

Jason's Demise

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Jason Madison was a spoiled rotten rich kid first in line to inherit great wealth. He was an only child whose mother had passed when he was twelve. His father never remarried and the only other living relatives were an ostracized aunt and her daughter. He didn't know nor cared why his father disliked his sister and niece so much. All Jason cared about was pursuing his favorite hobby of self indulgence. He had a lot of friends both boys and girls his age. They weren't real friends in that they only cared about the things he gave them or the fantastic parties he threw.

Jason was pompous, down right rude, very demanding and could be real mean. His money was like honey. Wherever he went he drew wanna-bes. People that wanted to be like him, rich but satisfied with cast offs. His parties were famous at the prestigious private school he attended. Everyone in his entourage looked forward to them as there was always a good band, plenty of alcohol and dope. Jason, unlike his so called friends, didn't partake of either alcohol or marijuana as he got too much of a kick out of seeing the others make total fools of themselves. There was an additional benefit to being sober and alert. He could use what they did as blackmail or to publicly humiliate them. It also made it easier for him to get close to the girls. The picture of Samantha, sloppy drunk, smoking dope with her then boyfriend Casey, made her his girl until something better came along.

Despite his wealth, Jason had a hard time getting a beautiful girl to date him at least not the rich ones. Unfortunately beautiful rich girls were the only kind he was attracted to. He was taught at a young age that if the girl or her family didn't have money then they only wanted his. The reason he found it so difficult to get the right date was primarily because they didn't need his money and his bad attitude. He was good looking enough. He was sixteen, five eight, weighted a toned one forty, almost delicate features with deep blue eyes and a mop of curly dirty blonde hair. Getting a picture or two of the girl he had his eye on doing something like doing drugs did wonders to obtain her consent to date him until he tired of her.

Another thing he enjoyed was having at least two big jocks always near. They provided an unofficial body guard ensuring his safety. Not only that but they gave him satisfaction by beating up any nuisance. He was too young to go to the nightclubs and bars but the teen hangouts could always be livened up with some ninety-five pound weakling getting beat up especially if Jason thought he was queer. He hated homo's and expressed his hatred freely which was prevalent at the time. It was 1954, the Korean War was over, he was a year away from being seventeen and life was good.

It was the day after he celebrated both his birthday and the New Year when his life changed forever. The military airplane his father was on going to check out a remote construction area in Korea crashed with no survivors. A high ranking officer and Chaplain had come by that morning and gave him the bad news. He was devastated by the news and spent the next two days in his room. His elderly housekeeper did her best to console him when she brought him his meals. She had been with them for all of his life and looked up to her. Mrs. Hempstead was the only person Jason would actually listen too. On the third day instead of bringing him lunch, told him that the family lawyer, Mr. Jacobs, wanted to see him and that lunch was served on the patio.

The news he received from Mr. Jacobs wasn't good. Due to his age he would have to have a guardian to care for him and manage his affairs. Since there were no other living relatives, he had summoned Jason's aunt to be his legal guardian. The estate would be placed under her administration until he turned twenty-one in accordance with his father's will. Jason strenuously objected to both those actions to no avail.

"Look Jason, if you were seventeen I might have been able to get you legally emancipated. You just turned sixteen and the courts will never go along with that, so I'm afraid you will have your aunt as guardian. The will also requires that the estate cannot go to you until you turn twenty-one. Our hands are tied in this matter. Again, I'm sorry for your loss and I bid you good day," Mr. Jacobs said getting up and leaving.

Mr. Jacobs was glad to be leaving, he never cared for Jason. In his opinion Jason was a rotten spoiled kid who in the past embarrassed and humiliated his daughter at school. She had been so mortified that he had to transfer her to another school, a boarding school at that, for her to get over the incident. He dearly loved his daughter and only getting to see her on the holidays severely upset him and his wife.

"I would have done anything for your father, even die for him. As for you, you snotted little bastard, I wouldn't give you the time of day," he thought getting into his Lincoln.

His aunt and her daughter showed up on the doorstep that very afternoon. His aunt was tall, middle age, her Chestnut hair in a classic bob with the ends tucked under, bright intelligent hazel eyes and very stern demeanor. Her daughter was a carbon copy except her hair was black and had brown eyes.

The maid met them at the door and showed them into the study where Jason would meet them. He was in his room at the time trying to figure some way out of the mess he was in and getting no where. "From the documents Mr. Jacobs left I can't see anyway out of this. I've never even met her or her daughter and all I know is that dad always called her a bitch. I understand what a bitch is so guess I'd better try to be nice until I can figure her out," he was thinking when the maid informed him they were in the study.

Before he left he checked the mirror and saw a young man wearing tan slacks, pullover collared shirt and his hair neatly combed. "May as well get this over with," he muttered leaving the room.

When he arrived in the study he was surprised to see her sitting behind his father's large mahogany desk and a girl slightly older than himself standing beside her. She had a folder open on the desk and was pointing, apparently showing the girl something. He cleared his throat then said hello.

"Good you finally arrived. I'm your aunt Karen but you may call me auntie and this is my daughter Mary. Please have a seat and I will get to the point. We stopped at the lawyer's office before coming here and signed all the necessary documents giving me control of the estate and your guardianship. I considered your father to be vicious vindictive bastard. Due to his interference, I was cut out of the family business and disowned by them. I was punished simply because I got pregnant with my darling Mary out of wedlock, so if you didn't know, you know now. I didn't have much money when I was kicked out but I managed and have my own business. I learned a lot living on my own, being my own boss and raising a daughter without any help. I am therefore, quite capable of handling this estate and you. Mr. Jacob's gave me a general idea about your character and various misdemeanor crimes. You may have gotten

away with that attitude with your father but not me. You step out of line and you will be punished. You give me or my daughter any disrespect or sass, you will be punished. I will have discipline and abeyance in this house, nothing less nothing more. Do you understand?

Jason was shocked by his aunt's intensity and authority. By her tone and look in her eyes, she was someone he couldn't bully or manipulate. He also didn't like the use of the word punish. He had never been punished and only had a vague perception of what that meant. All he could do was nod his head when she asked if he understood.

"Good, now go back to your room while we get settled and I have a chance to examine the household staff and grounds," she ordered.

Jason was thinking about telling her she couldn't send him to his room like a child but thought better of it. He stood and went back to his room silently cussing and fuming under his breath. This woman wasn't what he thought he would be getting to control the next five years of his life. His idea of an aunt was an elderly woman who would be easy to control. Aunt Karen was all business and looked tough as nails. He didn't know what to make of Mary as she didn't utter a single word the whole time.

Ooo

Jason spent most of his time in his room reading his Playboy magazines. It was snowing most of the time, the day time television shows not worth the bother as they were all soap operas and what better way for a teenaged boy to occupy himself with than pictures of very pretty girls. The only time he had been out of the house was to attend his father's funeral. There were tears in his eyes but not from seeing the casket lowered into the cold ground. His tears were of humiliation at the way his aunt demanded he dress. He was forced to wear a black velvet suit with bright white long-sleeved shirt with a lacy Peter Pan collar, bolero styled velvet jacket with a red satin lining and black patent leather pointed toed shoes. A black lamb's wool coat with a matching ear-flapped cap completed his dressing. He felt a little less the fool wearing the coat and cap but blushed fiercely when he had to take them off while in church.

Having to be seen in church dressed like that was even more embarrassing. He could hear his so called friends snickering and making snide comments about his attire.

He didn't mind dressing up in his fine designer suits or the latest men's designs recommended in his Playboy's but when he saw what Karen had selected, he was furious. He was so mad even Mrs. Hempstead couldn't calm him down and his loud objections brought Karen to his room.

"I'm not wearing this! I don't know where your fashion sense came from but no self-respecting man would ever wear this shit. It's...it's" he screamed at her.

She strode into the room, telling Mrs. Hempstead to leave and slapped Jason hard. The slap was hard enough to send him reeling almost falling to the floor. With his cheek flaming red and tears flowing, he stared at Karen in total shock and disbelief. No one had ever hit him and it took a few seconds before he realized what had happened. His aunt was getting ready to slap his other cheek when Mrs. Hempstead grabbed her hand.

"Madam, no, he..." she started to say when Karen glared at her.

"Mrs. Hempstead, it seems you don't know your place. I am mistress here not this sorry excuse. I thought I told you to leave. Well now, you can also pack your bags. You're fired! I'll have your final check by the time you leave. Now get out!" Karen snapped. Mrs. Hempstead left in tears as Karen approached the cowering boy.

His shock now turning into fear as she stood in front of him, hand raised. With the housekeeper gone, he was at her mercy. "No, please, Karen don't hit me again," he begged.

"I told you once that you do as I say. I also told you to call me auntie. I shouldn't have to repeat myself. You will put on that suit and get ready for the service or that slap will seem like a love kiss by the time I get through with you," she snarled.

After they got back from the service Karen fired the rest of the staff. They weren't happy about the sudden loss of their jobs but each received a generous severance including Mrs. Hempstead. As they were given checks and references, several new servants arrived, two maids, cook, housekeeper and three gardeners. All the new people were female with the housekeeper obviously in complete charge. Her name was Mrs. Snider, over six feet tall in her two inch stacked heels, strong stocky build, blonde hair braided into a tight bun and accent declaring her German origins.

One of the maids, Greta, was of similar build and looks. She was Mrs. Snider's daughter. The other maid was petite with black hair and doe like eyes. She was quite pretty and Jason like what he saw immediately. The cook was the oldest with graying hair pulled back into a tight bun and arms and thighs like tree trunks. The three gardeners were mannish looking with duck tail hair styles, tanned skin and dress. They were wearing tan slacks with plaid long-sleeved flannel shirts and brown boots. Despite their looks, Jason found them attractive.

Ooo

With his father buried, a completely new staff and growing fear of his aunt, Jason's life took a very sharp downhill turn. With that hard slap to his face which almost brought him to his knees, he knew that his old lifestyle was gone. He just wasn't sure where his new one would take him. He would find out soon enough.

Jason was left alone for the next couple of days as Karen was busy getting the new staff and household in order. Workers had come in and remodeled several rooms. Jason didn't see them but could hear the loud sounds of hammers and saws. He was a little peeved by all the racket but on this occasion there was a particularly good center fold-out. He was admiring the beautiful blonde while stroking between his legs. His mind in a world of its own, he didn't notice his aunt walk into the room. It wasn't until the magazine was pulled from his hand that he became aware of his surroundings.

"You little pervert!" she screamed as her hand landed aside his face. "How dare you bring this filth into my house! Get out of that bed and give me the rest of your filthy stash. It had better be every single one or you won't be able to sit down for a week," she added swatting his exposed bottom hard enough to leave her hand print.

Jason scrambled out of bed forgetting he was naked from the waist down. His erect penis bobbing up and down like it was bobbing for apples. All he cared about was getting as far away from her as possible. The pink flush on his face wasn't entirely due to her slap. When he realized that he was half naked, the color went crimson and his hands shot down to cover his groin as she approached glaring at him.

"Why you even bother playing with that little thing, I'll never know but, if I catch you doing that again, I swear I'll cut it off! Now get the rest of those horrid magazines and give them to me," she angrily spat.

With the stack of magazines in her arms, she glared at him. "I'll decide later on your punishment. Get some clothing on and don't let me see your face outside this room until I call you," she said leaving.

As she shut the door behind her, Jason took in a lung full of air, his body shivering. "Crap, why did she have to come in just then. Shit, shit, shit, She has all my girlie magazines, so what am I gonna do now? Shit, shit, shit!" he cried in frustration.

Dinner was an ordeal that night. Karen only glared at him talking quietly to Mary. Jason didn't have much of an appetite and sat worrying about the punishment she would give him. He was pushing the peas around his plate most of his meal uneaten when Karen called the maid to clean off the table and for Mrs. Snider to come join them. His unease increased when Mrs. Snider sat down beside him with a very stern look on her face. He quickly glanced away from her to see Mary looking delighted at his discomfort.

