

INHERITANCE

By Cheryl Lynn



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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INTRODUCTION TO A NEW LIFE

It was the mid-nineteen fifties and times were for the most part good. The only blot on the horizon was something called the Korean Police Action and the possibility of nuclear war. Oh, yes, the kids practiced hiding under their desks or huddled up against the walls away from the windows. They even practiced falling to the ground and protecting their heads as imaginary war planes strafed the schoolyard along with the fire drills. Otherwise, it was a safe, permissive environment even for most metropolitan centers to bring up kids. It was a secure and, with the recent invention of the Salk vaccine, healthy environment. Life was good, yet goodness is a matter of perception.

The screen door slammed shut as John ran into the house. He did not slow down like a normal eighteen year old would, as he wheeled around the corner and into the kitchen. It was close to the end of the New Year's vacation, and he was still running free. His free-spirited upbringing allowed him unlimited and almost unsupervised personal time. School was the only discipline he'd had to deal with, and that was almost over for him. If he hadn't been held back a year, he would have graduated by now. He was an only child, and his parents treated him with a permissiveness that only can be found in such homes. In many respects, his parent's coddling had made him very immature for his age. There was also the fact they lived several miles from his nearest friends and such things as television were still a new technology.

His family lived out in the country, and the house was surrounded by Aunt Edna's vast holdings. The nearest neighbor was more than three miles away, except for the black family living in an old share cropper house down the road. Aunt Edna lived in a big apartment in the city proper and rented the farmland out. The only time other than at school Johnny spent with other male friends his age was the Slugger's League practice and games held on the weekends during the summer.

He didn't have that many male friends in any case. He was the smallest boy in his classes, and the girls outnumbered the boys two to one. The entire student population wouldn't even make a senior class in any big city school. While small, he made up any shortcomings with audacity. The country school where he attended classes was typical for the period, sticking primarily to the basics: reading, writing, and arithmetic. The only extracurricular activities offered were basketball and baseball.

His parents, perhaps trying to make up for the limited number of children his own age to play with, made sure he lacked for nothing. His wishes were almost always accommodated. Sports accessories were scattered in great profusion throughout the house, backyard, and garage. His room was a massive jumble of halfhearted collec-

tions, sports paraphernalia, toys, comic books, drawings, clothing, and all the other accumulations young boys hoard. Under the best of terms he would be considered a spoiled brat. His independence was also a function of the times. There were few if any societal psychopaths running amok like they seem to do in this day and age.

As his sneakers squeaked to a halt on the linoleum floor before the "icebox", what his parents called the refrigerator, his mother looked up from her sewing machine in the adjacent sunroom. "Johnny, how many times have I told you not to run in the house? Can I get you anything?"

Johnny simply said, "Un Huh," as he opened the refrigerator and pulled out the pitcher of lemonade. Not bothering to get a glass, he slurped noisily directly out of the pitcher. A small stream of lemonade flowed down his cheeks and across his chest to drip to the floor.

"Johnny! Stop that this instant," his mother cried out upon seeing him. "How many times have I told you not to drink out of the container? Get a glass. Here, put that down, and I'll get you a glass."

Johnny pulled the pitcher from his face and, after wiping his arm across his mouth, put the pitcher back into the refrigerator just as his mother walked up. "Oh, Johnny, look at the mess. Go to the bathroom and wash your face. Are you hungry, darling? I'll fix you a peanut butter and jelly sandwich just as soon as you wash up. Now, go on, scoot."

Johnny looked at his mother and told her, "Cowboys don't wash, ma'am."

"I don't care," his mother replied. "I want your hands and face washed this instant. Now, scat!" His mother was a petite, somewhat frail person. Short-cropped brunette hair, pixie nose, and full lips with spectacular green eyes made her almost beautiful. However, she had been brought up very sheltered and hadn't been that healthy as a child. Her family had been imperious, and she never developed a real sense of self-confidence or authority. This also being the fifties, she was a real life version of the role portrayed by Donna Reed on the television sitcom.

As he moved to do his mother's bidding, he did a quick draw using his hand as an imaginary six-shooter and pretended to shoot the cat. "Bang! Got'cha, big Willie," he said, blowing imaginary smoke from the barrel. "That makes seven bad guys down in one day! Not too bad for a tenderfoot. Now to go get me some of dem rotten Indians. See how's they like it when I hang their bloody scalps from my lodge pole."

"Johnny, quit talking like that! How horrible. Can't you find something better to do with your time than to pretend to kill people? Besides, you are way too old to be playing those silly games. I'm going to have your father give you a good talking too, Mister! Now go on and get cleaned up," his mother scolded.

Then turning to face the opposite direction, she called out, "Bertha! Bertha! Are you finished with the laundry yet? Or do I need to start on lunch?" Bertha was the black woman who lived with her family just down the dirt road from their house and did housework for them. Her husband Lincoln worked the farmland for Aunt Edna, and she had two young children.

Turning her attention back to her son as he walked out the kitchen, she exclaimed, "Mercy, I don't know what to do with that child. Too much of that newfangled television! That's what it is. It will be the ruination of that boy. I've got to have a talk with his father."

Needless to say, Johnny's dad never had that talk with his son. That night, Johnny's dad came home in an army uniform. He had been recalled to active duty. Something happened in a place called Inchon, and the government was getting serious over Korea. Johnny never understood nor for that matter really cared. All he could think about that night was the upcoming baseball season; he was the starting shortstop like his idol Pee Wee Reese. All Johnny could do when not otherwise occupied was talk baseball and playing shortstop. His world revolved around baseball, especially the Brooklyn Dodgers and Pee Wee Reese. Girls were just on the periphery of his awareness and world events not even a close third.

Something about the name "Pee Wee" struck a familiar cord with Johnny, as he was small-framed for his age. His father often told him that "dynamite comes in small packages," and whatever his father had said was true. So Johnny acted just like he was filled with dynamite and was explosive in his attitudes and actions. Everything he did, he did like a bull in a china shop and. Despite his short stature, he was the starting shortstop for the Texican Marauders team. His energy level would not have been so bad if it had been controlled, but control and respect for authority were seriously lacking. Johnny ran wild and free, doing whatever Johnny wanted to do. He also usually did what was best for Johnny.

Johnny made the team but was second string. Then Billy Holiday, the coach's first choice for the position, got seriously spiked during a practice session. The injury put Billy out for six weeks and Johnny in. The fact that Johnny was the player who spiked Billy entered into the coach's thinking, but it had looked like an accident. Still, the coach might have chosen another player for shortstop, but Johnny took physical pain well. The same day that Billy got spiked, Johnny got hit in the shin by a hard grounder that would have driven bigger boys into the dust. Johnny shook it off and almost made the play. He limped for the rest of the game but refused to quit. The coach's decision was made, and Johnny became the starting shortstop.

Some time after his father left for military duty in Japan, three army officers knocked on the door. Something about a breakout and everyone being sent in to plug the hole. "Yes," the army chaplain explained, "even those assigned to headquarters' company were sent in. He died honorably and in the line of duty."

It was a very sad time for Johnny. He understood death and its ramifications but not the violence and horror that sometimes goes with death. His understanding of death was limited to the John Wayne or Hopalong Cassidy kind of death— clean, neat, and basically painless. He knew that his father was gone for good and would not be returning. What he did not understand were the real life ramifications of what the loss of his father meant or the emotions stirring within him. His mother took her husband's death very hard.

Johnny's mother summoned Aunt Edna soon after the representatives of the Department of Defense had left. Aunt Edna was the last of his mother's relatives; and,

while his father had one or two, they were estranged. He had an Uncle Frank or something like that, but no one knew where he lived. There might have been grandparents on his side, but again, with his mother's incapacity, no one knew enough to follow up on "what might have been." So Aunt Edna was their closest known living relative.

Aunt Edna took over from the moment she set foot inside the house. Seeing Mary, Johnny's mother, so distraught, Edna thought it best to call her family physician to the house. It would be a major inconvenience for the doctor, but Edna was a big contributor to his clinic. After he examined Mary, he prescribed the current drug of choice and lots of bed rest.

Being the Fifties, tranquilizers were the new wonder drug of the age and were freely prescribed. Mary was bluntly sent to her bed with instructions to take her "pills". Bertha was told to see to Mary's needs, while Edna would take care of everything else. The fact that heavy doses of tranquilizers left the patient incapable of performing anything but the most elementary functions was of no concern. Edna took over complete control, and Johnny would only get to see his mother briefly over the intervening days before the burial ceremony.

Within hours of her arrival, Johnny learned some very hard lessons. His Aunt had arrived late in the night. While she was getting settled, he was asleep. Bertha didn't come in until just before ten a.m., and he had the house pretty much to himself. At least, that was his routine until Aunt Edna arrived. As was customary, he rose at eight and went directly to the kitchen, where he filled a large bowl with cereal and settled down in front of the television. It was a big mahogany black and white console with the small octagon-shaped screen and speakers on both sides to give the illusion of stereophonic sound.

"Here he comes to save the day..." echoed in the empty living room, as Johnny watched television. Johnny had the volume all the way up. He still watched cartoon shows, but they had lost most of their appeal. Since television was in its infancy, the shows being broadcast weren't worth watching during the day. Daytime television was limited to a few soaps and local programming. Syndicated television, what we call networks, came on beginning with the nightly news. If nothing else, the toons that were shown on Saturday morning occupied his sleep-edged mind until his favorite western, *Sky King*, came on.

Now that show had everything: horses, guns, good guy versus bad guy, and best of all an airplane. Johnny wanted to be a pilot when he finally got out of high school. Pretending that his spoon was a plane; he dived it into his bowl of cereal not caring where it wound up. In his mouth or on the floor, it didn't much matter to him. Bertha would clean it up in any case.

His attention was soon distracted by the approach of his Aunt. He did not know that she had arrived, and he was somewhat surprised at seeing her. You would think that as his only living relative besides his mother, they would have gotten along beautifully. Unfortunately, that was not the case. Aunt Edna did not like many adults and certainly considered children to be nuisances. Johnny, for his part, had tried to get along with his aunt but found her aloof manner not to his liking. They had spent very little time together, and that included the rest of his immediate family. They had only

been together four or five times over the past six years and then primarily at Christmas. So there was neither love nor hate in their relationship. They were essentially strangers. The fact that they shared the same blood created more of an obligation than a real bond.

He watched her as she marched over to the television set. His spoon of cereal was held motionless midway to his mouth. Only his eyes moved as they followed her over to the set. She was wearing a maroon voile robe tightly sashed about her waist. Its wide lapels and the sash were covered in burgundy red velvet, and the "V" opening at the neck revealed the ruffled white lace of her nightgown. Her black hair was pinned tightly into a bun sitting at the top of her head. Maroon colored high-heeled slippers made a loud tapping on the oak floor as she literally stomped over to the television and pushed the off button.

She stood over him for several seconds. Then, shaking her head, she reached down and grabbed him under his left bicep and with a squeeze lifted him from the floor. "Grab that bowl and come with me!" she ordered.

Johnny did not know what had happened. One moment he was sitting contentedly eating his cereal watching cartoons, then all of a sudden his aunt starts ordering him about and tugging at him painfully. As he was forced to rise to his feet, the cereal bowl tilting dangerously from his right hand. All he could do was scream back at her. "You big shit, let go of me!" It was absolutely the wrong thing for him to say.

Edna pinched at his underarm flesh even harder, bringing tears to Johnny's eyes as the bowl fell to the floor. It shattered, splashing milk, cereal, and broken shards of glass everywhere. He had to leap back as milk and broken glass rushed toward his bare feet.

"Ouch! Darn it, you're hurting me!" he screamed as he dangled in her grip. "Let go of me! I'm gonna tell mom. She'll..." He never finished, as Edna pulled him fiercely towards her and into her lap as she sat on a near by stool. She began slapping his pajama-clad derriere. Corporal punishment was the norm for that day and age. Most people considered even severe whippings acceptable. Aunt Edna was just giving him the spanking he deserved; nothing more, nothing less. It was also his first.

Johnny was tough, and it took several minutes of hard spanking before he began to wiggle and squirm on her lap. It took some more time before he started to feel the sharp, stinging pain radiating out from his bottom. Still, his aunt pounded on his backside with the flat of her hand, until at last he began to snifle and cry. At last, she stopped spanking him and stood up, pulling him once again by his tender underarm flesh with her as she proceeded into the kitchen. This hurt far more than the simple spanking.

"You're sniveling just like a simpering little sissy, " she said, as she pulled him to the sink in the kitchen. She picked up the bar of soap.

"Am not!" Johnny protested loudly, but he was still sniffing.

As Edna shoved the soap into his mouth, a look of astonishment and disgust filled Johnny's face. Before he could spit it out, she covered his mouth with her hand and held it there. Johnny tried to break loose of her grip and even took a swing at her, but

it glanced harmlessly off her shoulder. Edna, for her part, only squeezed harder on his underarm while forcing his arm higher into the air. This brought fresh tears to his eyes and him to his knees. The taste of soap was churning his stomach.

As he sank to the floor, she released her grip on his arm and mouth. Johnny spit out the foul tasting bar and what he had managed to consume of his breakfast. Soap fumes filled his nose, and the acid of his stomach mixed with soapsuds made his head swim. It took him fifteen minutes to catch his breath. Rocking on his knees in the puddle of vomit, Johnny could only hold his stomach and groan in misery.

As he knelt on the kitchen floor amid his own mess, he felt another stinging pain. Edna swung one of his father's wide leather belts across his bottom. As he tried to place his hands behind his back to ward off the blows, he slipped in the mess and fell face forward into it. Lying prone on the floor gave his aunt unrestricted access to his bottom. Soon he was crying real tears and begging her to stop.

"Well, I trust that you have learned your lessons for today," she said, puffing from her exertions. Edna handed him a dampened washcloth to wipe the tears and other lingering liquids from his face. "Now, I want you to get up. Clean this mess up off the floor and the one you made in the living room. Since you made such a mess, you will have to mop the entire kitchen and living room. As long as you are doing that, you may as well wax the floor. Now go on and get busy! We have a lot to do today."

It took a minute or two for what his aunt has said to sink in. "Clean...Mop the floor...That's girl's work! I ain't gonna clean..." he began in disbelief.

Edna, who had been digging into the kitchen closet for the mop and other cleaning materials, turned before he could finish what he was saying. She jammed the mop head into his stomach. The force of the blow knocked him on his backside. Startled, he just sat there on the kitchen floor, as Edna pulled out a bucket and apron Bertha usually wore from the closet.

Without saying another word, she reached down and pulled him to his feet, spun him around, looped the apron over his head, and tied the sash into a double knotted bow in the back. The apron was a bright chartreuse nylon with flouncy lace trim. It was a bib style with wide flounces trimming the shoulder straps. It hung to well below his knees while reaching around his waist to almost meet in the back.

"Well, I do hope that you have learned another lesson today. I will accept nothing but absolute obedience when I tell you to do something. No ands, ifs, or buts. Just 'yes Auntie' or 'no Auntie' will do. Is that perfectly clear, or do I need to furnish you with more instruction?" she said, while letting his father's belt swing from her hand. "No? Well, what do you say then?"

Reluctantly, Johnny nodded his head in compliance. Seeing the arched eyebrow and look his aunt was giving him, he quickly amended with, "Yes, Aunt Edna."

"That will be 'yes, AUNTIE!'" Edna stated in a firm tone. "Aunt sounds entirely too old. Now let me hear you say it correctly!"

"Yes, auntie," Johnny quickly replied. He had had enough for today. Besides, he was still feeling queasy from swallowing all that soap. He filled the bucket with warm water and soap and began mopping, as his aunt gave him instructions. Later, when

Bertha came in, she took over his instruction. It had been embarrassing enough when his aunt was watching over him, but the maid was almost more than he could stand. Bertha's gloating over his misfortune was almost worse than the spanking he had received earlier. As he pushed the mop across the floor, his wet, vomit-covered pajamas stuck to his skin. The vile aroma filled his nose. He even dry-heaved a few times, as he bent to wring out the mop head and the foul smell hit him. His requests to change clothing when unheeded.

Much later, after he had mopped and waxed both the kitchen and living room, he was followed into the hall bathroom. Edna began filling the tub with hot water and flowery scented bath oil. Johnny had the opportunity to look at himself standing before the full-length mirror. It was with some trepidation that he realized just how silly he appeared. The apron looked all too much like a frilly dress, and it made him feel like a real sissy.

Good thing my friends can't see me dressed like this, he thought, as his aunt walked over to him. She spun him around and untied the apron. She then lifted it off him along with his pajama top. To his utter amazement, she pulled his pajama bottoms and underwear off in a single swift motion. He was left standing naked before his aunt, blushing for all he was worth. Quickly, he pulled his hands in front of himself, trying desperately to cover his privates.

"Get in the tub," his aunt ordered. He meekly turned his back to her to move towards the tub when she demanded that he answer her. It was followed by a sharp stinging slap to his bare right buttock.

"Yes, Auntieeeee," he said as he scampered into the tub. It was hot, and he wanted to jump out. But the fear of being naked in front of his aunt stopped him.

Maybe now she will go and leave me alone, he silently prayed.

His prayer was not answered. Aunt Edna grabbed a rough looking sponge and a bar of beauty soap and began scrubbing roughly at his bare back.

"Auntie, I...I can do this myself," he stammered, hoping this would stop the onslaught. Tears of humiliation began filling his eyes once more but did not spill out on to his cheeks.

She only scrubbed the harder at her task, telling him, "You just let me be the judge of that."

"I can't believe that any one person could get so much grease in their hair," she continued, as she held the sponge over his head letting the soapy water splash over his head. Like most kids his age, he had styled his hair in the James Dean fashion commonly referred to as a "duck tail." This hairstyle required the use of a lot of that greasy kid's stuff to hold it in place. Real men did not use "hair spray" in those days, so an oily liquid was liberally splashed on and combed into the hair daily to hold the style.

"Get under the water while I scrub this mess out of your hair!" With her right hand she pressed on the back of his neck. Soon a sputtering Johnny was having his wet hair lathered in a floral scented shampoo. "I don't ever want to see you using that horrible oily hair tonic again, understand?"

Glumly, he nodded his head and mumbled a soft, "Yes, Auntie."

Finished with his hair, she pulled him upright and began scrubbing at his legs. She worked her way up his thighs and was soon moving the sponge across his pubic area, bringing a bright crimson flush to his entire body. He kept trying to push his hands in her way, but she successfully brushed them aside. His embarrassment did not end there. She moved to clean the area between his cheeks. It was a much-subdued Johnny that emerged from the tub.

As she finished drying him off and powdering his body with a floral scented talc, she told him that he looked and smelled much better and that he had best keep himself that way or else. She led him by the hand to his own room. There, after she shuffled through his bureau and closet, she tossed him some clean clothing. As he was getting dressed, she examined his closet carefully and asked him if he had a suit and tie.

"Yes, Auntie, the one I wear to church sometimes. It's there in the back of the closet." Tears still flooding his eyes and ran down his cheeks. He had never been so humiliated or manhandled like he had just been. And by a woman who was almost a complete stranger!

Edna pulled out a rumpled gray flannel suit from the back of the closet's floor. "You don't mean this, do you?" she said with disapproval in her voice. "Well, we are simply going to have to do something about it, that's for sure!" With that, she left him to finish dressing.

Later that afternoon, she made him stand still to take his measurements. With tape in hand, she had him lift his arm up and straight out from his body, elbow bent. Again she embarrassed him when she pressed the tape up tightly into his crotch. It was a horrible first day with his aunt, and Johnny was glad to finally get into bed for the night, even if it was hours before his normal bedtime. His aunt insisted.

Her last words to him as she tucked him in for the night were: "Johnny, you will never turn on the television set again, unless I or your mother give you our permission. Is that understood? Now let me hear your prayers. What? You don't? Well, you are going to begin tonight. Now repeat after me, Now I lay me down to sleep..."

The next few days passed with little disruption. Johnny walked around the house as if he were on eggshells and did his absolute best to stay out of his aunt's sight. He saw his mother only briefly, and even then she seemed to be in la-la land. Her greeting was light and airy, and the words spaced with pauses. She seemed to see him but not see him at the same time. Her condition left Johnny both confused and worried. He was not at all happy when she told him that he would have to do whatever Aunt Edna said.

His aunt tried to explain why his mother was acting the way she was but failed. It was not that she did not really try, but Edna just could not relate to Johnny. While he felt bad about his mother, he also harbored resentment for her as well for leaving him in the clutches of his aunt. The arrangements for the funeral were taking up most of his aunt's time, leaving him free to do pretty much as he pleased. She had assigned him chores to perform, since Bertha was otherwise occupied taking care of his mother.

He had to sweep the floors, make his bed, tidy his room, and do the dishes after the meals. But otherwise he was left alone.

He wasn't allowed to watch his television shows at all, which made him mad. But he now knew better than to say or do anything to provoke his aunt. When he complained about not getting to watch the set, she made him sit down with her and watch the soaps. Those shows made him want to puke, but he wasn't allowed to leave because he had complained so much. She managed to bring him near to tears several times, but nothing like he had done that first day. He did his best to suppress them, even when she tied that hateful apron around his waist so that he could complete his chores.

His next lesson was learned on the second day of her stay. When she came into the kitchen as he was eating his cereal, she sniffed the air around him and immediately dragged him back into the bathroom, where she proceeded to scour him satisfactorily clean. Powered and standing naked once again before his aunt, blushing for all he was worth, Johnny was told what was to be expected from him in the way of personal hygiene. He knew better than to protest and just managed to keep back the tears. So each morning after getting up, he bathed and powered himself according to her wishes.

The day before the scheduled wake, a package was delivered to the house. His aunt, with one of the few smiles he had seen on her face, took it into the bedroom she shared with his mother. Later, she called for him to come into the room. Johnny knocked on the door like his aunt taught him before going in. His mother was sitting up in the bed, dressed in a soft, pale pink, nylon gown with a white, lace-frilled chiffon negligee floating from her shoulders onto the bed spread. It's big bulb-shaped sleeves were covered in ruffled, bone-colored lace. Bright pink satin ribbons were arranged in neat rows running the length of the sleeves. It fastened at her neck with a wide bright pink ribbon. She was smiling dully at him as he walked into the room.

"Come here, child," his aunt ordered. "We have something for you to try on. Have you had your bath this morning? Good. Now get over here."

Johnny resented being called a child, but he knew better than to argue. His time would come later, when his mother was feeling better. He walked over to stand beside the bed, facing his mother. He asked her how she was feeling, and she just looked at him for the longest before replying that she felt just fine. The glassy look in her eyes told him otherwise, but there was nothing he could do about it. So he just smiled up at her.

"Come on over here, child!" Edna demanded. "Take off all your clothing. I want you to put this on. I need to make sure that it fits before the funeral. Come, come, I don't have all day."

"Mom, do I have to?" Johnny pleaded with his mother. She just continued smiling down at him. Finally, she said, "Do as Auntie asks, dear. I...I think that... you will look just lovely in...in..." At that she started to snifle. Then tears began to flow down her cheeks.

"Now look what you did to your Mother," Edna said, as she grabbed some tissues from a box on the dresser and walked over to Mary. Edna handed her the tissues, tell-

ing her to blow. After a few moments, Edna turned her attention back to Johnny.
“Come on, strip!”

Reluctantly, he did as instructed. What protest that might have been forming in his mind ended with his mother’s tears. He certainly didn’t want to make her cry. Standing totally naked in front of both his aunt and mother brought a bright red glow to his face. Once again, he was mortified and humiliated more than he had ever thought possible. It had been bad enough with just his aunt, but with both of them present it was totally demoralizing. This was something only little kids and maybe girls did. Certainly not boys his age. He was tempted to run, but there was nowhere to run. So swallowing what remained of his pride, he stood fidgeting, while his aunt dug into the big box sitting on the other side of the bed.

After what seemed like an eternity, she handed him something. Gingerly, he took it from her to discover a pair of black nylon socks. They were unlike any socks he had ever worn before, in that they were almost translucent and stretchy. He looked at her questionably for a moment and then pulled the socks up his feet. Next he was handed a pair of white underwear unlike any he had ever had before. They were a soft, white, brushed cotton. But they had no fly, and the leg openings were elastic. Unlike his usual underwear, which had a wide band of elastic around the waist, this pair had a very narrow waistband. He had to turn them around in his hands several times before discovering where the front was. They fit tightly and were uncomfortable.

Next, he pulled a bright white, brushed cotton undershirt over his head and, following his aunt’s instruction, tucked it into his underwear. The sleeveless undershirt clung snugly to his stomach but loosely across his chest. There was a hint of what appeared to be lace edging around the arm holes and scooped neck. There was also a very narrow vertical striped pattern designed into the material. What he did not notice was the tiny pale pink rosebud sewn into the middle of the neckline. Edna handed him a pale cream-colored silk shirt. It was soft and smooth and had full sleeves and a rounded collar with a slight “V” shaped neck. The front and cuffs buttoned with tiny pearl buttons that Johnny had a difficult time fitting into their respective holes. Again, the material and styling of the shirt were unlike anything he had ever worn in the past.

Edna had him spin around so that she could examine how he looked. Telling him that so far so good, she handed him a pair of black velvet shorts. They had a sailor-styled front and large brass button fasteners at the corners. He gasped in disbelief at what she had given him to put on. He started to tell her exactly where she could put that offending garment, but she had already gripped his underarm and was pinching his flesh.

“You don’t have a problem with this, do you?” she almost hissed in his ear.

Reluctantly, he lowered his head in submission. He knew that there was little he could do now. *Maybe later*, he thought as he stooped to pull the shorts up his legs. The shorts fastened, he next allowed Edna to tie a gray silk scarf around the collar of his shirt. She fluffed the scarf’s trailing ends out from the shirt after tucking the remainder under the collar. Finally, she helped him into a long-sleeved, black velvet, Eaton-styled jacket. Again, she fluffed out the scarf and folded the shirt’s collar out

over the jacket's. As a final humiliation, she had him stand still while she fastened black patent leather Mary Jane shoes to his feet. By the time he was fully clothed and standing before the full-length mirror in his mother's bedroom, his cheeks were positively glowing. Tears again filled his eyes.

If I had longer hair I could be mistaken for a girl, he cringed.

"Oh...You look so... pretty," his mother said softly from her bed. "Oh, my darling...Come here and give me a big hug."

Pretty indeed, he thought, as he did his mother's bidding after an encouraging shove from his aunt. *They wouldn't make me really wear this shit outside, would they? This is some kind of weird joke. It has to be! Just as soon as they leave me alone, I'm gonna show 'em. Shit! I'm going to rip these clothes to shreds! Let's see if they can make a fool out of me!*

"Those hairy legs look ridiculous with that precious outfit, but that can wait until later," his aunt said, while tugging at the waistband of the shorts. She tugged the shorts up by the back hem, pulling the crotch painfully tight.

Johnny swallowed quickly as the pressure was put on his masculinity. He automatically flung his arm out behind him to push his aunt's hand away.

"Hey, that hurts!" he screamed. "Let me go!"

Aunt Edna turned Johnny to face her and slapped his cheek with her open palm. "Don't you ever raise your hand to me or I will make you very sorry that you were ever born! Understand? I, unlike your mother, will not- positively will not- put up with any of your contrariness. Now, behave or I will get the hairbrush. And stop that sniffing, you little sissy!"

Stunned by her actions, Johnny stood there rubbing his slightly stinging cheek. The tears that filled his eyes finally spilled out onto his cheeks. The slap did not hurt so much as it humiliated him. To be forced to stand there and take this abuse was bad enough, but to have it done with his mother in the same room and not only allowing it but approving of it was devastating. He balled his fists in silent, helpless fury and apologized to his aunt as instructed. The only way it could have been worse would have been if Bertha were there.

That night, as he crawled into bed after saying his prayers under the steady stare of his aunt, Johnny tossed and turned until the wee hours of the morning, agitating over how he could get out from under his hateful aunt's control. When he finally dozed off, he had come to no solution. Murder had passed through his mind, but the consequences were too stiff. Besides, he didn't really know how to commit a murder. He decided it would be in his best interests just to wait until the old bat left for home. Once he and his mother were alone, he could get back to being his old self. He had also determined that he would not wear that ridiculous outfit his aunt had him try on earlier that evening.

THE LAST RITES

The next day, as was the custom, saw the arrival of the hearse with his father's coffin. The coffin was placed in the living room, and an arrangement of flowers set at its head and foot. The mood in the house was somber and quiet. Johnny was instructed to stay in his room and read some books his aunt had given him until called. He wasn't happy about having to stay in his room, but his model airplane needed to be finished. Besides, he wasn't even going to pretend to read the silly books his aunt had given him. Just imagine him, a boy, reading some stupid books about bootsy twins or some such, much less poetry books! So he spent the morning gluing and tinkering with his model airplanes until called to lunch. At lunch, he was given a vitamin to take along with his peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Johnny didn't think anything of it and was soon feeling very relaxed. He wanted to take a nap, but his aunt was nagging him about getting ready for his father's wake.

People came over, bringing food and drink, and visited the family. They talked in whispered tones. They were all somber. His mother's mother's sister, Aunt Edna, was the most somber of all. Old fashioned and a spinster, she had been the youngest child and had inherited all the family's wealth. Johnny's mother was her only living relative. How Aunt Edna had gotten control of everything was, according to his mother, "a long long story" and was never truly revealed to Johnny.

It was much later when the house was finally beginning to empty that Johnny seemed to recognize reality. He stood silent beside his mother, who was seated in an overstuffed brocade chair. He was wearing the black velvet suit and a black satin beret with satin ribbon streamers flowing down the back. The beret was fastened with several bobby pins to the back of his head. The beret covered his head in such a manner as to make him look like a girl. While he did not see the full effect of his clothing, he started to feel very uncomfortable in the sissy clothing. He was beginning to fidget and become agitated when the last of the guests were shown to the door.

His aunt took his hand and walked him back to his room. He fussed and complained about being dressed like a stupid girl and that he was never going to wear it again. Once they were inside, Edna pulled him over to the straight backed chair sitting beside his bureau. Grabbing the hair brush off it, she proceeded to spank soundly the complaining boy. Even with the help of the brush, it took several minutes before Johnny broke down and began to cry. He was tough and belligerent, but in the end he succumbed to the humiliation and pain. With tears flowing down his face, his aunt undressed him and helped him into his pajamas. After saying his prayers through sniffles and moans, he was allowed to crawl into bed. He slept on his stomach soundly through the night. The next day, the casket was to be buried with full military honors and the flag presented.

That next morning, when his aunt came to wake him, he was already wide awake. He said a cursory good morning to her but otherwise did his best to avoid eye contact or further conversation. After breakfast and his morning bath, his aunt called him into the bedroom. It was time to get ready to go to the funeral. Upon seeing the same hateful clothing piled at the foot of the bed, Johnny started a screaming, leg-stomping, arm-flinging temper tantrum.

"I won't...I won't...I won't! I am not going to wear that sissy shit! Never, never, never! You can't make me! No way! I ain't gonna wear that!"

Johnny never saw what happened next. He was yelling and screaming at the top of his lungs one second, and in the next choking and sputtering as the moist soap was shoved deeply into his mouth. As he grabbed for it, he was flipped on his stomach across the vanity stool, and a belt whistled down on his bottom. He did not know how long his punishment lasted, but it felt like forever. The horrible after taste of soap and the sting of the belt had finally penetrated his thick skull. In a torrent of tears, he begged his aunt to stop.

While corporal punishment is frowned upon in this day and age, severe spankings, soap in the mouth, and similar punishments were the norm for the fifties and sixties. Beatings, which are much more severe and designed to inflict physical damage, however, were considered inappropriate. The willow switch, hairbrush, and belt were common articles used to spank misbehaving children.

His mother just stood there the whole time. Her only comments were to chastise him for misbehaving and being disrespectful. Johnny broke down without his mother's support. He felt completely abandoned and alone. He wasn't completely defeated or broken in spirit, but for now he felt helpless and inadequate to do anything about his situation. A glimmer of hope still burned deep within him that he would get out of this mess once his aunt left. His aunt's comments on his sissy tears and crying made his ego cringe. He had cried more in the past few days than he could remember doing in his entire life. *Crying is for babies and sissies*, his mind reminded him in self-accusation.

He snapped out of it when he heard his aunt order him to strip. Meekly he complied. Standing totally naked, hands strategically placed in front of him, Johnny waited for the next blow to fall.

"Well! Since you put up such a fuss over these beautiful clothes, I think that more appropriate undergarments are called for. Something more appropriate for simpering little sissies, don't you?" Edna asked him. Seeing no response, she continued. "Put this on!" She handed him a pair of pale yellow nylon panties with small blue flowers printed on them and eyelet lace around the leg openings. Johnny could only stare in frozen, mute amazement.

They really don't expect me to put those on, do they? he thought, as his aunt took his hand. The stinging searing pain that filled his being as the hairbrush came down on his upturned palm was unbelievable. It only took that one time for him to be hastily pulling the panties up his legs.

"How perfectly charming," his aunt said, as he settled the panties around his waist. "Now these." She handed him a small elastic garment that, when he held it up, appeared way too small to fit. But seeing her wave the hair brush in her hand, he quickly bent to put first one then the other foot into the tight material. This garment was also in a pale yellow and looked just like another pair of panties. However, these were tight; and, when he had them firmly secured at his waist, they held his stomach and groin tightly into his body. He had to reach into the garment and straighten out his male equipment to ease the pain. With his face turning beet red, he pulled his hand free.

His aunt said smiling, "That is called a panty girdle. See how nicely it holds everything in? Now, I'll need to help you with this."

"This" turned out to be a matching yellow training bra. It was a soft elastic nylon and slipped over his head and across his chest. Needless to say, there was nothing there for the cups to support. It did not matter. Even if he had been a young girl, this training bra wasn't designed to support much of anything other than a little girl's ego and feminine image. Johnny could only look at his aunt and question her actions with his expression.

"If you don't behave at the funeral, and I do mean behave perfectly and mannerly the entire time, I will pull off your clothing and show everybody what you are wearing underneath. Is that reason enough to behave, or do I have to do something more drastic?" she said, giving the strap of his new bra a quick tug and releasing it with a snap.

"No?" she continued, seeing him jump as the bra strap snapped back into place. "We'll see that you behave properly. At the funeral you will respond with either a yes or no ma'am or sir. Or better yet, just smile a sad little simpering smile. You seem to have that expression down pat, if nothing else. You will be agreeable today and pleasant...Or else!"

Finished with her lecture, she helped him get back into the hated velvet shorts. She stood back and shook her head. "No, that just won't do. No, not do at all. Come with me!"

She grabbed his hand and half pulled half dragged him into the master bath. Stopping in front of the sink, she opened the medicine cabinet and removed a razor and can of shaving cream. Laying those items on the sink's ledge, she bent down and quickly removed the shorts. Johnny was still too stunned from being dressed in girl's underwear to react. So he just stood still as directed by his aunt. She covered both his legs in the shaving cream and, without pausing, began running the razor up and down his legs. He flinched as the razor pressed up to his tightly pantied crotch but dared not do anything for fear that the razor would remove more than just his leg hair.

