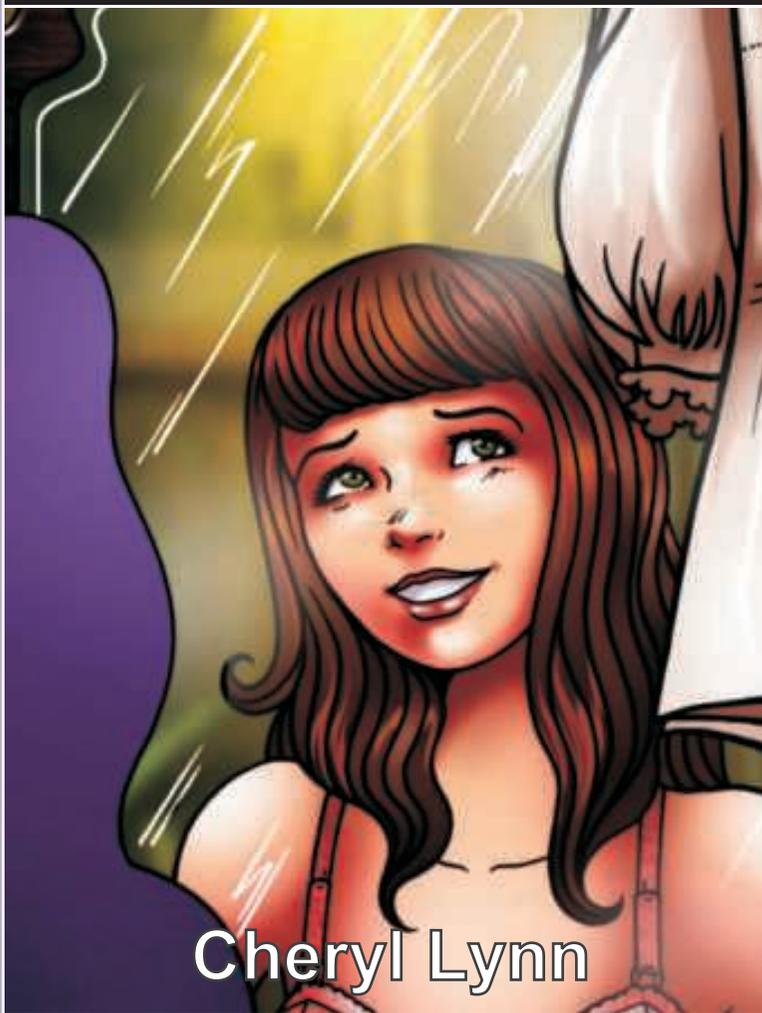




*Reluctant Press presents:*

# Just Do It For Me



**Cheryl Lynn**

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

*Copyright © 2012, Reluctant Press*

***Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet***

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

**Report stolen books by using the contact form at [reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) or call us at 800-359-2116**

*Thank you.*

# Just Do It For Me

**By Cheryl Lynn**

Jean Davies was at her wits' end. Her lowlife ex-husband had stop paying his child support and now she was facing very hard times. To make matters worse, she was living in a foreign country. She had taken her son to live in Cartagena, Spain. Living in Spain was ridiculously inexpensive. She also wanted to get as far away from that SOB of a husband as she could and, best of all, her villa overlooked the Mediterranean Sea. That decision was now going to cost her dearly. Without child support, she couldn't pay the rent on her villa and her meager savings weren't enough to get them back to the States.

She was sitting at the kitchen table, sipping an espresso and looking out the window. The sun was glinting off the aqua green waves a hundred yards away. "If that SOB had the decency to continue with

Pat's child support, I wouldn't be in this mess. He knows we don't have any income. How am I going to support the both of us? I don't have enough savings to get us back to the States," she thought.

Finished with her coffee, she concluded that her only option was to find employment. She had no marketable skills, however. It was 1956 and American wives were not expected to work. Their job was to stay home and raise the kids. During the war, she had worked popping rivets into airplanes but those jobs were non-existent here.