"Jason since you are sorely lacking in self-control and exhibited such depraved behavior I have asked Mrs. Snider to take you under her wing. Additionally I have decided to take away your driving privileges for the foreseeable future," she stated.

"Wha...what? I do...don't need a....a nanny to look after me. How am I going to get to school? School starts next week and..." he protested but was silenced by Karen's raised hand.

"Enough, I have made my decision. Mrs. Snider, as you so aptly put it, will be your nanny until further notice. As for going to school, you won't need transportation. I have decided that you will be home schooled. I believe that private school you went too is a bad influence. Your classmates were spoiled rich kids just like you and I will not tolerate that kind of behavior. Until you can convince me that you are a kind, caring obedient child, Mrs. Snider will instruct you here. Just so you know, I have given Mrs. Snider complete authority over you and your instruction. Now, go to bed. I've seen and heard all I care from you for one day," she said.

"It's not even eight yet...I'm no little kid," he started to object but stopped when Mrs. Snider placed a beefy hand on his shoulder and squeezed.

"You act like a little spoiled kid and I will treat you as one. Come along or do I have to carry you like a baby too," Mrs. Snider said.

Arriving at his room, she asked, "When did you last have a bath?"

"I don't take baths. Baths are for babies and girls. I took a shower this morning," he replied curtly.

"Well we'll see about that. Take off your clothes and join me in your bathroom," she ordered giving his bottom a swift hard swat.

His bottom stinging, he slowly did as he was told, put on his robe and slippers. "Shit, what's going on? I'm not a little kid and shouldn't have to put up with this. Man, I can't believe she took me out of school. I didn't like the classes but at least I was in charge there. I don't want to be stuck in this house with them all the fucking time," he mumbled as he went to the bathroom.

He was astonished to see the large tub filled with multi-colored bubbles and the room smelling like a florist shop. His instincts said turn and run but Mrs. Snider was standing in front of him wearing a white rubber bibbed apron and gloves. Her ominous presents made him freeze just long enough for her to reach out and pull him closer.

The water was hot and oily as he blushingly got in. The heady scent of flowers made him wrinkle his nose as the water rose to the base of his neck. He was surprised when Mrs. Snider pulled a pink rubber bathing cap over his head and with sponge in hand began washing him. All he got for his protests was a bar of perfumed soap stuck in his mouth. The soap had a horrible taste and made his stomach churn. He reached up to

remove it but his hand was slapped away and told that if he didn't keep it there, she would use a hairbrush on his bottom.

He suffered through being washed like a little kid turning crimson when she reached between his legs. When she finished bathing him, she grabbed an ankle and lifted it from the water. Using a razor and soap, began removing the hair from his leg. He gasped and the bar of soap in his mouth fell out, slid down his body and landed between his legs. Mrs. Snider put the razor down, pushed her hand between his legs and gave his balls a jab with the back of her hand making him wince painfully before jamming the soap back into his mouth. By the time she was finished shaving him he didn't have a single hair below his chin.

His indignities didn't stop there. Once out of the tub, patted dry, she covered his body in a floral scented lotion followed by a dusting of sweet smelling talc. With his body taken care of, she proceeded to clean out his ears with Q-tips then brushed his teeth none too gently. Finally, she removed the bathing cap, pressed his head down into the sink and washed his hair with baby shampoo. He was led back into his room with her hand gripping the back of his neck wearing a pink terry towel around his hair and slippers.

Greta was waiting for them, standing beside a straight back padded chair grinning like a Cheshire cat. Seeing where she was looking, he immediately covered his groin with his hands. He was marched over to the chair, told to sit and the towel was draped around his shoulders. Greta immediately began running a comb through his hair, separating out sections and rolling them tight against his scalp with bristle rollers. As soon as she started he began to complain and resist but stopped when Mrs. Snider asked him if he liked his soap so much would he like some more. A pink hairnet was tightened over the mass of rollers and tied at the back of his head. During the entire process all Jason could do was sit, holding his hands between his legs covering his groin and blushing fiercely.

Finished, he was told to stand. Mrs. Snider slapped his hands away telling him to keep them at his sides or else. Greta began giggling and pointed to his groin said, "Why momma his little peenie is so small it's almost cute."

"Yes, too small to do much with other than go pee-pee. Did you bring his night clothes like I asked," Mrs. Snider replied with a smile.

Despite having his teeth brushed Jason could still taste the soap so didn't put up a fight when Greta handed her mother a purple baby doll nightie with matching full cut bloomer panties. The nightie was double layered with a deep purple nylon underskirt and soft purple chiffon top with a mid-thigh length ruffled and beribboned hem. The bodice was square cut with wide lace embellished straps in an empire style. A bright purple satin ribbon running just below the breast line tied in a fancy bow at the back. The panties were double chiffon with white lace frills running across the back and a bright purple satin bow with streamers at the front waist. Not satisfied with making him wear the overly feminine nightie, a matching sleep bonnet dripping with lace and ribbon bows was pulled over his curlers. To complete his look, a pair of clear plastic mules with three inch spiked heels and plumb of white feathers at the toe were put on his feet.

Once he was stable standing on the unfamiliar heels, they each took one of his elbows and began walking him around the room. "Step from the hip, land the toe first then the heel, one foot in front of the other, wrists limp and fingers sprayed. When we let go of your elbows, keep your arms at your sides with the elbows bent," he was instructed.

Ooo

Jason didn't get much sleep that night between the pain in his calves, feet and sharp bristles sticking into his scalp. It seemed like he had just closed his eyes when the loud buzzing of his alarm clock woke him. Bleary eyed he looked at it, moaned loudly and said "shit!" seeing that it was five o'clock in the morning. He would have reached out and slammed it into the wall but he couldn't reach it. Someone had placed it over on his dresser. As he got out of bed to turn it off, the stiffness in his legs and tingling of his scalp reminded him of what had happened last night.

"I was hoping that was all a very bad dream. Guess I'd better get ready. I certainly don't want them to do anymore of this shit to me. This nightie would look damn good on Samantha but I feel like a total fruitcake. Damn, no wonder girls sit to pee with all these skirts," he thought as he tucked the hems of the nightie under his chin, pulled down the fancy panties and peed.

He was in full stream enjoying the feeling of relief as his bladder let go when Mrs. Snider walked into the bathroom and screamed, "What do you think you're doing?"

Her appearance and scream made him jump dropping the hem of the nightie from his chin. There was no way to stop the flow and the skirts quickly became sodden as he grabbed at them trying to get them out of the way which sent his stream everywhere. When he finally got control, his nightie was soaked and the floor on both sides of the commode was splattered. Mrs. Snider reached his side and boxed his ears. Making his head ring and seeing stars.

"How dare you make such a mess! Don't you have any sense at all? You sit to pee you stupid idiot. If I ever catch you standing again, I'll do a lot more than just box your ears. Now get out of that soaked nightie and put it in the sink. You'll wash it as soon as you clean up this disgusting mess you made then into the bath with you," she shouted, her eyes blazing in anger.

His head was still spinning and ears ringing as he washed his nightie and panties. As he was doing that Mrs. Snider was filling the tub, adding plenty of bath beads and bubble bath solution. The slight smell of urine was completely absorbed by the overpowering fragrance of flowers.

She scrubbed him again like he hadn't washed in months while muttering, "You would think a boy with such a small peenie would know to sit by now." He remembered the soap all too well to offer any comment or resist her efforts. All he could do was bear the scrubbing and blush for all he was worth.

Back in his room after he carefully hung his washed nightie and panties over the shower rail, she made him sit back in the chair. On the way back she had given him a hard swat to his bottom for forgetting to wear his mules. She removed the curlers and brushed through his now very curly hair. His hair had a natural curl to it but the rollers really amped it up. When she had finished, she pinned a bright blue satin bow just below the crown. She pinned it so the bow rested flat and the forked streamers falling to the neck.

She went over to the bed and retrieved his clothing for the day. He wanted to say something in protest but was too scared by the big woman. He hesitated slightly before pulling the baby blue nylon brief styled panties with white lace frills at the leg openings up his shaved legs. He held out his arms so she could settle the matching satin training bra around his chest then lowered a matching camisole to cover his torso. A white capped sleeved thin cotton blouse with rounded eyelet lace adorned collar was buttoned up his back. Next, she had him step into a flare legged blue

romper with wide straps fastening with large white buttons matching the ones running down the center. A pair of baby blue nylon anklets with ruffled lace and black and white saddle shoes completed his dressing.

Tears were flowing freely down his face as he followed her to breakfast. Even though he wasn't wearing heels, she made him walk heel and toe, arms at his side, elbows bent and wrists limp. Taking his seat he didn't dare look at anyone. He had a bowl of oatmeal, glass of apple juice and cup of bitter tea at his place. It was only when his aunt said how sweet he looked, did he raise his eyes and then only because Mrs. Snider poked him in the ribs.

"Than....thank you...aun....auntie," he replied as fresh tears rolled down his cheeks. He was completely mortified seeing the broad smiles on every one's face including the maid who was also giggling. All he wanted to do was have the floor open up and swallow him whole. Failing that, he started to dig into his oatmeal deciding to finish quickly and get out of there. Instead, Mrs. Snider made him take small spoonfuls and chew ten times before swallowing. His meager meal took forever, the blush never leaving his cheeks but the tears finally stopped.

With the meal over, Karen reiterated how nice he looked and that he should thank Mary for loaning him a few of her older things. It was the last thing in the world that he wanted to do but a nudge from Mrs. Snider made him comply.

"Tha...than..thank you Mary," he stuttered only to get a harder poke.

"You can do so much better than that. Tell her how delighted you are to be wearing such pretty undies and romper," she harshly whispered into his ear.

"Errr, thank you...errr..Mary. I...I really lo...love the..the pretty undies and romper," he managed blushing even harder with fresh tears forming.

"You're very welcome cousin. They were my favorites when I was younger. I guess that's why I kept them this long but tell me how did you like my old nightie? Wasn't it the most precious thing you ever wore?" Mary replied smiling ear to ear.

"Oh which one was that Mary?" her mother interjected.

"Why don't you tell her Jason? I bet it made you feel just like a darling princess wearing it," Mary said.

After much prodding, blushing and a few tears they were satisfied with his description of the nightie and panties. With that done, he was dismissed and he left with Mrs. Snider right behind him. Back in his room he was handed his mules and told to put them on. For the next two hours he learned to walk, sit and stoop under her guidance. If the pain in his calves and feet didn't remind him of his fate, the full length mirror in his room drove his situation home each time he went past. He was more than happy to put the saddle shoes back on.

He was allowed to sit, back straight, shoulders back, knees together with the lower legs tucked back under in the straight backed chair for an hour. To occupy his mind she gave him "Black Beauty" to read. When he looked up at her silently questioning her choice, she said, "That is more suitable for you than those dirty pornographic ones you had. Get use to that subject matter because that will be all you are allowed to read from now on. It will only be sweet sentimental stories not those violent comics and war books. Well that and, of course, your new fashion and beauty magazines. I want to see at least five chapters read by the time I get back and quiz you on them," she said leaving the room.

Thankfully he paid attention to his reading as she questioned him thoroughly. He

spent another hour mincing around the room only now when he passed the mirror had to perform a curtsy and pat his hair with the palm of his hand. By the time she said it was time for lunch, he was in real pain especially his calves and toes. At lunch he was served a bowl of tomato soup, four crackers, a small dollop of tuna fish salad and a large glass of water. He hated tuna but scraped his plate clean he was so hungry. After lunch he was handed a pair of white cotton gloves and told they were going out. He blanched and almost fainted when he heard that. There was no way he could go anywhere looking like he did.