Finished shaving both of his legs, Edna then wiped them down with a sweet floral-scented lotion. Standing up with the razor back in her hand, she quickly pulled the bra away from his chest and, in few bold strokes, removed the patch of black hair that had been there. That chest hair had been Johnny's pride as he had grown it sooner than any other boy had in his class. Now in less than a couple of seconds, it was gone. Losing his chest hair hurt his ego more than the underarm hair that soon followed. His shame was complete as he stood slack jawed staring down at his bra-covered, hairless chest.

Edna, happy with what she had accomplished, was humming a song as she led Johnny back into the bedroom. She finished dressing him in his velvet suit.

His cheeks burning bright red, he stood quietly in the corner while the women dressed. They paid him no mind. They were completely oblivious to his presence. For his part, it was the first time that he had ever seen real women almost completely naked up close. They slipped out of their outer clothing, leaving panties, bras and girdles on before putting on black hose and clean black dresses. Bertha helping as needed. Her big smile seemed to laughing at him the entire time. Johnny and Bertha, while not

enemies, did not have any excess love for one another. They tolerated each other. Bertha's entrance and continued presence made Johnny even more aware of his clothing and appearance.

He watched as they applied their makeup and sprayed perfume, some of which got on him as his aunt aimed the atomizer in his direction. Smelling of lilacs, he finally followed them out of the room and to the car. His aunt had to give him a gentle shove in the back to get him out of the door, but he complied without protest. He did not have to force the sad smile or the somber look of real loss.

Aunt Edna was tall, almost six feet, and wore a black full-cut dress that covered her from throat to ankles. Black kid gloves covered her hands and black patent heels were on her feet. The only flesh that showed was her face and then only through a black lace veil. Her figure was trim and she carried about her an authority not to be easily denied. His mother, dressed in a simple A-line black wool dress that fell three inches below her knee, was much daintier and petite in stature. While his mother had a vacant look about her, she could function as required. There was no doubt in anyone's mind at the funeral as to who was in charge of this particular family.

They sat on the front pew as the eulogy was said and a brief service held. The entire time Johnny sat hunched down as far as his aunt would allow, trying to hide his embarrassment from all those present. It wasn't until after the interment, when those present walked past the bereaved to offer condolences, that Johnny had to face anyone or say anything. It was the longest time of his short life and the most embarrassing. At least during the wake he had been blissfully unaware of his surroundings.

"I'm so sorry, dear," a tall reedy lady said to him as she bent down to brush his cheek with a kiss. He unconsciously reached up and wiped at the spot, smearing the bright red print across his cheek. A man followed closely on the heels of the woman; he smiled a cross between a snarl and a smirk but passed on without saying anything. He didn't offer his hand, as one man would do when approaching another. A fat lady came next; she too looked at him and seemed confused for a second before leaning over to give him a big hug and kiss his other cheek. This he wiped away as well. The feminine kisses only heightened the appearance of blusher on his cheeks. Many of the mourners had to take a second look at the child and even then were not all too sure of the sex. Most, after examining his outfit and hairless legs, determined that the child was just a tomboyish girl.

In small towns everybody knows everybody else and most of their secrets as well. Yet in Johnny's case there was now a lot of confusion. Everyone knew he was a boy, but seeing him looking like he did created a doubt in all their minds. Some offered words of condolence and a few commented on how precious he looked. The worst for him was when his baseball coach approached to offer his sympathies. Coach just looked down at him, shaking his head with a stunned look on his face. Without a word he turned on his heel and left Johnny standing there. Johnny's silent plea for help went completely unheeded.

The rest of the time passed in a blur of emotional pain and humiliation. What stuck out the most were the people who smiled sympathetically at him while adjusting his collar or scarf. They touched him on the hand, sides of his arm, or gave him a peck on

the cheek, as women would do for one another. No one offered to shake his hand or pat him on the shoulder the way men do. They treated him like a girl.

He was completely devastated as he stood with tears running down his cheeks. Emotionally he was quickly becoming a wreck. First, he had lost his father and his mother seemed to have abandoned him. Then, to top off his emotional stress, his aunt had dressed him like a silly sissy girl. As strong as he thought he was, this was quickly becoming too much for him to manage. What happened next made the rest of the day and part of the next memories that he would never remember for the pain they caused.

CHANGES

It started when the military officer in charge of the honor guard approached carrying the tricornered folded flag. Johnny's mother broke upon receiving the flag. She wilted before their eyes just like a morning glory at dusk. She just folded up into herself. It was too much of a loss for her to accept, and she collapsed in a deep swoon. They had to summon an ambulance, and his mother was "taken away for a rest," according to his Aunt. It would be a long time before Johnny would see his mother again.

Later, Johnny awoke in his own bed feeling like he had been running forever. His body ached and his head was pounding just like it had once before, when he had a sleep-over and he hadn't slept the entire night. Slowly he pulled the covers off and slid his feet to the floor. He headed to the bath. It wasn't until he reached down to remove his pajamas that he discovered he wasn't wearing any. Instead, he still had on the yellow panty girdle, the matching undershirt, and bra.

"Shit," he mumbled but pulled them down so he could do his business. He was still so mentally exhausted that he went back to bed. He left the offending garments lying in a pile on the floor beside the commode. It was much later when he awoke at the urging of his aunt.

"All right, sleepy head, it's way past time for you to get up. Come on! It's late and we have things to do."

He opened one eye and moaned. Turning over, he opened both eyes and looked up at his aunt. "I...I'm tired. Can't I sleep a little longer?"

"No, child, we have things to do. Come get up."

Johnny pulled the covers back and slid his feet out. By now he was becoming used to being referred to as "child" by his aunt. As his feet touched the wooden floor, he realized that he wasn't wearing anything. He blushed as he hastened to pull the covers off the bed and around his waist.

"Forget something?" she asked, eyeing him with one brow arched and a sly grin on her face.

"Er..." he began only to be stopped by her raised hand. Edna held out fresh panties, girdle, and bra.

"I believe that these are yours," she said icily.

He still hadn't learned his lesson. Scrunching up his face and balling his fists, he defiantly replied, "Those are sissy girl's things and I will not wear them ever again. Do you hear? I am a boy and boys do not wear sissy shit! No way! You're not my mother! You can't make me! I won't...I won't. Never!"

"Well, we'll see about that," she said, as she turned on her heel and walked out of the room. She returned just as Johnny was getting ready to pull on a pair of jeans.

He turned to face her just as she reached him. Striking like a snake, she reached out with her hand, caught him by the elbow, and pivoted him so his back was facing her. Putting his arm into a half nelson, she forced him to bend over at the waist. With her other hand she brought up the willow switch she had cut from the tree in the backyard earlier that morning. Johnny was bawling and crying for all he was worth in real pain, as the switch slashed into his jeans-covered behind. Even the thick denim material could not prevent the stinging caused by the slender branch. Soon he was lying on the floor with Aunt Edna pulling off his jeans and under-shorts.

Naked, he was pulled back to his feet and several more lashes were laid on his bare behind. Red streaks crisscrossed his buttocks, but the skin was not broken. However, the pain was still there when she had finished whipping him.

"I hope you have finally learned your lesson," she began, as she held out a pair of peach-colored cotton panties with eyelet lace around the hem and leg openings. He did not hesitate to pull them up his legs, nor did he object to the tight, beige-colored panty girdle that came next. His face flushed when he had to reach into the panties to push his manhood back between his legs to ease the constriction. The flush stayed on his face as he slid into the peach-colored training bra. This one was well padded and clasped in the back with two hook and eye fasteners. Edna had to fasten the back for him.

"You were much better behaved wearing these clothes, and I think that until your attitude changes permanently that I will keep you dressed like this. Now come on! You need to freshen up." With that she led him into the bath and washed his face for him. She stood behind him and allowed him to finish his toilet, providing advice and guidance as he did so.

She let him pull his jeans back on. As he did that, she got a starched white dress shirt from his father's closet. As he finished buttoning the shirt, Edna bent down and turned up the cuffs on his jeans and the shirt several times. A pair of thick white socks and a new pair of brown and white oxford shoes completed his dressing. The dress shirt stuck out slightly from his chest. If it weren't for his short hair he would look just like a girl.

VISIT TO THE ATTORNEY

"Come help me fix something to eat. I am sure that you are famished by now. I gave Bertha the day off." After they had eaten, Edna grabbed her purse and told Johnny to come along. When he questioned her, she told him they had to visit the lawyer's office to settle the estate. When he realized that he would have to go out in public wearing the feminine underwear, he protested. His protests fell on deaf ears, as she insisted

that he couldn't be left alone. The threat of another spanking stopped any further protest, and he meekly followed her out to the car.

He was left sitting in the waiting room, as Edna met with Mr. Edwards, the family attorney, in his office. Nervously he fingered through a copy of *Life Magazine*. He hoped that no one would notice that he was wearing a bra. He did not see it reflected in the mirror hanging in the foyer of the law office, but you never could tell. So he held the magazine up to cover his chest as he thumbed through it.

"Welcome back, Edna," Mr. Ronnie Edwards said as he resumed his seat. He didn't care much for Edna. He disliked her demanding and pushy ways. He especially disliked her for the way she had bullied his father when he was acting as the family's trust lawyer. He blamed her for putting his father into an early grave. "It's been a while and I am sorry it has to be under these circumstances," he continued in a strictly business manner. "Does Johnny understand the extent of his mother's incapacity?"

Edna shook her head.

"No?" Ronnie continued without waiting for further explanation. "Well, I guess that is for the best. According to the doctors it may be some time, if ever, before she recuperates. But I assume you're more up to date on her condition," he paused, staring intently into her eyes before continuing. "They are your doctors, aren't they?"

Again, he didn't wait for her answer, knowing full well that what he said was true. "So..." He steepled his fingers under his chin and paused. "I guess this makes you his guardian, then. Do you accept the responsibility? Okay, I'll draw up the necessary papers. You remember that as the only male heir he will get the inheritance when he turns twenty-one, even if his mother is still ill."

"Ronnie," Edna said coldly, "I am very well aware of the stipulations contained in my father's will. I don't need you to remind me. The first male offspring will inherit provided he is of sound mind and capable of raising his own family."

"Yes. I am sorry, I did not mean to give any offense, Miss Edna," Mr. Edwards quickly apologized. "It was just for the record—"

He was not allowed to continue. "My father was rather old-fashioned, as your father once knew. He was a real man's man and believed that only the physically strong and mentally sound could run the estate." Here she paused to give him a condescending smile. "He firmly believed that any weakness, mental or physical, was cause for concern. I believe that he was particularly worried over insanity. He was of noble blood, you know, and as a child he witnessed first hand what mental illness did and how the Old World nobility treated such incidents. It positively traumatized him, and that is why I became the estate's trustee. The fact that he left me in control still amazes me and must have caused him unmentionable consternation. It must have pained him horribly not being able to leave the fortune to his only son. Dementia among other problems seems to run in my family's male offspring. In any event, I am currently in charge of my 'family's' fortunes and intend to carry out my duties."

She stopped talking for a moment and looked him in the eye with a self-satisfied smirk. Seeing him looking uncomfortable, she continued, "Oh, you must pardon my

abruptness. I guess I have his mistrust of lawyers and bankers to thank for that. What does it matter that I and I alone am responsible for tripling the size of the estates?”

“I’m sorry, Edna, if I displeased you, but I felt it necessary to remind you that having guardianship over Johnny doesn’t mitigate his ascendancy to the family fortune. Once he turns twenty-one...”

“In any case,” Edna interrupted, “the ascendancy to control of the estate is another subject! I believe I am here to establish guardianship and to see that Mary’s husband’s estate is settled. You have already taken care of the commitment papers for Mary? Good! Now let’s get down to business.” While she appeared calm, she was fuming on the inside. The mere fact that Johnny was a male entitled him to all her hard won money, and that irritated her. The more she thought about it, the more she got upset. She paid Ronnie little heed as he droned on about the legal aspects of guardianship and settling Johnny’s dad’s will. Her mind was absorbed in her plan to retain control of her inheritance. Like she had said, ascendancy was a totally different subject.

Two hours later, she signed the last of the legal paperwork and was ready to leave. Saying her good-byes in the lobby of the law offices, she introduced Ronnie to Johnny. As they shook hands, Ronnie couldn’t help but notice the slight tenting of Johnny’s shirt and the outline of what appeared to be bra straps. As Edna and Johnny walked out of the building, Ronnie turned back to his office shaking his head. *Must be my overactive imagination*, he said to himself, *but that kid sure didn’t look like any Johnny I remember.*

Later that night, as Ronnie sat behind the big roll top desk that had been his father’s, he thought back on his visit with Edna. Edna was a formidable woman and presumably got whatever she wanted. His own father had been the original attorney to the family. When Ronnie took over, his father told him little about their largest client. One thing was made clear, however: Edna’s father, Roger Smythe, had been all man. He was a safari hunter, deep-sea fisher, explorer, and sportsman in his day. The only two things that Roger was scared of were insanity and the failure of his masculine bloodline.

His phobia was apparent to anyone having close dealings with him. He was so concerned over them that he had eliminated his own son from any inheritance because of some “unknown” malady that was never discovered. Gossip had it that he had lost his manhood in a bar room brawl. All Ronnie’s father had known was that the son simply disappeared, leaving only Edna and her sister to inherit. The son was eventually declared dead by the courts. The sister, Mary’s mother, for some unknown reason was disinherited as a member of the family. The local gossips blamed it on a wrong marriage, but no one could say for certain.

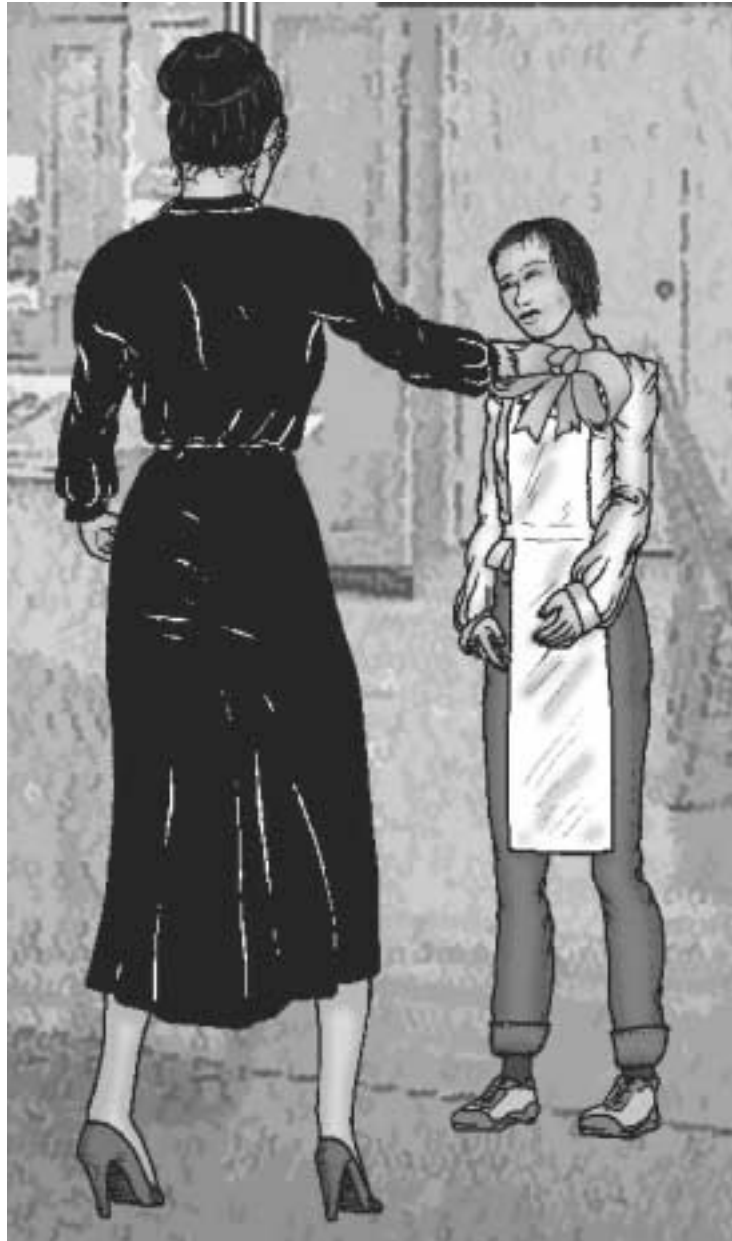
As Ronnie leaned back in his chair, he sifted through what his father had told him and compared it to Edna’s conversation earlier that afternoon. Something about the way she kept harping on her family’s male line and ascendancy to control bothered him. Then there was little Johnny, who looked more like a little Johnnie. Also, he was positive that the child was wearing a bra. Maybe he was letting his imagination run away with him. It was getting late and he had an early court date. He decided to sleep and worry about the Smythe’s estate and all its strange unknowns some other time.

ESTABLISHING A ROUTINE

As they started back home, the plan to keep the inheritance was fermenting in her mind, and it was something amounting to less than murder. Murder would certainly be frowned upon and not resolve a thing, although Johnny might think otherwise. They spent the remainder of the day cleaning the house and packing away his mother's and father's clothing for storage. The only things kept out were several of his father's starched white dress shirts that Edna had Johnny take to his room.

After dinner, they stayed up and watched some television. It was "Uncle Miltie" night, and even this show failed to enliven Johnny's spirits. He sat mutely, occasionally reaching up to tug at the bothersome elastic straps that pulled at his chest and shoulders. He would have tugged at them more often, but his aunt kept telling him to "quit squirming so." She said, "Don't worry, you'll soon get use to it. That's why they call it a training bra."

Over the course of the next several days, Johnny was a zombie. His aunt kept him close to her side and constantly harped on him. He was taught all kinds of household chores, from the proper way to mop and wax, to how to wash and iron clothing. Edna made sure that Bertha instructed him first on what had to be done and then how to do it. Finally, she had him do it by himself. When performing water chores such as washing the dishes or mopping, he had to wear pink rubber gloves to protect his hands and a plastic apron for his clothing. The only exception to that rule was when he was washing out their delicate undergarments. When dusting he had to wear both an apron and a protective scarf for his head.



It was humiliating to have Bertha ordering him about and much harder on his ego to have to do the chores that his masculinity told him only women did. Each day seemed to last forever, and the constant harping was turning him into an automaton. He acted according to instructions, some of which were emphasized with a quick swat or more rarely now a mouthful of soap. For her part, Bertha was enjoying his comeuppance. He was well past his time to learn some discipline and responsibilities, and if his aunt wanted to put him into sissy clothing and such more power to her.

His only respite from doing chores was their daily two hour rest period to watch the soaps. His aunt and Bertha kept up a constant chatter about the characters, storyline, and motives of the various stars. He was required to respond as necessary to their ongoing conversation. Since his aunt did not like his loud tone of voice, she made him speak softly and almost in a whisper. If he let his voice lapse into its old timbre, she would reach over and thump his Adam's apple with her thumb and index finger. Something she encouraged Bertha to do as well whenever he took on an uppity tone of voice with her. It did not take too many times before he remembered to lower his voice.

VISITORS

Two weeks after the funeral, Aunt Edna received a large package in the mail. Johnny was scarlet with embarrassment; he had to answer the doorbell when the postman rang. He was dusting at the time and without thought went to the door wearing his large pinafore-styled apron and bright pink silk scarf tied in a bow under his chin. Wearing the white dress shirt that hung almost to his knees and rolled up jeans, the mailman naturally mistook him for a her.

"Good morning, missy. How are you this fine day? I have a package for Miss Edna Smythe, is that you? I need a signature here on this line." Johnny did not have the stomach to call his aunt, so he signed for her and quickly shut the door right in the mailman's face. Edna walked up just in time to see Johnny slam the door with his foot, because his hands were full carrying the package.

"Why, Johnny, what awful behavior. Just for that you will be punished," she said and took the package from him. She disappeared with the box into her bedroom but soon reappeared. Taking Johnny by the hand, she walked him out the front door and onto the porch where she made him sit in the glider swing sitting at the far corner. "Now, you will sit out here and behave yourself until I tell you that you can come back in. No, don't you dare take off that scarf or apron. If anyone comes by, you be nice and wave or else I will have to get another switch. Would you rather I get one now and save us both some trouble later? No? Well, good! I'll be back. You remember what I said now. Maybe this will teach you to be more polite when people come to calling."

Johnny sat there for some time, straining his neck to see if anyone was coming down the dirt road past the house. He constantly wrung his hands, shredding the tissue that he was holding into little pieces. That was another habit he was acquiring. His aunt started making him carry tissues in his apron pocket to dry his eyes when he cried or to blow his nose. The fact that he hadn't cried that much or needed to blow his nose had nothing to do with it, but it now gave his hands something to do. As he worried at the remains of the tissue, he heard someone call out.

“Hello...Ya new round here? Ya sure don’t look like ya from here. There used to be a boy lived here. Who are you, missy? I’m Samuel an’ this is my sister Bessy.” It was Bertha’s two kids from down the lane. Samuel was the oldest and was perhaps seven. Bessy was about five and had her curly hair braided in a profusion of tiny spirals. They both had ear to ear grins on their innocent faces. They were just trying to be friendly, but Johnny was initially frightened since they had slipped up on him unnoticed.

With his heart in his throat and scared that the two kids would recognize him, he told them, “You two go on and git. You know you don’t have no business around here. Go on, now, git!”

“What’s the meaning of that tone of voice?” his aunt suddenly said to him from the doorway. “Now I want to hear you apologize to those young children and tell them you are real sorry. Understand?”

Reluctantly Johnny did as he was ordered. As he sat on the swing, the two children walked over to the porch steps and laid a basket down. “We have some blackberry jam our momma put up. Ya wanna buy some? It’s twenty-five cents apiece.”

“Why, sure we would. Johnny just loves jam on his peanut butter sandwiches. Don’t you Johnny?”

Johnny cringed at hearing his aunt call him by name in front of these kids. Now it would be all over the county, and his reputation would be shot. Blushing and pleading with his eyes for his aunt to let him go inside, Johnny tried to disappear into the swing.

“Look, while I go and get the money why don’t you nice children come on up here and play with Johnny. He hasn’t had any friends over in the longest, and I am sure he would just love to play with you. You’re Bertha’s kids, aren’t you? My goodness, how you’ve grown! I haven’t seen you since you were babies. Come on up here now and keep Johnny company.”

Johnny wished he could just die on the spot, but it didn’t happen. The two children joined him on the swing. Samuel, smiling from ear to ear, sat next to him. Bessy crawled up into his lap. He tried to stop her, but Edna told him to “be nice and let little Bessy rest in your lap.”

They sat for a while in silence. Finally, Samuel said, “I don’t believe that I’ve ever heard of a gal named Johnny before. Your momma did call ya Johnny, didn’t she? Well, if ya want to be called that, it’s okay by me.”

As Samuel was talking, little Bessy held up a rag doll for Johnny to see. “This is my baby Julia May. Ya wanna hold her? Ya can if ya want to. Just be nice to her, okay?”

“How precious,” he heard his aunt say as she walked out the door. “Go on, Johnny, take the dolly and hold her close. Be nice like little Bessy says now. Go on, take it. I know that you would like to have one of your own. Maybe I’ll get you one next time I’m in town, okay? No...Well, I bet that once you get to play with Bessy’s Julia May you will want one of your own, wouldn’t you?” His aunt finished firmly, letting him know that he had better answer in the affirmative.

“Er... yeah, sure, auntie. I would just love to have a dolly of my own,” he said in a choked whisper. His entire body blushed at the admission.

“See, Bessy, my Johnny would love to have a dolly just like yours. Now, Samuel, here is fifty cents. I’ll take two jars of your momma’s jam. Well, I still have work to do. Johnny, you stay out here and play dollies with Bessy for a while and visit with Samuel. I’ll come back in half an hour to get you. Bye, children.”

MORE HUMILIATION

Johnny felt like an idiot sitting on the swing with Bessy on his lap playing with her dolly. She kept up an endless stream of make-believe conversation between her dolly and herself. She tried to get Johnny involved as well. Samuel for his part just sat on the swing, looking out at the road. Occasionally he would say something which Johnny ignored, hoping against hope that the two kids would just tire of the game and go away. After what seemed an eternity, his aunt came back out on the porch and told the children it was time for them to go home. She made Johnny tell them how much he enjoyed seeing them and playing with Bessy’s dolly. Blushing, he was also forced to say that when they came back to visit he hoped to have his very own dolly to share with Bessy.

As they went inside, Johnny protested, “I’m too old to be playing with little kids, much less dolls! I am a guy, remember? I want to play with my friends at the ballpark. Not sit around playing sissy shit!” The curse word slipped out before he could stop himself. Immediately his aunt grabbed him by his upper arm and propelled him into the bathroom, where she forced the soap between his clenched teeth. Because he held his teeth clamped shut, Edna had to rub the soap around on his face, causing the bubbles to get into his eyes and nostrils. As he opened his mouth to breathe, she shoved the soap in. Again he gagged and was soon crying while trying to keep his lunch down. His eyes stung and he had a case of the hiccups. She left him standing beside the sink, wiping with a damp cloth at his stinging eyes.

“Some man!” she huffed as she left. “Crying just like a simpering little sissy girl.”

Johnny was on his best behavior for the rest of the day. Finally, after watching a variety show, it was bedtime. As he was getting ready to crawl into bed after saying his prayers under the supervision of his aunt, he took a small chocolate square from his aunt and ate it along with a glass of warm milk. This was a new addition to his nightly routine. While he thought the candy not very good, the milk at least washed it down.

“Something to help you finish up in the bathroom quicker,” she had said when he had questioned her about the little square of chocolate. “You spend entirely too long in there.”

Finally, it was Saturday and he wanted to get to the ballpark and be rid of his domineering aunt at least for a day. He rushed through his morning routine and was busy pulling on a pair of cotton jockey shorts when his aunt walked in. “Just what are you doing?” she demanded. It really wasn’t a question.

“Getting ready for baseball practice. We have practice from ten until noon and then a game at three. Don’t cha remember? I told you about it and...and you said I could go. Remember?”

“Well, I most certainly remember, but you still haven’t told me what you are doing? I don’t believe that I gave you permission to dress that way.”

“What? You can’t be serious. I’m gonna be with the guys! I can’t wear that silly sissy sh— ...stuff.” He breathed a sigh of relief when his aunt did not say anything about his near slip of the tongue.

“I don’t care one iota for what your friends think, but you are going to wear what I tell you until you can prove to me that you know how to behave. So far you have not proved that you can! Now go and put on your nice underclothing. Panties, girdle, and bra. Or do I have to help you dress again? No? Well that’s a relief. I will check to see that you have done as you are supposed to.”

“But Auntie, I have to wear a cup and...and this just isn’t right. Please. I’ve been good and behaved myself. I promise I’ll behave and do anything you tell me. Promise. Just let me wear my own clothing!”

“Now Johnny, how many times do I have to repeat myself? I told you that you are going to wear what I decide until such time as I am satisfied that you have mended your spoiled and conceited ways. Didn’t I have to wash your mouth out with soap just the other day? Didn’t I have to correct you for shouting last night? And this morning aren’t we having an argument about what you will or will not wear? One more word out of you and I’ll send you to the park wearing a dress. Now, change.”

Johnny stood terrified, staring up at his aunt. *Wear a dress to the park? No way! I’d be dead*, his mind screamed at him. Finally, seeing no way out, he turned back to the bed and pulled his jockey shorts down. Tossing them on the bed spread, he moved over to his dresser and pulled out a pair of red nylon panties. He wanted something not so bright or obviously feminine, but these were the only pair left. Next, he grabbed a red panty girdle and red matching training bra.

He cringed as he pulled the clothing over his body. He felt like a fool putting the protective cup into the elastic confines of his female clothing. At least the white girl’s undershirt covered the red bra, and, with the oversized baseball shirt hanging outside his jeans, it couldn’t be seen. Now if he could keep the guys from patting him on the back or otherwise discovering his secrets.

As he walked into the living room where his aunt waited, she examined him closely. “Tuck in your shirt. It looks sloppy, And brush your hair like I showed you. Go on! Hurry up or you’ll be late.”

“Aw...” he started to say then, thinking better of it, just shut his mouth and went back to his room to do her bidding. With the shirt tucked in, his bottom looked a little too rounded and his chest too full for a boy. The bras and panty girdles that he now wore all had some foam rubber padding that emphasized a more feminine figure. His hair was brushed back over his ears and parted down the middle as his aunt had insisted he wear it. “At least until we can get it cut and shaped properly,” she had said.

Pulling his baseball cap on and checking to make sure that his collar was tightly buttoned, he went back to get his aunt's approval. He paused in front of the mirror to see if any telltale lines showed through his clothing. His butt seemed more prominent than he remembered and the shirt tented a little, but not enough to be noticed. Not unless someone took a really close look. At least he had the satisfaction of seeing the very masculine bulge in his crotch. *She might have me wearing sissy girl's undies, but I still have my cock and balls*, he thought as he entered the living room again.

Edna had him spin around as she slowly examined him from head to foot. "What's that ridiculous bulge in your jeans? A cup? You put a coffee cup into your pants? Oh, I see.... Well, I just won't have it. You look...Well, you look unneat. Yes, that's it: unneat. Here, pull that silly thing out. Don't you even think to raise your voice to me. Do you want to go in a dress? Now gimme that. Disgusting...See all you really have to do is push your bulges back up into your body cavity by pressing with the flat of your palm...Just like this. Don't squirm so! It couldn't possibly hurt that much. Now just push your little thingy back between your legs and let the elastic of your panty girdle do the rest. Oh my! That is so much neater looking. Don't you agree?"

Johnny didn't dare to raise his head or look her in the eyes; he was too embarrassed by what had just transpired. Edna reached out and, after pulling the waist of the panty girdle higher one more time, said to no one in particular, "Yes, much neater."

As they drove to the ballpark, Johnny sniffled all the way. His aunt's actions giving him a very flat crotch caused him more humiliation than anything she had done up until now. It would be bad enough having to be out on the field wearing girl's underwear, but now he would have to be even more careful. His confidence level and more importantly his male ego were completely destroyed by his aunt's actions. Being a teenager hell in itself, but to have to deal with his aunt's demands were eradicating everything that he had built up to this point in his life.

"Oh, quit your simpering sissy crying, you big baby! I think that your appearance is so much neater this way. Now, here take this tissue and blow your nose. Goodness, you cry just like a sissy girl. I'm beginning to think that is just what you are, a simpering sissy. Unless you want all your friends to see you crying like a little sissy you had better wipe you eyes and blow your nose. We're almost there."

His aunt dropped him off at the field while she continued on into town. "Dear, you be good now. You don't have to act like an animal just because you're playing sports, you know. Be civilized and courteous. I have to pick some things up, and I will be back in a couple of hours. Here, give us a kiss before you go." Dutifully, Johnny leaned over to peck at her cheek then quickly jumped out of the car before his aunt could tell him anything more. A faint smile finally came to his face as she drove off. He was looking forward to a day without his bossy aunt. As he approached the bench, the guys looked up at him and told them how sorry they were to hear about his dad. It wasn't until he approached Coach that a little color came to his cheeks. He remembered that the Coach had last seen him wearing that sissy outfit.

Coach just looked down at Johnny and, with a confused and crooked smile on his face, said, "Well, I see you've got the right uniform on. Go take your place. We'll start warm-ups in a minute."

"Yeah... Sure, coach," he replied as he silently thanked Coach for not saying anything more. With a sigh of relief he sat at the end of the bench, making sure that his glove covered his crotch. It was the only flat one on the bench. Hopefully the other guys wouldn't notice.

"Awright youse guys, let's get out there and I want to see some hustle," Coach finally yelled out. Johnny took his place at shortstop and waited for play to begin. Three innings later, a screaming line drive hit the infield four feet in front of Johnny. The ball ricocheted off the hard packed dirt at a slight angle, causing Johnny to severely pivot to his left while all his momentum was pointed directly in front of him. His cleats were dug into the dirt. While he was able to snag the ball, his right knee buckled. The pain was intense, but he quickly hobbled up and sent the ball to first. It was a great play, retiring the side. He limped back to the bench. As the guys ran by they patted him on the butt or on the back. He shuttered at each touch, fearing that they would discover what he was really wearing under his clothing. Fortunately, no one said or did anything out of the ordinary.

"You all right?" Coach asked.

"Yeah, I'm fine, Coach. Just smarts a little, that's all. I'll be okay in a sec."

The rest of practice went smoothly, with Johnny only seeing a little action. By the time they broke for lunch, his knee wasn't bothering him too much. He had a slight limp, and he favored that leg slightly when he moved.

At three o'clock the real game got underway. Johnny's team took the field first. Thirty minutes into the game, Aunt Edna arrived in the stands. While Johnny's attention was drawn to his aunt's arrival, Dudley Doright connected with a fast curve ball, rocketing it into Johnny's glove. Johnny had had barely enough time to react, but his natural instincts took over and he raised his glove in the nick of time. Only this time, the force of the ball combined with the weakness in his support leg drove his glove deep into his solar plexus. Johnny went down without passing the ball to second, allowing the base runner to tag the bag safely.

"Ooooooh, that smarts," Johnny managed to finally hiss as he clutched his midsection tightly. Needless to say, Coach was out on the field in no time, running to see just how bad his shortstop was hurt. Johnny's aunt was not too far behind.

"Here, loosen up his shirt collar and pants, he's just had the wind knocked out of him. Come on, stand back!" the second base umpire ordered. "Okay, son. Hold still and don't worry." The umpire continued looking down at him. "That ball just knocked the wind out of you. Here, let me loosen your collar. Coach, get his pants."

Johnny for his part just held tighter around his middle, gasping for breath. His lungs just wouldn't work. The harder he tried to inhale, the harder it was to take in any air. He heard what the ump was telling him, but comprehension did not take effect until it was too late.

The ump bent over him and, grabbing the upper portions of Johnny's collar, pulled. The collar and first few shirt buttons popped off and flew into the air. As the ump was opening the collar, coach had unbuckled Johnny's belt and pants. With the pants loosened, Coach grabbed the loosened clothing to use as a handle to pull Johnny upwards to ease his breathing. Coach pulled and slowly let Johnny's body back down several times. Finally, Johnny caught his breath and flailed away to push the coach's hands away.

"No, awright? Let go!" Johnny said while gulping in air. In his effort to push the coach's hands away, he only managed to push his pants down further around his hips, fully exposing his bright red panty girdle. As Johnny tried to sit up so he could grab his pants, his shirt opened to reveal his bright red bra. In a daze, he sat there in the dirt as his teammates and the guys from the other team all stood around in shocked amazement.

The silence was broken when someone said in a course, loud whisper, "She's a girl!"

Almost immediately, pandemonium broke out with everyone talking at once. "Johnny's a GIRL!"

"Hey! He's a she!"

"Dang! I never!"

"A girl! We don't have no girls on our team!"

"Coach, Johnny's wearing a bra!"

The only thing Johnny could do now was cry. Tears streaked his dust-caked cheeks and ran down his chin. All the time, he held his arms tightly around his pulled-up knees. He sobbed out loud for the first time in his life in front of other guys. It seemed like he sat there for days if not years, before his aunt with the umpire's assistance lifted him to his feet. His aunt pulled his jeans up and, before buttoning them closed, brushed her hand across his femininely flat crotch as if cleaning them of dust and dirt. She made sure everyone had a good look at his smooth groin then fixed his shirt as best she could.

