again. Said you'd be in some pain and to keep you in bed for a few days. Here take this. It's a pain pill," she said in way of greeting.

It must have been a strong pill as I was left groggy and in a fog for the next three days. When my head finally cleared, I wasn't in pain other than a few aches coming from my groin. Miss. Betsey was standing over me with that stupid grin as I shook my head to clear away the remaining cobwebs.

"You've been in bed long enough, six days and time for you to get back to work. Guess I should show you what I had Doc do first," she said untying the ribbons freeing my hands then helping me sit up.

She removed my scarlet baby doll top revealing a white cotton tight fitting bullet bra. It was unlike my usual bras in that it was cotton with a lot of boning on the cups and band. I received my first shock when she unclasped it exposing two firm bullet shaped breasts with extended brown nipples. Instinctively I reached out and grabbed them. They were indeed firm bullets, the half inch long eraser thick nipples rubbery to the touch. They were warm to the touch and I could feel them as my fingers moved over the twin mounds.

"They're real!" I gasped. "What have you done?"

"Just had ole Doc give you some silicone injections to fill out your chest properly. So no more padding for you dearie. You're a natural full C-cup now," she replied. Then added with a giggle, "You'll have to wear one of these full support surgical bras for the next month to make sure that silicone doesn't shift. We don't want lopsided boobies now do we?"

"Whaaat else?" I dared. I was afraid of the answer but needed to know why my groin ached.

"Just a little plumbing adjustment dearie. I had him castrate you and tuck your other little bit back under. Here let me remove this diaper and you can see for yourself," she replied with an evil grin.

Seeing my groin, I fainted. That doctor had indeed removed my testicles. Plus he used the empty sack to stitch over my limp penis holding it back firmly between my legs. I not only would never have children or sex but would never stand to pee again. My life was over.

Over the next two weeks I was very depressed but reconciled myself to what she had done. There was nothing I could do about it now. What was done was done. My only salvation was the idea that eventually I would get justice and she would be severely punished for what she did to me. Still every time I looked down all I saw was my pointed breasts which sent chills of revulsion up my spine. I keep telling myself one day I'll be free and rid of these gross swellings. Revenge will someday be mine.

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Two weeks later Miss. Betsey informed me that she was having some friends over for afternoon tea. I was given strict instructions not to say anything other than Yes Ma'am or No Ma'am and too keep a smile on my face. Prior to the guests arriving she showed me how to set the tea service and silverware properly on the cart along with some snacks.

"Remember no talking, keep smiling and happily do whatever you're asked Marion," she said after giving me a final inspection.

It wasn't long after that the doorbell rang. I quickly glanced into the mirror to check my makeup and straightened out my apron. Standing on the porch were two dignified matronly women. Opening the door curtseyed then showed them into the study. I was sweating bullets as they eyed me closely scared they would see I was a guy in a dress. After their initial inspection of me, one of them asked, "So you're the new domestic. What's your name?"

"Marion Ma'am," I managed to reply and curtseyed. It came out more like a whisper but seemed to satisfy the woman. I was shivering and surprised I managed to lead them into the study without fainting.

Miss. Betsey gave them a hug and air kiss in greeting as I awaited orders. Then she turned to me and indicated that it was time to serve the tea. I was more than happy to get away from these women. I was nervous as I poured then served the tea and cookies. The two women kept staring at me as I served making me even more on edge. I don't know how I managed to do my job without spilling the tea or cookies. After everyone had their tea I was thankfully dismissed back to the kitchen.

About an hour later I was called back into the study. I curtseyed and stood waiting orders as all three women looked at me. After what seemed like an eternity Miss. Betsey asked, "So what do you lady's think of my new domestic? Her name is Marion Lynn Smyth, still has some rough edges but I think she's coming along just fine."

"Marion Lynn Smyth sounds awful formal for a domestic don't you think Betsey? Smyth is more of a socialite name not some servants. Makes them a bit uppity I think. Servants should be very humble and their names should reflect that. Otherwise you made a seemingly good choice," one of the woman stated.