“You can’t! I can’t be seen dressed like this. Why are you doing this to me?” he cried.

“There is nothing wrong with the way you are dressed. Perhaps being seen out in public will teach you humility which currently is sadly lacking. Besides we have to get you new clothing. You can’t expect Mary to loan you what she has. Now stop sulking put on your gloves and let’s go or I will make your public outing much worse for you,” Karen said.

He was taken to a strip mall in the rough part of town. It was a place someone dressed as he would not willingly try to run off or escape from. There was a tattoo parlor next to the shop they parked in front of with a couple of motorcycles parked nearby. Next to it was a small vacant store and at the end was an Oriental grocery with two homeless men standing in front drinking from a common bottle covered in a brown paper bag. Jason’s legs were shaking so much as he stepped out of the car that Mrs. Snider had to hold his elbow.

The shop they walked up to had faded gold letters on the tinted plate glass door reading, “Little Missy Spa and Salon.”

“Shit!” Jason thought as his aunt went in followed by him then Mrs. Snider.

“Hello, you must be our one o’clock customers. Mr. Henri will be with you shortly. Please have a seat and could I get any of you ladies some tea or coffee?” the receptionist greeted.

“Yes, I’m Mrs. Longfellow and this is Mrs. Snider, Jason’s nanny if you will. I think we’ll pass on the refreshments though,” Karen answered.

Mr. Henri showed up seconds later dressed in tight fitting black satin slacks wearing a bright long-sleeved silk blousy shirt in a wild floral pattern. Jason inwardly groaned when he saw what had to be the biggest most flamboyant queer in his life. He glanced quickly about trying to see if there was some avenue for him to safely escape but there was none. A strong sinking feeling hit the pit of his stomach and a moan escaped his lips.

“Ahhh you must be Mrs. Longfellow that I had such a nice chat with. I’m Mr. Henri and welcome to my humble establishment. We are all ready for you unless you have changed your mind about what you want done to your precious cutie pie nephew,” he said turning to stare at Jason who was cowering wide eyed back against the pink wall.

“This can’t be happening. This can’t be happening. Shit, she’s going to put me into the hands of that flaming queer. What’s he gonna do to me?” Jason thought fearfully.

Jason was spared no indignity as he was forced to strip down to his lingerie and given a pink taffeta lab smock and pink terry slippers to put on. He was taken into a back room where his panties were removed and a very tight flesh colored rubber garment was pulled up his legs. He tried to struggle but two strong men held him and a woman who grabbed his balls with a squeeze made him cooperate. He couldn’t see what she was doing but felt her painfully push in balls back up inside and forced his penis into a

barbed sheath which held it back between his legs.

“That can stay on for two months before it will have to be cleaned. Of course you will need to sit to pee but otherwise all your bodily functions will work with this garment. I wouldn't recommend you try to remove that by yourself. The barbs in the penis sheath would make that effort very very painful for you. Put your panties back on and I'll take you to see Mr. Henri,” the woman said.

With his hair washed and conditioned, Mr. Henri went to work styling his hair. First he shaved off Jason's sideburns and applied a depilatory saying that it would prevent his facial hair from ever growing back. Then he covered his hair with a foul smelling solution. When the solution was washed away his hair was a very brassy blonde. His hair was then wound tightly onto pink bristle curlers and more foul smelling solution generously applied.

As the perm solution was setting, an obese woman pushing a cart came over and began working on his nails. Jason looked on in amazed horror as she gave him glamour length acrylic nails and painted them a vivid red. Finished with his nails, she gave him a pedicure and matching varnish for his toes. When she was done, another older woman came over and pierced his ears leaving small pearl studs in each. Jason's tears were not all due to the piercing. Another woman painted his lips with a small brush that left them tingling and with a syringe, injected them. He could feel them swelling as she left.

With the solution neutralized, he sat under a hot domed drier for what seemed like hours before seated back in Mr. Henri's chair. The rollers removed, Mr. Henri went to work making sure each curl was tight and flattened before applying a holding gel similar to shellac that left each curl with a shining stiff look. Next, he sectioned out the bangs and put them into pin curls.

Before he was allowed to see what had been done, another woman plucked his brows into high thin arches. Jason cried in earnest when he viewed his image in the mirror. His hair was arranged in three rows of horizontal flat stiff rolls of brassy hair with his bangs looking like some artist's rendition of sea waves. His lips were swollen as if stung by a bee. When he reached up to touch them, he couldn't feel his lips because of the long nails. The plucked brows made his eyes look huge. He also saw that the front of his panties exhibited the same camel toe outline that girl's did.

Karen made sure he thanked all those who worked on him before they left the salon. Jason couldn't stop the torrents of tears flowing down his cheeks until Karen threatened to take him into the tattoo shop and have some more details added to his body. Mrs. Snider handed him some tissues and he managed to get his emotions somewhat under control. By now it was late afternoon and the next stop was at a thrift store with a “Closed” sign on the door.

Seeing the sign, Jason breathed a sign of relief hoping that this mortifying day was over. Again he was disappointed when the door swung open as Karen knocked. An elderly man with grey hair spouting out of the sides of an otherwise shiny bald head and lecherous grin opened it, looked around and then beckoned them in.

Once inside and the door locked, he turned to them, wringing his hands and said, “You must be my special customers that called earlier. Welcome, I'm Sidney and exactly what may I do for you?”

“Sidney, I'm Mrs. Longfellow and this is my sissy nephew Jason and Mrs. Snider. Like I told you we need a complete wardrobe for him and we don't want to spend a fortune until we see what happens,” she replied looking at Jason.

Jason wasn't a total fool and caught auntie's hint that this might only be a horrible temporary punishment. Her comment reassured him of what he already thought. It was nothing more than some kind of shock therapy to get him to do what she said. However he was still anxious over being in this store. The stress over what was next in his humiliation did not abate. He followed the group over to tables stacked high with clothing of all types. All types of feminine lingerie which did not ease his mind.

It took almost an hour for them to select and in some cases him to model, a large selection of lingerie. All the panties were nylon, opaque to translucent in thickness, in bright pastels with lots of lace inserts and/or frills, and cut in a full brief style. The bras purchased were three white, three black, one yellow, one purple and one red all with stiff cotton bullet cups and four hook and eye back closure. Nine matching rubber lined girdles were also selected.

Jason was almost too terrified to be embarrassed as he was required to model the purple bra and matching high waist long-line girdle. What terrified Jason weren't the women but the way Sidney had been staring at him. Mrs. Snider accompanied him into the changing room which wasn't much more than a curtain covered cubby hole. Fortunately, her bulk pretty much blocked any view Sidney might have had as she assisted him with the foundations. The bra went on easily but the girdle required a lot of effort and contortion to pull up.

The waistband of the girdle came above his navel, crushing in his waistline and leaving about two inches of flesh showing below the bra. Jason could feel the pink rubber lining clinging to his body like a second skin. It also nipped in his waist by three inches. The body of the girdle was more of a plum color while the large center diamond and smaller hip panels were a satin lavender color. There was a metal zipper on the left side running from the hip to the waist and four strong hook and eye closures at the waist. The mid-thigh legs had lavender elasticized floral lace hemming. Four garter tabs could be seen outlined under the legs. The nylon crotch had what Mrs. Snider called a convenience slit so he could pee without having to remove it.

By the time Mrs. Snider led him out and onto a raised carpeted platform, Jason was painfully aware of both the heat and compression generated by the girdle. Karen was satisfied with the fit and told him to leave it on as he was going to try on dresses later. He followed them back to the tables where nine heavily lace embellished full and half-slips and nine camisoles lavished with lace and ribbon trim were selected in colors matching his bras. A large pile of colorful net and nylon yoked crinolines were the final lingerie items selected. All the lingerie was used, some of the crotches had stains but all were in like new condition.

From lingerie they went over to the dresses. Jason was exhausted from modeling by the time they selected eight dresses. Four of the dresses were full flair skirted "A" line styles, three were sheath styled and one a delightful concoction of tiered plum colored organza and lavender chiffon knee length cocktail dress with a sequined round necked satin bodice. Next were the skirts and blouses. When the final selections were made he was told to remain in the outfit he had on. It was a black champagne satin lined woolen pencil skirt reaching to mid-calf with a kick pleat and lavender colored billowing long-sleeved chiffon blouse. The blouse had a high ruffled neck, three tiers of floral lace at the cuffs and frilly lace jabot and buttoned up the back with small pearl buttons. The lace details and straps to his camisole and bra easily seen through the translucent material.

Next on the list was finding him a dozen pair of shoes. Most of the shoes selected were open toed pumps or sandals with three to four inch stiletto heels. A pair of satin

pointed toed pumps with a four inch spike heel that matched his cocktail dress and a couple of pairs of ballerina styled flats were also added to the growing pile of clothing.

Jason didn't think he could endure much more of this ordeal. He was literally asleep on his feet by the time accessories, hosiery, sweaters and rabbit fur coat were purchased. He didn't remember the ride home or being put to bed. He slept the sleep of the dead and only awoke when the buzzing of his alarm went off.

To Be continued

JASON'S DEMISE

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

With the alarm buzzing loudly, Jason forced his eyes open. For a moment wondered what was going on then remembered and looked down at his body. He was wearing a green nylon and chiffon overlay empire cut baby doll nightie. From the feel he knew he was still wearing a bra and girdle. He reached up and patted his head feeling the nylon mop cap and stiff curls underneath.

"Ah crap!" he thought as his bedroom door swung open and Mrs. Snider walked in.

"Good you're up, come along I have your bath ready. Don't forget your negligee and mules," she briskly said.

He did as he was instructed and as he stepped into his mules noticed the room for the first time. It wasn't his it was some girl's room. The twin bed had pink cotton linens, a white with small red roses imprint quilted comforter and a pink gauzy canopy. The hardwood floor had several furry throw rugs scattered about. The walls painted pale lavender with pastel pink borders. An eight drawer dresser, lighted vanity with bench seat covered in white satin, study desk and chair also covered in white satin and delicately styled furniture painted white with gold embellishment filled the room. There was the distinct aroma of flowers in the air.

His eyes wide, mouth agape Jason looked around the room. He was shocked as he saw the pictures hanging on its walls. Several were of seventeenth century dandies dressed in bright satin, overflowing with fancy lace and wide brimmed hats with large flowing feathers. Another was of a ballerina wearing a silver leotard delicately embroidered with crystal beads in a floral pattern, a very full white net tutu and pink slippers standing en pointe. The last poster sized picture was of Johnny "Tarzan" Weissmuller in his loin cloth clinging to a vine.

"Wha....what am I doing in here?" he said in stunned surprise.

"It's your new room. Your aunt gave you a tranquilizer to calm you down at the thrift store. I guess you were too exhausted last night to notice. Come along your bath is getting cold," she said.

Jason stood stunned. Everything that happened yesterday, the hot uncomfortable grip of the girdle, the restriction around his chest, the ache coming from feet and calves and now this girlie-girl room came into sharp focus. A shudder then panic hit him as he realized what his aunt was doing. Up until this point, he had thought all this had been just a sick temporary joke. A one time thing to make him do what she wanted but this room made everything seem permanent. With his panic, adrenaline flowed, fight or flee instinct overwhelmed him.

Uttering a moaning “Nooooo,” he charged lowering his shoulder into the surprised Mrs. Snider. His attack may have succeeded if he had remembered his mules which offered little traction on the hardwood flooring. As a result, the force of his impact with the much bigger woman was muted. He managed to knock her back on her feet into the door frame but that was it. After wildly swinging his arms and kicking his feet to no effect, she had a secure hold and moved to the vanity bench. Picking up a wooden hairbrush, she began pounding his upturned butt. Jason had never felt such pain and began crying and screaming to be let go. The blows didn’t stop until long after his cries became moans of pain. At last the pain stopped as she dumped him from her lap. He curled up on the floor as she lectured him about doing what he was told and if he didn’t could expect even worse punishments.