"Come along, dear. I think that you have had enough rough treatment for one day. Haven't I lectured you about playing such rough sports?" his aunt said loud enough for everyone to hear. While it was an effort, she kept the satisfaction out of her expression. Things couldn't be going any better for her. In no time at all, everyone in the area would know Johnny's big secret. Later, she reminded herself to contact the coach and explain Joanne's existence, but for now she decided to say nothing. "Come, dear. Take this hanky and blow your nose. I have a surprise for you in the car. It's that dolly you asked me to get for you. That should make you feel better. Dolls are so much more fun to play with than being out here with these rough, smelly boys."

Turning her attention to the people surrounding them, she stared them in the eyes, just daring any of them to say something. Seeing only stunned openmouthed amazement on all of their faces, she said loudly, "You should be ashamed of yourselves! Johnny just wanted to play baseball. You should be more understanding."

“What’s the meaning of all this...” Coach started to say but turned away when he looked into Edna’s piercing gaze. Her look challenged him to question her, as if the circumstances explained everything by themselves.

“Come, Johnny! We’d best be leaving,” she said as she grabbed the boy’s hand.

It was a very long walk to the car. At each step he could hear his teammate’s exclamations that he really was a she. Johnny wanted to die right then and there. His once strong masculine spirit was devastated and crushed by the public exhibition of his dainty feminine undergarments. There was absolutely no way he could ever talk himself back into the guy’s good graces, much less acceptance. He was as good as dead.

“A doll! Did you hear that, Coach? Johnny asked for a doll!” were the last words he heard as he pulled the car door closed and his aunt started up the engine.

“Oh, here darling,” his aunt said as she pulled out of the parking lot. “Go ahead and open it. It will make you feel a whole lot better.”

As he looked at her through tearstained eyes, she shoved a box across the seat to him. It was about a foot long and four inches wide, covered in pink tissue paper, and wrapped in a white satin ribbon. “Huh? What...” he started to say, but his aunt interrupted.

“Go ahead and open it. I got it just for you.”

Reluctantly, he pulled the ribbon loose and ripped the paper from the box. Turning the box over in his hands, the cellophane front riveted his eyes. Inside the clear cellophane cover was a doll. It was a miniature, full-figured woman with long blonde hair. It was wearing pink pedal pushers, white high heels, and a pink, blue, and white turtleneck sweater. The platinum blonde hair was pulled back into a ponytail. A spare dress, shoes, purse, and undies were attached at the box’s side.

“You’ve got to be kidding,” Johnny wailed out in frustration. “I don’t want no doll! I’m a guy! Why are you doing this to me? Now everyone thinks I’m either a girl or the biggest sissy in the world. I’ll do whatever you say but please stop doing this to me. I don’t wanna be no stinkin’ girl. No! I ain’t no sissy girl! I’m a guy! Pleeeeeeaseeeee, no more...” He couldn’t finish, as he started to cry and couldn’t seem to stop himself. He was beaten and he now knew it.

His aunt did not say anything. She just handed him a fresh tissue. Soon they were pulling up to the house, and, as they got out, Johnny saw the “For Rent” sign in the yard.

MORE CHANGES

As soon as the car pulled to a stop, Johnny jumped out and ran into the house. His aunt found him in his room lying across his bed crying pitifully. She sat down beside him and began stroking his head. “Now, now darling. It really isn’t so bad. Here! You forgot your beautiful new dolly when you got out of the car. She’s brand new and from what the clerk told me really popular with all the girls. I bet that once you get over this rebellious phase of yours, you will learn to enjoy playing with your dolls. Now, I am going to prepare us some dinner and when I call you, you had better have a smile on

your face and your new dolly in your arms. Is that clear? I can't hear you. I said is that clear?"

"Ye...s...s....ss au...nnn...ttteeee," Johnny managed to sob out as he felt his aunt's hand move down to pat at his bottom meaningfully. *Oh, why is she doing this to me? I'm no sissy girl*, his mind wailed at him as his aunt left.

Sometime later, Johnny sat up and, after rubbing his reddened eyes with the back of his hands, lifted the box containing his new dolly. He opened the top and removed the doll and it's accompanying accessories. He marveled at the full figured doll and like most boys immediately pulled up the sweater to examine the doll's breasts. Next he pulled down the pedal pushers and panties to see the doll's crotch. He was surprised that it did not have the detail of the upper torso. He had never seen dolls with breasts before. *Heck, I haven't even seen a naked woman before*, he thought as he looked at it. But this doll looked like a young woman. Still, it was a doll and he tossed it on to his bed beside the empty box.

He went into the bathroom and washed his face. His eyes were red and swollen; the cold water felt good splashing on his face. He stood over the sink for several minutes. He stopped and grabbed a hand towel when he heard his aunt calling him in to dinner. He blushed as he had to rearrange his shirt to cover his red bra, then quickly tucked his shirt back into his pants.

He wasn't hungry, but he knew better than to argue with his aunt. He was almost out the bedroom door when he remembered his aunt's demand that he bring his new doll with him. For a second or so he thought about not doing it, but he'd had enough for one day. So he grabbed the doll and, holding it loosely in his left hand, left the room.

"Well, I am glad to see you up, dear. Oh goody, you remembered to bring your new doll. You shouldn't carry her that way, darling. You should carry her in the crook of your arm. Gentle like, you know. Like a baby. Yes, that's a dear. You need to treat her with love and care just like you would a child of your own. You know dolls offer you an opportunity to learn real parenting skills. Have you decided on a name for her yet? No? Well, such a pretty dolly should have an appropriate name. You think on it while you eat and then when we watch some television you can decide on a proper name. Here, I've fixed you a nice tuna salad for dinner. I didn't think that you would be too hungry, and besides you seem to be putting on a bit of weight. Do you want milk or iced tea to drink?"

After they finished eating, Johnny put on the apron his aunt gave him and began cleaning up the kitchen. As he stood beside her at the sink drying the dishes, his aunt had him place his doll in a sitting position nearby. As he dried, he was required to talk to his doll. How he enjoyed helping around the house, how he really wanted a doll of his own, and other nonsense things that his aunt thought of as she washed the dishes.

Edna would say to him, "Dear why don't you tell your pretty doll how much you like having her? You might tell her just how pretty she is or that you adore her sweater. Come on dear, don't be bashful, I had dolls of my own once before. Dollies like for you to talk to them. What do you think of her hairstyle? Isn't it just precious?"

With the dishes done, she had him cradle his doll and bring her with him back into his room. "You smell horrible. I can't believe that you are comfortable smelling like that and didn't immediately take your bath when you got home. Now you strip out of those smelly clothes and put them in the hamper. If you hadn't had such a trying day, I would punish you for forgetting to bathe. Put your doll on the bed and get undressed!"

He started to do as he was told but, as he pulled the undershirt off his chest, he froze. Looking down to see that hateful red bra that had destroyed his life, he determined to put a stop to his humiliation. "I am not going to wear this shit any longer! I ain't no girl and I will not wear sissy clothing ever, ever again! I don't care what you do to me! I won't! I won't! I won't! Do you hear me? I won't. You can spank me you can make me stay in my room, you can do anything you want, but I ain't gonna wear this stuff no more. Do you hear me? I ain't"

His aunt was kneeling beside the tub when Johnny began his tirade. She only looked up into his face and smiled a crooked little smile. She didn't do anything when he pulled the bra off his chest and flung it across the room. She still didn't do anything as he proceeded to do the same with his panty girdle and panties. Finally she simply yet authoritatively commanded him to get into the tub. It was filled with pink bubbles and had a heady floral fragrance.

Surprised at his aunt's complacency, he could only do as she instructed. He flinched when he neared her, expecting a sharp swat to his behind, but she continued smiling and only helped him into the tub. It was hot and he had to lower himself slowly into its steaming waters for fear of scalding his privates. Soon he was up to his neck in the sudsy water. As he sat there, she scrubbed his front with a sponge and beauty bar. She lathered the sponge and rubbed his skin until it softly glowed. Having him sit up, she did his back. Finished bathing him, she told him to relax and enjoy it. Getting up still smiling, she left him alone in the tub.

Johnny sat there satisfied and feeling victorious, until alone he began thinking about how his aunt had reacted to his demands. That smile of hers sure did remind him of a cat he had seen in one of his cartoon shows that had gotten caught with a birdie in his mouth. Somehow, as he thought more about it, he could almost feel the broom sweeping to bust his butt.

She returned almost a half an hour later and helped him from the tub and quickly dried him off. As he powdered himself with talc, she was busy getting him his pajamas. Nothing was said as he said his prayers and got into bed. She did not even offer to put the doll by his side or even mention it as she tucked him in. As she turned out the light and left him alone, he remembered that she failed to give him his milk and chocolate square.

Oh well, I don't miss that anyway, he thought as he drifted off to a restless, dream-filled night. It was a mix of nightmare and dream. He kept reliving his exposure to the guys, wearing girlish underthings in his dreams, but his nightmares were dreams of him fully dressed and behaving as a real girl. When he awoke in the morning he was still exhausted, and his body ached from all the tossing and turning.

He made his way groggily to the bathroom to do his morning toilet. He returned to his room without evacuating his bowels but didn't think about it. In his room, he found a clean pair of panties, panty girdle, and bra in basic white, along with a clean pair of bright blue shorts and white starched dress shirt. He ignored the panties and panty girdle as he pulled on the flair-legged shorts. They were brand new, and he had never seen them before, but he didn't think anything more about them as he pulled them up his legs. As he began pulling the zipper up, he nabbed the skin of his penis in the zipper's teeth.

"Shit!" he said and immediately looked around to see if his aunt had heard. *Lucky*, He thought as he removed the shorts and reached for the panty girdle as being the lesser of two evils. The shorts, once zippered, fit kind of funny and the material felt different. They were tight in his crotch yet baggy around the seat and legs. He shrugged his shoulders and dismissed the shorts from his mind as he began buttoning the shirt.

At breakfast, his aunt did not say anything to him other than 'Good morning'. She served him a heaping plate of pancakes, bacon, grits, and two sunny-side-up eggs. A large glass of orange juice and milk sat beside the overflowing plate. Johnny for his part devoured every morsel. *A tuna salad for dinner just did not stick to the ribs like good old pancakes*, he said to himself. Besides, this was the most he had been given to eat since the funeral.

After breakfast, he helped clean, as was his usual custom now, without complaint. He even mopped and dusted without complaint even though his aunt made him put on the apron. Her comments were few and her conversation short and only uttered as necessary. Johnny could tell that she was upset, but he didn't care. He figured that maybe he had finally won, but the feeling of impending doom still lingered enough that he did nothing to antagonize her further. All that day he did as he was told without objection, and all day long Aunt Edna let him be. She did not demand that he put on his training bra or panties, she just told him what needed to be done and when. She even fixed him a great big lunch and supper that night. By the time he went to bed he felt stuffed to the gills. He tossed and turned in restless slumber, but this time not from bad dreams. His discomfort came from an overly full bloated sensation.

That next morning, he again tried to do his morning business but still nothing came out. He was feeling out of sorts as he walked into the kitchen. The big breakfast just like yesterday's sat waiting for him. His aunt admonished him for not eating it all and would not let him get up from the table until he had eaten every last bite.

"You should be sorry for leaving all that perfectly good food on the table. What do you suppose those poor starving Chinese would do if they could get what you are leaving on your plate? For shame!" His aunt kept chiding him until every last bit was gone.

Again at lunch he was served a big plate of food he could barely get down. He was feeling very bloated and uncomfortable as he was allowed to leave the table. He was given another heaping serving at dinner. That evening, as he was getting ready for bed, he tried again to relieve himself but nothing would happen. His sleep was almost non-existent that night; he rolled over and over and clutched at his aching stomach. He was absolutely miserable and didn't get hardly any sleep. By morning, he looked hollow-eyed and had big bags hanging under them. His face was puffed out and he

was so bloated that his skin felt stretched to the breaking point. Again, he met with failure when he tried to relieve himself. Finally, in desperation, he called for his aunt.

“So, I see that you are having some difficulties. Well, if you want me to help, then you will have to do exactly as I say from now on. Do you understand me? You will not argue about what I tell you to wear or how to behave. You will be obedient and thoughtful at all times. You will act and behave in the manner that I prescribe. And you will speak in a soft modulated voice at all times. Is that understood? Oh, you think that I am being unfair, cruel. Johnny, until you give yourself over completely to what I demand I am not going to help you. I have purposely not given you your laxative to teach you a lesson, and now you are paying the penalty. For all I know, you just may burst. But please, if you feel like you are, go outside. Bertha shouldn’t have to clean up after you make such a mess. Now come and get your breakfast. It’s getting cold.”

By early afternoon, Johnny was hurting so badly that he actually thought he was going to burst. So, succumbing to the inevitable, he begged his aunt to help him. He promised her that he would obediently follow her orders no matter what. “Only just help me,” he pleaded.

“Do you swear to do exactly as I demand without complaint? You do? Then let me hear you ask me to dress you like the simpering sissy that you are. I want to hear you beg me for panties, bras, and yes even dresses. I don’t want to have to do this ever again or even have this argument again, understood? Okay, then let me see what I can do.”

She took him into her master bathroom, where she pulled a red rubber bag out of the linen closet. This she filled with warm soapy water then screwed in a long white rubber tube with a large, plastic, bulbous nozzle attachment. Calling him over to the commode, she had him lay on his stomach over the lid while grasping his bottom cheeks with both hands. She took a finger dab of petroleum jelly and coated his sphincter with it then began sliding the plastic tube into his anus.

He squirmed and wiggled as she did this, but she held him firmly across the commode seat with her knee. At last, she released the clip, and Johnny felt the warm water flowing into his body. The flowing seemed never to cease, and his stomach bulged out even more as the water flowed. Soon he felt cramps rippling up and down his intestines and he began protesting. He had never felt anything like he was feeling at this point. He began howling in protest and pain as the water continued to fill his already bloated belly. Surely he was going to pop.

Edna paid him no mind and kept the tube firmly in place until the red bag had emptied completely. By that time, Johnny was crying and begging for relief. Again, she asked him if he was going to cooperate fully with her from now on. He agreed and even repeated everything that was demanded of him so that there would be no misunderstanding in the future. Johnny would do anything, positively anything, to keep from having to undergo the misery he was currently experiencing.

With a loud gushing noise, the water expelled itself. As his intestines drained, he clutched at his cramping stomach and moaned out loudly in misery. The odor was strong and it made him want to puke, but he swallowed hard and flushed the com-

mode. After what seemed an eternity, he was able to sit up straight without any further cramping. He felt weak and beads of perspiration glistened on his forehead, but at least the horrible bloated feeling was gone. He had been so preoccupied that he did not realize that his aunt was standing in the bathroom with him the entire time. As he looked up from his seat, a wan smile on his pale face, he saw his aunt standing right there in front of him. Blushing, he just continued looking up at her without saying a word.

With a deep sigh, Johnny finished his business and went to the tub. The hot bath felt fantastic to his mentally and physically exhausted body. Edna let him soak for a while. With her gone, Johnny allowed himself to relax. Soon he was sleeping soundly.

He did not notice his aunt's return, the pouring of perfumed bath beads, or feel anything when she shaved all the remaining hair from his body except his head. She paid close attention to his pubic region. Soon he was as hairless as his new doll. Being careful to keep his head above water, Edna raised his right foot. Placing his heel on a cushion fashioned from a bath towel; she began giving him a much-needed pedicure. Soon two coats of a bright purple nail polish were left to dry as she moved to his right hand.

Johnny awoke to his aunt's tugging. "Come on, sleepy head," she was gently saying. "It's time you got out of there. You're practically a prune. Here, I have some luscious cream for you to message into your skin. Now come on, get out of there. Let me help you."

Slowly he let his aunt help him step out of the footed tub and wrap a soft towel around his body. She patted him dry, then began rubbing a pink-tinged cream into his skin. He jumped when she first put a dab of the cream between his shoulder blades. It was cold, but soon the gentle messaging of his aunt's hands relaxed him. He didn't really care what was happening to him at the moment. He was still luxuriating in the fact that he didn't have that overwhelming need to go. It wasn't until his aunt began dusting his body in a sweet-scented powder that he let his mind come back to the real world.

In the past, he had been forced to use plain baby powder without any real scent, but this new powder which filled his nose and made him sneeze was different. It smelled like a bushel basket of lilacs. Now that he was aware of his surroundings, it smelled like he was in a whole field of flowers. He started to pull back, but his aunt's hand on the small of his back kept him within range of the powder puff.

"Hold still, darling, we're almost done!" his aunt demanded when he tried to pull back. The large white powder puff didn't miss a beat as it skirted over and across his chest. "I'm going to want you to do this after every bath, understand? I won't put up with the smell of sweat from now on, and you are too old to smell like a baby. You will do this by yourself, won't you? Ah, that's my angel. There, I'm done; now to get you dressed."

She led him from the bath into his room where she had piled fresh clothing on his bed. First came a pair of violet-colored, almost transparent panties with an overlay of white lace across the front panel. He held them in his hands with openmouthed amazement. "Auntie....th..these...you can almost see through them... Please, Auntie,

can't I have something else to wear? I can't..." Johnny began, only to be silenced by the stern look she gave him.

"Darling!" She put a heavy stress on that word when she said it. Johnny knew immediately that she would not put up with any nonsense from him. He couldn't help himself but tears of humiliation and shame started to run down his cheeks.

"Darling," she repeated, using a much softer tone. "Those are very pretty, and you should be happy that you can wear such dainty undies. They are so much better than those coarse under shorts you use to wear. Besides, didn't I tell you that I wanted you to dress this way until I was satisfied with your conduct? Now, go and put them on, they won't bite you, you know. Ooooh, they are just precious on you. Here..." She paused as she reached out and ran her finger under the leg openings to flare out the lace trim sewn there. "You'll need to learn these little tricks if you're going to be wearing such frillies in the future."

Johnny couldn't fight her any longer; the combination of humiliations over the past several weeks and the spankings had seriously crumbled his masculine defenses. The pain and humiliation of not being able to go to the bathroom and the ridicule heaped on him had destroyed whatever rebellion remained. He just hung his head and accepted his fate. His aunt's fingers running under the panty's leg openings brought a fresh blush to his cheeks and more tears to his eyes.

She then gave him a pair of white ankle socks to put on. They had a turned down cuff with purple lace edging and small purple flowers. With bowed head, he accepted the purple panty girdle. Again doing as told, he pressed his scrotum flat with the palm of his hand and tucked his penis back between his legs as he pulled the girdle into position. The matching training bra had small pads in the cups to give his chest a fuller appearance. He blushed all the more as he straightened out the socks and placed a pair of white Mary Jane patent leather shoes on his feet. They were tight and cramped his toes, but they fit. Having to look past the twin mounds on his chest made fastening the shoe's golden clasps difficult.

At this, his aunt made him turn around so that she could inspect him. "Hold your hands above your head, darling," she instructed. "Touch your finger tips together above your head and turn slowly for me. I'm definitely going to have to get you dancing lessons. Those bra straps need to be shortened slightly. Here, watch what I am doing so that you will be able to do this yourself. That's better. You may put your hands down and finish dressing."

The next item was unfamiliar to him. It had narrow satin shoulder straps and a slinky tubular body with lace trim at the bottom and across the slightly "v" top. It was also in violet and, when he touched it, it felt soft and very light.

"That's called a slip, darling. Well, put it on. Just drop it over your head. Bunch up the hem and let it fall into place. You don't want to muss your hair. Here, let me show you what I mean. Isn't it just precious and don't you just love all that floral lace? Darling, I asked you a question. Aren't you going to answer me?"

"Yes, Auntie," he replied almost in a whisper, as tears of humiliation slid down his cheeks. "It's very...pretty. What's it for?"

"It acts like a lining for your blouses and dresses. I just love the way it feels against my skin. I'm sure in time you will learn to enjoy the feeling of fine fabrics next to your skin just the way I do. After all, we are family. Oh, do stop that infernal sniffing! You're beginning to get on my nerves. You're just a simpering sissy. Here, come blow your nose and dry your eyes." She handed him several tissues and waited while he complied with her demands.

"For today, I have something special for you to wear. I do hope that you like it. I picked it out special while you were at the ballpark. I don't think that your friends will bother you once they see you in this outfit nearly as bad as they did. Here, dear, raise your arms."

He complied and trembled as the material of his very first dress floated down past his eyes. He sniffled but managed to keep the tears from flowing. The dress settled around his hips, and he could feel his aunt pulling here and there on it. His eyes were tightly shut in hopes that all this was a bad dream.

It was no dream. The purple satin and lace dress was real. It had tulip sleeves in a violet, transparent net material attached to the dress proper by purple satin. The purple satin of the shoulders flowed into a "V" neckline and down to form the full skirt. The "V" was filled with a violet floral lace insert of transparent material gathered around his neck and tied with a bright purple satin ribbon. The waist was secured by another ribbon bow and an over skirting of the violet material fell in a two-inch wave of lace over the hem of the stiff satin underlying skirt.

Next, his aunt had him step into a pile of white netting. "These are called crinolines, darling. They keep your pretty skirts flared out and make them drape just right. Without your pretty slip, the nylon netting would itch and bother you to no end. Even so, they are really necessary for this style of dress. Oh, yes, this is called a party or tea dress. It is dressy, but not quite as fancy as a ball or formal gown would be. Oh, don't you just love it? It looks just scrumptious on you! Here, turn around like I showed you before. Come on! Let's see. Oh, dear. It is gorgeous. Don't you like it? Well?"

"Er, yes Auntie," a much subdued Johnny finally replied. As he raised his right hand to rub at his eye, he could feel the material of the dress, slip, and bra pulling at him. They were all new sensations and they flooded into his consciousness. With each new sensation, Johnny could feel what remained of his manhood fleeing deeper and deeper into the safety of his unconscious mind.

Maybe I am nothing more than a simpering sissy, his mind whispered to him as he stood with arms raised turning slowly for his aunt.

A NEW NAME

"Well, it fits a little tight at the waist, but it will do for now. I think that I'll have to get you some stronger support. You're at that age when some figure training is needed to encourage your body to develop right. Okay, Joanne, you can put your hands down now. Come over here to the vanity. I want to see if we can do something with your hair. It's still way too short, but in time, in time... Come along, darling."

"Here, sit. No! Stop! Before you sit you must sweep your skirts up underneath you. That will keep them from wrinkling. You do it by brushing both your hands down the back of your skirts, like so, and then sit down carefully and slowly while holding the skirt tight against your behind. There, go ahead and sit now, dearest. Now don't forget to do that every time you sit. You won't forget, will you? No, that's my angel," she instructed as she watched him take his seat on the vanity stool.

Johnny was mesmerized by the reflection in the mirror. A girl wearing a dress was moving toward the vanity, but she had his face. *My face*, his mind screamed out at him. *My face! A girl wearing a purple and violet frilly dress is wearing my face too.*

His aunt's voice saying brought him back to reality. Realizing that the image in the mirror was in fact himself caused him to blush once more. Again, he felt moisture collecting in his eyes, and he wanted to fight these changes. He no longer had the will or capability to do so. While his mind shouted loudly, *you are a sissy! Sissy! Sissy! You're nothing but a sniffing simpering sissy!* He whispered aloud to his aunt, "Yes, Auntie. No, Auntie, I won't sit without doing it. Yes, Auntie, I promise."

Edna brushed his hair for several minutes until she was satisfied that she had done all that could be done with the short hair she had to work with. His hair was brushed back and pinned with bright purple barrettes shaped like bows. A sweep of hair was dropped across his forehead, reaching almost to his brows and pinned at the left side of his head. Pulling him back to his feet, she led him into the living room where she began teaching him how to walk, sit, turn, even to curtsy. It seemed like years to him and for the first time understood that she was calling him Joanne. There had been so many dears, darlings, and such that it didn't register in his mind that she had changed his first name as well as his clothing.

It was "Joanne do this", "Joanne do that", or "Joanne don't slouch. Stand up straight, Joanne!" His aunt had seemed to forget that his name was Johnny, but somehow Joanne seemed to fit his new image. It sounded a lot like his real name too.

After an hour or so, Edna left him sitting in a straight-backed chair while she retrieved her purse and some other things. Upon her return, she handed him a white patent leather purse and a pair of white lace gloves and a white velvet beret. As his aunt pinned the hat to his head, he pulled the gloves on and looked up questioningly at her.

"Oh darling didn't I tell you we're going to visit your mother today? Well, grab your purse, Joanne, and come along. Don't you dare start crying again, and I certainly don't want to see any trouble from you or we'll walk to town. Now, come along or we will be late."

"Auntie, you can't possibly be serious. I can't go outside like this! Please don't make me do this..."

"Don't be ridiculous, darling. You look positively precious. Nobody, and I mean nobody, will think unkindly of you. Why, I wouldn't be surprised if your mother doesn't just squeeze all the sugar right out of you. Come along." When he still hesitated, she said pointedly, "You don't want to have to go through what you did this morning again, do you?"

Again Johnny felt water brim his eyes and his nose begin to run. Reluctantly, he rose from the chair and followed his aunt out of the house. In the car, he was told to take a tissue out of his purse and dry his tears. He wanted to sink into the bottom cushion of the seat, but his aunt kept insisting that he sit up straight and to keep his hands neatly folded in his lap.

“Joanne, if you don’t sit up straight, I swear that you’ll be sorry. Now dry those tears. Now, I want to see nothing but smiles when we get to the sanitarium. Your poor mother has had enough to worry about without you sulking and crying. Do you understand me? Let me hear you say so then. Good! Now let me see you sit up straight and smile!”

Johnny walked with rubber legs all the way to his mother’s room. He kept his head down and stared at the green and black squares of linoleum covering the floor. He was aware of a white-skirted woman standing at his side telling him, “Oh, how darling she is. That is a very pretty dress and she is so cute.”

“Joanne, what do you say when you get a compliment? Now let’s see a pretty curtsey and a polite thank you!” his aunt demanded. Johnny complied quickly. He was especially afraid that she would tell the nurse that he really was a sissy boy in a dress. So far, it seemed everyone believed that he was just what he appeared to be—a pretty teenager.

The nurse guided them to a door and left them there. Edna pushed it open and walked in with Johnny beside her. In the room sat his mother in a wheel chair, head hung down, with a quilt folded over her lap. The room was a typical hospital room, with a railed bed and a nurse call button attached, side cabinet, overhead reading lamp, a straight back chair, and not much else. It was painted a pale pea green and the floor was the same patterned green and black linoleum.

“Hello, Mary,” Edna said cheerfully. “Look who I’ve brought to see you. Come on dear, say hello to your mother.”

Johnny feared this moment almost as much as he had going out in public. At least there was the hope that his mother would put a stop to his aunt’s insanity. She was obviously trying to make him into a girl, and he knew that his mother would not stand for such a silly thing. If he hadn’t seen the results of her ambition himself, he never would have believed that such a thing could ever happen to him. Now he found himself looking forward to his mother’s attention. She’d make everything right.

“Mother,” he wanted to shout joyfully, as he ran over to where she was sitting. Instead, his recent training kept his voice soft. His skirts flew up behind him he eagerly rushed to her. “Mother, mother, oh, please, mother, help me please...” he said as he was enfolded in her arms.

The assistance and denunciation of his aunt’s atrocious behavior did not come. Instead he heard her saying softly to him, “Oh my precious baby. My baby. You are so beautiful. My how you’ve grown. You’re so beautiful. Just like the little girl that I’ve always wanted. Oh my precious baby. Hold me tight darling, I’ve missed you so. Oh, my baby.”

Johnny was stupefied. She held on to him for the longest time then pushed him back and looked at him. It was then that he saw the glassy eyes and the pale complexion. She looked exhausted and much older than he remembered. For a moment, he didn't believe that she really was his mother. Perhaps some stranger his aunt had brought in to play tricks on him. Then he realized that it really was her, but that she wasn't there anymore. Something was terribly wrong with her.

She fluffed at his skirt and ruffles but did not seem to recognize that he was her son. She seemed to believe that this was her own precious daughter. She kept repeating over and over, "my precious baby." Finally, giving him a hug and kiss, she sat back in her wheel chair. His aunt led him out of the room to the nurse's station. There she told him to sit while she finished saying goodbye to his mother. Johnny sat there with a tissue held to his eyes. He was crying his heart out over the loss of his mother and the loss of his own identity.

His aunt backed out of the room saying, "Mary, we'll come back to visit after the doctor's have had more time with you. Don't you worry any, I will take very good care of your precious baby. I'll keep in touch."

His aunt walked past him, only pausing long enough to tell him to sit up straight with his knees pressed together as was proper. She walked over to the nurse and said something to her. The nurse picked up the black phone and dialed a number. Shortly, a tall elderly man wearing a white smock came in. He had a stethoscope tucked into a pocket. He greeted Edna cordially, and they disappeared into a small office.

In the office, Edna received an up date on Johnny's mother's condition. "Yes," the doctor said, "we have been applying electroshock therapy and holding intensive rehabilitation sessions with her. As you requested, we have worked to correct her misconceptions and delusions, especially those about her daughter. Yes, it is a shame, but not unheard of for someone suffering such a sudden loss to mitigate that loss by deluding herself. In this instance, Mary believes that she has a son instead of a daughter. I assume that the pretty young lady sitting in the waiting room is her daughter? Joannie is it? Well that explains Mary's creation of Johnny. Very similar sounding names. Well, with such a beautiful and feminine daughter like that it is even more disturbing to me that she could insist that she has a son. Give me a few more months and I can pretty well guarantee that her misguided beliefs will be straightened out. Your assistance in pointing out her dementia was most helpful."

"Well, I want to do all that I can to speed her recovery," Edna replied. "However, I really don't have a lot of time to spare at the moment."

"Of course, Miss Edna," the doctor quickly continued. "As it stands now, she has accepted her husband's demise. Oh, don't get me wrong, she is still in a state of anguish and grief, but that grief has become a more natural healing process. As far as her delusion, all I can say is that we are making progress. Oh, and before I forget: thank you ever so much for your most generous donation to our facility. The new wing and roof was badly needed, Miss Edna. Well, is there anything else I can assist you with... Again our entire staff blesses you for your generosity. Never fear we will get your dear niece well. I look forward to informing you of her progress myself. Goodbye, and again thank you ever so much."

The ride back to the house was quiet; only a soft sniffing could be heard. His aunt handed him a fresh tissue but said nothing. A big smile played across her face as she drove down the highway. Soon they would be moving to the city, and she wouldn't have to put up with the inconvenience of country living. Back to the city, neon lights, parties, and the club. Now that was living. But having to put up with the needs of a child was going to be a hindrance. At least she was making the best of a bad situation. A young man would have certainly destroyed her life style and she couldn't have that. *Hell, she thought, it wasn't like I conceived the brat in the first place.*

THE MOVE

Later that afternoon, Edna showed him how to serve tea. They were in the kitchen, with him wearing a bright white, lacy, flounced apron. Bertha was smiling from ear to ear as he simpered around the kitchen gathering the dishes, cups, and saucers to place on the table. She stood off to the side while he did his aunt's bidding. She couldn't get over how much of a change Edna had made in him in just a few short weeks. She did not think it proper for a boy to be done this way, but who was she to argue?

"Would you like sugar or lemon with your tea, Auntie?" he asked softly. "One lump or two?" He did his hostess tasks according to his aunt's dictates. Seeing the smile on her face, he had the satisfaction of knowing that this time he had done everything correctly. Sitting back in his own seat, he again carefully poured his own tea. Taking the cup up between his thumb and fingers, while extending his little pinkie full out, he sipped lightly.

"Back straight, darling," his aunt reminded him. "Bertha, would you please finish packing my things. Just leave out something for me to wear tomorrow and my nightie. There's not all that much. We'll be leaving tomorrow."

Johnny perked up upon hearing that Edna was going. "Leaving?" he asked. "Where? Auntie, you never said anything about leaving." Then, trying to get control of his sudden happiness at the mere thought of her moving out, he continued, "Well, I can manage here. I'm old enough to take care of myself. Bertha and I can take care of everything that needs to be done."

Seeing his aunt's attention turned his way, he tried to hide his glee at being rid of his aunt. Still, he couldn't keep his legs from swinging under the table. "I'll miss you, and I promise to be good too."

"Oh, my child...You don't seriously think for one minute that I would leave you here all by yourself, do you? Oh, perish the thought, darling. Why, I'm taking you with me, and we are going to live in the city. Why do you think I moved there in the first place? I can't stand this primitive living. Gracious no, Joanne, I wouldn't leave my own flesh and blood to fend for yourself out here in the boondocks. Hahaha, heavens no! You are coming with me in the morning. Besides, I have already found new tenants for this place. And Bertha, you don't need to worry. I've seen to it that you will be very well taken care of. Now Joanne, don't look so glum. You will learn to love it in the city. I promised your mother that I would look out for you. Come, come, let's enjoy our tea."

His aunt sat smiling at him as what she had just told him sank in. The look that crossed his face was priceless, she thought as he realized that he would be going with her as her niece's daughter. Edna, making sure that her face did not show just how pleased she was, asked him to serve her some more tea.

That evening, after he cleaned up for bed, his aunt handed him a bright yellow baby-doll nightie. It had a wide, white floral lace, Peter Pan collar and three-quarter length sleeves. The hem had three inches of white floral lace trim and just reached to mid-thigh. A pair of matching yellow full cut panties with three rows of lace circling them came with the top.

With the nightie on, his aunt led him to the vanity. Taking a white glass jar from one of the drawers, she unscrewed the chromed top and handed it to him. "This is cleansing cream," she said. "You take little dabs and dot them all over your face and message it into your skin. Once you have messaged it into your face, you apply it to your elbows and the heels of your feet, okay? Then take some tissue and wipe off the excess. Now I want you to get into the habit of doing this every morning and at night, understand? Good! While you are doing that I'll brush your hair, Joanne."

The sweet-smelling cream soaked into his skin. By the time he finished, his aunt had placed a bright yellow sleeping cap on his head. The cap was to protect his hair while he slept, she told him. It covered his head and came to a gathered peak at its crown. The cap had an elastic headband and was covered in an overlapping white transparent netting-like material.

After she had put Joannie to bed, Edna called his baseball coach. "Hello, Coach Johnson? This is Edna Smythe. I just wanted to tell you something before I leave, as I do not want any malicious rumors circulating." Forty-five minutes later, a very satisfied Edna hung up the phone. Coach Johnson was convinced that Mary and her husband had perpetrated a fraud on him by passing off their daughter as a boy just so they could inherit a fortune. *"Another link coupled in my plan. Now to move to stage two,"* she thought as she got up.

That next morning, he was awoken before the sun came up and ushered into the bath where his aunt had already filled the tub with fragrant lilac bubbles. As he emerged from his bath, he found his aunt putting clothing on his bed. Seeing him, she pointed over to the vanity. Sitting on it was the white glass jar. He began placing the cream on his face. Finished, he walked over to his aunt and took the pair of pale blue nylon panties from her. This time she let him put on the matching padded bra and watched as he struggled to fasten the back closure. It was only a single hook and eye fastener, but it gave him fits before he managed to get it. His aunt had helped him somewhat by lifting his elbows for him but otherwise left him to fend for himself.

"Joanne, you are going to have to learn to dress yourself, and you might as well begin learning now. I simply won't have the time later."

A pale blue nylon camisole came next, and his aunt explained what it was and its purpose. It had spaghetti straps. The white lace inset at the throat ran down the center to flare out in a trim around the bottom hem, which just reached past his navel. A pair of taupe-colored hose he attached to the panty girdle's four garter tabs followed. Edna had to show him how to do the first stocking, rolling it up then smoothing it up

the leg and then hooked. She watched and made just a few comments as he attached the other.