"Those blue bloods Marion Driscoll and Dana Smyth over at the Daughters of the Confederacy in Hattiesburg would probably have a fit knowing you had a namesake working as your domestic," the other woman added giggling.

"Good point ladies. I've known those two since they were young girls. Guess I'll have to give my domestic a new name to keep the peace. I know, what do ya'll think of...of...Margaret? Yes, Margaret Jones. Can't think of a plainer plain Jane name than that," Miss. Betsey stated with a broad smile.

"Margaret, Margaret Jones, yes an excellent choice," both ladies responded smiling.

A few days later Miss. Betsey handed me a legal document and ordered me to sign it. I looked it over and discovered it was a name change authorization asking the court to change my name from Marion Lynn Smyth to Margaret Jones. Reading it further there was a clause

stating that official records mistakenly had me listed as Male while my true gender was Female. It requested that all records be changed to reflect that I was Female. Of course I wasn't about to sign that. No way no how.

Miss. Betsey surprised me when all she did was scowl and pick up the telephone. "Doc I think I'm going to need your services again. Seems my domestic wanted much larger breasts. Do you....," she said as I rushed to sign the authorization. Thankfully she hung up the phone smiling from ear-to-ear.

To Be Continued....

HER NAME WAS BETSEY

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Miss. Betsey quickly picked up the paper I had just signed with a smirk. "Now Margaret I think you made the right decision as your slight frame would look way out of proportion with DD-breasts. Aren't you going to thank me?" she said.

"Thank her? Was she out of her mind? After what she has done to me. She's destroyed my life. Having breasts was bad enough but double D's? These C-cups are monsters. I don't want to even think of how big double D's are," I thought.

"What do I have to be thankful for," I replied in almost a whisper afraid she would call that doctor again. Still I had some backbone left though it was dwindling.

"Margaret, you have a lot to be thankful for. First and foremost you easily pass as female. Once your pubic hairs grow out you can drop your panties and it would be hard to tell what you have tucked away. Plus, like this, you won't be drafted. I hear there is a war going on in some place called Viet Nam and a far worse place than this. You'd be nothing but cannon fodder. Now thank me for all I have done," she replied.

Viet Nam I had indeed heard about and saw some horrible pictures on the nightly news. Still I thought being cannon fodder might be a better alternative but she fixed me so no one would draft me. Trying not to choke on the words I thanked her.

"Very good Margaret. Now get back to your cleaning," she answered with a big smile.

##

A few days later Miss. Betsey had another surprise for me. She took me to a beauty salon. It wasn't fancy and when she parked in front of a small wooden house I wondered what in the hell was going on. This certainly wasn't a salon she would go to. It didn't even look like one. The green paint was peeling and one screen was hanging off the window. The nearest house must be a mile away and nothing but cotton fields. As with the Doctor I was getting terrified as I stepped out of the car.

"Now Margaret you do exactly what Sarah tells you and smile. If you don't look happy or cooperate fully I may have to call Doc again. Is that clear?" she stated.

That did it. Referencing the Doctor made me almost pee myself I was so scared. Again with no choice and even less chance of running, I nodded my head in acceptance.

The woman that met us at the door was an elderly black woman. Her hair was gray and partially covered in a red bandana. Her face wrinkled and round blacker than midnight. She greeted Miss. Betsey with a short curtsey and invited us into her home. The woman, Sarah, gave me a strange look but turned and motion for us to follow. One back room was set up as a salon. There was a basin, well used barber chair and one of those old chrome-plated steel domed hair dryers. Sarah still hadn't said a word to me as she pointed to the chair. As I sat I

noticed a plate on the dryer which said, "Isana Zephr, patented 1931." Man, I hope she wasn't planning to use that thing on me. It was positively ancient.

"Miss. Betsey ma'am, ya bees sure ya wan me ta do dis? Da style done need some harsh chemicals for dis kinda hair," Sarah asked pulling on my longish hair.