She left him there to check on his bath as she had left the water running. Luckily, the water was just beginning to overflow as she turned off the taps. Back in his room, she grabbed his upper arm harshly and half dragged him to the utility closet where he retrieved the mop and pail. She made him clean up the bathroom floor and replace the mop before helping him undress. His ass was glowing red as he settled into the perfumed water. Jason was defeated and gave her no further problems.

Jason cringed as he stood naked except for the tight rubber gaff seeing the anger in Mrs. Snider’s eyes. He meekly accepted the lingerie she had selected for him to wear. A yellow translucent nylon panty with lace insert on the front and two small white bows at the hip, sunflower yellow bullet bra, matching high waist rubber lined open bottom girdle with four garter tabs, ecru seemed hose, brown floral lace trimmed camisole and matching half-slip.

She sat him on the vanity bench, removed the mop cap, pink hairnet and fluffed out the stiff brassy curls. A single tear leaked out of the corner of his left eye as he watched in the mirror. Next, she went to work on his face telling him to pay attention as he would be expected to do this himself. Using liquid foundation, powder to set it, black eyebrow pencil, liquid liner and mascara to highlight the eyes followed by green eye shadow and vivid red lipstick to give him the look she wanted. She was pleased to see that his lips still had that bee stung look. Mr. Henri had assured them that over time with continued monthly treatments, his lips would have permanent bee stung lips.

With his hair and makeup completed, she handed him a sheer yellow round necked chiffon cap sleeved blouse to put on. There were three tiers of ruffled chiffon decorating the collar and heavy lace frills on the sleeves. It buttoned up the back with small pearl buttons which Mrs. Snider had to fasten for him. A grey wool satin lined calf length pencil skirt and grey patent leather open toed pumps with a three inch stiletto heel completed his dressing.

For accessories, a wide gray snake skin leather belt with gold buckle was fastened around his nipped in waist. A gold charm bracelet for the right wrist and lady’s watch for the left were clasped on. A single strand of pearls went around his neck. Mrs. Snider took a grey leather letter purse with gold chain and put some makeup, tissues and white cotton gloves into it then tied a yellow nylon head scarf loosely to the chain strap before handing it to Jason.

She saw Jason’s questioning look as she gave him the purse. “The gloves and scarf are in case we have to go out later,” she explained.

After a meager breakfast Karen told him they had an appointment and to get his purse. She removed the scarf, folded into a triangle and tied it under his chin. “Jason whenever you go out you need to either wear a headscarf or pert hat and your gloves,” she instructed as she led him out the door.

“Whe...where are we going?” he tentatively asked.

“I guess in all the excitement of yesterday I forgot to tell you that I have enrolled you in an etiquette and poise class. Mr. Henri recommended a Mrs. Tuttle to help you. said she was quite good at turning out well refined students,” she responded smiling.

They drove to an older but very nice neighborhood. Karen pulled into the driveway of a two story Tudor styled house at the end of a cull-de-sac with a spacious tree filled yard. Jason was not happy about being out in public again much less having to take any class but after what had happened that morning wasn't about to argue. The rubber lined girdle retained the heat of his spanking and was a constant reminder.

Mrs. Tuttle was a severe looking woman with graying hair fashioned into a tight bun at the top of her head, beak like nose, wearing horn rimmed glasses and thin tight lips. She was wearing a black satin pencil skirt and crisp white cotton long-sleeved blouse with a small black bow at the stiff collar. With the introductions made, she walked around Jason examining him from head to toe.

Stopping back in front of Jason she looked him in the eye. Her stare was like ice icicles, a black coldness that made Jason look away. “Rough but give me some time and I will smooth out all that. “I charge five dollars an hour and I will need four hours a day to achieve the results you asked for,” she stated.

“A hundred dollars a week seems pretty stiff Mrs. Tuttle, after all the minimum wage is only sixty cents,” Mrs. Snider blurted. She was surprised because she was only getting three fifty an hour. Mrs. Tuttle gave her a hard stare that even Mrs. Snider couldn't keep and quickly bowed her head.

“Mr. Henri told me but assured me that it would be worth every penny Mrs. Tuttle. I don't have any problem with that,” Karen hastened to reply. She was a little worried that Mrs. Snider would want as much but if her results were as good as advertised, she didn't care.

The next four hours were the hardest in Jason's life. Mrs. Tuttle was a very strict mistress. She liberally made use of the thin cane she carried to provide encouragement and enthusiasm. The sting of the cane across his backside was surprisingly painful even through skirt and girdle. His first experience with the cane occurred when he questioned what she planned on teaching him. More corrective swats came as he did his lessons. By the time Karen came to pick him up shortly after noon, he was very happy to see her. Before he left he was given a number or workbooks, homework assignments and schedule to give to Karen.

A large smile crossed Karen's lips as she glanced at his lesson plan. He was scheduled for Monday thru Wednesday, etiquette, poise, posture, walking and neatness. Thursday and Friday would be spent learning table manners, grooming, speech and vocabulary. For his grooming lessons he had to bring all his facial preparations and cosmetics plus all the necessary hair care products.

A note accompanied the lesson plan that got Karen to giggle as she read it. “K: I have found it quite beneficial for some of my students to take a Saturday morning course from Miss. Emily. She has a proven track record of teaching such students necessary social behaviorisms and dating protocols. Her number is EMpire 9115. T P.S. Please provide heels with no less than a 5 inch heel,” she read.

Ooo

His first week after his father's funeral under Karen's guardianship had been very traumatic. Jason had been dressed as a sissy girlie-girl, made to attend etiquette and

beauty lessons and was harshly punished. When he arrived back home from his classes, he had to continue practicing as homework. There wasn't a bone on his body that did not ache at the end of each day.

Mrs. Snider had some pity for his condition and massaged his calves, legs and his chest with fragrant body lotions each morning and night. The thick lotion used on his face and chest contained high levels of female hormones supplied by another friend of Mrs. Tuttle. In addition, he was served a special tea supposedly to ease his pain. In actuality, the tea was a concentrated Black Cohosh, high in natural estrogen, plus aspirin powder.

By Friday evening, much of his feminine movements and body language were becoming more natural. It still took him a bit of concentration to maintain the softer higher tone of voice Mrs. Tuttle demanded and to remember to use all the feminine descriptive adjectives like "cute," "precious," "darling" and "sweet" but he was getting there.

His hopes that things would begin to get easier were dashed when he was taken to see Miss. Emily. Miss. Emily turned out to be in her mid-thirties and quite pretty. She was statuesque with a nice round ass and firm looking breasts with flowing auburn hair. It was her job to teach him to think like a girl when it came to relationships with boys. He studied with her from eight to noon and still had a lot of reading to do when he went home. Besides his additional reading she had two assignments that he had to update daily. One was to keep a scrapbook and the other assignment to maintain a daily diary. She would review each every week but promised that he would not be punished and only receive constructive criticism no matter what he wrote in his diary.

One of the first things she wanted to teach him was the woman's perspective on relationships so much of his reading was romance novels. He was required to read several chapters at a time then write in a feminine script an essay using the woman's perspective. If he failed, she made him hold out the palm of his hand and whacked it three times with a heavy ruler. Other reading materials included women's magazines with relationship articles, teen girl magazines for all their content and various instruction booklets. To assist him in understanding the woman's perspective, she also made him learn about feminine hygiene which included practices to prevent pregnancy. Much later in her course, he would have to show her that he was proficient in actually using sanitary belt with pad, tampons and douching.

She gave him a doll which was unexpected and told him to always have it handy. The doll's purpose was to listen to him as he told her of what he learned and act as an emotional cushion after he had been punished. He could tell his doll anything and whatever he said would not be held against him by anybody. At first he was repulsed by having to carry a dumb doll wherever he went but in time learned to enjoy its company. He actually began having conversations with his dolly especially when no one was around. Miss. Emily's lessons were his most despised and hardest but his pulsating palms made him learn.

At the beginning of February his home schooling sessions began upon his return from Mrs. Tuttle's. For classes he had to wear the appropriate uniform consisting of white panties, high waist girdle, bra, camisole and half-slip lavished with lace trim, white polyester long-sleeved blouse with a high pointed collar and pink silk floppy bow tie, mid-thigh pale pink and blue tartan pleated skirt, white bobby sox and blue and white saddle oxfords. His makeup was minimal, light foundation, eye liner, mascara, green shadow and light pink lipstick.

Classes were held in the library which had been set up in a standard school room

style. Other than meals, this was the first time Jason spent any time with Mary. If Jason had any questions of what was being done to him they were erased as soon as Mary walked in. She was wearing tan slacks, white starched cotton dress shirt, brown tie, brown dress shoes and no makeup. The contrast between the two spoke volumes. Mrs. Snider took over the role of teacher.

Most of the course was your standard reading, writing and arithmetic required by the school board. Additional material included ballroom dancing, home economics for Jason and accounting for Mary. During class Jason's submissive feminine role was subconsciously augmented. Mrs. Snider did this by only recognizing Mary whenever there was a question to be answered. Even when Jason's was the only hand raised, she would call on Mary for an answer.

The point was further driven home by having Jason take the feminine role during dance class. For dance he had to change into his cocktail dress, full evening makeup and four inch spiked heels. Mary changed into a black tuxedo. Any masculine act by Jason was instantly punished while Mary was allowed to do as she pleased. Even his relationship with Mary was in the role of a girl while she acted all macho. During their brief intermissions from lessons, she would tease him by asking to see his panties or flipping his skirt.

Another stake driven through his masculinity occurred one afternoon just before home school was to begin. He was heading to the library when the doorbell chimed. He didn't pay it any attention until he was called into the hallway. Three of his friends had shown up to find out why he wasn't at school. As soon as he saw them, he turned and tried to flee but Mrs. Snider was right behind him. She with a strong grip to his upper arm marched him into the foyer to greet his friends. There he was forced to tell them under threat of whispered dire punishment, how much he just loved his precious uniform and being home schooled. It wouldn't take long after his friends fled yelling obscenities for word to spread. If there was a chance for him to escape, he knew that he would find no help from them.

His home economics lessons were taught by the cook and one of the maids. Under the heavy set cook, he learned meal planning, presentation and preparation. If he was caught not paying attention or making a mistake, she would pinch his cheek or swat him up beside his head. Assisting in the preparation and serving of the evening meal was his homework. After an hour under the supervision of the cook, one of the maids would take him in tow teaching him how to make beds, vacuum and dust, do the laundry and iron.

Ooo

After a year of such tutoring, conditioning and punishment, there wasn't much left of the old Jason. On the anniversary of his father's death and his birthday, he stood in full evening makeup before his aunt. He was wearing a pink wool straight knee length skirt, white long sleeved chiffon blouse with a high ruffled neck and flowing lace cravat, pink woolen bolero styled jacket, black sheer seamed hose and four inch white patent leather pointed toed pumps. A pink pill box hat with white net veil was pinned at the crown of his brassy horizontal flat curls and white cotton gloves completed his outfit.

"Jason, it's your seventeenth birthday today and I must say I'm pleased how well you have progressed. Mrs. Tuttle has told me that there is nothing more she can teach you therefore, you will no longer be seeing her. However, she has recommended that you begin taking ballet lessons to maintain your grace and poise. I agreed and you will begin classed in Madam Pompadour's school of ballet in February. I have also noted

that you are in need of new clothing. We will not be going back to the thrift store but taken to the finest lingerie and dress shops in the city. I decided that calling you Jason in such fine establishments to be somewhat embarrassing for me, so from now on your name will be....will be Jennifer Sue. Now tell me what your name is?"