She gave him a matching blue half-slip with a deep hem of frilled lace to put on again, explaining what it was. This was followed by a poet's blouse in white silk and a charcoal colored wool blend pencil skirt with a slit in the back. A black patent leather, two-inch wide belt with shiny brass buckle came next. As he tightened the belt, Edna placed a pair of black patent pumps on the floor by his feet. They had two-inch heels and black bow ties at the toe. For final adornment, she handed him a gold toned bracelet, necklace, and girl's wrist-watch.

Johnny was too tired to argue over these last indignities, but he did start to protest when his aunt sat him back at the vanity. She opened another drawer and removed a tube of red lipstick and a small turtle-shell compact containing several shades of eye shadow. He squirmed on the satin cushion of the vanity stool as she held his jaw firmly in her left hand and applied blue eye shadow to his eyelids. This was followed by the reddish-purple lipstick that matched his nails, which he had to blot twice on a tissue.

He remembered seeing his mother perform the same thing a million times, but never did he expect to see his very own lips imprinted on tissue. His aunt



passed the lipstick across his lips one final time and told him to get up. As he stood, she handed him the lipstick and compact, telling him to make sure that he put them in his purse. His purse was sitting on the bed by his pillow. It was also in black patent leather.

Before he could get up, Edna sprayed Tabu cologne behind his ears. As its heady fragrance filled his nose, she dabbed more of it on his wrists and ankles. "There, that should do it. With your complexion, I am not going to take the time to apply foundation or powder. We'll see about that later," she said as she handed him the perfume bottle to put into his purse with the others. "All the young girls just love this fragrance, or so the druggist tells me. Come along now, we have breakfast waiting and I want to get an early start."

Johnny minced along behind his aunt, for mince was all you could call his narrow steps and slightly swaying hips. The tight skirt assured that he wouldn't be striding or running anywhere anytime soon, and the heels, while not high, made walking difficult. He was used to walking heel first, and now he found that to manage in women's shoes he would have to walk toe first. Thankfully, Edna held onto his arm while he got use to wearing them. Still, he felt uncomfortable navigating so.

During breakfast, he wondered about the move. He hadn't packed any of his stuff. His model planes, toys, or for that matter his jeans and other clothing still hung in his closet. "Auntie...If we are going to the city today... what about my stuff? I haven't packed a thing yet. I can't just go off and leave all my stuff here."

"Don't worry your pretty little head over all that useless junk. I'm getting you brand new things so you do not have to worry about anything. You just remember to keep your skirt straight and your knees together. How many times must I remind you that everyone can see right up your dress when you sit like that? Do you want boys to see your panties? Or maybe you do? No...Well, see that you keep those knees tightly pressed together. I'm not going to interfere if some boy comes over and tries to make it with you. Now hurry up, we still have a lot to do before we can leave. Oh by the way, I don't want you forgetting your new doll. And when we get to the car you had better have a pretty name picked out for her."

THE TRIP

As she drove out of the driveway she asked him, "Joanne, have you decided on a name for your doll? Betsy? Betsy sounds nice, but don't you think that name is a bit immature for such a doll such as yours? After all, your doll isn't a simple wetsy baby doll; your doll is a mature young woman and should have a more mature name, something like Grace or Lana. You know, after Grace Kelly. Now she's a real princess, or Lana Turner the actress. You know your doll could have been modeled after Princess Grace. So what do you think, darling?"

"Yeah...I guess so," he replied. He let himself slide deeper into the car seat as his aunt turned out onto the highway. His hand reached down to pull the hem of his skirt back over his knee. He was very conscious of the need to keep his knees together and any upward movement from his skirt. The last thing he wanted was to have someone

see the lace trim of his slip or worse yet his panties. He tugged at the edges of his scarf mainly because he wasn't use to having anything covering his ears.

"You guess so? What kind of answer is that?" Edna demanded.

"Er...Grace. Okay, Grace. Her name is Grace," Johnny answered.

"Oh yes, I like that name. Now why don't you play with Grace while I drive? You know, it is rather a bore to drive, so why don't you entertain me by telling me all about Grace. You know, make up a story about her hopes and aspirations. Tell me about the clothes she's wearing, the things she'll like to do, and the kind of man she'll marry. Go ahead dear, tell me Grace's story. We have a few hours before we get to my place. So take all the time you want. I would really like to know about the kind of man Grace would fall in love with and marry."

Uuggghhhh! His mind screamed at him after his aunt's request. *Dolls! I hate dolls and now she wants me to make like this thing is real or something. What am I gonna do? I don't know anything about girl stuff.*

"Go on, darling, why don't you start by changing her clothing? Now don't forget to tell me everything. I want to know the color, type, and style of each piece as you take it off, and what you change it for and why. Don't fret too much over it; I will help you. Just let your imagination run away with you, Joanne. Just picture in your own mind what a young woman would want or need, what she would like or dislike, especially in a man. You've watched enough soaps to have an idea about the kind of men women like. You know real men."

For the next several hours Johnny made up things about his doll and what she wanted out of life. It wasn't as hard as he thought it would be. His aunt offered assistance and encouraged him the entire time. When she specifically inquired about the kind of man Joanne wanted for Grace, he blushed crimson and stammered.

"You know, dear, that women look at a man differently than a man looks at a woman. Where men only look at a woman's physical beauty, which is why we all have to pay particular attention to our looks, women want stability, dependability, and support in a man. These attributes are far more important than just looks, but if you ask me I like a nice firm tush on a man. Nothing like a nice firm butt is there?"

Edna made him visualize a man, then describe all the things about him that he thought Grace would admire. By the time they pulled into a restaurant for lunch he had a very bad headache. He felt like a fool carrying a purse and a doll into the dinner, but Edna insisted. They took a booth near the main doorway, and Johnny was given the seat facing the entrance. Everyone that came into the restaurant would see him. It was bad enough getting out of the car in his unfamiliar tight skirt, and it rode up high on his legs almost exposing his panties. Fortunately, no one was near enough to see, and he hurriedly pulled it back down. The click clicking of his heels on the pavement as they made their way into the dinner distracted him and he almost bumped into a man walking out the door.

"Oops, pardon me, young lady," the gentleman said as he stood aside and held the door open for them to enter. Johnny blushed fiercely as his aunt made him say 'thank

you' to the man and give him a parting curtsy. The curtsy was difficult in the tight skirt, but he managed without showing too much lace trim.

"Darling, enter the booth just like I taught you to enter the car. Face away, tuck your skirt behind you, and slowly sit down, then slide your legs under," his aunt whispered to him as they approached the booth. "Remember to keep your knees together, you don't want to show everyone your pretties."

"Darlin', ya feelin' all right?" the waitress asked when she came to take their order. Johnny looked up from rubbing his temples but didn't say anything for fear that she would discover his real gender.

"Oh, I believe my niece has a headache. You know, that time of the month. Do you happen to have anything? Good. Bring it and a Cherry Coke for her, and let's see...We'll share a club sandwich. A glass of iced tea for me, please."

The waitress rushed off to deliver their order. Soon she was back with two white pills in the palm of her hand and the Cherry Coke. "We ain't got none of this stuff here in the diner, just plain aspirin. But I got this outta my purse. Its something new just for us women. Supposed to relieve all the aches and swellings we git. You're welcome to it. Works just fine, far as I can tell. Just make ya pee some. No, no charge. Us gals gotta stick together, huh kid?"

Johnny thanked her and with some reluctance swallowed the pills with a sip of Coke. As he set the fountain drink back down, he saw the vivid imprint of his lips on the white paper cup. *Uuuggghhh!* His mind groaned at the sight. It was just one more confirmation of his new identity.

Finished their lunch, Johnny was feeling better, but he had to go. Seeing him squirming in the seat, Edna asked if he needed to use the facilities. "Come on then. I need to do the same," she said while getting up. Johnny hurried to follow, not wanting to be left behind. As they approached the restrooms in the back of the diner, he almost walked into the mens room. His aunt's quick grab of his arm saved him. As she ushered him into the ladies room, she hissed in his ear, "You had better start thinking like a proper young lady, or you may find yourself in a very very difficult situation. Now start paying attention! You go into the first stall; I'll use the other. Remember to sit like a lady and freshen your makeup when you finish. Understand? Fine, now go do your business."

Johnny was standing at the sink waiting for his aunt to come out of the stall when another woman entered. "Oh, hi there. Got room for one more?" she asked as she walked up to the mirror and began pulling tubes and compacts out of her purse. "Gotta make ourselves pretty for our men folk don't we?"

Johnny mumbled out a soft "yeah" in response. His hand was shaking as he pressed the lipstick to his lips. Out of the corner of his eye he tried to imitate the woman standing next to him. At least with tubes of lipstick pressed to their faces they couldn't converse. Fortunately, the other woman seemed engrossed in repairing her own face and did not have time for more conversation. Johnny pulled some tissues out of the dispenser and blotted his lips. Tucking some stray hairs back up under his scarf, he saw his aunt's reflection in the mirror.

He picked up his purse and walked out of the restroom as his aunt joined them at the mirror. He still had the tissue with his lip imprint in his hand and opened his purse to put it away as two young men walked past him on their way to the mens room. Johnny quickly ducked his head so that he would not have to look them in the eyes.

They gave him a careful examination as they went past with big smiles on their faces. Johnny pretended to concentrate on what he was doing. He could tell without really seeing them do it that their gazes didn't reach his face. He turned a slight shade of pink as they walked past. As they entered the restroom he over heard one of them say, "Nice legs!"

As they got into the car, Edna gave him several magazines. "These are the latest. Why don't you go through the table of contents and read me the headings. If I hear one I like, you can read it to me, okay?"

Johnny looked at the magazines, none of which interested him in the least. As he scanned the headlines, stories with titles like, "How to Lose Ten Pounds in Ten Days," "The Best Coifs for the Summer," "Easy Sun Dresses You Can Sew Yourself," "How to Show Your Lover You Care," and "Easy Make Overs" filled the pages. If nothing else, the stories made the time pass quickly, and soon they were arriving in the city.

Johnny strained his neck to look out the window as they drove through town. He had never seen such tall buildings in his life. He had seen them on television of course but never in real life. He was staring in wonderment as his aunt drove up into a circular drive and pulled to a stop. Johnny became aware of a tall man wearing a large gray overcoat with big brass buttons and epaulettes on his broad shoulders opening his car door. He slowly and carefully slid out of his seat as the tall man reached out a white-gloved hand to assist him.

"Good afternoon, Miss," the man greeted. "Oh, welcome back, Ma'am," he said upon seeing his aunt step out of the car. "It's good to have you back. Can I be of any assistance?"

"Why yes, James. See that my car gets parked and please deliver my trunks to my suite. It's good to be back. Come, Joanne."

They got on an elevator and went up to the penthouse suite. A petite black woman wearing a translucent-white, nylon uniform dress that just reached below her knees answered the door. Tied in a big bow was a bright white, cotton-lace-edged bib apron, and pinned to her short hair was a Venice lace frill with black velvet ribbon streamers running down to the middle of her shoulder blades. Her black full slip could be easily seen through the thin material of her uniform. She couldn't have been more than five foot four or five at best and perhaps weighed ninety pounds, but she did have a well-proportioned body.

"Oh, Miss Edna, it's sure good to have you back," she said when she opened the door. Stepping back to allow them easy access to the house, she dipped into a quick curtsy.

"Yes, Eunice, it is great to be back. This is my niece's daughter Joanne, whom we've talked about. See that she gets settled in the spare bedroom," Edna said as she

walked past the maid. Turning her attention back to Joanne, she continued, “Darling, Eunice will show you to your room. I took the liberty of having the store deliver some fresh things for you to wear. Eunice, did the packages arrive? Good. Eunice, once you have showed Joanne where everything is, make us a light dinner and then you can go. We’ll want to make an early night of it. I’m positively pooped.”

A NEW HOME

Johnny was taken aback by the maid. He’d expected that he would be living alone with his aunt, but now he did not know what to expect. His aunt’s instructions only added to his confusion and mental turmoil. He did not know if Eunice knew about his secret.

The room had wall-to-wall white pile carpeting, a large canopied queen bed, two bedside tables with brass lamps, and a cedar hope chest at the foot of the bed. The rest of the room contained a lighted vanity against the left wall, a dresser against the right one with a bureau sitting beside it. There were two doors; one was to the right of the bed and the other to the left. In the right wall was a large picture window. It had a valance across the top that was draped with a soft, whitish-pink, gauzy material that flowed in a profusion of folds down each side to the floor. The window itself was covered by white venetian blinds. Eunice went over to them and drew them up so Johnny could examine the view. As he approach, he froze in his tracks. They were so high up that the cars in the street below looked like his little miniature ones back home. Just looking down made him dizzy, and he had to step back.

Johnny found the bathroom surprisingly large. It had a white, marble-tiled floor; a ceramic freestanding wash basin, footed tub, and commode all finished in bright pink enamel. The fixtures were made of brass, and the towels hanging from the racks were plush-looking and a bright pink color. A small vase sitting on top of a pink wicker clothes hamper contained one pink silk rose. Pink fur throw rugs were lying on the floor by each. A heady floral fragrance filled the air. All in all, it was the most feminine bathroom Johnny had ever seen.

Back in the room, Eunice led him over to the other door and opened it to reveal a walk-in closet. Only one side had any clothing hanging on the rail. There were three dresses, two blouses, and a gauzy nightgown. He did not stay to inspect any of them but backed out quickly. With a look of panic on his face he realized that to stay here would mean his doom as a man. There was no way he would ever be able to get back to his old self if he stayed here, but there was no escape. Eunice’s confidant smile filled his sight as she approached him.

“Why do you look so pale and skittish, child? This is a beautiful room. You should be pleased as punch that your aunt got around to fixing it up for you. Cat got your tongue, honey? Lordy, if I live to be a hundred I’ll never understand white folks. Well, I’ve got to fix dinner. If you need anything, just let me know. “ Eunice left Johnny to himself, shutting the bedroom door behind her on her way out.

GETTING SETTLED

“A young woman should have an identifying scent. As women get older they tend to have a perfume that is unique rather than one that is more common. Young girls today seem to travel in packs and try their best to look and act alike, so that’s one of the reasons I picked out this scent for you. All the young girl’s just rave about it. But in every case your particular choice should match your persona as much as possible. Perfume is not only used to make us smell good but to allure others to us. Just like bees are lured to the flowers by their sweet, succulent smell. I thought it most appropriate for you, dear. Sweet and succulent for a sissy just like you. Besides, I didn’t think that you would want a perfume that singled you out for special notice. Or do you prefer an individual scent? You know, one that would make you stand out in a crowd? No, then get use to it.”

In the bedroom, she had him sit at the vanity while she brushed out his hair and touched up his makeup. He was still too tired to complain. Finished at the vanity, she had him step into a pair of mint green, ruffled panties and matching bra. She let him struggle with the hook and eye closure until he finally managed to snap them together. Her only comment was that he would be able to do it quicker as he practiced and limbered up his arms.

Then she gave him white nylon socks with eyelet lace frill around the turned down cuffs. He was given a pair of white, Mary Jane, patent leather shoes. They were tight fitting across his toes and not all that comfortable, but they fit. A green, nylon full slip with lace insert at breast and hem came next followed by a forest green, A-line dress with square neck and short puffy sleeves. It had a matching white patent belt that cinched in his waist.

Once dressed, Edna led him out of the room and into the dinning area, telling him to sit while she checked on dinner. He sat slumped in the chair, feeling miserable. His hands folded in his skirted lap. He was exhausted and bone weary from his ordeal. All he wanted to do was wake up tomorrow and find himself back home with everything the way it use to be. *It seems like only yesterday*, he thought, *that I was living the care-free life of a healthy teenage boy, almost a man, when my world shattered completely.*

He could feel the pull of his bra straps and the slight tickle of his dress’s hem brushing against the backs of his legs. The tightness at his groin and pulling at his waist and sides from the unaccustomed panties and dress were not as noticeable. Pulling the hem of his skirt down to cover his knees, he thought that getting out of dresses couldn’t come soon enough. He was going to have to get his aunt to tell him when he could expect to get out of them. *After all, she had promised that once I behaved I would be given back my own clothing. Hadn’t she?*

He was beginning to fidget when the kitchen door swung open and Edna walked out, followed closely by Eunice carrying a large tray. Edna took her seat at the head of the table and watched as Eunice began serving dinner. It was nothing elaborate, just salad with feta cheese and croutons with half a tuna sandwich on whole wheat bread. Johnny carefully lifted up the top slice of bread. No mayo, some bib lettuce, thinly sliced tomato and maybe a dash of salt and pepper were the only condiments. He absolutely hated tuna. He started to express his displeasure but thought better of it. He

wasn't all that hungry anyway. They ate in silence, with Eunice serving him a cup of strange tasting tea. As Johnny took his first sip of the bitter tea, his mouth screwed up.

"Er...may I please have some sugar. This tea is really bitter," he asked to no one in particular. Looking up, he saw displeasure written on his aunt's face.

"Joanne, that is a special tea that I had Eunice make just for us. You'll learn to enjoy the taste in time, but no sugar. It will rot out your teeth and add unnecessary pounds to your waist line," Edna informed him. "Eunice," she directed her attention to the maid, "please refilled it for her. I believe two cups in the evening, one in the afternoon, and two in the morning should help her appreciate its finer qualities. Don't you think?"

"No, please no more, Eunice," Johnny said, waiving his hand over the top of his tea-cup.

"Joanne!" his aunt reprimanded him. "That is most unbecoming and impolite. Didn't I just get finished saying that two cups would be served and consumed? Now I don't want to hear another word. Drink your tea, all of it! And I do not want to see any more of that uncouth hand waving. Heavens, Eunice may think that you're a boy by acting so uncouthly. Now, tell Eunice that you are sorry and drink all your tea! It will be good for your nerves. It's a special blend I had made up out of Black Cohosh. Sip it daintily like I have taught you."

"But it is so bitter, Auntie," Johnny replied, but he immediately ceased misbehaving. Apparently Eunice did not know his true gender, and he certainly didn't want that to get out if he could avoid it. "Do I really have to?" he finished lamely.

"Yes, of course you do. Remember: waste not, want not. It is suppose to be a little bitter, that's because it is good for you. Finish that cup and then we'll see about bed."

Johnny stood at the sink, a pretty pink nylon bib apron with ruffled hem and shoulder straps tied around his waist. He was helping Eunice finish up with the dishes. He dried while she washed. Mostly he didn't say anything, nor did she. Eunice certainly acted like he was a girl. He wasn't about to ask her, either. It was better to let sleeping dogs lie, he decided.

THE ESCAPE

He sat for some moments thinking over his options, which were few and none of which held much promise. However, the alternative was more than he was willing to accept. The vision in the mirror that he had seen came back into sudden, sharp focus. With that vision burning into his mind, he decided that he would have to escape. It no longer mattered that he had no where to go or anyone to run to, but he knew that to stay here would mean his own destruction. If not in reality, certainly so in spirit and that which made him what he was.

Carefully he eased out of the bed. The only light came from the night light radiating out of the bathroom. He slowly opened the closet door and searched for something masculine to wear. He was sorry now that he didn't take advantage of Eunice's tour to examine the contents closely. It would have saved him time now. There was nothing to

choose from. The closet contained only frilly dresses, blouses, skirts, and nighties with a strong hint of the perfume his aunt wanted him to wear. No slacks or jeans of any kind, nothing suitable for a man much less a boy.

Giving up on the closet, he moved to the dresser. There he found underwear of all kinds, socks, and stockings, but nothing of outerwear. In frustration, he turned and kicked out with his right foot. His big toe connected solidly with the hope chest.

He wanted to scream, but by holding his hands tightly over his mouth muffled the noise. He turned around and sat on the chest, rubbing his throbbing toe until most of the pain went away. Fortunately it wasn't bleeding or broken. With the pain dissipated, he decided to see what was in the chest. Inside he found neatly folded on the left side bathing suits, bathing caps, and on the other side, shorts and tops. Quickly he pulled out several pairs of shorts and tops, tossing them to the bed. Getting back up, he held up each item of clothing to the light coming from the bathroom. The shorts were all short and flair-legged, and the tops were sleeveless with rounded collars. Some of the tops even had lace frills around hem, neck, and arm holes. Still, they were going to be the closest thing to boys' clothing.

Stripping off his chiffon nightie, he pulled on a pair of what appeared to be white short shorts and tried to button them. It wouldn't button. Finally, after several attempts, he realized that he had them on backwards. There was no way that he was going to wear a pair of shorts that buttoned and zipped up in the back. Pulling them off, he chose another pair. Again, they looked white to him in the dim light. This time they buttoned in the front. They were tight, pulling snugly against his crotch, and he wasn't about to get even his small hands into the two side pockets. They would have to do, so he turned his attention to the shirts. He selected a pull over with a deep "V" neckline that looked like it was either black or some other dark color. At least it didn't have any lace or scalloped edging that he could see. He pulled it on without any more hesitation. It was close fitting, hugging his chest tightly and just barely covering his navel.

It is short, but at least he isn't in a damn dress, he thought as he went over to the dresser and pulled out a pair of socks. The socks didn't have lace-edged cuffs, but they had a colored, rolled cuff. Again the color looked black, so he didn't much care. He found what appeared to be a pair of plain white tennis shoes with dark laces and pulled them on.

He went over to where he had left his purse and pulled out three dollars and change. It represented all the money in the world that he could call his own. He managed to stuff the bills into a side pocket of his shorts and the change in the other. It would be difficult getting it back out, but he would face that problem later. Even if he didn't have much money or anything else, he would have his freedom. He was sure of one thing: if he didn't get away tonight, he didn't know if he ever would. As he crept to the door, he bent down and peered through the keyhole. As his eye came level with the keyhole, he felt his head brush up against the door.

Damn, he thought as he reached up and pulled the sleep cap from his head. *Almost forgot about this sh...* He still couldn't bring himself to say the curse word. Aunt

Edna's soap treatments had worked very effectively. *Stuff. No one around. Come on, feet, let's get out of here.*

He opened the door slowly until he was able to squeeze through. Just as carefully, he shut it and walked down the hall on tiptoes. Even though the hall was carpeted, he paused every few feet to listen and look about. Soon he was in the living room and standing perfectly still for what seemed like hours to him. Sensing nothing, he dared to move to the front door. He expected to see his aunt jump out and catch him at any second.

He stood on tiptoe and looked out the peephole to see if anyone was in the outside hallway. Seeing no one, he carefully turned the dead bolt, then the doorknob. As he pulled the door open, the hinge squeaked slightly. It sounded awfully loud to his ear. Opening it only wide enough to just squeeze through, he stepped out into the hall, leaving the door open. He didn't want to take a chance of the squeak waking his aunt. The elevators were just a short distance away.

His hands were shaking like leaves in a storm. With his heart doing a tap dance on his rib cage, he walked to the elevator and pushed the down button. He waited for what seemed an eternity, constantly looking over his shoulder to see if his aunt was in pursuit. Just when he thought that he should go down the stairs, the brass doors opened with what sounded like an alarm going off to his excited senses. Quickly he scurried into the elevator and pushed the first button he saw. His most immediate need was for the doors to close.

As the elevator began its decent he found the "L" button. He wasn't sure what the "L" stood for, but it was the first button after the "1", and he figured it stood for lower level and would let him out in the basement. There he would have a better chance of sneaking out without being seen. The quicker he was out of the building the better he would like it. Wearing shorts and a short-sleeved shirt at this time of year would draw some attention, but the weather had been mild. At that moment he had more to worry over than the weather.

He had a moment to catch his breath and control the pounding of his heart. Just as he was feeling safe, the elevator stopped and the doors opened. He held his breath and his heart beat loudly in his ears as he stood before the open door. Fortunately, no one was there to get on and the doors soon closed. Wiping the back of his hand across his forehead, he saw his reflection in the chromed and mirrored interior. His heart stopped yet again. There he stood wearing pale pink short shorts and a bright yellow midriff shirt. The shorts nipped his waist in neatly and had wide, cuffed, flaring legs and pleats. The top, while sleeveless, had scalloped armholes with an edging of lace. The lace trim was too dainty to have been seen in the darkness of his room. The collar also had just a hint of lace edging, and the bottom hem was scalloped and rode just above his navel. The dark band on his socks was bright, pink as were the laces in his tennis shoes.

Worst of all, he saw breasts. He had forgotten to take off his sleep bra and the tight fitted top emphasized that fact. The bra was clearly outlined by the soft cotton material of the top, and he could actually see part of the cup peaking out of the armhole of his upraised arm. There was many a time when he had enjoyed seeing such a teasing dis-

play while at school, but that thought never entered his mind as he stood open mouthed staring at his reflection. As the doors opened into the lobby, Johnny looked up to see a giant of a man dressed in a gray flannel great coat with epaulettes and brass buttons sitting directly across from the elevator. It wasn't the same guy that had opened his car door earlier, but it could have been his twin.

"Can I help you, Miss?" he asked in a deep rumbling voice. "There's nothing wrong is there?" For his part, the doorman saw a young girl standing with a shocked look on her face. For a moment, the doorman thought that something might be seriously wrong. He rose from his chair and started over to the elevator. "Miss? Miss? Is there anything wrong?"

Johnny wasn't prepared for this and stepped back into the depths of the elevator as the big man approached. He didn't know what to do, as he hadn't planned on meeting a security guard. He had figured that people in the rush to get about their own business wouldn't pay him too much attention. Realizing that he was backing himself into a corner, he bolted like a frightened colt. He tried to duck and slip under the outreaching arms of the doorman, but didn't quite make it. A strong firm hand grasped his right upper arm and pulled him upright.

"Whoa now, little lady. Just where do you think you're going?" the doorman's voice rumbled. Joshua didn't know what was going on, but had been around long enough to recognize potential trouble when he saw it. Judging by the way the young girl was reacting, there was no way he was going to let her get away from him. Not until he had some satisfactory answers.

"Let me go! Let me go, ya big lug! Let me go!" Johnny yelled out, squirming and trying desperately to break the grip on his arm. "You're hurting me! I ain't done nothin'! Now let me goooo!"

"Don't think I can do that. At least not till I find out what's going on here. Where you coming from? Who you with upstairs? Come on now. You don't want me ringing all the folks' doorbells now, do you? I will, you know. You aren't trying to steal something or run away now, are you? Come on, Missy, you sit here in Joshua's chair and tell me everything, because I'm gonna find out anyway. Let's make it easy on yourself, or I'll have to call the police."

Joshua was very imposing, standing over six six and weighted in at about two eighty. His face looked battered: flattened out broken nose, puffy ears, and various scars around his eyes and such. He also had a big full mustache that covered his upper lip. Despite his rough and tough exterior, he was kindly and considerate by nature. Later Johnny found out that Joshua had at one time been Joe "The Brown Bomber" Lewis' sparring partner.

The doorman made Johnny sit in the chair and took up a position where he could block any further attempts to escape. Johnny could see the glass double doors leading to freedom from where he sat, but his hopes of reaching them were fading fast. *So close yet so so far away*, he said to himself.

"Those doors are locked, and I have the key. You're not leaving until I find out what's going on," Johnny heard Joshua say. "Well, are you going to tell me? Which apartment are you coming from, and why are you looking like a scared rabbit?"

Johnny couldn't look the man in the eyes and began to sniffle. His hopes crumbled into ashes, and he knew that all was lost. As he sat there crying, the doorman handed him his handkerchief and told him to blow his nose. Johnny took it and buried his face in its white folds. The doorman let him cry it out for a while before asking him questions.

"So are you a runaway? I've seen your kind before. Think you got it real hard and everything. Your Momma's been mean to you, won't let you do what you want and all that. Well let me tell you, Missy, that being out there," he paused to look and point his finger at the door. "Well, it ain't all it's cracked up to be. It is a hard and dangerous world out there, especially for a young woman. Running away doesn't solve anything. It only gets you into more trouble! Believe me, I know. Been there myself, and I'm a big man. A pretty little thing like you, well, I sure wouldn't want to be in your shoes. No sir! Not for all the tea in China. Lot's of real bad things can happen to a pretty young thing like you, and that's no lie. Now you want to talk to me. Old Josh can help. Just talk to me, okay?"

Johnny saw no way out but had to try one last time. "I...I have to... go home. Yeah, I have to go home and I'm really late. I didn't do nothing and I'm gonna catch it when I get there. So you see, you have to let me out."

"Going home? Where do you live and what apartment were you visiting?" Joshua asked skeptically.

"I was... upstairs. Now I gotta get home. Please let me go?"

"Let you go? Go where? You got an address? Give me your momma's phone number and I'll call her to come get you. It's too late for a young girl like you to be walking home alone. You tell me true, where do you live?"

Johnny hadn't figured on that and sat flustered, dabbing at his eyes with the handkerchief to stall for time. "We don't have no phone. I... I live just down the block a ways. You ain't gotta worry none. I didn't steal anything. You can search me if you want. Just let me go home."

Joshua could tell that the young girl was lying to him and decided to put an end to it. "Look, you either give me a street address and names of your parents or I'll just call the police. Either that or you look me in the eyes and tell me the truth right this minute."

Johnny was cornered. He could tell the truth about how his aunt made him dress. But then he would have to live with the fact that everyone would know his aunt had sissified him. Pictures of John Wayne and Hop A Long Cassidy laughing at him filled his mind. Such humiliation was unacceptable to what was left of his masculine pride, so he had to make one final attempt. "All right," he said with a heavy sigh. "I was running away from my aunt. She lives up in the penthouse. What you said about her not letting me do what I really want was true. I wasn't really running away...We had an argument and I just wanted to get some air...Yeah, that's it! Just get some air. Won't you let me just go for a walk? I promise I'll be right back. You can even stand in the doorway and keep an eye on me if you want."

"Tell you what," Joshua replied, "I'll just call your aunt first. Just to let her know that you are all right. If she agrees, I'll let you out. Now, what's your name, Missy?"

Johnny was very reluctant to use the name his aunt had given him, but he didn't have any choice. For the first time he named himself Joanne. As he stuttered out the name, his face flushed pink. It was another breach in his masculine defenses. There was very few defenses left for him to rely upon.

Soon Edna was standing in her dressing robe in front of them. Her face was calm, but Johnny could see the underlying currents of her building wrath. As she turned her attention from him to Joshua, she said with surprising calm, "Joshua, I don't know how to thank you, but I will see to it that you get a very nice bonus along with your check this month. I just don't know what goes through a young girl's mind these days. We had a talk about her latest beau, and I can't imagine why she can't listen to reason. I can't conceive of throwing myself at a man like that." Turning her attention back to Johnny, she continued in the same calm voice, "Don't you have the slightest respect for yourself or your family? Obviously, by your actions tonight, you don't. However, this is going to stop tonight. Understand?"

Seeing Johnny nod his head in acceptance, she looked back at Joshua. "Well, I know you have daughters of your own so I don't have to tell you anything. Go on, Joanne, you want to tell Joshua how you were getting ready to run off with your boyfriend tonight? No? Well, we've taken up enough of your time, Joshua. Again, thank you so very much for saving my dear niece from herself. Oh, by the way, would you please inform the rest of the staff of my niece's antics. I would hate for her to bother any of you again. Goodnight."

PUNISHMENT

"I try my best," she said. "I give you everything. And this is how you repay my kindness? Well, Joanne, tonight's little escapade was the last straw. Quit that simpering! Lands, you're becoming such a crybaby. Now stop that whining! I'm not going to take away your medicine or spank you, but I think a strong reminder is due. Strip, and don't take all night. It is getting very late and I am tired."

Soon Johnny was standing in a pool of his clothing. His aunt went over to the linen closet and removed a box. Walking back to the sink, she opened it and pulled the contents out. "You may recognize this from the last time I had to correct you. Now I don't want to wait for you to come begging me for it, so tonight I'm going to let you do it by yourself. Come over here, child."

He did as he was told, still not daring to look up at her face. She handed him the bright pink rubber bag with a white hose dangling from it. He recognized it immediately and started to blush. "That is yours! It's called a feminine syringe or douche bag. Most girls refer to it as their 'friend', because you will learn in time that it has other uses. Now I want you to fill it up with warm water and put some of your perfume in it. It won't hurt you to learn proper hygiene and smell pretty at the same time. As a reminder of tonight, you will use your friend on a regular basis for the next five days and every twenty-eighth day for five days straight from now on. I'll give you a calendar and starting this evening you will mark off in red ink each of the next five days. At the end

of the fifth day, you will mark off the next twenty-eight days in black ink as a reminder of when you need to use your friend next. Understood? Good! Now get busy.”

Johnny took the bag with trembling hands and held it under the tap until it was almost full. He poured some of his Tabu perfume into it filling the room with its heady fragrance. With the bag filled, his aunt told him to open the clip to let the air out of the tube.

“You don’t want a lot of air in there, as it will cause bloating and cramping. Now, rub a little petroleum jelly on the nozzle and take it over to the commode. Hang it on that hook beside the commode, insert the nozzle into your bottom, and release the clamp. Make sure that you move the nozzle back and forth to allow for an even flow. Keep doing that until the bag is completely empty. That’s right. Work it back and forth.”

She watched him like a hawk and noticed that his penis began to stiffen as he worked the nozzle inside his rectum. “I see that you like that. Don’t you, sissy? It always makes me feel so much fresher. Judging by your little thing there, you may actually look forward to this little chore.” As she said that, she had an idea to further humiliate him. “Joanne, you do have a boyfriend, don’t you? Come now, you must know a boy who you really like. What’s his name?”

Johnny was puzzled by his aunt’s question, but anything was better than thinking about what he was doing now. “Err...Billy. Billy Hammond. He’s my best friend. Why?”

“Oh, I was just curious, darling. Are you thinking about him now? Tell me, what does he look like? What color are his eyes and hair. Is he tall, short, broad-chested? Come on, describe him to me while you finish up!”

“Billy is Billy, auntie,” he stammered. He felt his penis jump as he pushed the nozzle fully into his rectum. A red flush began to form on his cheeks as he realized that his aunt was watching him and couldn’t possibly miss seeing his erection.

“Joanne, tell me or the punishment will be worse. Now concentrate on your boyfriend Billy. Picture him in your mind and describe him to me!”

“He’s got blond hair, a flat top. And he’s about my size. We had some of the same classes together. That’s all.”

“Joanne, you will have to do better than that! Close your eyes but don’t stop what you are doing and describe his every feature to me. You said his hair was blond? A flat top? What was he wearing the last time you saw him?”

Johnny couldn’t figure out why his auntie wanted to know so much about Billy, but he closed his eyes and tried to visualize him. “He has a crew cut and is bigger than me. Across the chest, I mean. Er...He was wearing a pair of jeans and a T-shirt the last time I saw him.”

“What color are his eyes?” she prompted.

“Blue I guess, yeah they’re blue.”

“You know a person’s eyes are a key to their soul,” his aunt replied. “What kind of smile does he have?”

“Smile? Oh, I don’t know. Kinda crooked I guess.”

“That kind of smile indicates he is pretty sure of himself. Now tell me, does he have a cute butt? You know all the girls love a man with a nice, rounded, tucked-in butt.”

“His butt? I... I never paid it much mind. I guess it’s like all guys’ butts. I never paid it no attention.”