"I've got to find some kind of job or we'll be out on the streets. Maybe Señora Villa can help. She's been nice ever since I rented this place from her. Hopefully she'll be kind enough to let us stay here until I find work. I'm not going to get anything done sitting here sipping coffee and she should be home by now," she thought.

Jean was thirty-four years old, had gotten married at seventeen and was a mother before she turned eighteen. Her husband, Patrick, like many young men, joined the military right after Pearl Harbor. After the war, they settled into one of the new subdivisions that were becoming popular. The house was a nice ranch style brick three-bedroom, a short drive to the city. Everything was fine until the day her ex came home, packed his bags and left. Later she discovered her husband had moved in with his secretary, a nineteen-year-old bimbo. Adultery was one of the few legal reasons for getting a divorce back then. One was quickly granted along with a nice child support payment and community property settlement.

Her neighbor and dear friend, Mrs. Torres, was from Spain and had often told her how wonderful and

cheap it was to live there. With all the manufacturing plants returning to peacetime production, her old riveting job was no longer available. After giving it a lot of thought, Jan decided that Spain would be an interesting option. With Pat Jr. in tow, she left for Spain to check it out. A two-week excursion turned into a more permanent arrangement when they found the villa overlooking the sea. Now, she ruefully regretted that decision.

Señora Villa was home when Jean knocked and was invited in. "Señora Villa, I have a problem and I hope you can help me with it. I...I don't have any more money. My husband has stopped sending me his child support payments. I need to find a job and I beg you to let us stay in the villa until I get one," she beseeched.

"Señora Davies, I'm a poor widow. I depend on my rent to live. I'm so sorry, but I cannot allow you to stay if you cannot pay my rent. However, if you need a job, I might have a suggestion. Doña Marta Alvarez, I hear, needs a live-in housekeeper and a maid. She has the big hacienda in Murcia just to the northeast of here. If you are interested, I will loan you my old car but you will have to pay for the gas," Señora Villa informed her.

The hacienda was huge with a pastel pink painted privacy wall and a fancy steel gated entrance. The grounds were well-tended and there was a large rose garden in the back, along with a marble pool and guest house. To say that Jean was impressed would be an understatement. When she knocked on the large carved mahogany front door, she was greeted by an elderly maid.

Doña Marta Alvarez was an imposing woman of obvious great wealth, related to the royal family. She

stood almost six feet tall in her three-inch spiked heels with her black hair styled in a French braid. She was wearing a sparkling white satin long-sleeved blouse and form-fitting black satin pencil skirt. Her skin was porcelain white with a hint of caramel coloring and she had piercing blue eyes.

The interview went well until Jean told her she had a teenager, Pat. "Children I don't mind but I will not tolerate a teenaged boy in my casa. If you have a son, this interview is over," she imperially stated.

Jean sat stunned for a moment or two, trying to figure a way to get this job. "Just my luck, she doesn't want my son around. She's offering really good wages and a roof over our heads. I can't let this pass me by. There probably isn't anything else paying as much for my limited skills but what can I do about Pat? Pat is a well-behaved, obedient boy," she thought.

"Doña Alvarez, I certainly understand your dislike of unruly teenagers. I don't particularly care for them either," she started but Doña Alvarez interrupted.

"Yes, very good, you understand me. Young boys are disruptive and rebellious. I don't need their distracting behavior upsetting my household. Now, you said you have a daughter. Is she still a virgin? Is she of good moral character? Would she be willing to work?" she asked.

"Of course. My... my Pat is a very fine person, Doña Alvarez," Jean replied stunned by the question. "Oh she thinks Pat is my daughter. Geez, what am I going to do now? I can't lose this job. It's the only thing keeping us off the streets. I'll just have to figure something out. Pat's not that big and he hasn't started growing a beard either. His father could barely grow a

mustache so maybe, if he is willing, I can have a daughter," she thought.