Jason stood with his back straight, chest out, legs and feet together and his hands clasped behind his back. To anyone looking in he appeared to be a typical teenage girl. His hair style a bit dated but otherwise a prim and proper young lady. Despite his outward appearance, there was still a kernel of the old Jason buried inside that rebelled being given such a feminine name.

"It's bad enough that I have to always dress and act the way I do but I always had my name. Dad taught me that a man's name was everything. The most important thing he owned but now she wants to change even that. What was it that lawyer said, something about being emancipated when I turned seventeen? Maybe that's my salvation. I'll demand my emancipation, yeah, that's what I'll do," he thought.

"Auntie....eerrrrrr....I...I want to be..be eman...emancipated. I want to be on my own. I'm not some Jennifer Sue and not a girl. I never wanted to be like this...you...you made me...this way. Please....just let me go..and I promise I won't bother you ever again. You can keep the money, everything, I don't care....I...I just want all this to stop," he blurted out in a rush of courage.

For several seconds the room was completely silent before it was filled with the laughter of his aunt. "I...I can't believe you just said that. Did you hear what you just said? You...you out on your own....have you any idea just how stupid that sounded? Jennifer Sue you wouldn't last a single night out on the streets. You make a surprisingly pretty girl, so how long do you think it would take before some thug gets you? What do you think he would do to you when he discovers your little secret? My dear, letting you go is ludicrous. Besides, I have a legal obligation to see to your welfare. How would it look if you wound up mangled or dead? Oh no Jennifer Sue, that would not look good at all. No, I am your guardian until you turn eighteen and I'm responsible for seeing to it that you are safe. Now, tell me your name?" she answered.

"I don't want to be like this anymore. Keep all the money and house but please, I've learned my lessons. I won't give you any trouble but let me become me again," he begged.

"That is quite impossible Jennifer Sue. I already control all the money and have you right where I want you. You were a horrid little man just like your father before you. Like it or not, you will do exactly what I tell you until you turn eighteen. Now, what is your name?" she stated.

"Jennifer Sue," he said with lowered head and a flush on his cheeks. He was defeated for the moment but he had hope. "Just another year, please help me make it another year then I will be free," he thought.

Ooo

The last Saturday in January a shop to you drop excursion was scheduled. For the occasion, Jennifer Sue was dressed simply in order to make changing wardrobes easier. A baby blue bullet bra, matching panties, open bottom girdle and black hose was chosen for lingerie. A blue chiffon cap sleeved blouse with tiered ruffled round neckline which buttoned with small blue pearl buttons in front, a grey woolen straight skirt and blue suede pointed toed four inch spiked heels. A wide black patent leather belt with large square gold buckle, faux pearl necklace and ring for jewelry and black wicker box purse was selected for accessories.

The first stop was at an exclusive lingerie salon where he was stripped to his girdle and hose. Blushing fiercely Jason endured being measured for a proper fitting bra. Much to his surprise the woman announced that he was a thirty-four A+ cup and recommended a slightly padded B cup bra. He had been worried over the developments on his chest but had figured that wearing bras all the time had just made them look bigger. The woman's announcement that he was an A+ and didn't seem to notice that he was indeed a he scared him shitless. He fidgeted nervously as the woman fitted him with his new blue bra.

The bra was baby blue with pointed satin cups and embroidered silver fern pattern caressed the cups. The sales woman then brought over the matching pieces. A lavish wide garter belt with silver thread worked in a fern pattern, panty girdle with the large diamond front panel equally embellished, long-line girdle with a darker blue satin front and side panels that zipped and closed at the left side. Again the front panel of the girdle was elaborately decorated in a silver fleur de lis pattern with elastic floral lace at the legs. A camisole dripping in darker blue lace detailing at the bodice and hem, matching half-slip in a shimmering baby blue along with the full slip were included. To complete the ensemble he was given a pair of chiffon tap panties with two inches of dark blue floral lace trim at the leg openings and a pert satin bow centered in the waist.

He was even more worried when the woman measured his butt and hips to discover that they were also larger. He had mixed emotions when Karen insisted that he try on the long-line girdle. He was scared that he would have to do so in front of the sales woman but relieved when only Karen accompanied him into the changing room. The girdle fit like a second skin, the high waist pulled his waist in another two inches and made his butt look humongous as the back seam dug into and separated his cheeks.

Karen was so pleased at how feminine the ensemble looked on him that she purchased six complete sets, the baby blue, lemon yellow with brown detailing, red with black detailing, two sets in white with silver details and one in purple with lavender detailing. From foundations they went to nightwear where she selected several peignoir sets for him. She picked out three full cut double skirted empire styled baby dolls in pink, sunflower yellow and plum. The skirts had nylon under skirting in a darker shade while the outer pleated chiffon one was in the matching pastel color. Sheer negligees to match the gowns with four tiers of lace at the three-quarter length sleeves and matching rumba styled panties were also purchased. To compete the sets, nylon with chiffon overlay sleep caps had to be added along with two pair of four inch spike heeled open toed mules.

With the trauma of being fitted and outfitted in the most feminine of lingerie, the rest of the shopping trip passed in a blur for poor Jason. The only bright spot was when Karen gave him a pair of blue jeans to try on. His relief was short lived as the jeans hugged his body making his butt look big and he had to roll the legs up to mid-calf creating four inch wide cuffs. To go with the jeans was a starched white long-sleeved man cut shirt with the cuffs rolled up to mid-forearm and the top two buttons left open. A red silk scarf was loosely tied into a bow at the collar. Tears came to his eyes as he looked at his reflection, seeing boy-styled clothing on a very feminine figure. So many dresses, skirts, blouses and accessories had been purchased that Karen had to make arrangements for them to be delivered.

The last stop of the day was the dance supply store. This time he had to strip down to just panties and bra as he was fitted with leotards and tights. He broke down and cried several times as the sales girl would enter the changing room with more clothing for

him to try on while he was partially dressed. He was fast approaching the point of collapse when Karen said they were done for the day.

Ooo

Madam Pompadour was tall and reedy with her gray hair tied into a tight bun at the back of her head and a beak like nose. She wore black leotard and white tights. In her hand was a tall black walking stick and Jason guessed correctly that she didn't use it to just count cadence. He had shown up wearing a bright pink leotard, white tights, thin fuchsia wrap skirt, pink furry leg warmers and head band. Karen was talking to Madam Pompadour as he sat to replace his Kids with black ballet slippers.

"As I said when we talked Mrs. Tuttle highly recommended your services. I doubt that you can turn Jennifer Sue into a prima ballerina but her grace and poise need work which I'm sure you can fix," Karen said.

"Mrs. Longfellow your Jennifer Sue may not be a prima ballerina but a ballerina she will be," Madam Pompadour dourly replied.

The first hour was spent strictly on stretching exercises followed by a brief break. Then the really hard work began by the end of the three hours, Jason was completely spent. First he had to learn the five basic positions to be assumed on the count of one. First position had him standing with back ramrod straight, hands at his waist, legs together with heels touching and feet pointed in opposite directions. Keeping his knees from separating was difficult but a couple of raps on the backside from her walking stick corrected that problem. Second position was much easier as he had to raise his arm straight out, spread his legs, feet about a foot apart and point his toes in opposite direction. Third position he had to pull his left leg behind his right, raise his right arm over his head, fingers together and elbow slightly bent and again with heels touching point his toes in the opposite direction while leaving his left arm sticking straight out shoulder height. The fourth position was a bit easier for him as he remained in the third except the feet were spread slightly apart and his left arm dropped, elbow bent and hand on his waist. From the fourth he moved into the fifth by moving his back foot to point the toe forward while raising both hands, elbows slightly bent back over his head. It took a number of whacks from the walking stick for him to keep his balance and fingers together. At the end of two hours, Madam Pompadour was satisfied with his performance of the basics.

"Now Jennifer Sue you will learn the demi-plie as it is the basis of everything you do in ballet. You will hold your back and shoulders straight and front with your arms down and held away from your waist, half bend your knees then rise and done in two counts. Face the barre when you do this as it will aide in posturing. You will do the demi-plie in each of the five positions, so begin," she instructed rapping the walking stick on the hard wooden floor.

Jason could barely walk by the time they were finished for the day. Every muscle, even his hair hurt from what he had been put through. The best things that happened to him that day were the long leisurely soak in the hot tub and Mrs. Snider messaging her floral scented lotions into his aching body. He didn't particularly like the heady floral scent that clung to him for the rest of the day but the message removed most of his aches and pains.

For the next three weeks his ballet class was the same. He did his stretching then moved to the five positions ending the class performing the demi-plies. It took over two weeks before his body adjusted to just dull pain upon completion of his class. At the beginning of his fourth week, he was taught the grand plie which is a full bend of

the knees done in four counts going down and four coming up. After an hour of doing that he was given an exercise she called a battements tendus which strengthened the feet, legs and develops the arched instep. Other exercises and moves were added as his body adapted to the rigors of ballet such as the battements degages and ronds de jambe a terre.

After six months of five day a week ballet classes, Jason's body adapted. He still left the studio with aching legs, calves and feet but a hot bath and sitting for home schooling most of the pain was gone. It was at this point in his training that Mrs. Pompadour decided he was good enough to join her regular classes. So for three days a week he practiced with eleven other girls about his age. To his surprise his ballet expertise put him in the top three dancers.

The first time he had to dance with the other girls he was very nervous and afraid they would make fun of him. For the occasion he was wearing a lilac cap sleeved leotard with purple sequins covering the square cut bodice, pink tights, a purple net tutu and pink ballerina slippers. His brassy colored hair was pulled back into a server bun at the back of his head and tied off with a short lilac silk scarf. His makeup consisted of foundation, black liner and mascara with pink eye shadow and pink lipstick.

Jason stood before the full length mirror, tutu dangling from his hand. "I can't believe I have to attend class with other real girls. They'll make fun of me dressed like this. It's bad enough when she makes me go out in public but I've never been out on my own like this. What if they discover my secret or worse yet, what if one of them knew me before? My life is over. I'm dead meat but I don't have any choice," he thought.

He was very surprised when he was introduced to the class as a new transfer student. The girls surrounded him, all talking at once as girls do, wanting to know all about him. He was bombarded with questions like where was he from, how long had he been dancing and such. He didn't hear a single accusation or question as to his gender. By the time the class was over, he was accepted as one of them which greatly relieved his worries.

During the breaks several of the girls would corner him wanting to know more and just talk. The conversations revolved around boys, fashion, boys, music, boys and the latest hair and makeup styles. The questions were about where he went to school, did he have a boyfriend, etc. Thanks to Miss. Emily's training he fit right in though he was uncomfortable in his responses. The girls dismissed his hesitant replies as shyness at being the new kid. They were all impressed with his ballet skills and a few even jealous of his abilities.

Karen was at that first class standing off to the side observing. "Jennifer Sue has absolutely no idea of how feminine he has become. His diet and exercise has dwindled his weight down to a mere ninety-seven pounds. Mrs. Snider's creams and the cook's teas have given him a small but obvious bust line and derriere. Between Mrs. Tuttle and ballet he has developed an almost exaggerated feminine grace and that rubber cache sex makes his crotch as smooth as any girl's. Yes, he is developing faster than I expected so when he turns eighteen I can move my plan forward. I'll be rid of that stupid twit sooner than I expected," she mused.

Ooo

With his formal home school classes over Jason was getting changed for his cooking and housekeeping lessons. If it wasn't for what he had to wear Jason would enjoy the cooking part but he was at the point where the clothing felt normal after so long. The first thing he did was change his lingerie. He swapped out his everyday panty girdle

and bullet bra for one of his dressier sets. Today he selected the yellow with brown lace detailing nylon panties, bullet bra, long-line girdle with the elegantly embroidered brown fleur de lis, matching full slip and ecru seamed hose.