Edna never took her eyes off Johnny as he sat there working the nozzle into his rectum. His head was bowed and his eyes closed as he talked about Billy. She kept after him, demanding details while watching his penis harden. *Making him visualize Billy from a woman’s point of view is an interesting experiment*, she thought. *All I have to do is make him think about Billy the way a girl would, and I’ll have him right were I want him.*

“What do you think it would feel like to run your fingers through his hair? Think about it while you sit there,” she said aloud. *I wonder*, she continued thinking as she watched Johnny do her bidding. *Now that I think of it, there’s that young man, Ralph something or other. Nice young man, but they say he is a fairy. Maybe that’s just the thing... I’m going to have to think about this a bit. Yes, I do believe things are beginning to look good.*

Johnny hated doing what his aunt was forcing him to do with his “friend,” but his penis’ stiffening couldn’t be denied. He began blushing all the harder as she stood over him, taunting him. He also found it compelling to think about Billy’s butt. Something he never would have done on his own. The more he tried to forget, the more his thoughts strayed back to it. Even these strange thoughts couldn’t take away the fact that his penis was as rigid as it had ever been, and he felt himself beginning to cum.

His thoughts were interrupted by his aunt’s voice. “Joanne, grab some tissue and put it over your clitoris dear. You don’t want to make a mess on the toilet seat and have to clean it up.”

Johnny at first didn’t understand what his aunt was saying about a clitoris. But, feeling his balls contract, he instinctively grabbed a handful of tissue and covered himself just in time. The momentary bliss quickly dissipated as he realized what he had just done in front of his aunt. He didn’t dare look up. He was totally mortified.

“No need to feel embarrassed, my dear. We all have the same feelings, and it is perfectly natural to fantasize about our boyfriends. You shouldn’t feel ashamed; it is perfectly normal, Joanne. Billy sounds like a dreamboat to me, too. Why, if I were a few years younger...Well, you can dream more about him after you get to bed.”

With the bag emptied, he was told to hold the water in until she instructed otherwise. He sat squirming on the seat while his stomach filled and gurgled. His mind was also in a state of confusion. All this nonsense that his aunt was feeding him about boyfriends, clitoris, and that it was all right for him to dream about Billy... Heck, he had only dated a few times. He still didn’t know diddly about girls, but he knew it wasn’t normal for guys to dream about other guys. As he sat on the commode trying to bring order to his thoughts, his aunt interrupted and told him he could let go. With a sigh, he felt the water gush out of his bottom. The smell of perfume mixed with feces filled the air.

His aunt took the empty bag and went back over to the sink, where she refilled it part way and added a drop or two of perfume. She walked back over to him and with a smirk on her face told him to start over. This time, she told him to get up without emptying his guts. "What color did you say Billy's eyes were?" she inquired as she turned her attention back to the closet.

When he had emptied the second bag, she handed him a white wrapped object. "This is a tampon. Pull off the wrapping and take it between your thumb and forefinger. Now insert it into your bottom and push the tapered end." He reluctantly complied; his face flushed bright red in humiliation. Edna had to turn her head to keep him from seeing her expression as she watched his grimace. She still hadn't finished with him. Smiling, she handed him a white elastic belt with twin tabs hanging down from it on lace edged elastic straps.

"This is called a sanitary belt. It holds your sanitary napkin in place so that you don't have any embarrassing leakage," she informed him when she handed it over to him. "This," she continued as she placed a thick, paper-wrapped pad into his hand, "is a sanitary napkin. Remove the wrapper. See those elongated ends? Fasten each one into the metal hooks on the belt. Here, let me show you this once. You'll be doing this yourself for the next five days, so remember what I'm showing you tonight. This is to teach you another lesson. Tonight you will sleep like that and every night for the next five days. You're going to learn what it feels like to be bloated and crampy. Something we women go through every month. That is your punishment. I don't think that you are going to enjoy it and will think twice before you try to disobey me in the future. Besides, it will be a good experience for you. Something you can relate to with your new girl friends."

He felt like he was wearing a pillow tucked between his legs as he put on his chiffon robe. Tying the sash around his waist, he followed her over to the sink without raising his head. Staring at the floor, he wished that it would open up and swallow him. As he cleaned his friend, he shifted from one foot to the other; the full bloated feeling and strange padding made him uncomfortable. He was also instructed to talk to his friend. "Young girls are always cooing over their things like they were animate objects, and you should do the same. What should you say? Well, like when you pick out your favorite blouse or skirt, you should say 'oh, how precious' or 'I just love how you make me look.' You could tell your friend how much you like her and that she makes you feel so fresh. Things like that. Now let me hear you. I want nothing more than to have you happy while you stay with me, and talking happy talk let's me know you are happy."

His aunt's conversation sounded idiotic to him. He certainly didn't want her to do anything more to him, but the immediacy of feeling like he had to go relieve himself abated. So he tried to do as she wanted. At one point, he looked up at her and said, "Auntie, I'm a man, remember? Men don't wear dresses or..."

"Bah! Man? Joanne, look over at that mirror and tell me if you see anything resembling a man."

Johnny looked. Standing at the sink he saw two people. One was his aunt; the other, mostly naked and holding a pink rubber bag, could not be taken for a man or

for that matter even a boy. The hair was pinned back in a bun, the body white and smooth with no hint of hair on torso, arms, or legs, red lines where a bra had been, and wearing a very feminine robe. He did his best to ignore the white bulge at his crotch. He was unsuccessful in holding back the tears.

“Now, does that look remotely like any man you ever saw? Especially one simpering like such a big sissy? It’s getting late and I want to get to bed.”

A TRIP TO THE SHOPPING CENTER

Johnny woke with the sun streaming through the window. His aunt stood beside his bed smiling down at him. As he pushed aside the soft pink satin sheet and comforter, he realized what he was wearing. It had bunched up around his upper waist and exposed his panties. He quickly reached down and pulled the nightie back into place. “Darling, you should be more careful about showing your panties. Modesty is a virtue that you must instinctively remember. What if Eunice had seen you so exposed? Now come along, I’ve already drawn your bath.”

Johnny felt groggy as he slid his legs out from under the covers. He placed his feet in the heeled slippers that his aunt had arranged beside the bed and grabbed his robe. He felt his stomach growl and gurgle loudly, and he became aware of a strong need to relieve himself. He made a beeline to the commode and spent several agonizing seconds trying to extricate himself from the girdle. With the girdle pooled around his feet, he turned to sit but was stopped by his aunt’s command.

“Joanne! Darling, you must first get your friend ready before you do anything else this morning. Now come over her and do what you know you have to do.”

“Auntie, I gotta go real bad...”

“No sass, young lady. Now get over here and don’t make me come and get you!”

Reluctantly, Johnny stepped out of his girdle and picked up his friend where it lay on the counter top. Quickly he filled it with warm water and a few drops of his perfume. The water flowing from the tap only made his need all the greater. Twisting and tucking his knees together while stooping slightly eased the need, but he knew that if he didn’t hurry he would make a big mess. With the bag in hand, he returned to the toilet and hung it on its hook. Starting to sit, he was stopped once more by his aunt’s voice.

“Joanne, haven’t you forgotten something? Your pad and tampon! Before you do anything else, grab a big handful of tissue and carefully remove the pad. Once you have done that, wrap it securely in the tissue and place it in the wastebasket. Check the pad first to see if there is any unnatural color or discharge on it. Wrap it up good and tight. I said PLACE it in the wastebasket, not throw it in there. That is positively uncouth. Okay, now grab some more tissue and carefully remove your tampon. Let it drop onto the tissue by holding it under your bottom. You don’t want any of that mess getting on your hands. Good, now roll it in tissue before you place it in the basket. Tissue is cheap, dear, and we girls just can’t help ourselves when it comes to using lots of tissue. We don’t want to expose our hygiene problems to the world. Now you may sit

and relieve yourself, then I want you to freshen yourself just like you did last night. Hurry up now, the bath is getting cold.”

During breakfast, Johnny ate oatmeal, juice, and special tea. His aunt told him that she had a special day planned for them. “First,” she said pointing her spoon at him, “we’re going to get you some more clothes. The few dresses in your closet simply won’t do if you are going to stay here much longer. And no you are not going back there anytime soon. According to your mother’s doctor, she hasn’t improved very much. Yes, we can go see her, but not for a while, dear. So, where was I? Oh yes, shopping. I think that a complete wardrobe will be necessary. Then I think a quiet lunch and a trip to the salon would be in order. Don’t you think that would be fun darling? No? I’m surprised at your attitude dear. All young girls simply love to go shopping and so should simpering little sissies like you. Besides, I am offering you an unlimited spree. Just think of all the nice things you can get. So from this moment on, I expect to see a happy smile on your face. Wipe away those tears!”

Eunice walked into the dining room to remove the dirty dishes. “Eunice,” Edna said, “what would you say if I told you that a certain young lady did not want to go shopping?”

“Oh goodness, Miss Edna,” Eunice replied, “I don’t know of a solitary person that wouldn’t want to go shopping. My daughter Angie goes shopping all the time. Sometimes I think she wouldn’t sleep if she could go shopping.”

“There, you see, Joanne?” Edna said after Eunice left the room. “All real girls want to go shopping. You don’t want anyone finding out that you’re not a real girl, do you?”

In no time, Johnny was sliding his legs out of the car, holding his left hand firmly on the hem of his short green and black plaid skirt. Edna had made him practice getting into and out of her car for ten minutes before they left the apartment. “A woman,” she instructed, “must be careful when she gets into or out of a car, dear. Otherwise she is liable to expose more of her anatomy than she would wish for others to see.”

The shopping center was crowded, and Johnny tried his best to keep his eyes on his feet as his aunt led him by the hand deeper into the complex. “Joanne,” she whispered to him as she pulled him along, “if people notice that you are not acting like a young lady, then they may think you are possibly something else. Women enjoy shopping and looking into all the store windows, not at their feet! They also smile. You don’t want me to have to tell you this again, do you?”

Johnny blushed but tried to comply with his aunt’s demands. He quaked every time he thought that someone was watching him. Forcing a smile to his lips, he did his best to look like he was actually enjoying this new experience. Soon he found himself in one of the larger department stores, standing in the young miss section. They spent what seemed like years in that one department. He was forced to try on skirts and dresses of all kinds right there in front of sales clerks and other shoppers. The first was a gray wool skirt with a bright pink poodle embroidered on the left side. It hung loosely around his hips, until the sales clerk pulled four nylon net petticoats up his legs. He almost peed in his panties as the stranger’s fingertips passed briefly across his crotch as she settled the crinolines in place.

Thank goodness my aunt insisted that I wear a panty girdle, he thought. The petticoats made the dress flare out handsomely, and his aunt had him twirl several times to see the effect. Edna excused his brightly glowing cheeks as due to “her shyness” and “a young woman’s overblown modesty.” In the end, Johnny walked away from the store with his arms filled with boxes and garment bags containing his aunt’s purchases. They dropped off his new dresses and blouses before heading back to the stores.

The next stop was the lingerie department. There the flush returned to his cheeks as he was fitted for a bra. The sales clerk’s face expressed surprise when he removed the old one but quickly recovered, saying that all girls went through different development periods. She quickly and methodically measured his chest and selected several bra styles for him to try on. As Johnny was putting on one of the selections under the supervision of the clerk, his aunt was looking

through a pile of bras. At last she held up a pink one with sharply pointing cups. The clerk saw what Edna held and, before the question could be asked, volunteered, “Oh, that’s simply the latest thing. It’s called a bullet bra and has become all the rage since Mamie Van Duren started wearing them in the movies. As you can see the stiff construction forces the cups to stand out and makes for a sharp crease. Would you like to try one on? They’re on special this week.”

“No, I don’t think so,” Edna replied. “Maybe its just what the doctor ordered for my niece, however. A girl her age with... well, you know...could use an image builder like this. Do you have any in her size?”



Johnny, blushing from his toes to the top of his head, reluctantly allowed his aunt to pull the bra up around his chest and fasten the three hook and eye closures. The cups sagged pitifully on his immature chest. Then the clerk returned and placed two soft, satin-covered pads into the hollow cups, saying, "Now dear, these will help fill you out until your own flesh can replace them."

Now his chest sported breasts that proudly thrust themselves outward. Pulling his white starched blouse back on, the fit was much tighter. As he looked in horror at his reflection in the mirror, he could see wide gaps between the buttonholes, as the material was stretched to the limit. Before he could even get out a moan of despair, the clerk informed him that he would have to get a larger blouse. The clerk and his aunt discussed the bra and clothing changes required as if he wasn't even there. He never would have believed that he would be looking forward to wearing a new blouse. His opinion was neither sought nor considered as the two women continued to talk fashions. It didn't seem to bother them either that he was standing in the lady's dressing room half-naked, while other shoppers came and went. Most glanced his way and offered a smile, but none stopped or said anything to him. He finally left the lingerie department with three of the bullet bras and many other very frilly and feminine undergarments. Again they had to stop at the car to unload all his purchases. He was still wearing a white bullet bra under his blouse. The fact that the buttonholes flared open did not phase his aunt in the slightest. To his complaint she only said, "Be proud, dear, and hold your shoulders back. Other young ladies would kill to be able to wear what you are wearing now."

They saw the shoe department, the hosiery department, jewelry department where Edna bought him a gold feminine watch, several pairs of clip on earrings, bangles, rings, and several necklaces, and finally to the cosmetic department. There he was forced to sit in a tall chair while the sale's clerk slowly and carefully went over the basics of cosmetics with him before finally applying it to his face. He left that counter with several more boxes and dark blue eyeshadow, black mascara and eyeliner, foundation, powder and blush, and ruby red lips. With both their arms filled, Edna and Johnny made another trip to the car to unload.

By this time, the trunk and most of the back seat were filled. As his aunt locked the car, she announced that it was time for lunch. Johnny wasn't sure what he was happier to hear, lunch because he was hungry or the fact that they wouldn't be doing any shopping for a while. They went to the lunch counter in the drugstore, where his aunt ordered him a tuna sandwich and lemonade. His hamburger and french fries were rejected before he even got the request out of his mouth. The malt he wanted was also rejected in favor of a single scoop of chocolate ice cream.

When he complained about what his aunt had ordered, she said in a tone that he recognized, "You're getting to that age where you must carefully watch what you eat or your face will break out in acne. You certainly don't want ugly marks scarring that lovely complexion do you? Now no more complaints, and remember to eat small bites and chew thoroughly. Also, you might want to keep your knees pressed together and sit up straight. There's some teenage boys over there, and I think they may be interested in what you're showing them at the moment." Johnny gasped and quickly

pressed his knees together. When the waitress arrived with their drinks, his cheeks were still blushed in embarrassment.

Finished with their lunch, his aunt grabbed a shopping cart and ordered him to follow her. They slowly strolled the aisles, his aunt reaching out to select an item here and there as they went. At first, she selected various vitamins and over-the-counter drugs, then they went into the hair care department where she selected a large bag of hair rollers. The kind that look like springs covered in plastic webbing, filled with what appeared to be white bristle brushes that were stuck through with big pink skewers. A couple of boxes with pictures of women's faces on the front, several brushes, a box of bobby pins, colorful barrettes, amongst other hair care products were quickly placed in the basket. The next aisle made Johnny blush. It was the feminine products aisle. Here his aunt selected a number of items and placed them in the basket. The last things his aunt picked up were more of the scented soaps, talc, shampoo, and perfume that he used. Approaching the check out counter, his aunt handed him forty dollars and told him to pay for everything while she checked on something at the pharmacy.

The cashier smiled at him. "Oh, you'll just love this color," she said as she punched in the price of one of the boxes. "This perm is a little tricky, but it really holds good. Don't you just love this fragrance? My boyfriend Joey just can't keep his hands off me when I wear it. He says it makes him want to just eat me up, if you know what I mean. Hehehehe. My mother almost killed me last time we went out. He left a trail of hickeys around my neck, and when my mom saw them...well...you can guess the rest. I had to use a ton of foundation to hide it at school."

Johnny stood there at the counter trying his best to look natural, but inside he was both shocked and confused. The check out girl accepted him as an equal, not even questioning his sex. He had no intention of using any of those products. He realized, however, that the feminine hygiene items were very likely for his personal use. It made him worry about what his aunt was going to do with all those other items she had put into the basket.

Just as the clerk handed him back his change, Aunt Edna returned with a small white bag in her hand. She helped him carry his other purchases back to the car. His load placed in the back seat, Johnny was getting ready to get in himself when his aunt turned around and started back to the stores. Johnny moaned as he followed his aunt yet again to the shopping center. He was exhausted, but his aunt seemed hell bent on buying out every single store in the complex.

One of his last purchases was a formal. It was yellow satin overlaid with pale yellow chiffon. The chiffon draped gracefully around the bosom, outlining it and caressing the shoulders before flowing down, overlaying the satin skirts in the back. Several yellow nylon net petticoats forced the skirting to flare out from his waist and tickled the backs of his knees where the hem ended. A bright yellow nylon net wrap was placed across his shoulders to finish off the formal. Of course, they had to purchase matching yellow pumps with three inch heels and a beaded leather handbag.

By the early afternoon, Johnny was exhausted both physically and mentally. He did not care about anything other than getting back to the apartment and off his feet. With the formal safely secured in a garment bag, his aunt led him back to the car. This time

she told him to get in and that they were going home. Those words “going home” never sounded so good to his ears. He actually found himself smiling.

A RINSE, PERM, AND POLISH

That evening, after a quick supper and Eunice’s departure, his aunt called him into her bathroom. On the counter top were several empty boxes that Johnny recognized from the drugstore. Off to the side of the sink were bottles and other strange items he was not familiar with. He was sure that he did not really want to find out. She motioned for him to sit on a tall stool near the sink. She placed a towel around his shoulders and told him to lean over the basin. Turning on the water, she shampooed his hair. With his hair clean, he sat up while his aunt reached over and picked up a brown plastic bottle. With the bottle in her hand, she told him to hold his head down over the basin. She then carefully applied the rinse. She rubbed his scalp thoroughly, making sure that the rinse was evenly applied. Soon his hair took on a much lighter shade. Before it had been a mousy brown. Now it was an even dark blond. With a towel wrapped around his wet hair, Johnny sat back up on the stool.

Edna towed it dry and began dividing it into sections. Using the rollers, she rolled each section tightly. They pricked his scalp and made it itch. Each was wound down to the scalp and given an extra half turn. Johnny winced with pain as the bristles pricked his scalp, but his aunt continued doing his hair despite his protests. Finally, with his head covered in rollers, Edna began soaking each section with the permanent wave solution. Immediately the noxious odor of the solution filled everyone’s nostrils. If Johnny wasn’t sure about what his aunt was doing up to that point, he certainly knew now.

He was able to lift and turn his head for a moment while his aunt went to get some cotton wadding. He was shocked to see reflected in the mirror that his head was covered in a neat bricklayers pattern of rows, without a stray hair in sight. He felt like he was marked for life. Tears began forming at the corner of his eyes and soon turned into a torrent.

“What’s the matter, darling?” Edna asked. “None of that nasty chemical got in your eyes did it? Well, stop that silly crying this instant! My, you’re becoming a bigger cry-baby with each passing day. Just a simpering little sissy to let something as simple as a perm make you cry. You should be happy that you won’t have to fuss with your hair every morning. Now sit up, I’ve got to put this cotton around your head to keep the chemicals from dripping into your face.” She took a bunch of cotton wadding and carefully protected his ears and face with it before sponging more of the stinking solution. Satisfied that she had thoroughly saturated each roller, she covered his head with the flexible plastic hood of the portable dryer. She set the timer for twenty minutes and, grabbing the handle of the dryer, picked it up and motioned for Johnny to follow her.

Back in her bedroom, she placed the dryer on the edge of the vanity. As he sat there, facing away from the mirrored vanity, Edna picked up his left hand and began filing his nails with an emery board. By the time she had rounded each nail into a pointed oval extending about a quarter inch past the end of each finger and painted them a vibrant red, it was time to apply the neutralizer. Picking up the dryer, they

moved back into the bathroom, where she carefully drenched each roller. Again she re-applied the hair net and placed the dryer hood over his head. Back in the bedroom, she moved down to his feet and, after separating his toes with cotton pads, filed then polished them in the same vibrant red.

Edna removed the hood from his head and carefully unwound one of the rollers. Satisfied that it was dry enough, she carefully placed the purple hair net to cover all the rollers and secured it tightly around his head. His frilly nightcap followed the hair net. "Joanne darling, you are going to have to sleep with these curlers in for tonight. It will be uncomfortable, but in time you will get use to it. Now, I don't want to hear any complaints! I'm too tired to argue this evening. Go on and get ready for bed. I'll be there shortly to tuck you in."

CONSPIRATORS

"Hello," a voice answered.

"Ralph, this is Edna. Edna Smythe. You remember our conversation from the other day when we met on the elevator? Ahhh, yes you do. Well, I just wanted to call and let you know that we will be down at the pool by 10 in the morning. Can you be there? You can? Yes that is fine, just fine. See you then."

Edna was going to run a quick errand the other night when she met Ralph in the elevator. Ralph had a rumored reputation for being "different," as the polite society of the building called it. That reputation entered Edna's mind as she greeted him on the elevator. "You're that young man who lives in 878, aren't you?" she had asked. When he smiled and said yes, Edna began chatting with him to determine just what she could reveal to this young man. By the time they had gotten to the lobby, she was fairly sure that Ralph was going to be the final ingredient in her recipe to keep the family inheritance.

"Where are you going?" she asked him as they stepped out onto the sidewalk.

"I'm on my way to pick up Maurice," he replied. Seeing Edna's confused look, he added, "Maurice is my toy poodle. He's at the groomers getting his hair cut and nails polished."

"Isn't a toy poodle a rather unusual pet for a man?" Edna thought about asking but decided to get to the point. "I understand, and please don't get me wrong, I don't mean to offend. Are you homosexual?" She did not wait for an answer but plunged ahead. "I have a nephew. Oh, how should I say this? Well, he dresses and acts like a young lady. As a matter of fact, he easily passes as a young lady. I need someone who can accept my nephew...or niece... as is. Someone that would strongly encourage her perceived image or would even insist on the constant continuation of that perception. I understand that you live alone and, if you'll pardon my abruptness, living on what is becoming a rapidly dwindling source of funds. Should someone like you...er... decide that my niece would make an acceptable companion or wife, then I am sure that a very good dowry could be settled on."

Ralph stopped in his tracks as Edna kept talking. What she was suggesting both surprised and intrigued him. Her very abruptness had the ring of truth, and he imme-

diately dismissed any thoughts that she was pulling some nasty trick on him. He was aware that the inhabitants of the apartment complex suspected his “peculiarities.” You just couldn’t keep some secrets safe in the close confines of the complex. The only thing that kept him from being a total outcast was that he had never openly flaunted his personal lifestyle. As a matter of fact, he was disturbed that this pushy woman even suspected that he was that way. It was very important to him to cultivate the image of a “normal” heterosexual male, although he knew that wasn’t always the case. It was still important to him.

The word “dowry” hit home. His mind raced with the possibilities. His inheritance was just about depleted, and he would soon be faced with doing something he was most loath to do: finding a job. He had never worked a day in his life and at twenty-four he did not want to start now.

Edna appeared somewhat apprehensive as he just stood there. He could see doubt reflected in her eyes that perhaps she had done the wrong thing. He would have relished letting her dwell on what that would mean, but the thought of money made him answer, “Of course, Miss Edna. I would love to meet your niece, but well...I’m, as you so well said, a bit short of change to adequately woo her.”

“Oh, don’t worry your head over something that insignificant,” Edna responded happily. “I’ll see to it that some funds are deposited into your account. Just make sure that you don’t discover Joanne’s little secret while you are petting. Otherwise I would expect you to behave as any young man would when presented the gift of a virgin. Remember, Joanne is a young woman, and I would expect you to do whatever necessary to perpetrate that perception. Do we understand one another? Good. I’ll call you and let you know when you can meet. Oh, by the way, we never had this conversation, okay? Good day.”

JOHNNY’S FEMINIZATION CONTINUES

Johnny had a miserable night. No matter how he tried to sleep, the bristles holding the rollers in place dug painfully into his scalp. By the time his aunt came to get him, he was still awake. He complained as she helped him into the bubble-filled tub that he couldn’t wear the rollers another second without going crazy. She brushed off his complaints telling him to just get use to it because he was going to be wearing rollers to bed for a long time.

“At least tonight you’ll get to use those spring rollers we purchased yesterday. While not comfortable, you can get use to them,” she said as she began scrubbing his back.

Soon he was sitting on the bathroom stool wearing just his feminine robe and sanitary belt with Edna removing the rollers. His hair was now much blonder, almost platinum, with deep waves flowing tightly across the top and at the sides forming a duck tail upturn at the back. His bangs had been swept across his forehead from the right to his left side in a gentler wave. It was definitely a very feminine style. It was also plastered down with hairspray. He was so shocked at seeing what she had done to his hair that he did not offer any resistance when she began plucking away at his bushy eyebrows. “Hold still while I thin these out a bit,” she ordered as the sharp pinpricks of pain got his attention. Edna worked on his eyebrows for several minutes until she had

formed two very narrow arching lines thicker by the nose and narrowing down to just a single hair at the temple. Finally putting down the tweezers, she ran a dampened finger over the very feminine arches, smoothing them down. Next, she picked up an eyebrow pencil and filled the delicate arches into smooth, dark, feminine lines. Using her thumb to stretch out his right eyelid, she outlined the edges with the pencil then repeated it on the left eye. Once she had lined each lid, she coated each lid in blue eye shadow. Finally, she picked up a bottle of mascara and, removing the wand, carefully coated his lashes in the dark liquid. "Spread your fingers out on the vanity," she instructed as she removed cotton balls, a small bottle of red liquid, and another bottle of clear yellow liquid from a vanity drawer. "I'm not happy with the way your nails turned out last night. See, you scuffed them before they had a chance to dry."

Once she had removed the old polish, she then quickly painted each nail a bright pink. The smell of acetone filled his nose, and he wanted to jerk his hands away from the continuing insult to his manhood, but Edna's firm grip on his hand prevented it. In no time both hands sported bright pink enamel. Instructing him to make sure that he kept his hands on the vanity while the polish dried, she grabbed his chin tightly in her left hand. "Purse your lips!" she ordered. Johnny tried to stop her, but her look silenced whatever he would have said. "Purse your lips like this," she said again, while showing him what she wanted from him. "I swear, child, can't you remember anything?"

As he complied, she stroked the tip of the bright red lipstick across his lips. "There now, that is so much better." She handed him a tissue and told him to blot. "I expect you to learn to do this yourself from now on. It isn't proper for a young lady to appear in public looking less than her absolute best. You should count your lucky stars, darling. Most parents would not let their daughters wear makeup for another year or so."

Johnny could only stare down at the tissue covered in his red lip prints. The trip down from the country had been bad enough, but being painted in woman's war paint and being told that he would have to learn to do it made his plight even more permanent. By the time his aunt had finished with him, Johnny wanted to cry. Only his aunt's admonishment kept him from bawling his eyes out. "Don't start that simpering sniffing of yours, you silly sissy. You'll run your mascara and ruin all my hard work," she chided him. "You'll be fixing your face yourself after today, and I'm willing to bet that those water works will stop plenty quick if you have to repair your eye makeup yourself." She led him by the hand over to his bed where she handed him some clothing.

He accepted the first item and stepped into it. It was a tight fit and felt like another too small panty girdle as he pulled it up his legs. Settling it around his hips, the garment was squeezing snugly his groin. The sanitary padding formed it into a very feminine looking mound; his penis was tucked back between his legs. The second item was a bra, and Johnny did not even notice the foam pads that filled the cups. He then slid the straps over his shoulders and waited for his aunt to hand him something else.

Instead of the dress he expected, she gave him a white, terry, short robe with sash tie. This was accompanied by a pair of white strap sandals with two-inch heels and a broad brimmed white straw hat with pink band that tied under his chin. It wasn't until his aunt tied the ribbon under his chin that he realized what he was wearing.

"I thought after all our exertions yesterday that some relaxation was in order. So Joanne, we're off to the pool for a day of leisure. Now doesn't that sound just peachy? Come on, we'll grab a quick breakfast and then go to the pool. Oh, and by the way: no swimming. You're having your period and swimming would prove embarrassing."

Johnny was wearing a bright pink, two-piece bathing suit. The bottom was tight like a panty girdle and effectively hid his male equipment. It was cut in a brief style rather than the true skimpy bikini shape and had white ruffles in four rows across the back and two similar ruffles outlined the bottom half of the bra cups. With the foam support in the bra and the white ruffles, Johnny's chest appeared to be that of a very convincing young woman. The tight restriction of the bra also mounded up his own flesh, giving the impression of their being more to him than there really was.

JOHNNY GETS A BOYFRIEND

At the poolside located on the roof of the apartment building, Edna instructed Johnny to pull two chaise lounges together. There they lay out sun tan oil, towels, magazines, and their purses on a side table. As they got settled, Edna looked up and waved to someone across the pool. Johnny paid her no mind, as he was preoccupied worrying about being discovered and trying to arrange his towel on the chair. His bathing suit, if you could call it that, did not leave a whole lot to the imagination. He also had no idea of just how feminine his behind looked as he bent from the waist spreading out the towel. He turned around to sit in his lounge chair when a shadow fell across his face. Looking up, he saw a tall, muscular young man perhaps in his early twenties standing over him.

"Joanne darling," his aunt said, "this is Ralph Jenkins, a neighbor of ours. Ralph, this is my niece Joanne."

Johnny didn't respond at first. As usual, he just wanted to find some hole to crawl into and die. Whenever his aunt did something like this it always came back to embarrass him. However, he managed a weak smile as he raised his hand to shield his eyes from the sun glowing down from behind Ralph. "Hi..." he managed.

"Ralph, my niece isn't much of a morning person, but we'd be more than happy to have you join us. Please sit, I insist."

Ralph pulled up another lounge and at Edna's insistence placed it between them. They chatted for some time, ignoring Johnny. After a while, Edna asked Ralph to put some lotion on Joanne's back because she looked like she was beginning to burn. While Johnny tried to refuse the offer, saying he could do it himself, Edna would not hear of it. So while Johnny lay on his stomach, Ralph began messaging the soothing lotion on his back.

At one o'clock, Edna excused them and, before leaving for the apartment, invited Ralph over for a late lunch. "Darling, you must come have dinner with us. I just know Joanne would love to have you over. Perhaps you could ask her out to a movie or something?"

"Auntie!!!" Joanne almost screamed when she heard Edna. Shocked and embarrassed, Johnny grabbed his stuff, cramming it into a tote, and hurried off back to the

apartment. He did not care what his aunt did to him, he wasn't going to stand there and be totally humiliated. *How could she even think for a single solitary second that I would even consider wanting to be near Ralph, much less go out on a date? The nerve,* he thought as he waited for the elevator to take him back to the apartment.

As she watched Johnny walking away, she couldn't help but smile. His butt wiggled just like any young woman's. Turning to face Ralph, she said, "Well, what do you think of my nephew Johnny? Isn't he just precious and convincing? After our talk the other night, I do hope that I haven't overstepped my bounds, but I would think that if I had your leanings that someone so convincing would be worth pursuing. I certainly have absolutely no objections to whatever you may have in mind for my darling nephew. Why, I think having you as a family member would do us all good. See you in an hour for lunch and don't be late. Ta ta."

His aunt found Johnny in the bathroom pulling off his bottoms. "Young lady, what did you think you were doing just running off like that. Ralph is a very nice young man, and any girl would be proud to have him for a beau. I have invited him for lunch, and you will be nice to him. As a matter of fact, you can just make our lunch and serve him. I expect to see a very happy smile on your face and you had better remember your manners. Understood?"

"But auntie," he began, "I'm not interested in boys. I'm one myself, no matter what you have done to change that. I am a boy and I do not date other boys. That's queer, and even you know that! I like girls and I'm a boy. I may have to wear these stupid clothes, but I don't have to go out with boys because I do. I want out of these horrid clothes, and I am behaving like you demand. Please, Auntie, let me go back to dressing like a boy. I don't like being a girl."

His aunt stood there for a moment like she had been shot. When she finally reacted, Johnny knew he had crossed the line once again. Her face slowly turned red, and her eyes became squinty. "How dare you question me, young lady? I am your aunt and your guardian and I know what is best for you! No one who cries and sniffles like you do and looks like you do could possibly think of themselves as a male."

Edna handed him a gold charm bracelet to put on then told him to sit at the vanity. Still somewhat in shock at how things had gotten completely out of hand, Johnny meekly did as instructed. Once again, Edna did his face and brushed out his hair. Getting the fingernail polish remover and cotton balls from the vanity draw, she quickly removed all traces of his pink nail polish. Using emery board and cuticle stick, she shaped and formed his nails into a more feminine image.

Johnny started to get up, believing that his aunt had finished. He was heartened by the removal of the bright pink polish even if he now sported bright red lips. The only time he was acutely aware of it occurred when he looked into a mirror. However, when he wore fingernail polish he couldn't avoid seeing that distinctly feminine trait and was constantly reminded of his fate.

"Just where do you think you are going?" his aunt demanded. "A young lady should color-coordinate her fingernail polish to the color of her clothing."

"Er, I thought you were finished," he replied.

"There you go thinking. Something that you are obviously incapable of doing. From now on I will do all your thinking for you. Just do as you are told with a happy smile on your face and perhaps I may not have to consider snipping away the source of your rebellious nature. Now sit."

LUNCH AND A DATE

As he was finishing up the final preparations, Edna came into the kitchen and told him Ralph had arrived. She also spent several minutes instructing him on exactly how to behave and what she wanted to see him do. He was to be especially attentive to their visitor or else. Johnny was visibly shaken by his aunt's instructions. He had absolutely no desire to behave in the manner that his aunt preferred, but the alternative was too permanent to chance her displeasure. *After all*, he justified to himself; *it's only for lunch*. Aloud, he told his aunt that he would try his best.

Placing all the food and a pitcher of iced tea on the serving cart, he started to push it out into the dinning room. He was stopped almost as soon as he had taken his first step by his aunt's voice. "A young lady always checks her appearance before she is viewed by anyone else, especially a man! I shouldn't have to tell you this again, Joanne. Make sure everything is in its proper place. Where's your lipstick? You've already worn much of it off. Always remember that a man likes to see his woman looking her best. Now go fix your face before I get angry."

Johnny cringed at her words. In his room, he quickly appraised his appearance and dabbed another fresh layer of bright red across his lips. His hand was shaking so much that he ran the color off his lower lip and onto his chin. "Dang!" he said as he quickly grabbed some tissue and wiped away the mistake. He shook his hand in the air several times to see if that would steady it. Moving slower, holding the golden tube between thumb and forefinger, he did his best not make another mistake. Satisfied with this effort, he put the lipstick down and decided it would be best if he took it with him back to the kitchen. Double checking his hem line to make sure that the petticoats were not sticking out below the dress, he went back to get the serving cart.

Entering the dinning room with a big smile on his face, he first served his aunt. Then, making sure to do exactly as his aunt had instructed him, he stood behind Ralph's right shoulder and served him his food. Johnny made sure that his chest brushed against Ralph's shoulder as he placed first the salad and then the sandwich in front of him. Thankfully Ralph couldn't see his face as he performed this humiliating task.