"That's why we're here Sarah. Make it nice and tight," she replied firmly.

With that Sarah kicked back the chair and my neck rested over the sink. She took her time washing my hair several times which I thought a little much. Tilting me back up, began trimming it with a pair of scissors. There was no mirror in front of me and had no idea of what she was doing. I was crying on the inside but managed to keep a fake smile on my face. Putting the scissors aside, Sarah thickly coated my hair in what she called a volume heat lotion. The more she did the more worried I became especially when she began rolling sections on very small metal rollers. When she finished, my head was very heavy and my hair felt like it was being pulled out. She then coated my hair with something awful smelling then placed that metal dome over my head. The rotten egg smell and heat was overpowering. I thought that old black woman was trying to fry my brains. It took all my self-control not to vomit. After what I thought was an eternity, Sarah removed the dome and loosened one of the rollers.

"I think she done Miss. Betsey," Sarah said as she removed the rest of the rollers and picked at my hair.

"Perfect Sarah. Now how long will that set hold?" Miss. Betsey replied.

"As long as it doan get wet.... I'd say three maybes four months," Sarah answered.

I wasn't happy about what I heard. I still had no idea of the style but knew whatever it was, I would hate it. Getting out of the chair I almost fainted. Sarah had not only given me an Afro that made my head look like a basketball, she dyed it black.

"Yes, a much better look for a domestic. Sarah, can you help me with what else I asked for?" Miss. Betsey inquired.

"I done did some checking but got what ya needs. Dis stuff potent and kin do damage to da skin but it'll do what ya wants. Jest make sure ya use plenty of moisturizing lotion afterwards," she replied handing a large brown bag to Miss. Betsey.

I was in shock as we drove home. Every time I touched my hair it felt wiry and very stiff. I can't believe she would do this to me but the reality couldn't be ignored. Back at the house I was totally traumatized at what she did to me next. In the bath room, she had me strip naked. When I asked what was going on, just said I'd find out soon enough. I was confused as she donned a pair of pink rubber gloves. Taking a large brown bottle out of the bag poured the clear liquid onto a large sponge. She had me step into the tub and began rubbing me all over with the sponge starting at my backside. It wasn't until she started on my front that I discovered what her plan was. I tried to jump out of the tub but tripped hitting my head. I was out like a light. When I came too, Miss. Betsey was coating me in a floral body moisturizer. I was as black as the Ace of Spades.

"What have you done!" I screamed nearly out of my mind in fear.

"Just making sure you're the perfect domestic for a Southern aristocrat Margaret. It's not permanent or at least I don't think so but you will stay this color or you will see the Doctor again. Only this time I'll have him increase your butt size as well. I expect you to apply this Silver Nitrate when this coat starts to fade. Make sure you use a lot of body moisturizer all the time or your skin will crack. You won't want that," she said then left me in my misery.

Numbed by what had been done, I went into my room still naked. I put on a pair of purple full cut nylon panties and matching bullet bra then my baby doll nightie. The nightie was a deep purple satin overlaid with crème chiffon and barely covered my groin. As usual when I donned lingerie and particularly ultra-feminine nighties a shiver of revulsion ran up my spine. Up until Miss. Betsey came into my life I thought I was all male, now look at me. I was now

female and a young black female at that. Desegregation was still new and in my state not very far advanced. Even if I managed to escape no telling what horrors I would have to face. White police weren't inclined to listen to or help any person of color. I was totally screwed now. I fell into bed as the torrent of tears began to flow.