After more than a year whenever Jason pulled panties up his legs he saw that tight pink rubber cache sex holding his groin flat. The front of his rubber prison had two vertical ridges which when the panties were on gave the camel toed impression only seen on girls. Even now, it made him groan in mental anguish seeing it. It had only come off once a month when he was at Mr. Henri's and given no chance to see much less touch. During the first few months it was constantly on his mind. At night when he reached down and touched it in sexual frustration, he discovered a little sensation when he rubbed between the two raised ridges. No matter how hard he rubbed with his first two fingers, he couldn't get enough stimulation to climax. He was always left frustrated and in mental agony. Not only that but for a month or two, sharp pains would radiate from inside his groin almost bringing tears to his eyes. He was both relieved and scared when those pains stopped coming.

With his lingerie on, he sat at the vanity and began applying his makeup and brushing his hair. He didn't mind brushing his hair now that Mr. Henri had styled it into flowing curls that reached to mid-shoulder and full bangs. He still had to roll it each night but he barely noticed the discomfort any more. With those tasks accomplished he quickly got dressed. He stepped into four white net and nylon yoked crinolines with lacy hems and satin bows. Next, he pulled a yellow with white polka dot A-line rayon dress over his head. The full skirted dress had white mid-arm length wingtip cuffs and white pointed collar and white leather belt. He stepped into a pair of white leather open toed pumps with four inch spiked heels. For accessories he inserted wide white plastic hoops into his ears, several thin white plastic bangles on his right wrist, his gold charm bracelet on the left and a solitaire pearl ring on his left ring finger.

His cooking skills had advanced to the point where the cook usually sat back and observed as he prepared the evening meal. When all the preparation had been completed, he went with a maid to help clean whatever remained. With those duties completed, he returned to the kitchen, donned his white organza ruffled apron and started cooking then serving his aunt, Mary and Mrs. Snider before joining in the meal. His full days left him exhausted and he didn't mind going to bed a nine.

After the holidays and he turned eighteen, Karen once again called him into her study. "Jennifer Sue I'm more than pleased with your progress over this past year. Now you have a choice to make. One, you can leave here and do whatever you please. Of course you will not come into your inheritance until you reach twenty-one which means that I will not support you should you leave. If you decide to leave I will, however, give you good references as to your housekeeping and cooking skills. Your other choice is to stay and abide by all my decisions. I will expect an answer from you by this evening. You may go," she stated.

"Auntie, if I chose to leave does that mean you will give me back my boy clothing?" he quickly asked.

"Jennifer Sue I seriously doubt that you could even come close to fitting into your old clothing. You will be allowed to take all your current clothing with you. Now I have things to do. I'll see you later," she replied not looking up from the papers on her desk.

Jason was in his room staring at the suitcase Mrs. Snider had brought him. It contained his boy clothing and most of it was now scattered across his bed. He still had on the hated cache sex that only Mr. Henri could remove and a pair of boxers hanging low on his hips. Even though they were made of silk didn't feel right. His

waist had shrunk to where the elastic waistband had a couple of inches of sag. The only thing keeping them up was his round ass and wide hips. The same could be said for every pair of slacks that he tried on, way too loose in the waist, tight across the thighs and too tight around his bum. His fine cotton dress shirts hung like bags on his upper torso and stuck out from his chest. The Italian dress shoes felt like cement blocks on his feet. When fully dressed he looked like a little girl trying on her daddy's clothing. Looking at his reflection, tears falling down his cheeks Jason gave up any idea of becoming his old self.

To Be Continued

JASON'S DEMISE

Par Three

By Cheryl Lynn

Jason faced a serious dilemma, he had to choose whether to stay with his hated aunt or go out on his own wearing dresses. If he stayed he would be subject to Karen's whims and fancies but if he left without any money or other means what life would he have. It had taken his aunt two years to make him into what he was today. He understood that it could take just as long to get back to being himself. The biggest question was how was he going to support himself. Karen said she would give him references to be a housekeeper or cook but that meant he would still have to stay in dresses.

Neither choice was appealing but living on the streets without financial support was appalling. Maybe Janice or Beverly, his two best friends from ballet, could put him up for awhile but even then he would be forced to continue his feminine act. Looking at his ridiculous reflection wearing his boy clothing made up his mind for him. He would stay until he came into his inheritance.

Karen was more than pleased to hear his answer. "I think that was a very prudent decision Jennifer Sue. You still have a few rough edges that need improvement, so I've decided you will no longer have to attend ballet. I want Miss. Emily to spend more time with you," she said.

"But....but auntie, I like going to ballet. It's the only place where I...I have any friends," he gasped.

"Be that as it may, I have decided. Besides, we all saw your performance at the Christmas review. You made a lovely Sugar Plum Fairy. You were as Madam Pompadour said a very competent dancer but no prima ballerina. I think you have learned the grace and poise I wanted to see, so I told her you were dropping out after that performance," she stated.

Jason was very disappointed to hear that he wouldn't be with the few real friends that he had made at ballet and worried over spending more time with Miss. Emily. Up until now he only saw her once a week and they were the most embarrassing. Reading romance novels and articles on personal relationships mortified him. Having to keep a daily diary especially writing about his innermost feelings in a feminine script was a tedious chore. The scrap book wasn't as bad but still embarrassed him with its feminine reminders, such as the box his first bra came in, the brassy tassel of hair from his first salon visit and wrapper from his first tampon.

The thought of that tampon wrapper sent a chill up his spine. About six months ago

she surprised him by telling him he needed to start his period. At first he thought she was playing some kind of sick joke but he quickly learned she was very serious.

“Jennifer Sue girls your age undergo a monthly cycle and you have delayed yours long enough. Today is June seventeenth and I want you to take this red pencil and write down this date and say that you are starting your very first period. As you have read, you know that a woman’s menstrual cycle is twenty-eight days and lasts about five days. By using this red pencil, it will help you keep track. Before you say anything, I know you really can’t have one but it is an experience every woman goes through. Everything I have been trying to teach you is to help you understand life from a woman’s perspective. Having a regular period and wearing either a pad or tampon will give you that understanding. So from now on you will be using tampons and pads every month. I will tell your aunt that your monthly friend has arrived so she can make sure you practice proper hygiene,” she had said. He was not looking forward to spending even more time with her.

Shaking his head to rid them of Miss. Emily’s lessons, he opened the large walk in closet and pulled out the costume he had worn as the Sugar Plum Fairy. It was a plum colored leotard with elegant floral beaded stitching across the bodice. Purple netting designed to look like long overlapping leaves reaching to mid-calf was sewn around the waist. It has a low rounded collar that allowed for a modest show of cleavage and long tight fitting sleeves that ended in points over the hand with a finger string to keep them taut. It was a beautiful costume and a tear formed as he put it back. As much as he had hated ballet at the beginning, he would now miss it more than anything.

Ooo

Jason was in the bathroom finishing up his morning toilet. It was time for his monthly friend to visit and he reluctantly pulled out the sanitary belt and a thick pad from the linen closet. The belt was similar to a garter belt except only had two elastic adjustable garters one hanging in front and one in the back. The thick pad had elongated ends which were pulled through the metal hooks at the end of each strap and then adjusted for a tight fit. He disliked wearing pads as they felt like pillows stuck between his legs and with every step; he was reminded of what he wore. Miss. Emily required that he wear pads whenever he wore dresses or skirts. Tampons were used only when he wore Capri or pedal pusher styled slacks and short shorts.

Back in his room, he selected coordinating white lingerie. White brief nylon panties with lace appliqué at each hip, bullet bra with floral lace decorated cups, high waist panty girdle, camisole and half-slip with four inches of floral lace hemming, four stiff white net crinolines and beige seamed hose. A crisp white long-sleeved cotton blouse and grey woolen poodle skirt covered his lingerie. For accessories, he chose a wide black patent leather belt with large gold buckle, a pink silk scarf tie to match the poodle embroidered on his skirt and black four inch patent leather pointed toed pumps. He slid a couple of gold bangles up his left wrist. He grabbed his black purse and rabbit fur jacket before heading out the door. He had to be at Miss. Emily’s by eight and he was dreading today’s lessons.

Now that he was eighteen, Miss. Emily decided it was time for him to learn about the birds and bees. For the past several weeks, she had him practicing flirting techniques. She had told him that it was a form of method acting and if he imagined himself as the woman, the lesson would be much easier. The idea of flirting to attract a man disgusted him but after a number of hard swats to his open palms made the effort. What bothered him today was the knowledge that he was beginning to flirt naturally.

His class with Miss. Emily was from eight to noon five days a week. Each lesson was a combination of reading and role play. For role play she had gotten a rubber blow up male doll for him to practice with. The doll's painted features were male but the lips were puffed up and slightly open and there was a bulge in the crotch. The doll was dressed in tee shirt, red and black checkered flannel shirt and blue jeans. Jason had to spend hours sitting beside the doll flirting and conversing with it. Miss. Emily supplied the voice of the doll and he had to respond accordingly. Many were the days his face flamed red as he made his feminine replies.

For reading material he was given magazines with articles such as "Twenty Ways to Keep Your Man," "What Men Really Want," and "Sexy Ways to Keep Him Interested." In addition to the articles were pictures of men and boys that he had to examine and select one that appealed the most to him. He was then required to tell her why he selected that particular person. If he didn't show enough enthusiasm or furnish enough details, his open palms suffered for it. Once he had selected a picture, he had to give it a name, memorize the details and when practicing with the doll imagine the doll was the same as the picture.

Initially Miss. Emily had him just flirt with the doll using body language such as a slowly crossed leg letting a hint of lacy slip show, puckering lips as lipstick was slowly applied or batting of eyelashes. When he finished his flirting techniques, he was required to tell her all about "that handsome young man" he met and flirted with as if talking to a close girlfriend. It took him more than a month before she was satisfied with his enthusiasm and abilities before she moved the lessons up a notch. It took him another month before he mastered the sexy giggle and physical touching. This phase of his lesson plan required Jason to act as if on a date which always included chaste touching and ended with a kiss to the lips. At the end of each class he had to tell his "girlfriend" all about the date and how trilling it was.

The next step took the dating to heavy petting. Jason had an extremely tough time mastering this part and resulted in very painful swats to his palms before he mastered it. He cried the first time he had to open his blouse, unhook his bra and pull the lips of the doll to an exposed nipple as his hand massaged the doll's crotch. He was required to say sweet encouraging endearments as the doll suckled. It took three months before his cooing, moaning and gasps sounded natural and his conversation with his "girlfriend" afterwards lively and excited enough to please Miss. Emily.

The final steps were letting the doll go all the way. At first he absolutely refused but with swollen burning palms, he gave in. For these lessons Miss. Emily used the back seat of her car. They were pretending to be at a drive-in movie. He was required to respond with love sick enthusiasm to Miss. Emily's conversation as the date progressed. Jason sitting next to the doll pretended to let the doll open his blouse and strip off bra and panties after some heavy petting. Once exposed, he held the doll's lips to a breast while he unbuttoned and unzipped the doll's jeans exposing a seven inch rubber dildo. With the dildo exposed, he brought the doll's lips to his in an open mouth kiss as he squeezed a bulb inflating the tongue in the doll's mouth. As they played tongue tag, Jason was busy giving the doll a hand job. After the lesson, he again had to call his "girlfriend" and explain with girlish delight everything that had happened.

Once she was satisfied with that step, she had him move from giving a hand job to oral sex. It took a lot of persuasion but within a month he was deep throating the dildo. She decided he was ready for the final step which required the presents of a real boy. Her nephew Rodger would be the perfect date for Jennifer Sue. He was a handsome

twenty year old and homosexual. To ease Jason into the sexual role she demanded, she started from the beginning with just flirting before moving slowly into the more advanced dating criteria. Before Jason met Rodger for the first time, Miss. Emily assured him that the boy didn't know his secret and if he performed as he had been taught wouldn't ever know.