Johnny then served himself and sat in the chair closest to Ralph. Before picking up his salad fork, he asked Ralph to tell him all about himself. Johnny pretended to hang on every word, barely touching his lunch as Ralph spoke. As Ralph animatedly told his life story, Johnny maintained a smile on his face even though his inner self was filled with anguish. Every now and then, seeing his aunt's slight nod, Johnny would reach out and touch Ralph's hand. Smiling broadly at Ralph, he then made some inane reply to whatever had been said. Johnny felt like a stupid idiot but wasn't about to anger his aunt. This little charade went on until just before Ralph left. As he finished making his good-byes to Edna, he turned to Johnny and asked him if he would like to go to dinner

and a movie Friday night. Johnny stood mute until his aunt not so subtly nudged him hard in the ribs.

“Err...I...,” he stuttered.

“Of course she’ll be more than happy to go out with you, Ralph,” his aunt broke in. “Ralph, she’s so smitten with you I think the cat done got her tongue, but I know she would really love to go out with you. She hasn’t stopped talking about you since we got back from the pool. Isn’t that right, Joanne darling?”

“Yes, Auntie... I would just love to go out with you, Ralph,” Johnny managed to respond.

“Great. Pick you up at 7:30. Again, thank you Miss Edna for a wonderful day and everything else. I can’t even begin the thank you enough for introducing me to your very lovely niece,” he said, giving Edna a quick wink. Turning to face Johnny, he said, “Goodbye. See you Friday, Joanne.”

Johnny knew he should protest, but he had learned his lesson. Letting a frown remove the smile from his lips, he turned to go clean up the dishes. “Don’t bother. I’ll get Eunice to clean up,” his aunt said. “I have something much more important for you to do this afternoon. Come, turn on the television and let’s sit for a while and see what lessons we can learn.”

For the next two and a half hours they sat watching the soaps. Johnny was instructed to watch carefully every female to male encounter in the first half-hour segment. During the second half, he was told to mimic how each of the women touched, hugged, and most importantly kissed their men. Edna had Johnny pretend that Ralph was standing or sitting beside him. He then had to place his hands around Ralph’s imaginary head, lightly touching the back of it with his fingers as he brought his lips into contact with the imaginary Ralph. Using the soaps as a guide, Johnny practiced and practiced how women romantically react to the men in their lives.

After the soaps were over, Edna made him practice all the scenes they had watched until Johnny had them down pat. As he rehearsed the proper feminine moves, he had to speak to his imaginary partner as if Ralph were really there. By the time he was allowed to rest, Johnny was mentally exhausted and becoming scared of what Edna might make him do next.

SUSPICIONS AROUSED

As Johnny was practicing his feminine wiles, Ronnie Edwards was just getting back to his office. He had gone to check on Mary to see how she was doing at the sanitarium. He had hoped to discuss some things with her regarding her only child. Living in a small town, everyone knows pretty much everybody else’s business, and the rumors were still flying over the ruse Mary and her husband David had pulled. Imagine making your daughter live and behave like a boy just for a few lousy dollars of inheritance! The only trouble with this rumor, and he had confirmation from Coach who actually saw Johnny’s very flat and feminine front, was the size of the inheritance. Ronnie believed that Johnny’s condition was more of an elaborate scam perpetrated by one Edna

Smythe than what the rumor mill said was the truth. *Heck*, he thought, *Miss Edna probably started that rumor herself*.

He had never been that close to the family, seeing how most people avoid lawyers like the plagues of Egypt unless they had specific business dealings. However, he was casually familiar with David, Johnny's father, and did not believe he was the type to do what was being suggested. He had so hoped Mary would shed some light on the matter, but she was so tranquilized that he didn't get much from her. Disturbingly, she had referred to "her baby girl" and how much she "missed him". When he pressed her about her baby she still mixed up her pronouns using "him" instead of "her," but also referring to her "daughter." All that really proved was that she was in a confused state, but something about what she was telling him seemed to confirm his suspicions.

The physician in charge wasn't much help. He insisted that Mary was suffering from delusions caused by her husband's death and believed that she had a son when in reality she had a beautiful daughter. "Heck, Ronnie," the doctor said as he walked him out of the hospital, "I met the young lady myself and must say she is quite the charmer."

The trouble with the physician's comments was that they did not coincide with his own experience when he had met Johnny. The person the doctor described and the person he met briefly in the outer office and had lived in the community so long just did not match. However, he did not have enough evidence to justify his own hypothesis or do anything at the moment. He did want to meet with Coach Johnson again. Coach had spent more time with Johnny than anyone else in town, but that would have to wait. He still had that big land and royalty settlement trial to finish. That something deep inside that had made him a lawyer was sending up all kinds of warning signals. *Maybe next week*, he thought as he pulled out a legal pad.

LESSONS IN DATING

"Joanne, if you're going to start dating I think that as a responsible guardian I should provide you with as much guidance as I possibly can. You are maturing and that brings on certain urges," his aunt began that evening as he sat at the vanity removing his makeup. "I picked this up while we were at the druggist the other day."

Puzzled, Johnny reached out and took the plastic-covered, oval-shaped things. He saw a white rolled up piece of what appeared to be rubber encased in a cellophane envelope. There were a number of individually wrapped packages attached together, and he must have held a dozen of them.

"Those are something that in time you may have a need for," she said seeing his expression. "I have two more boxes for you, should you need them. They are called condoms or rubbers. As you can see..." Here she paused to open one of the envelopes and extract the rolled up piece of rubber. "They are designed to fit over the male's sex organ. The purpose of this prophylactic is to prevent the propagation of the species. In other words, keep you from getting pregnant. Since most men are insensitive to a woman's natural propensity to become with child, a modern day miss should always carry some of these in her purse. You won't forget now, will you?"

"Auntie," he cautiously replied, "I'm a boy and boys can't get pregnant. It makes no sense for me to carry much less use these. Besides, I don't ever plan on letting any boy, much less Ralph, get that close to me. I don't like boys that way!"

"Darling, do you have any idea just how many babies are born every day that were the result of 'I won't do something like that'? Heavens child, all of us have said that and on more than one occasion. There is an old saying: 'better safe than sorry.' So I want you to be both safe and responsible. You will keep these in your purse and use them if necessary!" Edna said somewhat forcefully.

Again Johnny surrendered to his aunt's will. "All right Auntie, if you think it best."

Johnny placed the packages on the vanity top with some misgivings, but he knew his aunt well enough now not to annoy or disobey her. *Well, since I can't get pregnant I don't think that I will ever need to use these things. Besides by Thursday she may forget all about them,* he thought as he reached for the bottle of cold cream.

Under the watchful eyes of his aunt, Johnny's face, with the exception of circles around his eyes and lips, was covered in the thick white paste. Next, Edna began showing him how to place the rollers in his hair. Separate a segment of hair, wrap it tightly around the bristly coil, stick a pink plastic pick through the roller to secure it in place, finally spray it with hair spray and cover it with a hair net. Moisturizer to the hands, elbows, knees, and heels finished his regular nightly routine.

In between giving him instructions on how best to do whatever regiment he was doing at the time, Edna provided commentary on how a young lady should behave on dates. "Remember, one of the worst things that can happen to a young lady is getting a reputation for being easy. While you should show your beau your appreciation for treating you to the movies or whatever, you mustn't rush into a relationship." She paused to grab his hand, "There, there, you're using too much cream. Remember, just enough to coat. Once you have your face coated, then we'll let it soak in for a while then wipe off the excess with tissues."

Watching him do as she instructed, Edna continued her dating discussion. "I expect you to watch how those young ladies on the soaps flirt with their men every day this week. You can learn a lot from them. A little flick of the head and sly pout can accomplish a lot when used appropriately. I want you to keep practicing kissing like you did earlier today as well. There is an art to kissing well. Okay, now let's start rolling your hair. You're going to have to do this every night from now on."

She spent some time showing him exactly how she wanted him to roll his hair. After doing about half of it, she sat back and let him do the rest. As Johnny worked, she renewed her dating instruction. "Holding hands and letting him put his arm around your waist on the first date is acceptable and expected, however you shouldn't allow him to kiss or otherwise fondle you. Giving in that soon would mark a woman as easy and you will not do that. I have my reputation to consider. Now, when he brings you home after your first date, say thank you and end it there. If he likes you enough to invite you out on a second date, you may let him touch you on the knee, but otherwise you shouldn't go any further than you did on your first date. Of course, you may rest your head on his shoulder or hold his hand, but still you shouldn't act desperate or hasty."

She paused to make him re-roll some of his looser efforts. "Dear, you must keep the roll tight against your scalp for it to do any good. Now where was I? If he asks you out on a third date, that indicates that he is serious and then you should kiss him. You should save the kiss for when he brings you home, though. After your third date, then you had better begin kissing him as you greet him at the door and frequently thereafter. The kissing part... I expect you to keep paying very close attention to what happens on the soaps and practicing what you see there. Good, you have finished rolling your hair. I'll tell you more about what is expected of you when you go out with Ralph after your fourth date. Okay? Now come along, its time to change out pads."

THE FIRST DATE

Johnny sat nervously on his bed, waiting for Edna to let him know that Ralph had arrived. He was wearing his sheerest white nylon panties for a change, without the panty girdle. The sensation of the flimsy nylon against his flesh without that horrible wet bulk of sanitary pad and belt was positively wonderful. He also wore his white bullet bra, four petticoats in various colors, a white cashmere turtle necked sweater, and blue full shirt. White bobby socks and saddle oxfords adorned his feet, and a gold charm bracelet jangled at his wrist. A small feminine watch was strapped to his left wrist and several rings adorned his fingers. His nails were polished a deep red, and his face was adorned in matching lipstick and blue shadow. According to his senses, he positively reeked of perfume. His aunt had him apply a dab of it between his legs of all places. At least that was a heck of a lot better than having to wear that pad. He looked in his vanity mirror once again, perhaps for the hundredth time, to make sure no hint of maleness showed through. The absolute worse thing that could happen to him would be the revelation of his true sex.

He jumped up off the bed when he heard the door chimes. Quickly, he moved towards the door then remembered his aunt's admonishment; "Don't you dare come out of your room until I call you. Understand? No woman wants a man to think that she's just waiting to come at his bidding, at least not until you're married. So you stay there until I come and get you."

As Ralph walked in, Edna smiled appreciatively up at him. He was tall, well over six-foot, and perhaps 180 pounds. He was dressed in khaki slacks, navy button-down, long-sleeved dress shirt, with a white silk ascot tucked under his chin. He was wearing a pair of wingtips and looked very natty. While he didn't walk with a swish or sway, there was something about his body language that said he was gay. That was all well and good as far as she was concerned. She just wanted to make sure that he would take the dominant role in his relationship with Johnny.

"Ralph, you look positively charming tonight. Joanne has been excited all day. In any case, she is a very shy child as I am sure you noticed. I'm afraid that you are going to have to make any first moves. Joanne needs a strong forceful hand to lead her in the right direction, if you understand my meaning. I don't think that I will be too badly put out if you don't get her back by eleven thirty or if her makeup is somewhat smeared. Just remember, she is my niece and I don't want it to get around that she is, as you youngsters say, 'an easy lay'. Otherwise, I expect you both to have a good time.

Now you go ahead and sit down while I go fetch your lovely date for tonight. And I hope many more in the future.”

In Johnny’s room, Edna told him that she expected him to do exactly what any young lady did on her date. She was especially concerned that Joanne go all out to see that her man was happy and satisfied just as they had talked about. If she ever got the impression from Ralph that Joanne was not behaving in a cooperative manner...Well, nothing needed to be said further on that topic. He knew what she would do to him. “Now get you purse and when you get in there be sure to smile and put your arm around his waist. Let him know that you like him.”

Johnny did exactly as he was instructed. He entered the room with a big smile on his full red lips and walked over to where Ralph stood. Johnny slid his arm around Ralph’s waist, and he did the same, smiling down on her. They made their good-byes and soon Johnny found himself sitting beside Ralph in his car. Ralph had to pull him over closer by tugging on his shoulder, but he did move so that their hips were touching. Ralph soon has his hand on Johnny’s leg, gently messaging it as he drove to the restaurant. Johnny was most uncomfortable.

At the restaurant, Johnny ordered a salad and the fish of the day as his aunt had instructed him. No alcohol, no dessert, and fewer calories to maintain a girlish figure. A tall glass of iced tea without sugar, while not one of his favorite drinks, was wet and cool. His throat was very dry and it helped to make talking easier. He had quickly found out that getting Ralph to talk about himself was the easiest way to handle his awkward situation.

Ralph was an only child, raised primarily by a domineering mother who enjoyed living high on the hog, as they say. His father was usually away on business and he had little recourse with him. It did bother him that his father didn’t seem ever to have time for him, but he had learned to live with it. He father died of a massive heart attack when Ralph was fifteen. His mother died three years later, and he was now living off what was left of his inheritance. And so the evening went. After dinner they went to a movie, some love story drama that neither had appreciated all that much. During the movie, Ralph put his arm around Johnny and pulled him close so that he had to rest his head on Ralph’s shoulder. During one icky romance scene, Ralph leaned down and placed his lips directly on Johnny’s. It startled him, but he quickly remembered what his aunt threatened and allowed the kiss to continue.

When they at last broke the kiss, Ralph leaned back in his seat and soon began sliding his hand under the collar of Johnny’s sweater. Johnny reached up to stop its progress but, again remembering his aunt’s warnings, did not make him remove it. Having Ralph’s fingers brushing over the tops of his ersatz breasts made him very nervous. At last the movie was over and they went home. At the door to the apartment, Ralph placed both hands beside Johnny’s head, pinning his back against the door and leaning down. He planted another deep kiss on Johnny’s lips. This time, he worked his tongue into Johnny’s mouth, pushing it in then pulling back out. Johnny for his part could do nothing but stand there with his back to the door and let Ralph French kiss him. As Ralph pulled back, he let a stream of saliva pour into Johnny’s mouth. Johnny had to swallow and absently reached up to wipe the drool from his lips.

“See ya next week, baby,” Ralph said with a strange smile on his lips. He turned away and quickly strode over to the elevators. Soon the doors opened and he stepped in. Johnny leaned his weight against the door, too nauseous to move his legs wobbly.

AFTERMATH

The elevator doors were just shutting when the door opened behind him. “Come on in here child and tell me everything. I must hear everything that happened. Oooh dear me, your lipstick is really smeared. It looks like Ralph might have taken advantage of my darling niece. You didn’t do more than just kiss did you? I certainly don’t want it known that I have an easy woman living with me. Come along and tell me everything.”

Johnny didn’t tell her anything; he felt an overpowering urge to vomit. He went as fast as he could straight to the bathroom where he just did make it to the wash basin. He threw up the remnants of his dinner and the coke from the movie. It took him several minutes to get himself together. “Oh it was horrible, he...he even drooled in my mouth. Ugh! Auntie I can’t do this anymore. Please, I’ll be good, I promise,” he wailed.

He did not get any sympathy. She only told him that in time he would surely get use to it. It was probably more nerves than the kissing she informed him with a smug smile on her face. She even told him she felt the same way on her first date. Then she instructed him to get undressed and ready for bed. While he was doing that she would go and get him his milk and chocolate square.

As Johnny prepared for bed, he had to tell Edna everything that happened. He was reluctant to tell her about how Ralph had put his hand into his sweater or the kissing stuff. She made him tell every gruesome detail as he squirmed under the revelations. He had not enjoyed any of it, he told her as strongly as he could. By the time she had finished her commentary, she made it sound like he was the one to instigate the French kissing. “After all, you didn’t in any way try to repulse his advances or push Ralph away. Plus, didn’t you swallow his drool? You could have pushed him away or even spit it out. You didn’t have to swallow it, unless of course you really enjoyed it. No dear, I think that your nerves were just too badly shot and that was the cause of your sickness. Definitely not the kissing.”

Johnny had a difficulty going to sleep that night. The curlers in his hair were a nuisance, but the visions of Ralph kissing him and the other events of his first date kept replaying in his mind. To make these visions worse, he kept hearing his aunt’s voice repeating that he really was enjoying himself. By morning, he was exhausted. When his alarm went off at 5:30 a.m., he staggered to the bathroom after pulling on his negligee. He quickly did his business and began running the water to fill the tub. While the tub was filling, he brushed his teeth.

His aunt found him still lying in the tub; the water was cool and he was fast asleep. She reached down to touch his shoulder. “Joanne darling, it is time to get up. Hurry and finish your toilet then put on your bathing suit. I believe a nice relaxing day at the pool would be most refreshing. Come on now, up and at ‘em.”

Soon they were both at the pool: lounge chairs pulled together, tote bags emptied of magazines, towels, sun tan oil, and a small cooler filled with soft drinks. Johnny had

just laid his head back on the chaise lounge when he heard his aunt exclaim, "Why, there's Ralph, honey. He just came out. My, but he is a hunk of a man. So tall and handsome, don't you think?"

The last person in the world Johnny wanted to see was Ralph. He moaned softly to himself as he again heard his aunt call out, "Ralph, come on over and drag up a chair. Joanne has done nothing but talk about your date last night and the wonderful time she had."

Ralph joined them. "Good morning, beautiful ladies," he said. "It's always a pleasure to see you, Ms. Smythe. And how are you doing, Joanne? Golly, you sure do look nice today. I had a great time last night. I hope you told your aunt that I asked you out again next Friday."

"Next Friday?" Edna said. "Well Ralph, of course I don't mind. I am sure after all Joanne has had to say about your wonderful date last night...Well, I think that speaks for itself. She can't wait until next week. Isn't that right, darling?"

"Auntie, pleeeeeeassse!" was all Johnny could get out. He was both embarrassed and chagrined at his aunt's fixing it so he could do nothing but accept Ralph's request. His aunt was telling Ralph things that were totally untrue. He didn't say anything more to her about his date other than to say how much he had disliked it. He was hoping beyond hope that the entire event would just be forgotten. Furthermore, he would be perfectly happy if he never saw Ralph ever again.

Letting his sun hat cover most of his face so they couldn't see his embarrassment, he elected as the best recourse to say nothing. At least his aunt and Ralph couldn't see him blushing. He doubted if his protests would have any impact on his aunt's decision to get him involved with Ralph. She seemed determined. She was even encouraging Ralph in his pursuit.

The day was long and miserable for Johnny. Ralph was constantly by his side. If he wasn't rubbing oil into Johnny's skin, he was telling him how much he enjoys his company. His aunt made Johnny get in the pool with Ralph, who immediately had his hands all over Johnny. He even managed to back Johnny into a corner and stole several kisses from him. Again, Johnny tried to shove him away but like the previous night didn't have the strength. He felt himself getting nauseous once again as Ralph worked his tongue in and out of his throat, letting saliva fill Johnny's mouth. Ralph was pressing close to him, so close that Johnny could feel Ralph's hardened dick through his swim trunks. As Ralph continued to kiss him, he began kneading Johnny's ass cheeks with his hands. Going so far as to press his fingers into the crease between them.

With a last effort, Johnny managed to push Ralph away. He wasn't sure where he had gotten the strength to do it, but in the precious seconds that Ralph had released his grip, Johnny turned, grabbed the edge of the pool, and pulled himself away from Ralph's arms. "I'm not that kind of girl," he heard himself say as he picked up the towel lying nearby. He strode back to the lounge chair, where he could hear Ralph's laughter. Fortunately, the water running down his face hid the tears.

"Joanne dear, are you chilled? My, you are shaking like a leaf," his aunt said. "That water must be colder than it looks."

He quickly sat down and pulled his towel up to his face. Kissing Ralph made him physically sick. He wanted to tell his aunt exactly how he felt, but he knew that she wouldn't listen. "The water's a little cold," was all he replied. Johnny knew that he was not going to get back into the pool, no matter how hard his aunt tried. His stomach was in knots, and he knew that Edna could hear it growling and churning from where she was lying.

"Are you hungry, darling?" Edna asked him. "It is getting on to lunch time. Perhaps we should call it a day and go in. I wonder if Ralph would like to join us. Why don't you ask him when he gets out of the pool? No? You two didn't have a lover's spat already, did you? Well, I suppose one shouldn't rush things. Let's get a little more sun so you can dry off. Then we can go in."



When Ralph got out of the pool a few minutes later, he picked up his towel and began drying himself while standing directly over Johnny's recumbent body. It was obvious to both Edna and Johnny that Ralph was taking in every square inch and appeared to like what he saw. Grinning from ear to ear, he reminded Johnny of their upcoming date. Turning to face Edna, he told her how much he had enjoyed the dip and that he would talk to her later. Then picking up the rest of his stuff, he bid them a good morning and left.

Johnny was very uncomfortable under the steady gaze of Ralph. He found himself blushing and tried to pull his hat further over his face. He was greatly relieved when

Ralph left. He had been scared when Ralph began feeling him up in the pool, and he didn't have his emotions completely under control.

What if he had found out my secret? he thought. God! He would have killed me! I've got to find some way to stop this nonsense before it's too late. Besides, I just don't like him smooching and touching me. I hate this! I hate it! I hate it!

"Eunice should have some sandwiches ready for us or perhaps a nice salad," Edna said at last. "Are you ready, dear? Okay, then let's get going. You should take a bath before we eat though. No telling what kind of germs are in that water, and oh that chlorine smell. It just doesn't become you. By the way, it looks like you need to shave your legs again. Nothing worse than stubble. You are going to have to pay much more attention to your appearance now that you are dating, darling." She got up from the lounge and, with a slight look back at Johnny, said, "Come along, Joanne."

By Friday evening, Joanne's body was nicely tanned except for those areas covered by the bikini. Fortunately, during the intervening days, Ralph did not make another appearance while they were at the pool. As Johnny observed himself in the bathroom mirror, the stark paleness of his upper chest made his breasts look bigger than he remembered. He fingered his right nipple and found it to be tender and slightly puffy. Not wanting to think about what his senses were telling him, he quickly pulled his hand away and turned from the mirror. He didn't notice, but his bottom could pass for a Copper Tone ad. The tan lines were something he thought wasn't right on a man, but what's done is done and there was nothing he could do about it. Shrugging his shoulders, he entered the hot bath.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR

As he lay soaking in the fragrant bubbles, he turned his thoughts to the stranger who had visited earlier in the day. It was about 3:00 p.m. when Eunice answered the buzzing of the doorbell. Johnny was seated at the couch, listening to the afternoon soaps and observing everything that happened. Standing at the door was a tall, distinguished gentleman of about sixty years, dressed in a navy three-piece suit holding a fedora in his hands. He had silver gray hair and strong masculine features. A neat, well-trimmed, silver mustache made him look handsome.

"Hello," he said, "my name is Cabot Livingston. I represent the law firm of Livingston & Langley and am here at the bequest of Mr. Ronnie Edwards. May I please see Miss Edna Smythe?"

Eunice ushered him into the foyer, took his hat, and left to get Edna. While he stood there smiling at Johnny, he let his gaze roam around the apartment. He seemed keenly aware of everything that he saw, especially Johnny. After a moment, he said, "Hello, young lady. Beautiful afternoon, isn't it? My name is Cabot Livingston. Who are you?"

Johnny nodded his head twice, unsure as to what he should do under the circumstances. Ever since his aunt had showed up, he hadn't been allowed to make any decisions on his own. Mr. Livingston offered his hand to the sitting Johnny. Remembering his instructions, Johnny did not get up from the sofa but stretched out his hand, wrist

slightly cocked, fingers held loosely and limply together. As a very firm grip encircled his outstretched hand, Johnny felt both embarrassed by his limp response and intimidated at the same time. This was the very first time that he had had any private interaction with a stranger. And a male, at that.

Just as Mr. Livingston released his hand, aunt Edna walked in, asking in a somewhat abrupt manner, "Just what is it that I can do for you, Mr. Livingston? Joanne, why don't you go into your room while Mr. Livingston and I have a short conversation. A very short conversation."

Apparently auntie knew this guy and didn't particularly like him, Johnny thought as he stood to do his aunt's bidding. He hoped that he hadn't done anything wrong and that his aunt wouldn't punish him.

"Oh no," Mr. Livingston quickly interrupted, "I came here specifically to see Johnny Johnson. This....er...this young lady and the person that I am looking for are perhaps one and the same? I was under the impression that David and Mary Johnson's only child was a young boy." He paused for a moment to look directly into Edna's eyes, "My dear Madam, you realize that I am here on official trust fund business. Shall we all sit down and get comfortable, or do you prefer to remain standing?"

"Oh well, if we must!" Edna said somewhat miffed. "Let's get one thing straight before we go any further: Joanne is the daughter of David and Mary Johnson!"

Johnny spent the better part of an hour talking to Mr. Livingston, or rather Cabot as he asked to be called. He answered questions about his mother and his life before his father's death. He also told Cabot about his current situation. All the while he was addressing Cabot's questions, Edna's fierce gaze and stern demeanor kept Johnny in check. He dared not say anything that might cause his aunt to punish him after Cabot left. He was as careful as possible to inform Cabot how well his auntie was taking care of him. After some hinting from his aunt, Johnny even told him that his auntie allowed him to date.

Johnny was nervous and just a little frightened by the whole experience and was glad when he was allowed to leave. When Cabot had questioned him about his name, he almost got sick in his stomach. All he could see was Edna's sharp look as he responded in the only way he knew would keep him from being severely punished. "I'm called Joanne now." Fortunately, Cabot changed the subject and began asking him other questions. Things like sports, baseball, school, and other interests that he may have had. Johnny enjoyed finally being able to talk about baseball after all this time but had to admit that he was no longer allowed to watch or listen to sports broadcasts. His auntie was opposed to such brutality and uncouth behavior, he told Cabot, and he said that he no longer really cared about sports.

Cabot asked him more questions but left the topic of sports. From that point on, Johnny relaxed some but was kept on edge by the glowering looks from Edna. He was more than happy to be dismissed. He went to his room where his aunt shortly joined him. "Well, I am glad that *he* is finally gone. You did well, but we're going to have to have a little talk later about what really interests you. Should he come back, you will of course be courteous, but next time I want you to say as little as possible and giggle a lot. You must treat Mr. Livingston as a prying old gossip that would like nothing bet-

ter than to send you to a juvenile detention center or perhaps worse. If you act silly and disinterested in what he has to say, the sooner he will leave us both alone. Understand?”

Johnny was still thinking about the strange visitor and his aunt’s reaction. She could be right, and he did not want to be sent to a juvenile detention center. He wasn’t sure exactly what a detention center was, but it certainly didn’t sound good. And her “or worse” he didn’t even want to think about. *Oh, but I did so enjoy talking about baseball again and finding out who was leading in the pennant race*, he thought as he got out of the tub.

RONNIE MAKES A DISCOVERY

As Ronnie Edwards entered the front door of his mother’s house for his usual Friday night dinner, he was thinking about the report he had received from Cabot. It was direct and insightful in the manner typical of Cabot, but he did not come out and actually say that Edna was perpetrating a fraud to obtain the trust funds for herself.

“Is that you, dear?” he heard his mother’s voice breaking his train of thought. “Yes mother, it’s me,” he replied as he walked into the living room. She was sitting on the couch reading a magazine and rose to meet her son. He gave her a hug and kiss on the forehead.

“You look like you could use a drink. Want me to fix you one? Dinner is almost ready, but you have time. Go ahead and sit down on the couch, I’ll fix it for you,” his Mother told him as they separated.

Ronnie stretched out his legs and leaned his head back. *Man, that feels good*, he thought as his Mother brought over his drink and put it on the coffee table. “Thanks mom,” he said as she returned to the kitchen. He closed his eyes for a second and let his arms fall to his sides. His hand struck a glossy magazine. He opened his eyes and saw that it was one of his mother’s female liberation propaganda publications. A philosophy that he did not particularly adhere to, but feminine liberation was something new and kept his mother occupied. As he started to brush it out of the way, one of the lead headlines on the front cover caught his attention: “*Tranquilizers— Wonder Drug or Monster*”.

Forgetting how tired he was, he picked it up and quickly turned to the indicated page. His drink remained untouched on the coffee table. The article started out describing the medicinal characteristics of the drugs and what they did to the human anatomy. “Tranquilizers are quickly becoming the drug of choice by most doctors, especially gynecologist. They are being prescribed for ailments ranging from menstrual cramping and chronic behavioral problems, to everyday coping problems women face in their daily lives dealing with stubborn husbands and obstinate children,” he read. There followed more of the reasons for prescribing the drugs, but the article seriously questioned their need by most of the female population. They more often than not left the patient seriously mentally incapacitated.

“What some are calling ‘zonked out,’” the article continued, “heavy or prolonged use of these drugs leaves the patient in an almost comatose state. They are subject to leth-

argy and suggestion which could make them act in a manner entirely different from how they would normally if in charge of their own minds. More frequently than not, the patients are becoming addicted to these new wonders of modern medicine. Addicted to the point where they are incapable of caring for themselves, much less doing anything to contribute to their family's well being. This new classification of drugs may do wonders for true behavioral problems, but their over-prescription to women make this author question whether or not this is just another way for our male-dominated society to keep women suppressed."

Ronnie put the magazine on the table and stood up. "Mom? Sorry, but something has just come up, and I have got to go and see someone. See you next Friday. I'll call you later and explain," he shouted towards the kitchen door.

As his mother came out of the kitchen, she was in time to see the front door close behind him. "Well, goodness me," she exclaimed. "I wonder what got him started? Oh, well, looks like it's just me and the pot roast tonight."

Ronnie reached the sanitarium where Mary was confined in just a little over an hour of hard driving. As he reached the reception desk, he saw Dr. Boreski, Mary's psychotherapist. Ronnie wasn't sure exactly what a psychotherapist did, but he was familiar with psychologists. "Dr. Boreski, may I have a word with you? I only need a moment or two."

"Who are you? I don't seem to recall the face," the doctor replied.

"I'm Ronald Edwards. I work for Miss Edna Smythe. I need some information regarding Mary Johnson. I believe that she is a patient of yours. It's important, concerning the Smythe estate."

"Oh yes. Well, what can I do for you, Mr. Edwards?"

"I was here earlier and tried to ask Mrs. Johnson some questions, but she was unable to respond. Is that inability due to her mental capacity or some therapy that you are using? You know Edna... I mean Miss Smythe. I really need to get some answers."

"Actually, Mr. Edwards, I don't know if I should answer your questions. Perhaps you should meet with her primary care physician first. Patient-Doctor relationships, you know. You said that you were here at the request of Miss Smythe? Well, I guess it would be all right to tell you that Mrs. Johnson is on a pretty strict regiment of tranquilizer therapy. It keeps her calm and eases the aftereffects of the shock treatments we are giving her for her delusions. To answer your other question, I do not believe that she has suffered any significant loss of her mental capacity, but we feel that it is best to continue with the drug therapy for a while. Tell you what, if you'll leave your card, I'll call you when her therapy is finished."

"Thank you, Doctor, I certainly appreciate your taking the time to explain things to me. I'm sure Miss Symthe can wait until then. I don't seem to have my cards with me, but I'll call first thing in the morning. Again, thank you so much. You have been most helpful."

Ronnie quickly left the hospital, feeling quite pleased with himself. *Now if I can only convince Judge Eastover to issue a writ requiring the release of Mrs. Johnson into my custody and that of another qualified physician... Perhaps I can get to the bottom of*

things concerning one Miss Symthe. Oooh, she is gonna be one pissed off old lady when she finds out about this. If what I believe is going on actually has taken place, then she will be more than upset. Especially inside a jail cell.

THE DRIVE IN

Johnny was busy getting ready for his second date with Ralph. Edna had laid out an especially feminine outfit for him to wear: an almost translucent pale mauve polyester blouse with delicate lace jabot, and billowing sleeves with lace trim. Small pearl buttons decorated the cuffs and fastened the garment up the back. A tight, fully-lined, wool charcoal skirt buttoning on the left side and a shining, black, patent leather, three-inch belt completed the outer wear. The underwear consisting of sheer black hose, lace-edged garter belt, black bullet bra, waist cinch, and black nylon panties were placed in a separate pile on the bed.

He was not happy about this date but knew better than to complain. She was bubbling over with happiness, moving about him like a mother hen and constantly chatting about how lucky she was to be going out with such a fine-looking young man. He sat down in his negligee before the vanity and began preparing his face. Edna stood behind him with a brush in her hand smoothing out his hair. Johnny did his best to ignore her constant chatter but had to respond when she kept prodding him to say that he was looking forward to his date as well.

Heck, he thought, if he's such a hunk why doesn't she date him? Then we'll see just how much she enjoys him spitting and sticking his tongue in her mouth. He knew better than to give voice to his thoughts. Instead he just said, "Yes, Auntie, I'm a lucky girl."

"Now, you remember what I told you about petting. You've been out with him on more than one date, if you count the times at the pool, so it is perfectly all right for you to let him be more intimate." Seeing a questioning look reflected on his face, Edna went on, "By that I mean let him touch your breast if he wants. He is awfully attracted to you, and by misdirecting his attention perhaps you can keep him from moving his hands further south. Understand my meaning? Ralph is a gentleman, and I'm sure that if you let him have access to your breasts then he will be satisfied and won't push himself beyond that. Don't go making a face like that, dear. It is reasonable to expect a young man to want more from his girl than a simple kiss. Especially now that you have known each other for a while and gone out. Just don't let it go any further than that. I wouldn't expect that you would want him trying to get between your legs, would you? You seemed to be enjoying yourself in the pool the other day."

Johnny cringed. That he would actually enjoy Ralph's intimate attention was beyond his belief. "I did not enjoy what he did to me at the pool the other day," he managed to say. "I've told you before that I don't like it, and I don't want to go out with him or any other boy for that matter." He didn't get to say anything else. His aunt pulled him up by the sensitive flesh under his right arm and, with a quick twist and turn, had him over her lap. The hairbrush came down on his backside in quick, sharp strokes. Soon he was crying and begging her to stop.

"Young lady, if I ever hear that you don't like dating Ralph or any boys for that matter, I am going to thrash your behind until it falls off. I'll not be having any of those

kind of girls living in my house or living as my niece. Do you understand me? You will be sweet, kind, and loving to Ralph when he shows up and whenever you are with him. I expect you at the very least to appear to hang on his every word and act in a loving manner whenever Ralph is around. He is such a sweet boy. Now, do I have to resort to more drastic means to get my point across to you? Well then, let's see a smile replace that scowl on your face and wipe away those tears."

Johnny sat gingerly upon the satin-covered vanity seat. His rump still smarted and burned, but that paled in comparison to what she could have done to him. He did not want to dwell on her more drastic punishments. He finished putting on his makeup and spritzed perfume in all those strategic areas of his body—behind the ears, wrists, knees, and, at his aunt's suggestion, his crotch.

As he finished dressing, Edna told him to sit and think about what she had said and how best he could comply with her wishes. "Double check your makeup and hair," she said as she walked out of his room. "I want you to do some serious thinking about how you are going to keep Ralph both happy and interested in possibly making you his bride. I'll call when he arrives." As she was closing his door, she paused and added, "Have you checked your calendar? I think that you are getting close to that time of the month."