##

Now that I was a young black woman Miss. Betsey told me to only wear red or purple lipstick, brush my eyelids with either bright blue or green eyeshadow and black mascara. No more foundation or other makeup white girls get to use. The other change was to never get my hair wet and I only had to use a hair pick to arrange it. I also got another set of uniforms. These were all full skirted black satin with stiff white winged short sleeved cuffs and wide white lapels. The skirts were held out by two starched net petticoats. Gone were the gum soled shoes I could wear when cleaning or cooking. Now I had to wear black patent leather pointed toed pumps with three-inch stiletto heels constantly. For day wear I wore a white cotton pinafore apron with white cotton mop cap to protect my uniform. At night, I exchanged the pinafore for an elaborately frilled organza bibbed apron and stiff white nurse styled cap. My work stayed the same, clean house, cook and help Miss. Betsey with her toilet. With each passing day of being her black maidservant my sense of self diminished. Going out in public which she often had me do was both humbling and embarrassing. Whites ignored me or treated me like something less than human. The few black men cast unwanted and disturbing gazes my way. It didn't take many such trips before my self-esteem had totally evaporated.

It wasn't until after my second treatment with Sarah that things changed. Miss. Betsey decided to hire a butler/chauffer. His name was Samuel Jefferson, in his late twenties and black. He was tall, perhaps six two or three with close cropped hair, thin framed but muscled. Miss. Betsey gave him the room next to mine. From the very first day Samuel was overly friendly with me much to my annoyance. When I showed him to his room he had the audacity to swat my bottom as I turned to go.

"I knows I's gonna like working here," he said making me blush as I scurried away.

During that first week Samuel was making my miserable life pure hell. He was constantly flirting, swatting my butt and once trapped in the kitchen between the counter and Samuel he kissed me full on the lips. It took all I had to not gag right then and there. I was disgusted and mad enough to go see Miss. Betsey after that. What she told me left me flabbergasted and a sour taste in my mouth.

"Margaret you're a pretty young Negro woman and should expect such attentions from other black men. Why everyone knows people like you are like rabbits and I have no problem with that. Just keep it discrete. Keep taking your pills and you don't have to worry about getting pregnant," she said with a smirk.

"Bu...but I'm not. I'm still a white guy even if you made me look this way. I'm not a fag and I hate what you have done to me," I managed to reply staggered by what she said.

"Margaret! Enough! You're my maidservant and not my superior! How dare you speak to me like that," she almost screamed.

For an old fat woman Miss. Betsey could move fast. Before my numbed brain could react, I was over her lap, my skirts and petticoats over my back on the receiving end of a spanking. She didn't stop until I was a sobbing mess my poor ass in flames.

Pushed to the floor Miss. Betsey stood over me and said in a bone chilling voice, "Margaret you're a Negro woman and my domestic. It's high time you fully understand your position in my household. As such you will do as you're told and be nice to Samuel. It is what every black girl does. I will not tolerate any disturbance or disobedience from you. You ever act out of character, you will visit Doc and then I'm tossing you out on the street with just the clothing on your back. Just how far you think you can get like that? Do I make myself perfectly clear? Now get up and tell who you are!" she demanded swinging the hairbrush in the air.

My backside was on fire and her threat filled me with horror. I wouldn't last ten minutes. Slowly I got up feeling my petticoats and skirt fall back into place reinforcing what she had said. Bracing my arms on the carpeted floor I couldn't miss seeing the blackness of my skin. She had me right where she wanted me and I could only mutter, "M...my nam....name is Margaret Jones, a....a Neg...ro maidservant."

"Very good Margaret. Now go and remember be very nice to Samuel. I don't want him leaving my employment. It's almost impossible to find a hard-working black man as it is."

With Samuel in the house Miss. Betsy began having more teas and parties. It wasn't that she desired that much attention but a major step up on the Social Register. Few of her peers had both a full time live-in maid and butler. My life had been miserable but now it was a living hell. Shortly after my discipline session, Miss. Betsey gave me my new birth certificate and social security card. I was officially recorded as being one Margaret Jones, (f) Negro eighteen years of age.

When I asked how she managed such a change, she smiled and said, "The right judge can do miraculous things Margaret. You met him last week at tea, remember? You should. He was making goo-goo eyes at you the entire time."