"Jennifer Sue there is no way for me to tell how effective your training has been unless you experiment with a real boy. Dolls have their purpose but don't come close to the real thing. Consider this your final exams, you pass and you no longer have to come to my classes. You fail and we continue until I know you have mastered the finer feminine arts. It's your choice. Rodger is a nice boy and doesn't know I set this up. He thinks he is just coming over for a visit with his aunt and I will introduce you. You will have to take it from there. If he asks to see you again, you will accept and I will pass you on your flirting techniques. Understand? Good," she said.

"I can't believe I'm sitting here waiting for a boy to show up so I can flirt with him. If I had known this was going to happen I think I would have left last January. I can't understand why Miss. Emily wants me to flirt with any boy. It's not like she doesn't know what I really am. It's not right for a boy to date another boy. I detest having to do this but I don't want to keep coming to her classes," Jason thought as he sat on the sofa nervously waiting for Rodger's arrival. He kept playing with the hem of his poodle skirt making sure just a hint of lacy crinoline hemming was showing.

Rodger was indeed handsome standing slightly over six feet and a muscular one eighty pounds with blonde hair and deep blue eyes. He was wearing blue jeans, a blue long-sleeved dress shirt and wearing black loafers. He was smiling as he walked into the living room with Miss. Emily holding his arm.

Jason was so nervous when he was introduced to Rodger that he almost stood up. Thankfully, he remembered in the nick of time that ladies stayed seated when being introduced to a man. He held out a trembling hand, fingers extended as he had been taught and timidly said hello in a soft voice.

Rodger had a rich baritone voice and a commanding presence. He took a seat next to Jason while Miss. Emily sat beside him. As she sat it forced Rodger and Jason's hips to meet. They talked for a bit before Miss. Emily got up saying she was going to make tea. During their conversation, Jason made sure to pay attention to Rodger's every word and look him in the eye. He even blushed prettily when he noticed Rodger's eyes focusing on his modest bust. When Miss. Emily left, Rodger took Jason's hand in his rubbing his thumb across the bright pink nails and told him how beautiful he looked. That only made Jason blush all the harder and look down at their conjoined hands. He wasn't sure if his pounding heart was due to his nerves or something else.

"Rodger you're so strong. Do you play sports? I bet you're very good," Jason heard himself say while thinking, "Remember your lessons. Get him to talk about himself. Boys and men just love to talk about themselves."

Of course Rodger played sports. He had been the leading receiver on his high school football team and named to the state's all star team. He also was on the school baseball team but now he was concentrating on his college courses. He still played on a couple of intramural teams but that was all.

"That worked but I've already heard much more than I wanted to. Got to remember to be properly awed and bat my eyelashes. Thank goodness he's doing all the talking though. I certainly don't want to have to tell him about me," Jason thought as he sat looking at Rodger.

Tea was served and the conversation turned more to what was happening with the family until she arose to go clean up leaving them alone once more. Rodger had retaken possession of Jason's hand and was asking Jason to tell him about himself. Jason managed to talk for some time before getting the conversation to general day-to-day subjects like music and such. During the conversation Jason remembered to purse his lips in a cute pout, brush a stray hair back into place, cross and uncross his legs letting a bit of lace show. Finally, Rodger had to leave but before doing so asked Jennifer Sue to see him again. Jason was surprised when he was kissed on the cheek in farewell after saying, "I would love to," in answer to Rodger's question.

With Rodger gone Jason faced a barrage of questions from Miss. Emily. He had to go into detail of what Rodger looked like, what were his best features, what was he wearing and such before she was satisfied. The more embarrassing questions of what it felt like sitting so close and holding hands had him blushing for all he was worth. He actually ended up admitting that it wasn't so bad, just uncomfortable.

That next week Jason got ready for his second meeting with Rodger. Mrs. Snider selected his lingerie for this outing consisting of his matching black fancy ensemble, nylon brief style panties, bullet bra, panty girdle, full elaborately embellished slip, black seamed sheer hose. For outer wear she chose his white ruffled balloon sleeved chiffon blouse with floral lace cravat that buttoned up the back with small pearl buttons and mid-calf length black wool with champagne satin lining pencil skirt, black wool long sleeved bolero jacket and four inch black patent leather stilettos. For accessories she gave him a black satin box hat with net veiling, white cotton gloves and a wide black patent leather belt with a large white enameled buckle.

When he said that the clothing was too formal, she replied, "Jennifer Sue, you are meeting a young man and should look your absolute best. I was informed that Miss. Emily was serving tea and this outfit is perfect for a tea. Now get dressed you are running late. Your aunt said you could take her lamb's wool jacket today. It will give you an air of sophistication that rabbit's fur can't accomplish."

When he arrived at Miss. Emily's she was very pleased to see how he was dressed. "Jennifer Sue you look absolutely darling in that outfit. Come take off that coat, leave the jacket at least until Rodger has had a chance to see you in it and have a seat on the sofa," she gushed.

"Today I want to see you use what you have learned to get Rodger to ask you out on a date. After last week I don't think it will be that hard for you. Remember to be flirtatious yet coy and if he asks, you will accept. Should or rather when that happens and you actually go out with him, I will pass you on this part of your lessons. I don't have to warn you of what will happen if you don't go out with him do I?" she said once they were seated.

"What....I...don't want to go out with a boy Miss. Emily. That's...that's just not right. I thought....I thought all I had to do was flirt with him," he said stunned.

"Jennifer Sue, I haven't spent all these months teaching you how a young lady behaves in the presents of a gentleman for nothing. How am I ever going to know if you have learned to look at life from the woman's perspective? Going out on a date with Rodger is a perfectly natural way for me to assess your knowledge. As far as the world is concerned you are a young lady and there is nothing wrong with going out with a man. Now, not another word young lady or I'll really blister your palms. Do what you have been taught and get him to ask you out. It's not like I'm asking you to make love to him," she angrily replied.

When Rodger arrived he walked over to Jason telling him how beautiful he was and leaning down, kissed him on the cheek before sitting next to him on the sofa. The conversation for the next thirty minutes was very general in nature. On the outside, Jason seemed animated and happy but on the inside his guts were twisted into knots. He didn't want to go out with a boy. He wanted to be what he was and date girls but he didn't want his palms blistered either. So he put on the front Miss. Emily required and by the time Rodger left, Jennifer Sue had a date and another kiss to the cheek.

Ooo

Their first date was a simple affair. They were going to see the latest Elvis Presley movie. Such a date didn't require fancy dress and to some extent Jason was happy for that. He felt too vulnerable in just a skirt or dress and Mrs. Snider told him he would be wearing pants. He had second thoughts when he saw what she had picked out for him. Besides his fancy lingerie of yellow with brown lace embellishments panties, bullet bra, panty girdle and black knee high nylons were set out a pair of gold lame peddle pushers that fit like a second skin and white satin billowing sleeved blouse with V-neck collar.

His hair had been brushed out into a high pony tail and heavy evening makeup applied with a coating of fire engine red lipstick. A gold chain necklace, his gold charm bracelet, a solitaire pearl ring for the left hand and large pearl studs for his ears selected for his jewelry. A wide patent leather black belt with large gold square buckle, black patent four inch stiletto pumps and a small gold evening purse completed his dressing.

Rodger arrived promptly at seven wearing blue jeans, crisp white dress shirt with a narrow black tie and a dozen red roses. After Jason put the roses into a crystal vase, he kissed Rodger on the cheek as he had been instructed. The movie was okay. Jason wasn't much of an Elvis fan but had to act overly excited just like all the other girls waiting with their boyfriends. He was more of a Jerry Lee Lewis fan or at least he had been until his aunt arrived on the scene.

They found seats in a middle row and as soon as they were seated, Rodger put his arm around Jason's shoulders and pulled them close. As the opening credits began to roll, all the girls at the showing began screaming and jumping in their seats. Jason was doing the same thing. Several of Miss. Emily's classes included how a teen girl reacted when seeing and hearing a favorite singing or movie idol. He felt like a damn fool acting the way he did but girls were expected to be that way. Girls could get away with behaving or dressing foolishly unlike boys. The fact that he was jumping and screaming in his seat like all the other girls drove another spike into what remained of his male ego.

The movie over, Jason went into the lady's which was packed with other girls. As he waited in the cue for a stall, a bit nervous but engaged the others standing in line talking about how fabulous Elvis was. He was as enthusiastic as the others knowing that he would stand out like a sore thumb if he didn't. The lady's room was the last place Jason wanted his secret exposed. Rejoining Rodger, they walked out of the theater with their arms around each others waist. In the car, Jason forced himself to slide over and unlock Rodger's door then sit next to him on the way home.

Arriving back home, Rodger walked him to the front door, placed both hands around Jason's slim waist and kissed him firmly on the lips. Jason wasn't quite ready for it but knew that it was coming. It had worried him all night and was hoping that he wouldn't vomit when it happened. He was surprised when the kiss broke, Rodger stepping back saying he had a great time and that he would like to take him out again.

Jason's imagination had pictured something much more horrible taking place. The kiss had left him a little stunned and all he could do was nod his head in answer.

"That was different. It didn't make me want to throw up like I thought it would but not totally unpleasant. Gosh, did he ask me out for another date? Crap, he did and I accepted. Why did I do that?" he thought going to his room.

Of course he had to tell Mrs. Snider everything that happened during his date and repeat it to Miss. Emily. The big difference was Miss. Emily's questions went far deeper than Mrs. Snider's. She probed him more closely on his feelings and emotions which made him uncomfortable. Miss. Emily especially wanted to know what he was feeling when kissed on the lips. She was pleased by his response and told him that next time he might slip a bit of tongue when they kissed. Her comment about using some tongue bothered him. It sounded so gross that two boys should do that.

Ooo

Rodger came over to his aunt's once a week when Jason was doing his lessons. Those visits were like everyday events. He would spend time talking about his life, Miss. Emily hers with Jason doing the same. The big differences occurred after their first date. Miss. Emily always prepped him on how she expected him to behave once Rodger arrived. Now Rodger was paying more attention to Jason and Jason was more involved in the conversations. The biggest difference was that instead of a kiss to the cheek, Jason had to kiss Rodger on the lips upon meeting and departure. With each kiss, Jason became more natural and accepting.

Their next date occurred two weeks after the first. Rodger asked him to accompany him to his college's spring festival. It would be a semi-formal event held at a fancy downtown hotel. With Miss. Emily watching, he had no choice but to happily accept. As Rodger was leaving with a smile, he kissed Jason a bit more passionately sticking his tongue between Jason's lips for the first time. Jason wanted to rear back but accepted the kiss.

The dance was Saturday evening and Karen took Jason to Mr. Henri's to get his hair styled and a complete makeover. There he was taken into the back room where his rubber cache sex was removed and cleaned. While that was being done, he was given a body wax leaving his skin smooth and hairless from the neck down. He saw his reflection as the technician was replacing the cache sex. To his dismay, he saw that his penis looked much smaller and his scrotum was a shriveled empty sack. Wearing a violet plastic smock, he sat in Mr. Henri's chair as his roots were touched up and hair styled into a towering beehive. While Mr. Henri was doing his thing, Jason was given glamour length acrylic nails varnished a vivid glistening red.

Rodger wasn't going to pick him up until seven but Mrs. Snider had him getting ready by four. By now she was letting him perform his own toilet but observed every move. After a leisurely bath in perfumed waters, he messaged a fragrant floral lotion into his skin and patted it down with matching scented talc. Back in his room, his lingerie was laid out on the bed. There, he saw something new. It was a black satin boned corset with red lace detailing covering the cups, hem and framing the hook and eye front closure. The front of the corset was heavily embroidered in a rose pattern and red satin laces secured the back. In addition to the corset was a pair of black double chiffon brief cut panties with pert red satin bows at each hip, three red stiff net crinolines and sheer black hose with floral lace welts.