Johnny's expression showed his strong distaste at what his aunt suggested on her departure. For the moment he forgot what he heard about being Ralph's bride. The first and last time he experienced his time of the month was five days of the longest and most noisome ones in his life. He had to wear pads and the strange feeling made his skin crawl. He couldn't scrub his groin hard enough or long enough to remove that feeling, and he certainly didn't want to experience it again. Kissing Ralph and having to give him tongue wasn't that bad. *No*, he decided, *I will do as Auntie demanded. No matter how much I detest having to do so.*

Ralph arrived with a box of flowers. He was all smiles as Johnny took them from him and gave him a kiss. Not the chaste kiss on the cheek that Johnny was expecting to give but rather a deep, tongue-plunging, sloppy kiss. Johnny extradited himself from Ralph's arms and quickly went to put the flowers into a vase. Johnny did his best to look adoring to Ralph the entire time they were in the presence of his aunt. As they entered the elevator and the doors closed, Ralph had Johnny backed into the corner and was kissing him fervently. They didn't break until the elevator bell rang and the doors began to open. The elderly man that got on smiled benignly at them and bid them a good evening. Ralph let Johnny alone until they got into the car.

"Come on, babe," Ralph said, patting the seat beside him as he drove out of the parking garage. "Scoot over here by me. I want to put my arm around you."

Reluctantly Johnny slid over, and Ralph slung his arm possessively around his shoulders. The fingers of Ralph's right hand fiddled with the lace collar of Johnny's blouse. Not much was said by either of them as the car headed north to the outskirts of town. As they past the restaurant where they had gone before, Johnny asked, "Where are we going? I thought that we were going out to eat."

"Look, they have a great movie playing at the drive-in, and I thought that we could make an evening of it. I'm kind of in the mood for a hot dog and fries, aren't you? Your

aunt said we didn't have to be back until midnight, and there is a good double feature."

"All right, I guess," Johnny replied. "What's playing?"

"Oh, something good. Trust me! I want to surprise you," Ralph told him. Ralph didn't have any idea what was playing. He did know what Edna had told him about just how far he could go on tonight's date, and he intended to do that and maybe more. Johnny was one hot dish that passed easily in public, and no one else knew the secret of Edna's niece. In time, that little secret would be exposed for his exclusive use. The fact that he had to treat Johnny like a woman and pretend he didn't know otherwise was getting to be a real turn on. *Oh yes, he thought and the money that comes with it ain't all that bad either.*

As Ralph turned into the drive-in's entrance, the billboard indicated that "Beach Party Bingo" and "Muscle Beach Party" were the features. "Don't you just love that Fabian. Fab hairdo and smile," Ralph said as they continued into the parking lot. Johnny mumbled a reply as Ralph's arm tightened around his shoulders. Ralph found a spot in the back of the lot, turned the ignition off, and asked Johnny what he wanted from the concession stand. Johnny didn't have much of an appetite but ordered a hot dog, fries, and Coke.

Ralph returned sooner than Johnny would have liked. They ate in silence, until Johnny caught Ralph looking at him out of the corner of his eye. "What?" Johnny asked.

"Nothing, Joanne, but you're driving me crazy eating that dog." Johnny had taken the wiener out of its stale bun and had been unconsciously licking the mustard off one end.

Johnny stopped what he was doing. "What do you mean? I'm just licking the mustard off. The bun was as hard as a rock. What do you want me to do, put it back in the bun?" Johnny naively thought that Ralph was actually criticizing his manners or eating habits.

"Oh no, baby, you just go on licking that weenie like you're enjoying it, and maybe when we've finished you can check out my rock hard bun."

Johnny started to say something then, understanding what Ralph was getting at, turned scarlet. He couldn't help himself as he blushed and a sinking feeling hit his stomach. Instead of saying anything else, he just shook his head and put the hot dog down. Finished, Ralph dumped their trash out the passenger window and settled back to wait for the movie to start. "Come on, baby, let's get more comfortable in the back. There is a lot more room there, and I don't have to fight this steering wheel," Ralph said.

"I don't know, Ralph," Johnny replied. He had heard rumors of what happened in the back seat of cars but had never had the opportunity to do it himself. The only movie in his old town was a regular theater where you found a seat inside the building. This was his first drive-in movie. When Ralph insisted, Johnny decided to go along. *After all, he thought, I'd have more maneuvering room in the large back seat.*

Ralph rolled up his driver's side window as far as the speaker would allow and got out. He rushed around the car and, after helping Johnny out and into the back seat, rolled up the passenger window as well. Johnny found himself closer to Ralph than he wanted to be and scooted his bottom over to the other side. Ralph slid along the seat beside him, until Johnny's hip was touching the other door. Johnny could only sit and let Ralph put his arm around his shoulders. They sat for a while not talking, just waiting for the movie to begin. It was getting dark enough outside when the concession commercial came on.

Ralph began slowly pulling Johnny closer to his side as time went on. Soon Ralph had Johnny's lips pressed tightly against his own. Johnny tried to keep his lips together, but Ralph was insistent. "Come on, baby, open up for Papa," Ralph said as he thrust his tongue against Johnny's lips. "Come on baby; suck on my tongue for me. Drink my juices, sweet thing."

Johnny had little choice and gave in to Ralph's demands. Visions of his aunt's displeasure and punishments partially took his mind off the demands being made on his lips. At Ralph's continued urging, Johnny began to suck gently on the tongue that was now invading his mouth. *Ugh! I hate this!* he thought as saliva began filling his mouth.

Johnny did not know just how long they had been kissing, but it seemed like forever. He did note that the windows were fogged up and that he couldn't see the movie even if Ralph quit smooching on him. Ralph's lips were now pressed against Johnny's throat, placing a necklace of sucking kisses there. At the same time his lips pressed against Johnny's throat, his fingers were unbuttoning the blouse. When Ralph sat up and pulled the blouse open, exposing the black bra, Johnny sucked in his breath. "No! Ralph, don't! Please don't," Johnny almost shouted as he felt the air on his bare flesh. The blouse and bra was shoved up around his neck.

"Ooooh, baby," Ralph replied. "You've got me sooooo darn hot. I just gotta taste a little bit of this for dessert." Johnny tried to push his head back, but Ralph was too strong. Finally, Johnny quit fighting the inevitable and felt Ralph's lips on his right nipple. Johnny looked down at Ralph's head in a detached way, seeing but not seeing the greedy lips pulling and sucking at his almost nonexistent breast. There was a mound of fatty tissue being pulled away from his chest, and his nipple seemed abnormally sensitive, but that couldn't be him really. It just had to be his imagination, but Ralph's lips were spread wide and still there was excess flesh pressing against them. Johnny wasn't sure what he was feeling, except that his breast tingled and not in an altogether bad way. Unknowingly, Johnny's hands went around Ralph's head, cradling it. Something he had watched on one of the soaps or read in one of his romance novels dictated this feminine move.

As Ralph's lips moved over to encircle his other breast, Johnny tried to push him away again. Like the last attempt, this one failed as well. The exposed breast was covered in saliva and seemed very puffy to Johnny's eyes. His nipple actually looked as big as an eraser, and that startled him anew. Slowly he brought one hand from behind Ralph's head to touch himself, but Ralph's hand beat him to it. Johnny let out a gasp as Ralph's thumb and forefinger pinched the distended nipple and pulled on it. An electric shock seemed to radiate out from the nipple directly into his brain, and he heard Ralph's muffled "oh baby, oh baby" as the sensation hit him.

Johnny didn't know what to think as he gave up and let his head fall back against the seat. *What's the matter with me?* his mind screamed at him. *This shouldn't be happening. Oh no! Boy's don't have breasts! Ooooooh I can't have breasts...*

He sat that for a long time feeling Ralph move from one breast back to the other. The sensations filling his mind were not all unpleasant, but he knew that he shouldn't be feeling them. They seemed to get more intense as Ralph continued. By this time both of them were breathing hard and the windows were so steamed that no one could see in or out. Ralph was breathing hard out of desire and Johnny because he was so afraid. Johnny felt Ralph pull away from his breast and press both hands over them as he leaned up and placed a deep kiss on his lips. Pulling back a second, he told Johnny to suck his tongue then inserted in once again. This time, as Johnny sucked on the tongue, Ralph's hands massaged the two mounds on his chest. The nipples were quite tender and the roughness of Ralph's hands made them burn. Johnny moaned as the tongue continued probing his throat.

Johnny didn't hear the zipper as it was pulled down. He didn't realize what Ralph had in mind when he felt his left hand being pulled across his body. It wasn't until his fingers touched the hot flesh of Ralph's erection that Johnny really began to panic. He tried to pull his hand back as if it touched a hot poker, but Ralph's grip was strong and held firm. Slowly, Ralph began moving Johnny's hand up and down the shaft while thrusting his tongue even deeper down his throat. All Johnny could do was groan his displeasure as the prolonged kiss kept him from screaming his objections. Just as Johnny thought that he could not stand it any longer, there came a loud tapping on the car's passenger side window.

"Oh shit!" Ralph said, pulling back. "Quick, get yourself together while I stall."

Johnny quickly pulled his hand away from Ralph's crotch and tugged his bra back into place. In his hurry, the small pearl buttons on the back of his blouse kept slipping out of his fingers. He tried to get some degree of coordination back into his fingers as Ralph shouted, "Yeah, get lost. Whatever ya selling we don't want any."

"Sir, this is movie security. Would you please roll down your window so that we may talk. Or I'll have to break it."

"What? Security? What do you want with us? We ain't done nothing," Ralph said to the officer, then whispered urgently to Johnny. "Just pull your blouse down and tuck it in. There's no time to button it up."

"Sir, this is your last warning. Now are you going to roll down this window or do I have to break it?"

"All right, all right. Hold your horses. I'm getting it now." In a whisper, he said to Johnny, "Okay, you look dressed. Just smile and don't say anything. Let me do all the talking."

"Yeah, what ya want, Officer," Ralph said as the window revealed the face of a uniformed police officer.

The officer shined a flashlight into the back seat, exposing a disheveled Johnny still trying to look natural without much success. His lipstick was smeared and his bra, which could be seen through the thin material of the blouse, was obviously unhooked.

"Hmm... You okay, Miss?" the officer said as he flashed the light across the rest of the car's interior. As the officer waited for a response, they could hear him sniff the air. Seeing the girl nod in the affirmative, the officer continued, "Okay, let me see your driver's license. Yours too, Miss."

"I don't have one, Officer," Johnny managed to squeak out. He was so scared he was ready to pee his panties. His fingers playing nervously with the lace of his jabot.

"Well, do you have any identification?"

Again Johnny had to reply in the negative. "All right, who can I contact to verify your age then, young lady?"

"My aunt. Auntie Edna."

"Just a second, Officer," Ralph interrupted. "As you can see, I'm over twenty-one and my date here is obviously over eighteen. A fact her aunt can verify. It's late and I know that she planned on retiring early and would be very displeased to be interrupted over this trifling issue, whatever it is. Which brings me to ask, just what are you doing? Are we under arrest? Have we broken any laws? If so, what is the charge? You had better have a very good probable cause or...Well, we don't need to go there, do we? Unless you have something specific, we would like to get back to watching the movie."

"No, I am not arresting either of you. We've had a lot of complaints about underage youngsters making out here in the back of the lot, so we have to be careful. There's been some rumors that kids are smokin' pot, but I don't smell anything. That's all. Since you are over the age of consent, I won't bother you further. But the management would appreciate it if you would take your business somewhere else. If you take my meaning! Thank you and good night Sir, Miss."

As soon as the officer left them, Johnny began sniffing then outright crying. His hands were trembling and he couldn't stop his whole body from shaking. The emotional trauma of the heavy petting and the arrival of the policeman had taken their toll. It was bad enough complying with Ralph's insistent demands, but to have some stranger and a policeman at that find him in such condition was entirely too much. Ralph handed him his handkerchief and tried to console the crying boy. Finally, Johnny pulled himself together long enough to tell Ralph to take him home. Without waiting, Johnny got into the front seat. Ralph didn't have much choice but to get into the driver's seat. The movie security police were not that far away.

Soon they were standing in the hall outside of his aunt's apartment, both of Ralph's hands pressed against the wall on each side of Johnny's head. "Listen, baby," he said, "I'm sorry for what happened back there. That idiot officer sure had lousy timing. Tell you what, next time we'll have dinner at my place. No interruptions there, I promise. Man, you sure got me hot tonight." With that, he pulled his right hand away from the wall and took Johnny's left hand. Gripping Johnny's hand tight enough so that he couldn't pull it back, he pressed it against his crotch. "Feel that, baby, you really got me going still."

"Stop it, Ralph! Not here! Now stop it," Johnny demanded. He was silenced with another kiss. As Ralph forced his tongue deep into Johnny's mouth, he rubbed the hand

up and down the bulge in his pants. He then let Johnny pull away from him, as he let his lips travel down from Johnny's lips to his chin, then began sucking and nibbling at the base of his neck. Johnny laid his head against the wall, trying to think of a way to get Ralph to go home. Ralph kept kissing around Johnny's neck and ear, occasionally probing the ear with his tongue. That sent chills up and down Johnny's spine, but they weren't erotic. All he wanted to do was get away from this octopus.

"Ralph, please! Stop it. I've got to go in! Please stop," Johnny begged while shoving with all his might against Ralph's chest. Ralph finally gave in and stood back.

"Okay, baby," Ralph said. "While it's your fault that I'm all worked up, I'll reluctantly let you go. Just remember next week you've promised to have dinner at my place. Here, give me another kiss and then I'll go."

AFTERMATH

Johnny quickly pressed the buzzer as Ralph strode over to the elevator. His aunt opened the door just as the elevator began its decent. Johnny, with tears filling his eyes, rushed past his aunt and headed to his room. Edna was right behind him. "Joanne, tell me everything. I want to know all about your date tonight," she said as she followed him. "You're home earlier than I expected. It's only eleven. You didn't have a fight did you? You know I like that young man."

In his room, Johnny reached behind his back to unbutton his blouse but gave up in emotional distress. He flung his body across the bed and began crying in earnest. Edna let him cry for a while, saying nothing as she unbuttoned his blouse. She couldn't help but notice that several of the buttons were undone or in the wrong hole. When she had the last button undone, she stroked his hair and told him everything was all right but it was time he got himself together. Edna then helped him to sit up and pulled the blouse off. Placing it on the bed, she looked at the distraught boy and smiled. Yes, she thought, *it looks like you had your first intimate relationship. I'm going to have to call Ralph and congratulate him.* Aloud she said, "Come on honey, tell Auntie Edna all about your fabulous date. You know that you have no secrets from me. I'm only here to help you."

Johnny managed to stop the tears, drying his eyes on a tissue his aunt handed him. After blowing his nose, he told his aunt all that he dared. He told of going to the drive in, the kissing, and the security officer's arrival. He said nothing about the other parts of his body Ralph kissed. "Oh dear," Edna replied, "I think that if some stranger came from out of the dark and banged on my car window I would have been scared too, but that is no reason for getting so emotional. After all, Ralph was there to protect you, and I guess we had better see about getting you some proper identification. I haven't thought about that, but are you sure you are telling me everything? I know I would be embarrassed if I had no identification, but still..." Edna paused to trace a line of hickeys around Johnny's neck. "I would surmise from all these little love bites, that maybe you two did a little more than just play kissy-kissy."

Johnny blushed at his aunt's guess. *Oh yes, we did more than kiss,* he thought, *but I'm sure not going to tell you about that.* "No, we just kissed a lot," he said. "That's all. Please, I'm tired. Can I get ready for bed now? It's been a very trying night. You know

how I really feel..." He stopped there before he could get himself in trouble with his aunt. He certainly did not want another spanking on top of tonight's activities.

"Sure, darling. Go ahead and get undressed while I run your bath. I know it is late, but a soothing bubble bath will ease your mind and relax your body so that you can get a good night's sleep."

Johnny reached down to unfasten his skirt, kicking off his shoes in the process. He walked over to the vanity and reached around his back to unhook the bra strap. He saw the reddish glow around his nipples. Looking into the mirror of the vanity, his mouth hung open as he realized what Ralph had done to his flesh and what his aunt meant by 'love bites'. Ralph had left his mark as surely as if he had been branded. The area around his nipples was red and swollen, but not sore, as he unconsciously reached up and touched his left nipple. From his nipples a line of reddish bruises tracked up to his neck and then around it like a necklace.

"Oh my," Johnny mumbled as he took in the sight. "Ralph, what have you done? I can never hide this from Auntie. Oh man! She already knows! How am I going to explain this? Ralph I hate you! I hate you!" Johnny quickly reached for the foundation cream and began trying to cover up the telltale marks. As he massaged the lotion into the skin of his breast, he was surprised at how firm it felt. Each breast was a little larger than a golf ball, and the aureoles seemed to cover the entire area, but more worrisome was the size of his nipples. *Oh man, I knew I shouldn't have let him suck on my breasts. Now look at what he's done to me,* he thought. Johnny didn't realize that Ralph had nothing to do with the growth of his breasts. *Man, they'd better get back to their real size or I'm going to be in a mess. How can I explain these to auntie?*

Hearing the water being turned off in the bathroom, Johnny quickly rubbed the foundation on the remaining hickies. He ran to his closet and pulled out his negligee. He stepped into his heeled mules just as his aunt returned. Not daring to look his aunt in the eyes, he walked past her, saying thanks for her help. He held his breath fearful that she would follow him into the bathroom, but she didn't.

"Joanne, I'll let you clean up. Don't take too long now. I'll be back in thirty minutes with your tea." If Johnny only knew what that potent brew had been doing to his body over the past six months, he would have some of the answers to his many questions.

Johnny nodded his approval and slowly removed his negligee and hung it on the back of the door. Stepping into the tub, he let himself relax for the first time that night. As he settled back into the warm comfort of the tub, he reached up and tenderly touched his reddened nipple. Using the tip of his index finger, he probed all around feeling the firm roundness of each breast. While his nipples were tender, they did not hurt as he plied his fingers around them. There was a definite swelling there that he hadn't noticed before. It worried him, but he dismissed it as probably due to his wearing a bra all the time and Ralph's recent sucking. Just thinking about what Ralph did brought a reddening to his cheeks. He pulled his hands away from his chest and did his best to relax in the soothing perfumed waters.

All too soon he got out and patted himself dry. He used his talc and, grabbing the negligee, went back into his room and picked up the foundation once again. Carefully coating the lotion over the red splotches surrounding his neck and trailing up his

chest, Johnny hoped that they would go unnoticed by Edna. He managed to get into bed with the covers pulled up to his neck before his auntie returned with the promised tea.

Johnny was uncomfortable while his aunt chatted with him. She asked him what movie they saw and other details that he had some difficulty with. Most of his replies were vague and circumspect. Edna did not press him but seeing the color come to his cheeks as her questions hit home pleased her. She knew far more than he was telling and let him believe that his secrets were safe. Finally, she kissed him on the forehead and told him goodnight. She turned off the light as she went to her own room.

RONNIE MAKES HIS POINT

Ronnie smiled with pleasure. The look on that pompous doctor's face when he served him with the writ was worth all the effort. He especially enjoyed making him squirm over the possibilities of malpractice litigation and likely criminal charges. Just to drive his point home, he had the sheriff's deputy tell the doctor and his staff what would happen should Ms. Smythe discover that their patient had been transferred or that her doctors had changed. Mary was now consigned to the care of physicians having no link to Ms. Smythe; they were recognized as experts in their field. It would be some time before they could tell him what he needed to know, but at least now he had a reasonable expectation of discovering exactly what Edna was doing.

The preliminary report stated that Mary had been undergoing intensive electro-shock therapy, which was not called for in cases of serious depression. She had also been on too many tranquilizers, which only enhanced her depressed state. What were called for were intensive psychotherapy and the opportunity to just cry it out. They were going to have to wean her off of the drugs, but just as soon as she was more aware of her circumstances they would begin therapy sessions. Perhaps in a month or two they could tell him more; but for the moment, that was it.

Ronnie went home very satisfied that night. He had accomplished much more than he thought he could by this time. The judge had been touch and go there until Coach testified. That had convinced the judge to move and now all that was history. If Mary could confirm everything to the satisfaction of the judge, then another warrant would be issued. This time it would be a search and an arrest warrant. As he sat in his recliner with the evening paper in his hands, he noticed that "Beach Party Bingo" and "Muscle Beach Party" were playing at the drive in. *How could kids watch that garbage?* he thought as he turned to the sports section.

MORE SURPRISES

Johnny was awoken when Eunice pulled back the drapes, allowing the early morning sun to come blazing into his room. "Miss Edna says it's time you got up, Missy. You hurry up now and I'll get your breakfast going."

Johnny lay frozen under the pink sheets of his bed as Eunice performed her duties about his room. This was the first morning since his arrival that Eunice had come to wake him, and at such a late hour. It was almost eight, according to his clock, and

Edna almost always insisted that he be up no later than five thirty. No sooner had Eunice walked out of his room than Edna entered. She told him to hurry up and that they had a big day ahead of them. Confused, Johnny slid out from under the sheets and reached down to the foot of the bed to grab his negligee wrap. Sliding his feet into the heeled Malibu pumps, he quickly pushed his arms through the negligee and tied its sash.

"I decided to let you get a little more sleep today since you were so distraught last night, but don't think that you can make a habit of sleeping in," Edna said as she followed him into the bath. "Now hurry up and get into the tub. I'll be back in twenty minutes to help you finish. We just have so much to do today. Shopping, then luncheon, and oh yes did I tell you that Ralph called and wanted us to join him for lunch at the club? Well, I'll tell you all about it later. Now let me tell Eunice to start breakfast."

Johnny quickly finished his morning toilette and was just sitting down at the vanity when his aunt returned. "Auntie," Johnny began, "did you say we were going shopping? Don't you think that I have more than enough clothing? We just went 'n bought a whole bunch of stuff."

Edna chuckled. "Darling, we women never seem to have anything to wear. Besides, shopping is what we do best. To answer your question, you need school uniforms. I've enrolled you in Saint Catherine's, and the semester will be starting soon. They have the loveliest uniforms, and I just know that you will adore them as well. That's why I expect to see nothing but smiles and laughter from you the entire time we are out today. Understand? I'd hate for you to get a reputation as a grouchy sourpuss. Use just a little powder, liner, and lipstick dear. No sense overdoing it. I've laid out your outfit for today. Now hurry up, time's a-wasting."

"School? Saint Catherine's? I can't go to any school looking like this!"

"Why child, whatever do you mean? Look into that mirror and tell me you can't go to school looking just like that. Saint Catherine's is a girls school, and you will most certainly fit in! Ha! I certainly cannot picture you looking like you do now going to an all boys school. Why, that would be ridiculous indeed. Now don't look like you've just been struck by lightning. You have to admit that it would be foolish to send you to the boys school. Now wouldn't it? I think that you will be perfectly adorable in your school uniforms, and I'm sure that Ralph will love you all the more."

Stunned by Edna's revelation, Johnny moved through the rest of his morning in a daze. He pulled on the teal nylon panties, matching bullet bra, and wiggled into the tight green panty girdle. Next, he pulled on a full white slip with delicate lace trim on bodice and hem, a pair of bobby socks, and black and white saddle oxfords. A starched, white, cotton, short-sleeved blouse with pointed collar and a slim, black skirt with rear slit were quickly put on. Johnny added a gold charm bracelet to his right wrist and a small, feminine watch to his left. Gold button earrings were fastened to each lobe, and a black, patient leather belt finished it all off.

Before he knew it they were in the shopping center's largest department store. As they walked down the aisle, a young woman dressed in a bright pink nylon smock asked them if they would like to receive a free beauty consultation. To Johnny's surprise and embarrassment, he heard his aunt say that her niece would be more than

happy to receive some beauty advice so that she could get her young man. Blushing, he was led over to a counter where, seated upon a stool, he had a cape draped about his shoulders and his face cleansed by the beautician. As the beautician swabbed the cotton pad across his face, she instructed him on the how's and why's of facial care. Finished with the deep cleansing and moisturizing, the technician began applying cosmetics suited to his complexion, carefully explaining each and every step. At last, she was finished and produced the mirror. Johnny stared at the flawless complexion and rich, full lips. The technician's work was very good, and Edna was more than pleased with the results. As Johnny walked away from the counter, he carried a large bag filled with the complete line of cosmetics that the technician had recommended.

Johnny found it hard to maintain a smile and cheerful attitude as the technician worked on his face, but he did manage to pull off a convincing display of appreciation as he left the counter. "Auntie, why did you get me all this stuff?" he asked as they walked out of the technician's hearing. "You already got me a lot of this stuff the last time we came shopping."

"Well dear, the cosmetics that we picked up last time were for a more innocent, younger look. Now that you've got yourself a man, I thought that you would like to appear more mature. No dear, you don't need to thank me, just make sure that Ralph stays happy. Oh, look at that pretty hat over there. Remind me to come back this way after we pick out your uniforms. I just have to try on that hat." Johnny groaned quietly as he followed his aunt. He wished that she would get off her "you've got yourself a man" line and remember that he was really a guy. *How long is this hateful punishment going to go on*, his mind wailed in silent agony.

As he quietly followed his aunt, Johnny was aware of his new cosmetics. The weight of it and its sweet aroma in his nose, the gentle rub of the tight skirt across his calves and butt, and the tightness across his chest. Of all the clothing, a bra was probably the most uncomfortable. It was almost a living thing, the way it moved and clung to his body. The shoulder straps constantly dug into his shoulders, and the under wire cups left carmine crescents under his tender breasts. A deep groove showed around his chest from the bandeau whenever he removed it. It also constantly shifted a strap here or there that he had to reach up and adjust to his constant annoyance. He was so wrapped up in his own thoughts that he almost walked into his aunt's back.

"Joanne, pay attention," his aunt chided. "I know how much you so enjoy shopping, but you must pay more attention to where you are going. Now here we are. I think I see the uniforms over there."

Soon Johnny was stripped down to his slip and trying on various skirts and blouses that the sales clerk brought to the changing room. His aunt would have him try the item on then turn and bend and pose while she decided the adequacy of its fit. Finally, several white cotton blouses with round collars trimmed with eyelet lace in both short and long sleeves were purchased. The uniform's skirts were blue, green, and black tartans in both full and straight styles. The straight skirt and long sleeved blouse for colder weather, which also required a uniform jacket in black with the school's emblem sewn in gold upon the left breast pocket. In addition to the jacket, a black satin tam with the school's emblem with long ribbon streamers was required.

Of course, Edna now required Johnny to pick out some new undies to go with his new outfits. It wasn't nearly as embarrassing as his last visit to the store, but he managed to pull off a very convincing display for the benefit of any on lookers. He gushed praises at the appropriate time and oohed over the delicate garments with a flourish. He even begged Edna to buy him a garter belt and some sheer black stockings. Inwardly he felt like a fool, but it was expected behavior and he was determined not to give his aunt any reason to punish him. When he had mentioned that he was now too old to go back to school, her look instantly stopped any further comment.

Laden with packages, they returned to the car to Ralph at the country club for lunch. Ralph was at the entrance wearing khaki slacks and a blue button-down shirt. With a whispered word of encouragement from his aunt, Johnny went up to him and gave him a kiss on the cheek. Lunch was an uncomfortable experience for Johnny, as many of the club members came up to them and they were introduced as Ralph's guests. Several of the younger men did little to hide their interest in the young woman sitting at the table. Johnny wasn't use to such attention, and it was evident by his shy demeanor and glowing cheeks. He seldom looked any of the visitors in the eye and only mumbled his acknowledgment of their greeting. Ralph apparently thrived on the attention his girlfriend received and kept up a constant chatter. As they were finishing lunch, Ralph reached into his pocket and removed a dark blue velvet case which he handed to Johnny. Smiling like the Cheshire cat, Ralph took Johnny's hand in his and carefully placed the case into it.

Johnny tried to give it back, but his aunt insisted that he accept it. Reluctantly he opened the case and to his dismay found a sparkling solitaire diamond surrounded with deep blue stones. Johnny just stared at the ring, unable to say anything. It was pretty, but the implications were slowly dawning on him. As if from an echo chamber he heard Ralph proposal. The words "will you marry me" seemed to echo in his mind.

"Oh how perfectly delightful," he heard his aunt exclaim.

Johnny was stunned. It was so sudden and all wrong. Completely and unequivocally wrong. He wasn't a real girl even. Finally looking up, he stared first into Ralph's eyes then his aunt's. Seeing that he really did not have any choice in the matter, panic began to set in. *This can't be happening*, his mind told him, but again his aunt caught his eye and the expression on her face told him what he had to do.

Edna decided that she had better give the poor boy an out. She spoke up just as he was about to throw the ring down. "Joanne darling, that is such a beautiful ring, and the sentiment that is given with it is obvious. But perhaps, Ralph, this may be a bit premature. After all, Joanne hasn't finished high school yet. Joanne dear, I think that you should give the ring back...just for now. I know how much it means to you dear, but I would like to see you finish school first."

Johnny couldn't believe his aunt's words, but with an inward sigh of relief he handed the ring back with a trembling hand. "Ralph...what Auntie said. I...no, not now," he managed to get out before the tears filled his eyes. The emotions filling him at the moment couldn't be described, but love was not one of them. Fear filled his entire being, and he could contain it no longer. Quickly he rose and literally ran to the ladies room where he collapsed in tears. His aunt soon followed him, tossing apologies as she

went. Finding him crying on a couch in the lady's room, she sat beside him and pulled him to her bosom. Stoking his hair as she cooed meaningless nonsense. Soon he was calm enough to blow his nose and dry his tears. Still he sat shaking but more in control of his emotions.

While Johnny was in the ladies room, Ralph drew an audience of sympathetic well-wishers. He took full advantage of it to put to rest any doubters of his sexual orientation. Within hours, the club's rumor mill would be spreading the word of the events that had taken place in the dining room that afternoon. While he did not accomplish all that he had planned, Edna seemed to leave a future wedding date open for discussion. It didn't matter what Johnny wanted. All that mattered was getting his hands on the promised dowry. The fact that he would also be able to satisfy his own personal needs while protecting his standing in the community was secondary.

CONVERSATIONS

Ronnie Edwards was sitting in his office, a brown medical records folder open before him. The diagnosis read, "Depression accompanied by confusion and drug toxicity." Ronnie continued to read the doctor's progress notes. "The patient has been weaned over the course of treatment from tranquilizer dependence. While still exhibiting indications of severe depression and confusion, the prognosis is excellent. Full recovery should be achievable within a relatively short time provided the patient's progress continues at the current level."

Ronnie was happy that the physicians were making progress and hopeful for Mary's complete recovery. Even if his theories about Aunt Edna's plots were proven wrong, at least she would have her child back and begin leading a normal life. Before closing the record, he checked the treatment profile, which indicated that the patient would begin counseling and group therapy sessions shortly. Satisfied, he closed the record and locked it in his file cabinet. Picking up the phone, he called the hospital. The doctor told him that within four to six weeks, Mary should be able to answer all his questions. Sitting back in his swivel chair, Ronnie could only think about that poor child and what he must be going through. *Heaven only knows what that poor kid will be forced to endure if I'm right*, he thought. *Oh well, I've done all that I can for the moment. I just hope that it is enough.*

Later that day, Edna was having her own telephone conversation with Ralph. "That was such a sweet thing you did yesterday. Why of course I approve! Well, I do think that my ward isn't quite ready for such a drastic step, but I think we can overcome that reluctance. We have to arrange it so that marriage will look like a better alternative, that's all. Yes, that may be more difficult to do than it seems. I think that you can now step up your intimacy, if you know what I mean. Of course, this may lead to your discovery of her secret, which if handled right would solve both our problems. Let's say you discover her secret and, instead of open disapproval and revulsion that she would naturally expect, you were to sympathize and show compassion. Perhaps even agree to help her get out from under my control, leading her on about regaining her masculinity...Well, you can see the possibilities. Naturally, you couldn't do a thing to help her under the current situation, but if she were to actually marry you...No, on second

thought, if she were to pretend to marry you, the marriage would be illegal and therefore able to be annulled. Once the marriage takes place, then all you would have to do is convince her that the public humiliation would be more than the both of you could endure. I think this may be our best plan. After all, you're the one going out on a limb and putting your reputation on the line to help. You understand where I'm coming from, don't you. Well, don't rush it too fast or it won't work. It is extremely important that she view you as her ally and friend. Right now, Joanne is not your ardent admirer, but that attitude can be changed. Okay, got to go now. You will need to think about the details of just how you want to proceed with this. But remember, it is very important that Joanne believes that by marrying you she will escape her present situation. I'll talk to you later."

DISCOVERY

The remainder of the week saw Johnny's mood become somewhat brighter. While he continued to dwell on the events of the luncheon, his aunt's support eased his mind. Ralph hadn't called him, nor did he see him out at the pool. Johnny just wished that Ralph would find another girl and leave him alone. It seemed like Edna had gone out of her way to make him feel better, but still there was that lingering doubt in the back of his mind that she was up to no good. The only uncomfortable experience that week was the trip to Saint Catherine's to register him for classes. He sat with his legs crossed at the ankles, wearing a short plaid skirt and pale blue blouse, with his hands neatly folded in his lap, while Edna and the Mother Superior worked out all the arrangements. The only input that he had was when the Mother Superior asked him to choose his two electives. Edna ended up deciding for him. His electives would be a deportment class and one called Home and Family Living. His core courses included Business Math, Typing and Secretarial Skills, History, English, and Religious Studies.

By the following week, Johnny's spirits were back to normal, if a boy forced to dress and act like a girl could have a normal existence. He helped Eunice around the house and even enjoyed the cooking lessons that she gave him. However, his routine was again disrupted by a telephone call from Ralph. He attempted to refuse the call, but Edna insisted and stood by as they conversed. Edna knew what the call was about. When she heard Johnny say "No, I can't," she interrupted to ask what was going on. Johnny was forced to tell her that Ralph was asking him out and he didn't want to go.

"Joanne, darling," Edna said in a stern voice, "I think it best if you accept Ralph's request. You have been cooped up in this apartment for two weeks now and you need to get out. Ralph is a nice young man who obviously has strong feelings for you. You will accept!"

"Yes, Auntie," Johnny submitted. In a voice not much above a whisper he told Ralph he would be glad to go out to dinner with him that Saturday evening.

Saturday came all too quickly for Johnny. His aunt was in an especially buoyant mood as she made sure that he was going to look his feminine best that night. After lunch they went to the beauty parlor where he had his longer hair and nails done. This was followed by a quick trip to the lingerie store for something "special." That something "special" turned out to be a low-cut demi-bra in pale burgundy with ivory lace

trim, matching panty, garter belt, and sheer smoky hose. With those purchases in hand, Edna decided that a new dress would be appropriate. By the time they arrived back at the apartment, Johnny had a new, low-cut, rose, rayon full-skirted dress with short sleeves and matching three-inch, open-toed, spike-heeled pumps.

Ralph arrived promptly at seven and beamed his approval of the young girl Edna presented to him. Even Johnny had to admit that he looked stunning in the rose gown. He picked up his purse, checked its contents, and walked over to Ralph. There he leaned over and kissed Ralph quickly on the lips as his aunt had previously instructed. "Now you kids have fun. And remember, Ralph, Joanne isn't married to you yet, so have her home at a decent hour, if you would." Johnny quivered in his heels.