I sure did remember him. He was a lecherous old man who gave me the creeps. When Miss. Betsey wasn't looking, he ran his hand up my skirt. Shit!

"Now that you're eighteen you can leave anytime you want" she continued. "Of course it will have to be as Margaret Jones, an undereducated Negro but that's what you are now. However, I'm pleased with your service and will gladly keep you on. I'll even pay you sixty-five cents an hour less the taxes. That's what my friends pay and I think reasonable compensation plus I'm furnishing your uniforms. So, do you want to stay or leave? It really doesn't matter but I will miss you."

I finally had a real choice but did I. After all she had done to me and made me do, I didn't have much choice. Until this color faded completely and I had any clothing besides maid's uniforms I was stuck. I could leave now, go to the authorities and get laughed out of the building if not stuck in a cell. Some choice.

"I...I'll stay Miss. Betsey until...until I can save some money," I reluctantly replied.

"I thought you'd be reasonable about this Margaret. I only have one condition. You will maintain your current appearance and attitude. You are a Negro maidservant until you leave this house. Now go about your business," she answered.

##

I regretted my decision almost as soon as I left her. Samuel was in the kitchen drinking some coffee. So far I had managed to ignore his attentions but had to put up with them. "Be nice or else," Miss. Betsey had ordered. Her "or else" was just too scary to contemplate. Maybe I had been too nice over the past week. Walking past him to get my own cup Samuel reached out a long arm and pulled into his lap. I'm embarrassed to admit it but I did let out a girlish squeak when he did that. Before I could do anything, he had his tongue half way down my throat. I couldn't back away as he held the back of my head firmly. I had to bear his sloppy kiss for what seemed an eternity before he finally let me go. He still held me tightly around my waist as I squirmed in his lap trying not to vomit. It didn't take me long to discover that was a big mistake. His stiff rod was poking me in the ass and had the biggest smile.

"Now's dat be da way ta say hello," he said as I pushed at his chest.

"Let me go!" I demanded loudly. That was another mistake as Miss. Betsey heard and entered the kitchen.

"Oh, I didn't mean to interrupt but you're on my time now. Samuel come with me," she said turning and walking out.

I was more than happy to jump out of Samuel's lap and would have run to the sink to rinse my

mouth. Ever try running in three-inch spike heels. That certainly wasn't a plutonic kiss. Thankfully I didn't toss my cookies. The impulse eased as I swallowed the cold water. I only found out later what Miss. Betsey told Samuel. Unfortunately it was not to tell him to leave me alone. Instead she informed him she didn't care what we did during our time off except she didn't want me getting pregnant. Instead he could use my other features but not my pussy. He happily agreed with her.

Now that I was an employee instead of a ward I worked from seven to seven every day but Sundays. My routine was the same and during those hours Samuel didn't physically bother me. He still made disgusting sexual innuendos and the occasional pat on my fanny but behaved. Off duty hours were totally different and his advances made me ill. With each passing week, it became increasingly difficult to avoid him or what he wanted us to do. If I had behaved in such a blatant manner with any white girl my life would be over. When I told him I didn't want his advances, Samuel just smiled broadly and said I would beg for it in time. Like that would ever happen.

##

Saturday night Miss. Betsey had one of her parties and I was required to work overtime. Being a servant and black few people took notice of me as I minced around serving snacks. Samuel was tending bar so I didn't have to worry about that. On Miss. Betsey's orders, he wasn't pouring lightly and by early evening the guests were a bit tipsy. The lights had been turned down so the guests could dance. It was then I felt a strong arm around my waist and pulled into the adjoining room. It was that damn judge who officially destroyed my life.

"Damn, you're one hot darkie," he said sliding his wet tongue down my neck making me cringe. "I know you black girls love sucking dicks so get on your knees. Ever since I saw you that first time I've been thinking how you swished that fine ass of yours at me. I damn well know you want it so get busy," he demanded shoving on my shoulders.

I refused and said I wasn't that kind of girl. All I got was a stinging slap to the face. It was hard enough to make me stumble.