Once tightly ensconced in the corset which took another three inches off his tiny waist and made his breasts look humongous to his eyes, Mrs. Snider had to help him put on

his panties, nylons and white leather four inch spike heeled open toed pumps. Pulling a towel across his shoulders, he sat at the vanity and put on his evening makeup finishing that with a fire engine red lipstick. He then stood as Mrs. Snider sprayed his neck, between his breasts, crotch and behind each knee with a heady spicy floral perfume.

She helped him step into the crinolines before getting his dress from the closet. The dress was a red satin strapless cocktail dress with a cowl chiffon neckline. The bodice was figure hugging and tapered to the narrow waist and the full knee length skirt was box pleated and had a large stiff satin bow with long notched streamers at the small of the back. Pearls were chosen for his jewelry as they heightened his feminine image. No man would ever wear pearls and was another subconscious blow to his masculinity. Diamond studs with a large tear drop solitary pearl were put into his ear lobes, a triple strand pearl necklace, matching bracelet and solitaire ring. White opera length satin gloves, white net wrap for his shoulders and small white satin clutch purse were the accessories.

Rodger arrived wearing a navy blue suit, white cotton dress shirt, narrow red tie and a corsage of American Beauty red rose buds. It was more than obvious that he liked what he saw when Jason made his entrance. After Rodger placed the corsage on the left wrist, he kissed Jason on the lips. Karen took a picture of the tender kiss and many more before they left for the dance. The dance itself was nice with typical prom decorations and live rock and roll band. Jason had no problems keeping up with Rodger on the dance floor. His only discomfort coming from the stolen kisses and nibbles on the neck as they danced to the slow songs.

They sat at a table with six of Rodger's college friends and Jason had no noticeable problems socializing with the other girls. He felt a little uncomfortable talking to girls his age or slightly older but it was all topics he was familiar with. All the girls had their hair in a bee hive style except one who had hers in a big bubble cut. Their dresses were similar but in different bright festive colors. Most of them were smoking cigarettes, drinking spiked punch and having a good time. One of the guys got behind his date and exhaled his smoke into the base of her bee hive. Everyone except the girls had a good laugh as the smoke came out of the top of the girl's head like that from a volcano.

It was when he was with the other girls as they went to the restroom and talked intimately about their boyfriends that he became nervous. Fortunately Mary, the girl who had smoke blown up her hairdo, was so busy cussing and complaining about having to wash her hair that he was able to avoid embarrassing questions. If he had to be truthful to himself, he would admit that he had an enjoyable time at the dance.

Jason was not totally surprised when on the way home. Rodger found an out of the way place and parked the car. The heavy petting made Jason's stomach flip flop but from his practice sessions handled it. Handled it up until the point where Rodger had tugged a breast free of its protective covering and began sucking and nipping on the tender nipple. When Rodger's lips first touched the exposed nipple, Jason gasped loudly. It was the first time anyone had done that and the sensations radiating into his brain were more than surprising. He didn't expect it to feel so good, so erotic. As Rodger continued sucking and nibbling, Jason caressed his head pulling it tightly to his chest. When he rose to kiss Jason on the lips, leaving the wet nipple exposed to the cool night air, Jason gasped as the nipple pulsed in pleasure. They played tongue tag swapping spit, their hands moving over each others bodies and steaming up the windows.

Rodger's hands were everywhere rubbing the exposed breast, on the waist and moving up and down Jason's nylon covered thigh. Jason for his part was trying without a lot of success to keep the hands from moving up too far. This was the first time in a very long time that he wasn't wearing a girdle of some sort. All that kept Rodger from discovering his secret was the rubber cache sex. In desperation Jason lowered his hand and began rubbing the iron like rod between Rodger's legs. Jason had the satisfaction of feeling a growing damp spot as Rodger moaned in organism and fell back into his seat.

The short ride home was mostly silent as Jason arranged his dress and with the visor mirror repaired his makeup. When they got to the house, Rodger placed both hands beside Jason's head palms on the front door and French kissed Jason passionately. He only broke the kiss when the front door light flickered twice. Before he left, he made Jason promise to go out with him again.

It was midnight when he entered the house with Karen and Mrs. Snider on his heels. As he undressed and removed his makeup he had to tell them all about his date and the dance. He managed to avoid telling them about what had happened after the dance. As he was relating what happened the two women were all smiles. It wasn't until after he pulled his fuchsia nylon and chiffon baby doll over his head and looked into the mirror that he understood their big smiles. Around his neck and upper right breast were several bright red hickies.

It was late. He was tired but couldn't fall asleep as his night replayed itself in his mind. Unconsciously, his hand came up and caressed his breast through the delicate material of his nightie. A soft moan of pleasure escaped his lips as he took the stiff nipples between thumb and forefinger. A shock of erotic feeling ran up his spine as he pinched the nipple, remembering the feel of Rodger's lips and pulsing pleasure they caused. He groaned and pulled his hand away in disgust as he realized what he was doing.

"I can't believe I was doing that. What's happening to me? I'm a guy and I shouldn't be feeling these....or even thinking....such things. What's wrong with me?" he thought as his eyes misted over.

Ooo

Their third date was a week later and Rodger was taking him out to eat and then to the drive-in theater. Mr. Henri had styled his hair into a big bubble cut with feathered bangs. A pink satin hair band with a bow at the center separated the bangs at the forehead. His nails were painted in glowing bright pink enamel. His lingerie for the date consisted of pink panties, matching bra, camisole, half-slip, high waist embroidered garter belt, three pink crinolines and sheer black seamed hose. His top was a pale pink angora key hole capped sleeved sweater and black woolen knee length flare skirt. Black four inch spiked heeled pumps, black patent leather belt and matching purse completed his accessories.

They ate at a small diner. After the meal, Jason took out his compact and bubble gum pink lipstick. He slowly twisted the lipstick out of its tube, ran the tip across his lips, and rubbed them together before blotting with a napkin. An older woman would have gone to the lady's room to do this but this was one of the flirting techniques he had been taught. Jason, if he had his way, wouldn't have done it but Miss. Emily had spies. After each of his earlier dates, a woman or girl would show up at Miss. Emily's while he was there and give a report of what she had observed him doing. If the report was not good, he was severely punished.

At the movie Rodger parked in a secluded spot and they got into the back seat. Jason couldn't tell you what the movie was about as he was too busy trying to keep Rodger's hands from discovering his secret. After some heavy petting, Jason couldn't keep him from lifting up his sweater, unhooking the bra and shoving it up over his breasts. He gave in to the inevitable and let Rodger suckle and nibble at his breasts. Every now and then Rodger abandoned his breasts for more kissing, nibbling on his earlobes and neck before moving back down. While Rodger's attentions felt good, Jason hoped it would be enough. It wasn't.

Rodger's attention was not distracted until the movie went into intermission and the "Let's All Go to the Lobby" song started playing on the speaker and people started walking by. Fortunately for Jason the windows were fogged from the heat of passion. Quickly Jason pulled his sweater down covering his exposed breasts and pushed Rodger away telling him he wanted a cola. He watched as Rodger got out of the car and didn't miss the adjustment he made to his groin.

Later when Jason couldn't stall any longer by sipping at his cola they began making out again. Only this time Rodger was insistent, pulling Jason's hand down between his legs and telling him to pull his dick out. The last time Jason had rubbed the swollen member through his pants but now he was going to have to expose it. He was reluctant but had to do it.

"Maybe all I will have to do is give him a hand job. I really don't want to even touch it but no telling who is watching. After every date there has been somebody reported just about everything I did to Miss. Emily," he thought as he pulled the zipper down.

Rodger's dick was impressive and much larger than Jason's shrunken one. It felt strange to be holding someone else's dick, hot, stiff and silken to the touch. He gave it a few strokes and it became even hotter and stiffer growing another inch or more. It was then that he felt Rodger's hand pressing on the back of his head forcing it down, down to that rampant rod of hot flesh.

Jason tried feebly to resist but bowed to the demand. It wasn't as bad as he had imagined it and much better than using that practice dildo. Rodger's crotch smelled of cologne and musk, not the horrid aroma Jason had feared. He managed to get his pink lips down about half way the torrid length before slowly pulling back up. He could feel the mushroom head hit then slide across the top of his mouth as he went back down. Rodger didn't force it all the way in but allowed Jason to set his own pace thoroughly enjoying what was being done. Jason didn't know that he had gone into a men's room stall during the intermission and whacked off. Rodger wanted this to last for as long as possible.

Jason sat back up holding his fingers to his mouth. He gulped then gasped as he swallowed the remnants of Rodger's climax. He felt bile rushing back up but managed to swallow it back down. He gulped again, took a deep breath and lowered his hand. Rodger had his head back against the car seat. Eyes closed enjoying his post orgasmic euphoria he asked Jason to put everything back and zip him up.

He did it then leaned against the car door. "I can't believe I just did that. It wasn't as bad as having to do it to that dildo while Miss. Emily watched. A little gooey, sorta like runny egg whites but I kept it down. Still, I guess, it was better than him wanting to...if he found out he'd kill me for sure. I hope he will be satisfied with this. All I want to do now is go home and wash this taste out of my mouth," he thought.

Ooo

It was almost his nineteenth birthday and had been dating Rodger regularly for the

past seven months. Jason didn't love him but enjoyed his company. At least Rodger treated him well and affectionately. Something he didn't receive anywhere else. Over time he came to look forward to going out for dinner, a movie, or some event. At first it was to just get away from the house but later he enjoyed being with him. He still felt weird by dating another boy but it was a boy who seemed to care for him. He wasn't disgusted at having to perform oral sex as he felt like he owed him for how much pleasure he received when Rodger suckled on his breasts.

He was shocked when on Christmas Eve Rodger presented him with an open blue velvet box and proposed in front of Karen, Mary and Miss. Emily. As he sat on the sofa unable to believe such a thing was happening all the girls shouted, "Yes, she will!" Rodger then slid the engagement and gold wedding ring onto Jason's left ring finger.

"Jennifer Sue I have known all along who and what you really are and don't care. I know we can't legally get married but no one will know that. You'll move into my place after the holidays. It's all set and both Aunt Emily and Aunt Karen have agreed. Now give me a big kiss," he said.

Now he was standing before his aunt in her office. "Jennifer Sue, once you move into Rodger's home I'll see to it that you get part of your inheritance. Next year I'll give you a bit more then when you turn twenty-one the remainder. However, I will only do that as long as you are with Rodger as his wife and perform all your wifely duties. He's a nice young man, probably deserves better than you but he's into boys. So keep him happy if you want to get your inheritance. Mrs. Snider is packing your clothing as we speak and he will be here to pick you up in another hour. Any questions?" she said.

"You.....you set me up! Was this your plan all along? You know I never wanted this but look what you have done to me. Was it all just to get me married to some queer?" he asked stunned.

"No not at first. Back then I just wanted to humiliate you like your father did to me. I figured turning you into a big sissy would be both fun for me and very mortifying for you. It really was a blast at first but then you stopped fighting and things became a bit boring after that. Then I met Emily and we became friends. She told me all about her dear nephew who had just gotten out of the hospital after some hoodlums beat the shit out of him for being queer. By then you had progressed into a pretty young lady so we figured you two would be perfect for each other. As they say, now all that is just history. Once you turn twenty-one if you want to leave him that's fine by me. You will have plenty of time to make that decision but I think you should consider with those nice B-cup breasts that you will never be a manly man again. Rodger really loves you and I can tell you that finding such a caring partner is rare," she replied.

The End