Instead of going down to the lobby, Ralph pushed the elevator button for his floor. Johnny didn't know what to say, but knew that he couldn't refuse. If he did that, his aunt's wrath would be something he just wasn't prepared to face. She had with her various torments and punishments destroyed his will to fight her. No, he would have to endure an evening in Ralph's apartment. Johnny just prayed that Ralph wouldn't try anything while they were alone. The apartment was nice if not surprisingly feminine, which Ralph explained away as his Mother's doing. Dinner was good. Grilled chicken breast over a creamy pasta and vegetable mix. He calmly ate what Ralph had prepared. While conversation was limited, Ralph seemed to go out of his way to calm Johnny's internal fears. A couple of bottles of white wine and soft music in the background soon had Johnny in a mellow mood. He was not used to drinking, and so far Ralph hadn't done anything aggressive or threatening. *He is being unusually nice*, he thought.

Johnny began the clean up. He took it for granted that this was what he was supposed to do. He found a pink ruffled apron hanging on a hook in the pantry and tied it around his narrow waist. It was surprisingly feminine for being in a bachelor pad, but Johnny was so used to wearing such garments he didn't give it a second thought. Soon the dishes were washed, dried, and put away. The counters wiped down and the floor swept. Johnny felt very domesticated doing these feminine chores. The months under his aunt's and Eunice's tutelage in the domestic arts were now ingrained into his thought process. Finished, he removed the apron and went back into the living room.

Ralph was sitting on the couch wearing a lounging jacket, holding a straight-stemmed pipe in one hand a snifter in the other. "Oh good, you're finished. You know you didn't have to do that. I was going to do it in the morning, but I appreciate the effort." He almost added that she'd make a great wife but stopped short. He certainly didn't want to get Johnny upset now. "Come over here and sit. I've got an especially good brandy that I know you will enjoy."

He removed another snifter and a crystal decanter from the cabinet. Johnny was ready to sit. The three-inch heels were pinching his toes unmercifully. As he made himself comfortable on the couch, carefully pulling his skirt over his knees, Ralph handed him the glass. Johnny was somewhat disappointed that there was so little liquor in it. He wasn't a drinker, but he was very nervous and thought a drink would calm him down a bit. Without thinking, he tossed the drink down and immediately be-

gan to sputter, tears forming in his eyes, his nose beginning to run. It was difficult getting his breath and he was helpless.

“Oh girl, you ought to know not to chugalug brandy. You’re supposed to sip it. Slowly, not swallow it down like that. Here, drink this water, it will help,” Ralph said, laughing while patting Johnny on the back.

Johnny finally pulled himself together. Reaching for his purse, he removed a tissue, wiped at his eyes and then blew his nose. Letting his head fall back to rest on the couch, he took in a deep breath and drank some more water. At last he felt better, the fire that ran from his throat down into his stomach gone. “What was that stuff?” he managed to ask. “I really wasn’t expecting anything like that.”

“Would you like to try it again? Well, how about another glass of wine? I have another bottle, if you’d like. Just give me a second.”

The wine was much better. Johnny took a healthy swallow to clear his palate. Ralph quickly refilled the glass and then sat down beside him. Johnny was uncomfortable with Ralph sitting so close but knew that he had his part to play, otherwise Ralph just might get suspicious or worse tell his aunt that he was being standoffish. His nervousness made him drink more of the wine than was wise. Soon he was beginning to get a buzz. The combination of brandy and wine definitely had its calming effects, and soon Johnny wasn’t bothered so much about Ralph’s arm.

They sat there talking about things in general, listening to the soft music with Johnny becoming more and more relaxed. He didn’t seem to be aware that Ralph was slowly sliding closer. Noticing Johnny’s mellowing mood, Ralph became more affectionate and more aggressive in his conduct. As Johnny squirmed to distance himself, he found himself sliding under Ralph. Before Johnny could react, Ralph had his skirt pushed up around his chin. Johnny was unable to protest as Ralph was deep throat-ing him with his tongue and his hands were working there way to Johnny’s thighs. The combination of alcohol and a long day had Johnny at a distinct disadvantage. While he wanted Ralph to stop and he exerted what force he could to push him away, he just did not have the strength. He soon felt Ralph’s hands parting his thighs.

With a frantic shove against Ralph’s chest Johnny managed to break their kiss. “Noooo...Please...Don’t Ralph! Noooo....Stop it! Ohhhhh Ralph please don’t,” he managed to protest. While Johnny thought he was using a commanding tone, his protest was almost a whisper. It was the kind of inflection that women use when they really don’t mean no. As a result, his protest was ignored. It would have been ignored in any case. Still, he squirmed and tried his best to wiggle out of Ralph’s embrace. Then to Johnny’s surprise Ralph quickly slid down his now recumbent body. “Eek! Whaa...” He tried to scream as he felt Ralph’s lips sucking madly at the juncture of his thighs. This was something completely beyond anything he had experienced or expected. All he knew was that things were progressing entirely too fast for him to exert any meaningful control. Instinctively, he knew he had to stop Ralph from going any further.

In a last ditch attempt to dislodge Ralph’s amorous intentions, Johnny raised a leg, leveraged it against Ralph’s shoulder, and pushed. All that did was to force him further on his back and expose more of his pantied crotch. Then everything froze. Time

seemed to stand still as Johnny felt Ralph's hands pull away the panties exposing his masculinity.

Oh why had Auntie insisted that out on dates with Ralph I not wear the panty girdle? he asked himself in shocked disbelief. Ralph just sat back, holding the black lace panties loosely in his hand, staring at Johnny's nude groin. Johnny broke out in hysterical tears. The reality of discovery combined with the emotional turmoil of Ralph's sexual pursuit overwhelmed him. He couldn't cuss, he couldn't scream, all he could do was lay on the couch with his hands pressing down his skirt between his legs. He cried great big tears that had his mascara flowing in rivers of black sludge down his cheeks.

At last Ralph got up and found a box of tissue, which he handed to Johnny. As Johnny pulled out a hand full of tissues and began dabbing at his eyes, Ralph refilled his snifter with a healthy helping and Johnny's wine glass. Though tear-rimmed eyes, Johnny watched as Ralph swallowed his drink in one big gulp. "Damn!" Ralph said as he refilled his glass once again.

Johnny's sobbing slowed and he began to gather himself. Snatching his panties from where Ralph had dropped them, he pulled them on and tugged his dress back into place. Ralph handed him his glass of wine and sat across from him in the lounge chair. Johnny was both confused and scared by Ralph's apparent calm acceptance. "You feel like telling me all about this?" Ralph asked with concern. It was near impossible to keep the glee out of his voice, but he managed.

Johnny didn't know where to start or for that matter what to reveal. It took him several attempts to say anything, but finally he managed to ask: "You're not angry or mad? You're not going to hurt me, are you? I didn't want to do this...Auntie made me do it...I...I never..."

"It's all right, Joanne," Ralph interrupted. "Or should I call you something else?"

"It's really Johnny. My real name that is, but...sniff...sniff...How can you just sit there like that? If someone had...you know...like me? I think I would be mad at least. It's not my fault! Really it isn't. Auntie forced me to dress like this and pretend....pretend like I was a real girl. I'm sorry..."

"That's okay, Johnny! You don't have to be scared of me, and I won't hurt you. Promise," Ralph softly replied. "Although, I must say, looking at you right now, it is kinda hard for me to call you Johnny. Would you mind terribly if I stuck with Joanne? Less confusing that way. Besides, how could you even think that I might want to hurt you? I love you as you are. It really doesn't matter that much to me. I admit that I may have been a bit over zealous, but I had cause. You look incredibly beautiful as a young woman. You're being who you are doesn't change a thing for me. However, if I can, I want to help you. Do you understand? Perhaps if you told me everything? Go ahead, drink some wine and take your time. We still have a few hours before I have to get you back to your aunt's."

Hearing the sincerity in Ralph's voice and being relieved that he wasn't going to be pounded into the dirt, Johnny told him everything. About how his aunt came to his house and dressed him in girlish clothing. Made him do what girls always do, including date Ralph. He hadn't wanted to date Ralph, much less clean house and such. Be-

sides, he really didn't feel comfortable with guys. At least not like that. All he wanted to do was get back into his pants and be a guy again.

By the time he had finished telling his tale of woe, Ralph seemed truly concerned. "Joanne, I think what your aunt has done to you, to the both of us, is despicable. I can't think of a thing that we can do now that wouldn't destroy our reputations as well as hers. Especially after I proposed to you at the club. Hell! Everybody knows that I proposed to you now. However, let me think on it for a day or two and maybe, just maybe, we can come up with a solution to our problem. Now, why don't you take your purse into the bathroom and tidy up so I can take you home. It wouldn't look proper to take you home looking like you do now."

THE PLOT THICKENS

As they approached his aunt's apartment, Ralph told Johnny they had to keep up appearances, otherwise his aunt might become suspicious. Johnny agreed and tried his best to put on a happy face. Still, doubt tickled his backbone as they stepped off the elevator. At the door Ralph kissed Johnny hard on the lips. "Damned if you're not the best kisser I have ever kissed. See you next Friday, okay?"

Just as Ralph started for the elevator, the apartment door opened and Aunt Edna stepped out. "Oh, Ralph are you leaving so soon? I had hoped that you would stay a moment and you two could tell me all about your date. Well, maybe later..." Johnny did not see Ralph's wink; his head was bowed in embarrassment.

"Come along, Joanne," Edna said. "I imagine that you are tired from your evening and want to get to bed." Edna did not miss the rumpled state of Johnny's clothing, nor the red rimming his eyes. *Oh, I just can't wait to talk to Ralph and find out what happened*, she thought as she trailed Johnny into his room.

That night Johnny did not sleep well. He tossed and turned, reliving his awful experience of the night. For once, the curlers covering his head were not the cause of his distress. The sudden change in Ralph's attitude had surely come as one heck of a surprise, but he was thankful that Ralph did not beat the living daylights out of him. He knew that he probably would have if their positions were changed. All night long his mind kept repeating the same thoughts. *Heck! That's what the older boys in high school did for entertainment on the weekends, they went out to roll queers*, he thought as he tossed and turned. *Why was Ralph being so nice? All this time he's been such a bully and so... ugh! I couldn't stand being around him, but now... What can I do? I guess I'll have to trust him. Maybe, just maybe he will help me.*

As Johnny lay in restless turmoil, Edna was talking to Ralph on the phone. "Well darling, I must hear all the gory details. Mmmm! Yes! That innocent unselfish act on your part really must have thrown a monkey wrench into his ideas about you. No, he seemed surprisingly calm by the time I got him into bed. Okay, so tell me what are your plans from here. Ahhh, oh, yes that is perfectly divine inspiration, Ralph. I think that if you approach it in that manner he has to agree to marry you. By marrying you, he gets out from under my control, believing that you will immediately let him go back to being a boy. Oh my! That will work! Hahahahaha! Is he ever going to be surprised when you tell him that you have to stay married! Imagine his chagrin when he realizes

that by marrying you he has committed a serious felony, as it is against the law to marry someone of the same sex. Since he is the one that fooled you, he'd be the one facing serious jail time. And oh, the embarrassment that he would force on you and poor you, the only one to unselfishly sacrifice his community standing and self respect just to help a poor boy get out of wearing dresses. It is a lovely plan, darling! You can be assured that I will do what I have to from my end. Once you are wed I will pay the first installment of your dowry and, as you wish, it will be paid in cash. I will set up a graduated trust fund for you out of the remainder. You will have to wait until I am convinced that your marriage has lasted long enough to ensure that Johnny can never, and I mean never, return to being what he once was. You'll be able to draw down on the trust each year. All right, it is getting late. We'll talk some more later, but the sooner you convince Joanne that she needs to marry you the better."

WEDDING PLANS

Edna kept Johnny busy for the rest of the week. He was not happy about having to attend an all girls school, much less having to interact with them. While he knew that he could pass as a young woman in public, he wasn't so sure that he could pull the wool over the eyes of his peers. While he fretted over this new embarrassment in his life, Edna decided to throw him a bone. But first she had to twist the knife just a bit. "Darling," she said as Johnny was ironing his white school blouses, "you will do simply wonderful in school. I just know it. Besides, it will be good for you to mingle with girls your own age. Heavens! You certainly haven't had the opportunity to socialize with other young ladies nearly enough to get along in this topsy-turvy world as a young woman. School will really help you achieve that necessary kind of knowledge you know."

She paused to look at him before continuing, "Yes, you don't have to say it. I know that you are worried about attending a new school and how the students will accept you. I have assurances from the principal that she will not let anyone pick on you. And should they guess your little secret, then, well, you'll just have to make the best of it. Just remember to watch them carefully, imitate their manners, and let them do most of the talking. You know it was a good thing that you turned Ralph's proposal down. I just found out that the school does not enroll married women. Oh! Here dear, don't scorch that blouse now!"

While his aunt's last words echoed in his mind, he forgot what he was doing. He came out of his reverie just in time to keep from burning the blouse. Carefully he picked it up and draped it over a hanger. "Auntie," he began, "what if they, you know..." He stuttered and fidgeted with the lacy collar at his neck. "They'll find out and I don't think I could live with that. I'd die, simply die!"

"Well darling, there may be a way to correct that little problem of yours. My doctor tells me that there is a surgical procedure. Oh no! It's not what you're thinking," she quickly added seeing his face go white. "It's a simple tucking procedure, where they just stitch everything hidden away sort of. I don't know all the details, but if you're so concerned I will make the appointments necessary. As long as you are concerned about appearances, I think that I read somewhere that they can also give you a very

realistic looking bosom. Do you want me to make the call? It wouldn't hurt to discuss all the options with an authority."

Johnny was taken aback by his aunt's recommendation. He stood still before the ironing board and felt the blood drain out of his face. He wasn't sure if he should sit down or just stand there. Life was bad enough without his aunt mentioning something like surgery. That sounded entirely too permanent. The thought of some surgeon making a Frankenstein's woman out of him scared him silly. Finally, he stepped back and sat on the stool sitting beside the ironing board. A wild idea came to him. It was desperate, but he didn't think that he had any alternative.

"What if Ralph and I were to decide to get married? He was awful nice last Friday night and well... I think that he really wants me to get married now." He could feel his knees knocking together and a cold sweat break out on his forehead. It seemed like forever before his aunt answered him.

"Well dear, I still think that you may be too young, but then again true love conquers all. All I can ask is that you decide what is best for you, young lady. This must be your own decision. You have to consider all the consequences involved, and if you decide that getting married is what you truly want, then I will see that you get what your heart desires."

She smiled in deep satisfaction at Johnny's request. All her plans were beginning to bear fruit, and now she had her nephew right where she wanted him. Now to dig his grave even deeper, she instructed him, "Just remember that getting married is easy. If you decide that you have made a mistake afterwards, then getting unmarried is not only next to impossible but would ruin all of our reputations. Divorce in this State is not a legal alternative unless your husband is a convicted felon. So be sure before you jump into matrimony, darling. Now let's get back to ironing those cute pleated skirts. We'll talk more about you and Ralph later."

As Johnny got up from the stool, his legs felt rubbery, but he managed to stand upright. There was just too much going on for him to understand. The only thoughts that stood out were those revolving around doctors and surgery. His mind skipped over what his aunt said about divorce. Johnny pulled one of his pleated skirts onto the ironing board. "If I had worn skirts that short when I was your age, my mother would have tanned my hide something fierce. Just be glad that you have pretty legs and a nice round tush to make them hang beautifully. I bet you can't wait for school to start. Would you care for another cup of tea darling? I'm positively parched."

That next Friday night, Johnny actually looked forward to his date with Ralph. *Perhaps tonight we can figure a way for me to get out of going to school and out from under Auntie's thumb*, he thought as he rolled up his sheer stockings. By eight o'clock he was ready for Ralph to pick him up. He was wearing a pretty, sleeveless, light blue rayon dress with button front and white lace collar. A navy silk scarf was tied in a square knot and tucked under the collar. Tan sheer hose and navy three-inch spike heels completed his outfit. He sat on his vanity stool, idly twisting a ringlet of hair around his finger, waiting for his aunt to announce Ralph's arrival. He was brought from his thoughts by his aunt's voice telling him that Ralph had arrived. Quickly Johnny

grabbed his purse and went to meet him. They kissed briefly. Ralph said that they would be home early.

They went to Ralph's apartment and again had dinner. This time Johnny did all the cooking and serving. He only sat down to eat after Ralph had been served. They ate in silence. Finally, the meal finished and the dishes washed and put up, Johnny broached the subject that was on both their minds. "Ralph, have you figured a way out of this mess for me? Unless we come up with something quick, Auntie is going to send me to that girls school and I'll just die if that happens. She even suggested that the doctors surgically change me to look like a real girl! A real girl! Do you know what that means? I can't face that, but without it I can't fool a bunch of girls!"

"Now settle down, Joanne," Ralph replied. "Here, let me fix us both a drink—Chablis for you?" He fixed their drinks and sat down beside Johnny on the sofa. "Here you go, darling," he said as he passed the drink. "I've been thinking all about this for the whole week. Really thinking about it, and I've come up with only one logical answer. You're going to have to marry me. Don't say anything just yet, let me finish. If we get married, you will be out of your aunt's grasp and will be free of her. Once we are married then we give it a little time to allay any misgivings your aunt may have, then we move. Simple, we move out of the city and then everything will be hunky-dory. That's my plan, if you have thought of a better one please tell me now."

"Oh Ralph, I don't know!" Johnny said. "Auntie said that getting married would keep me from going to that school, but she also said something about it being real hard to get a divorce. I just don't know. All I know is that I have got to get away from that woman before it's too late."

"Well, she's right about it being difficult to get a divorce, but then again you're really a guy and how can two guys be married?"

"I hadn't thought of that," Johnny replied joyfully. "Okay, if you really want to help me out of the mess that I am in, let's do it."

"Do what? Marry you? Does that mean you are willing to accept my proposal of your own free will and go through with the wedding?"

"Of course, silly, isn't that what we have been talking about?"

"Okay then, let's make this official and I'll get down on my knees and make a proper proposal. Then we had better go see your aunt and tell her the good news!"

As they left the apartment, Ralph's arm possessively around Johnny's waist, he said, "We are going to have to make this look real you know. Otherwise, your aunt may get suspicious. That means we're going to have to get a lot more lovey-dovey when we are together. You know, hold hands, kiss and touch each other the entire time, even when we're alone. Remember that a girl treats her man very possessively and expresses that through her body language."

"Even when we're alone? How can that be necessary?" Johnny asked as they reached the elevator.

"That's what I said!" Ralph continued to explain. "Even when we are alone. Your aunt isn't stupid; she will be looking for certain signs that you have been making out."

A young woman in love doesn't come home after a date with her Prince Charming without being rumpled and smudged, if you know what I mean. Not only that, but you are going to have to convince your aunt that you're really into this marriage game by acting like a love-starved kitten. You're going to have to talk about me all the time. You know, like how you love the color of my eyes and other physical attributes. Or that you miss not being with or near me. You know, all that girlish tomfoolery. I know that you are uncomfortable with this, but you are just going to have to accept it. You don't think that I like having to do this, do you?"

As they were getting off the elevator, Johnny wasn't so sure about his decision. Having to act like those love sick teenagers in all those beach movies and romance novels his aunt forced him to watch and read was not going to be easy. But the alternative was not any brighter. At least this way he wouldn't have to be that way forever. Besides, now that he thought about it, Ralph's arguments regarding their intimacy made sense. He certainly didn't want his aunt to get suspicious now.

RONNIE GETS MUCH NEEDED NEWS

The telephone rang three times before Ronnie reached over and picked up the receiver. "Hello, this is Ronnie Edwards," he answered. "Doctor, that is some of the best news that I have had in a long time. Can I interview her now? From some reports that I have been getting it doesn't look good for her son. Some rumor about a wedding, of all things. I am not sure what her game is, but I have the feeling that if we don't act quickly it may be too late. Yes, I can get the judge there first thing in the morning. You just make sure that all those consulting doctors and information proving that she is sane are there as well. Okay, see you in the morning!"

Ronnie placed the receiver back into its cradle and settled back into his chair. *Well! Ms. Edna Smythe, your time is quickly drawing to a close. I have all the information I need to prove that you have at the very least violated your obligations as the trustee of the estate. Not only that, if I can prove my suspicions, I am very sure that the authorities will be happy to have you as their guest for many years. I can promise you that I will do my damned best to see you do exactly that!*

* * * * *

Johnny stood still as Eunice ran about his flowing skirts like a bee from flower to flower, adjusting the bridal train as she went. His aunt stood off to the side, offering comments every so often to the seamstress working on the wedding dress. The dress was a shimmering white satin, full with a sweetheart neckline. The skirt was covered with soft chiffon and chains of pearls. The bodice was heavily embroidered with seed pearls and rhinestones. The neckline was trimmed in a lush Irish lace ending with a choker clasped with a large teardrop pearl. The collar forced Johnny to keep his head erect and the stiff boning in the bodice felt like a vise clutching at his ribs. A veil flowed from a small crown atop his Gibson girl styled hair and reached his chin in front and fell over eight feet in the back to form the train. It was gossamer thin and extravagantly detailed in floral lace along its hem ending in a virtual floral bouquet at the end of the train. Long white gloves reached almost to his shoulders and he stood on

three-inch white satin pumps. The seamstress was adding the last of the pins marking the final alterations. It had seemed like days to him, but only four hours had passed since donning the garment.

His aunt had spent the past two weeks making all the necessary arrangements. The wedding would be held at the country club, and Ralph had courageously volunteered to handle all those details. However, she had personally undertaken the bridal preparations. She selected the dress, matching under garments, and Johnny's entire trousseaux. He was not given much to say about any of the selections. He just stood aside while everything was delivered and altered right there in the apartment. He participated only when called upon to try something on. Each and every outfit was the height of feminine fashion, with a strong emphasis on the frilly. At last the seamstress moved back, surveyed him one last time, then told him to undress. Immediately Eunice came over to assist him.

"That is just lovely," Edna exclaimed as she brushed at her eye. Her tear was actually real, but it was due more to the nearing culmination of her plans. "Joanne darling, you will be the prettiest bride ever. I'm sure Ralph will positively drool when he sees you walking down the aisle."

"Now Miss Noe," she said as she turned her attention to the seamstress, "how soon will you have all the alternations done? My little Joanne can't wait to be married. See, she's just on pins and needles. No pun intended, dear. Too bad she is so impatient. I did so want to have a big wedding with all my friends in attendance, but she just can't wait so we have to rush it. Thank goodness she isn't...well, you know what I mean...At least it's not that! But I intend to make this the best wedding she'll ever have."

Johnny blushed beet red as his aunt made her last comment. *Pregnant indeed!* he thought as he carefully pulled his arms out of the dress' capped sleeves. He was indeed in a hurry to get married, but certainly not for the reasons his aunt thought. The very idea of getting out from under his aunt's power made the trials and tribulations of the past few days more than worth it. The hours of dressing and undressing down to his undies in front of not only his aunt but the maid and seamstress had been a strain, but so far he had managed to keep his secret. However, each time he had to strip it sent a shiver of fear down his spine. Up until now only his aunt had seen him naked or wearing just his undergarments. Even when the seamstress' hand brushed against his crotch, she did not seem to notice anything out of the ordinary. The tight pale yellow panty girdle did wonders to hide his manhood between his legs. The soft lumpiness caused by the sanitary napkin that he wore did not hurt his illusion.

Finally, he was left alone to prepare for his date with Ralph. Johnny wasn't at all pleased with how his dates were shaping up. Each time since they announced their impending marriage they'd gotten more and more serious. Ralph's insisting they had to make it appear real would take advantage of Johnny. The kissing became more ardent, the make out sessions even hotter, with Johnny coming home many a night with hickeys covering his neck and upper breasts. At least when Ralph was sucking on his neck he wasn't forcing his tongue down Johnny's throat. Johnny was getting very uncomfortable but had to admit that his aunt did not raise any uncertainties.

Now he had to get ready for tonight's festivities. Ralph was taking him to the club for dinner and another chance to show him off to his friends. Thankfully, they were not going back to his apartment, were Johnny certainly did not want to go if he could avoid it. The idea of making out with Ralph or any man for that matter still repulsed him. As he sat in fresh, rose-colored, lace-edged panty briefs and matching bra that revealed entirely too much flesh to Johnny's way of thinking, his aunt walked in and sat on the bed. "Darling," she began, "you looked marvelous this afternoon. I will be very proud to see you walk down the aisle with Ralph although I did have my misgivings. On your date tonight, I think that we need to have a little talk. I've notice lately that you and Ralph have been doing some heavy petting. Now that is all well and good, especially since you are now engaged, but you know a man has his limits. No, don't say anything until I finish. You just sit there and finish your face. Like I was saying, when a young woman allows herself to become intimate, she can't let her man just simmer so to speak. I guess I had better get to the core of the matter: Joanne do you know about oral sex?"

The question made Johnny turn his head so fast that he smeared lipstick across his left cheek. "Auntie?" he almost shouted. "What are you suggesting? I certainly...er..." He couldn't finish. The very idea of what she suggested was so overwhelming that he was completely stunned.

"Shut your mouth, dear, it is hanging open and you'll catch flies," Edna said, trying her best to hide the smile on her face. Ralph and she had discussed this development earlier, and it seemed like a good idea to plant into Johnny's head. If it came to pass, then Johnny's ability to escape being dominated and kept in dresses would be much harder, if not impossible. Obviously, Ralph would get some instant gratification out of it, but who was she to fret over that little point? It would certainly assist her in reaching her goal of full control over the family fortune. So she would just have to make it very clear that providing her betrothed a little sexual relief was not an unexpected or improper outcome in their maturing relationship. "Listen closely, Joanne, it is not fair to Ralph to tease him so. Men are made differently than you or me. Once you get their hormones going you cannot just leave him that way. A very appropriate way to handle that without losing you precious virginity is by giving him oral relief. I would not like to see Ralph looking so frustrated after one of your dates in the future. Either that, or you stop teasing him altogether. Is that understood?"

If he blurted out what he was thinking, he could easily ruin his entire plan of escape. Digging his sharp nails into the palms of his hands, he just managed to keep his cool. Hanging his head down, he whispered, "Yes auntie, I understand."

WARRANTS

Ronnie Edwards, his investigator from the city, the judge, several prominent doctors, and two sheriff deputies were sitting in the hospital's conference room. They had just left a distraught Mary, who had given all the necessary information identifying her only child as a boy. Her crucial testimony that all they had to do was check his medical records to see that he had been circumcised two days after he had been born was verified by one of the physicians. Ronnie silently kicked himself for not thinking about

checking the medical files, he just bit his lower lip when Mary mentioned it. Now the judge was listening to all the evidence gathered by Ronnie's investigator. While nothing was provided that positively linked Ralph into the plot, there was enough evidence for the judge to issue a bench warrant out for Miss Edna Smythe. While Ronnie had argued for stronger charges, the judge was only willing to issue the warrant under the child abuse statutes of the state.

"Mr. Edwards, you have presented a very unusual case for my consideration. However, all that you have given me would only support your allegations of child abuse. She does have legal custody of the child until I declare Mary sane and in charge of her own faculties. Therefore, kidnapping does not apply. You have not proven to me that she has committed fraud or a criminal act. Although you have presented enough circumstantial evidence to indicate that perhaps some wrongdoing may have occurred. That will remain for the prosecutor to determine. So I am willing to grant you an arrest warrant for child neglect and abuse, and you may take these two deputies with you to execute it. I also should warn you that if the young man in question entered into this deception willingly... Well, I don't have to spell it out for you. Do you have any other questions? Then I'll be seeing you in court."

Before the judge stood up, he looked at the physicians present. "Doctors, while Mr. Edwards did not bring any charges against some of your fellow physicians, I think that you might want to perform your own investigation into the behavior of Mary's previous attendants and treatments. I would think that your Medical Board would be most interested. Thank you, gentlemen." At that he stood and left the room. Ronnie thanked them all for helping and asked the deputies to follow him into town.

TO THE RESCUE

That Friday night's date was hectic for Johnny. Ralph tried to be romantic and attentive, seeming to have the hands of an octopus once again. Fortunately, Johnny insisted that they go to the club for dinner and a few dances. Johnny tried his best to keep their relationship low key that night, fearing what would happen if he got Ralph stirred up. The very idea of him having to perform oral sex was so revolting that his stomach soured. Dinner had been a relief, but he could not force himself to eat very much. While he did not particularly enjoy dancing, he forced himself to keep Ralph on the dance floor until the last dance was announced. Ralph had been drinking and was now becoming insistent that they go back to his apartment. Again, Johnny was lucky; Ralph had drunk too much and by the time they got back to the high-rise, he was able to brush Ralph off. Using the excuse that he had an early morning of wedding preparations to make, he managed to satisfy Ralph with several deep kisses and caresses to his backside.

As Johnny closed the door behind him, he breathed a sigh of relief and not for the first time wondered if he had made the right choice. Ralph was pushing this realistic approach a little too much for his taste, but then again Ralph had had a lot to drink. So with questions bouncing around in his head about his decision, he went to bed.

The rest of the week went very much like the last: clothing to try on, packing for the honeymoon, a meeting with the Justice of the Peace who was going to perform the

ceremony, wedding rehearsals with Eunice standing in for Ralph. All those last minute details that a bride has to go through. Something borrowed was a fancy white garter belt from Eunice, something blue was his aunt's blue sapphire and diamond earrings, something old was an antique hat pin with a large pearl that was used to hold his veil's mooring in place, and something new was his frilly white silk underwear. Panties with elaborate lace decoration on the front panel, camisole with eyelet lace hemming elegant floral lace edging, bouffant petticoats trimmed in lace and satin and white sheer stockings with floral patterns running up from the heel.

The small ceremony was scheduled to take place Saturday, and Johnny was able to get out of his regular date with Ralph. Saturday morning was spent at the beautician's. His aunt treated him to a complete makeover. He was nervous but again he left there feeling that his secret was safe. Lying in just his panty girdle as the attendant waxed his entire body filled him with so much dread that he really didn't feel the pain as the wax was removed. He blushed scarlet when the attendant asked him if he wanted his pubic hair shaped as well. He quickly answered in the negative, but felt relieved that she did not suspect that anything was out of the ordinary. The hours under auntie's home electrolysis kit had left his face baby smooth.

His hair was again fixed in a perfect Gibson girl style in which the stylist added a good bit of matching hair swatches. His nails shone a brilliant fire engine red, and a precisely made-up face was reflected back at him as he examined himself in the mirror. Bright fire engine red lipstick, dark blue eyeshadow to match his earrings, eyeliner and mascara, and blush colored his face. He looked like a girl before, but now he looked like a woman. He couldn't believe it, but reaching out to touch the mirror the full force of his new reality hit him.

He stood shaking in his pumps as his aunt and Eunice fussed about him. He was fully dressed in his wedding gown and waiting for the music to announce the processional march. Mr. Bird was waiting just outside the door to escort him down the aisle. Mr. Bird was Edna's financial advisor. Ushers and other attendees were all members of Edna's executive staff and were employed under the Trust that handled the family fortune. There were perhaps fifteen or twenty people sitting in the meeting room they were using for the ceremony. Those that weren't with Edna were Ralph's friends. There was some rumblings regarding the lack of any of the bride's friends being in attendance, but nothing serious was made over it.

As Johnny was anxiously awaiting his fate, Ralph was crowing and boasting to all his friends about his lucky catch. He made sure that they all understood that any old suspicions about his real sexual preferences should now be permanently forgotten. He was never that way and his lovely bride should prove that to everyone's satisfaction. With this wedding he would not only get rid of the only stigma keeping him out of upper society, get sufficient new funds to assure his ascendancy into the upper crust and all the benefits that would bring, but also his very own sissy boy play doll. A play doll that would have absolutely no choice but to do all that Ralph wished and more. He was looking forward to enjoying his little sissy boy toy. The very thought of breaking him in, taking his cherry, and getting to see the abandonment of all hope on his face as he did so thrilled him to the core.

The organist took up the opening chords of the wedding march, and Johnny looked pensively towards his aunt. "Go on dear, remember to walk gracefully and slowly down the aisle. I'll be right in front of you. If you feel faint, just lean on Mr. Bird's arm, he will steady you. Okay I'm going now, be sure to kick your skirt forward so that you don't trip. Eunice will keep track of your train for you."

As Johnny reached the platform where Ralph waited, the door of the room swung open with a loud crash. Ronnie, two sheriff's deputies, and two policemen entered. With all heads turned toward the door, Edna screamed out, "What in the blazes do you think you're doing in here? Can't you silly fools see that a wedding is going on! What? Is that you Ronnie Edwards? I didn't invite you! Get out!"

The next minutes or hours went by in a fog for Johnny. At first when Ronnie announced to all assembled that Joanne was really Johnny in unwilling disguise, he was greatly embarrassed, but later the relief that his ordeal was over filled him with elation. As for Ralph, he too went numb when Edna was put into handcuffs. His face flushed and he almost fainted when all his friends looked pointedly at him. Especially when Johnny announced that Ralph knew who he really was all the time and was trying to help him. Needless to say, everyone else was shocked to the core and pandemonium ruled the room.

Ronnie's investigators as well as the local police immediately began interrogating everyone present. As this was going on, Ronnie pulled a distraught Johnny into another room. There he assured him that everything was going to be all right and that once his story got out, no one would persecute him for what had happened. He carefully questioned him about what had happened and the nature of Ralph's involvement. Finally, a cab was called and Ronnie took Johnny back to the apartment. Eunice had to accompany them to handle Johnny's wedding dress. While she assisted him in undressing, she almost wailed, "Oh, Johnny, I didn't know! I truly didn't know that she was doing that, much less that you weren't who you looked like. You do make a convincing young lady. Why, I'd never guess that you are who you are!" As he stepped out of the dress, Eunice muttered, "You sure do look the proper young lady! Who'd guess? Why, you are even blossoming in the right places." Johnny took a moment to examine his reflection. There was no doubt in his eyes that a trim young lady's body was reflected back at him. Slightly wide hips, narrow waist, and amazingly, two rather prominent mounds jiggling on his chest. Johnny had not paid any particular attention to them, blaming their puffiness and tenderness on the tight bras he had to wear constantly. "How?" He questioned aloud.

"Maybe it was that special tea your aunt had me fix for you all the time," Eunice said. "It's the kind of herbs that my mother taught me about. They're for helping a woman with her woman troubles, if you know what I mean. Usually you only take a cup, but she had you drinking it all the time."

Needless to say, Johnny was upset hearing this news. But, realizing that it was too late for him to do anything about it at the moment, he said nothing more. He let Eunice pull a nightgown over his head and help him into its matching negligee. Stepping into the mules, he went out to join Ronnie in the living room. He did all this unconsciously, not realizing the habits he had gotten into. He sat somewhat self-consciously, talking with Ronnie about what was going to happen next. Ronnie told

him that first he was going to get Johnny back into his proper clothing. This comment made Johnny blush and slide his feet out from under him; he was sitting on the couch in a very feminine manner. He started to adjust his negligee, but forced his hands back into his lap. Deep inside his mind a doubt was harbored that maybe, just maybe, he wouldn't be able to adjust.

Johnny and Ronnie kept talking into late evening, when it was decided that it would be better to continue the conversation in the morning. Johnny fussed that he was too keyed up to even think about sleep and wanted to continue talking. Ronnie was adamant and handed Johnny a small pill. "Here, go take this. It will help you sleep. And believe me, you do need the sleep. This has been a very traumatic day for everyone. Now go get some sleep, I'll be right here if you really need me."

Johnny fell into a deep and untroubled sleep after he was given a mild tranquilizer. It had been a very full day.

Finis... Or is it?