"Look you black bitch, you one of those uppity Negroes? Too good to suck a white man's dick. Prostitution is illegal in this State and unless you want to spend time in the local jail get busy. It'd be my word against yours so make me happy," he snarled pushing harder on my shoulders.

He had unzipped his pants exposing about six inches of his semi-erect penis. It was in my face and I could smell him. I gagged but held it in as he grabbed my hair and pulled me into his crotch. Oh gawd! I wanted to bite down hard as the head was forced between my lips. It seemed like forever as he violated my mouth fucking my face. I didn't suck or use my tongue but it didn't matter. He kept pumping until he moaned loudly and my mouth filled with his disgusting liquid. He stepped back, zipped his pants and left me there with a puddle of vomit spreading across the floor. That's how Samuel found me moments later.

I was devastated by being violated in such a manner, tears were flowing like rivers as Samuel handed me a towel. As I wiped the residue from my mouth and dried the tears, I didn't get much sympathy from Samuel.

"I saw dat white dude bring ya in here den leave. Gave him a BJ did ya? Damn girl, ya give a white man one but not me? Ya own kind?"

"H...he for...forced me," was all I could sputter.

"Sheet girl, so what's da big deal? All us black people get fucked over by dem whities. Can't ever let dem see they git to ya. You bees black so be proud don't give whities da satisfaction he done got to ya. Now get yourself cleaned up n git back out der," he said leaving.

The rest of that night passed by in a fog. In bed I cried my eyes out. Sunday I didn't even get out of bed except to use the bathroom. I couldn't sleep as I kept seeing that awful man. No matter how many times I gargled and brushed, I could still taste him. I kept telling myself I'm

not gay and forced but that did little good. It was a miserable day and my sleep wasn't much better.

Monday morning as I attended to Miss. Betsey's toilet I told her what had transpired at the party. I was expecting sympathy and maybe justice. She was influential and her word would mean something. She did look surprised as I gushed out my story but then laughed.

"That old fart," she giggled. "I knew he was a dirty old man but didn't think he had the balls to follow through. Oh well. I would have stopped it if I had known but that's water under the bridge. Let it be a lesson Margaret. Now you know what women are confronted with when dealing with men. Hand me the towel please. I'm ready to get out of my bath."

I couldn't believe my ears. She was brushing off a traumatic sexual assault as if it was nothing. Miss. Betsey offered no sympathy nor help other than telling me to learn from it. Learn from it! I was mad at first then as I considered what she had said sort of understood. I had a vague understanding about sexual assault and how disadvantaged a woman was. Mother had a friend who was raped and the court let the guy go. I was much younger then but still remembered the crying at the kitchen table and the woman shouting "I'm not a tramp."

I was still distraught but remembered what Samuel had said. It didn't really register at first until I had my talk with Miss. Betsey. When it did, it hit me like a rock. I had no idea of what it was like to be black much less female. Growing up I was never discriminated against. I was respected even as a kid. The few blacks I encountered treated me that way, calling me Mister though I was a teenager. I also remembered what the Judge said and the way he said it. It was his word against mine. I knew my word was now worth nothing as a black and a woman. As a white male, there would have to be witnesses if I was accused of any crime. I finally understood the term "discrimination." I decided two things that day. To be nicer to Samuel and be very cautious around white people especially men. I was stuck like this and as long as I was, I'd have to behave like all the other black people or face dire consequences.

I guess Samuel felt sorry for me and didn't make any advances or sexual comments. I was thankful for that and tried to be nice. I served his coffee and prepared a nice meal for him with a smile. That was a first for me. Smiling instead of glaring or frowning at him. Seeing his broad smile in return was nice. As the days went by I managed to push what had happened to the back of my mind. Life went on.

##

When I thought Samuel was finally showing me some respect, he began reverting to the sexist he had been. Sexual innuendos, the pat to my bottom were becoming more frequent. There was no way I could avoid them as we were alone most of the workday. Miss. Betsey refused to step in once again when I complained. I blamed myself to some degree as I had been nice to him. I served him his meals even invited him into my room on occasion. I did that to learn more of what it was like to be black and face discrimination. I hate to admit it, I flirted some. Don't have any idea of why I did that. For a while now I've noticed some real physical and mental changes. My hips, breasts and butt were bigger. Last week I had to buy new bras and panties as the old ones were very uncomfortable. I had added not quite a full cup size. Learning I had D-cup breasts was a shock. Adding to the physical changes I was experiencing more and more often sudden spells of giddiness or depression. Crying for no apparent reason or giggling like a school girl. Gawd, my life sucks.

Another party but this one would be different. It was some big society debutante celebration. Samuel wore a black tuxedo with pink cummerbund, bow tie and suspenders. I on the other hand had to wear a pink satin French Maid's uniform with a pink bow tie. The afternoon of the party Miss. Betsey came into my room carrying a plastic garment bag in one hand and a box in the other.

"Margaret you know tonight is special, so I've gotten you a special uniform," she said handing me the garment bag a dropping the box on my bed. "After your bath later call me. You're going to need some help," she added then left.

I was confused as she hadn't helped me dress since the beginning. Opening the garment bag I removed the bright iridescent pink satin uniform. "Oh gawd! I can't wear this," I thought holding it up.

The skirt of the uniform was flared out by several built-in white chiffon petticoats and so very short. I was sure that part of my ass would clearly be exposed with the slightest movement. Worse was the bodice. It was low cut sweetheart neckline with short white chiffon puff sleeves. Dropping the uniform on the bed I opened the box. My jaw dropped when I examined the contents. A black satin corset with half-cup up lift lace frilled bra, black satin rumba style full cut panties and black fishnet stockings. The accessories were two stiff white cotton starched wing cuffs, a pink satin bow tie and gauzy lace frilled cap. A pair of pink satin five-inch stiletto heeled pumps was in the bottom of the garment bag.

I'd never been to a debutante party before but thought my uniform more suitable for a stag party. I hadn't been to one of those either but had heard about them. As much as I didn't want to wear this Miss. Betsey would insist and I would comply.

Later after Miss. Betsey left my room I knew my first thoughts about wearing this uniform were accurate. She had laced me in that corset so tight I could barely breathe and pushed up my breasts indecently. The pink satin pumps were difficult and forced me to take small careful steps.

Greeting the guests as they arrived was very frightening. I'm not sure which was more, the men or women. The way the men looked at me or should I say my breasts or ass sent chills up my spine. The women from the expressions on their faces just as bad. One woman I heard whisper to another, "Whore."

I didn't get truly afraid until that Judge showed up at the door. The way he looked at me made my skin crawl. I wanted to vomit but after ogling me, went into the room. This time I would make sure I was always around a lot of people. Fat chance. It seemed Miss. Betsey was spending a lot of time with the Judge whose eyes seemed to never leave me and both hitting the champagne hard. I mentioned the champagne as Miss. Betsey had me serve the bubbly filled flutes after the catered dinner. I was worried but there were still a lot of people and Samuel said he would keep an eye on me. However, as the evening wore on there were fewer and fewer people and Miss. Betsey was staggering on her feet. Samuel was watching me and while worried felt secure.

I was on my way back out of kitchen with a full tray of champagne when a hand closed over my mouth from behind. So much for my false sense of security. The tray and champagne hit the floor with a crash as I was dragged backwards into the large unlit pantry. Rough hands pushed me over the serving cart stored there and my skirts pushed up. I tried to scream but a cloth was stuffed into my mouth silencing me. Now I was truly afraid and tried kicking myself free to no avail. With one hand behind my neck pressing me down the other pulled my panties to the side. I was panicking but unable to do much as I felt something probe my ass. Then burning pain as something large and hot penetrated me deeply. I think I fainted but the steady pounding brought me back. The pain not as intense but still there, still burning. I heard a grunt as I was filled with something hot and somebody's crotch pressed tightly to my backside. A large body fell on top and crushed me to the serving cart as I felt him slide out of my poor bottom. The light came on but I could barely see it through the tears and the weight on my back was pulled away. I heard a brief struggle then big hands lifting me off the cart. It was Samuel.

"It's okay. We got the bastard," he said pulling me close to his chest.

Freed there wasn't a spot on my body that wasn't hurting especially my abused bottom. I couldn't stop crying either. Everything was blurry as someone took me around my waist and led me from the pantry. There seemed to be a lot of people in the kitchen but all I wanted was to get to my room and away from everything.

There was a woman with me wearing a cocktail gown. I remembered seeing her at the party. "Okay everything is okay now. We got that asshole and the rest. Try to calm down and let me

help you get out of this and into a hot bath.

With the corset off I could at least breathe and regain some control. I couldn't stop the shaking though until I finished my bath. The woman was sitting on the commode watching me. It was then I noticed a gold shield fastened to her waist.

"I'm Shelia and with the FBI," she began. "We've been investigating Miss. Betsey and Judge Jamison. I wish we had known about you earlier but we're here now."

"What?" I replied stupidly. My mind was spinning.

"Let's get you dressed and I'll tell you the rest," she said helping walk back into my room.

All I had to wear were my regular maid's uniforms. As I slowly dressed Shella continued. "We initially came here to investigate the high number of Morphine overdoses and deaths. That eventually pointed out Dr. Beardsley as our prime suspect. A couple of weeks ago we had enough evidence to arrest. During interrogation, he copped a plea telling us about Miss. Betsey and you. With the passing of none discrimination the FBI was given authority to enforce it. Although I must admit your case is the most unusual we've ever encountered."

"Yo...you kno...know about me?" I stuttered in surprise.

"Yes. We followed up what the doctor told us and that led to the Judge. His diary was most informative. While you're not the first boy to be forcibly feminized by Miss. Betsey, there are two others we're trying to track down. You are the first to be transformed into a black woman though. We're still wondering how they did that. Hopefully you can shed some light on that. Grab some of your things and I'll take you to a hotel and away from this horrid place."

##

I was free but it came at a high price. I had D-cup breasts that could be surgically removed but with dangerous side effects. The silicone the doctor injected me with might get into my blood or lymphatic system causing serious health issues. The chemicals used to change my skin color after prolonged use, in my case over a year, it would lighten but not by much. I was stuck looking like a black woman and even if I could go back, I didn't have my manhood. My blood chemistry was also that of a woman from taking The Pill for over two years. So, I had little choice again. The worst news though was that my parents were killed in the storm.

Fortunately I didn't have to appear during the trials. Apparently the authorities decided it would be best if the world didn't discover what had been done to me. Rather than further humiliating me, I think their reasons were to limit the State's and small town's exposure. I followed the trials of course and all found guilty. The bodies of the two other feminize men were found buried in Miss. Betsey's back yard. She got the death sentence. That was an easy out for her to my way of thinking. I'd much prefer life without parole. Being in a federal prison for a woman of Miss. Betsey's social standing would have been her hell. The others got stiff prison sentences.

Me I had my own life sentence to serve. Over the course of the trials I spent some time with Samuel. He really was a nice guy and acted the way he did with me was to maintain his undercover character. I moved up North with the assistance of the federal government. I own a small condo curtesy of Uncle Sam and work in a major hotel. No, not in a government sponsored job, just a maid. Hell, it's all I know. Recently I've been going out with Ramon the hotel's front doorman. He is black like me and you'd never guess how rich. I was stunned when I saw his place. I was even more stunned realizing I liked him so much. Witty, handsome and very understanding. At this point in my life I had accepted my situation and was determined to make the most of it. I also vowed to not let it hold me back from having fun. Ramon made my everyday life so much more pleasant. I didn't balk when he asked me to move into his place.

The End