"Fine, then you are hired and may bring your daughter to live here as well. You met Maria at the door. She has been a very valuable servant and my housekeeper since I was a child. I hate to lose her but she is old and wants to live with her grandchildren. She will stay only long enough to be satisfied that you can do the job. I want you to start your service the first of the week. Will you be able to begin then?" Doña Alvarez asked.

"Of course, Doña Alvarez. I, err, I mean we are looking forward to this opportunity," Jean replied.

"Good, before you leave, spend some time with Maria so she can discuss your duties and responsibilities. Give her your sizes so she can order your uniforms. Oh, of course, your employment here will depend on my judgment of the suitability of your daughter. If she is well-mannered and knows her place, I will welcome her into my household. Good day," Doña Alvarez said, dismissing Jean.

## Ooo

That evening Jean sat down with Pat and told him everything that had transpired. She also explained that they had no choice. Either he became her daughter for the summer or they would become beggars on the cobblestone streets.

"I'm sorry, Pat, but with your father not sending me child support, we can't continue to live here. I told you all about Doña Alvarez's generous offer and what you will have to do. It will only be until summer when your

father sends you a ticket back home. As much as I hate being apart, you will stay with him until I can join you. I'll try to make this as easy on you as I can but you will have to make many sacrifices. You will have to pass as a proper Spanish lady or we'll both wind up on the street. Are you willing to make this short-term sacrifice for me? Will you do it for me?" she asked.

"Mom, you can't be serious. You want me to become a proper Spanish lady? Look, I understand what being broke in this country means and I don't like the idea one bit. We probably wouldn't last a week out there. Come on, me, as a girl? I just don't see that ever happening. I'm the star forward on the soccer team. I'm all guy and don't know the first thing about acting, much less looking like a girl," he nervously replied.

"Pat, I think you would make a pretty girl. You're thin, not too tall and haven't started growing a beard. With a little work and a lot of practice, you could pass as a young girl. At least give it a try. If it doesn't work, we'll know soon enough when she kicks our asses out onto the street. Please do it for me," she said.

"Alright, Mom. I don't like the idea at all but it doesn't look like I have any choice. You've got to promise me that it will only be for the summer and I won't have to go out with any boys," he finally submitted.

"Of course, honey. I promise and you know Spanish girls do not go out with boys like they do in our country. She must be under proper female escort at all times to go on a date here. Let's go to my room. I picked some nice clothes for you to wear. I can't wait to see how they look on you," she replied.

"Now?" Pat said.

“She wants me to start now? I just agreed to this. I was hoping to have more time to get used to the idea before I actually had to go through with it,” he thought as he followed her.

“Yes dear, the sooner you start, the quicker you will learn. We only have four days to get you ready to meet Doña Alvarez. I stopped at a little boutique and used up most of our saving to get you some clothing. It’s not much but we will add to it as we go along,” Jean said as they entered her room.

On the bed were several bags; hanging from the closet door was a white short puffed sleeve, empire-style mid-calf length cotton dress with pink satin sash and bows spaced evenly around the ruffled hem. Similar bows were attached to the sleeve cuffs and collar.

“Mom, isn’t that dress a bit over the top? It looks like some kind of party dress,” Pat complained as soon as he saw it.

“Please sweetie, stop fussing. You’re doing me a huge favor here. Don’t look so glum. Like I said, it’s only for the summer, then you can go to stay with your father. Yes, the dress is a bit formal but very appropriate for a young girl meeting her Mistress for the first time. Go in the bathroom. I want you to take a nice bubble bath, make sure you use my bath beads and shave off your body hair.

“Call me when you are ready to do that. I’ll show you how it’s done. I don’t want you cutting yourself into little ribbons. Go on, scoot. While you are doing that, I’ll get your new clothing ready,” Jean said.

“Meet my new Mistress? I don’t have no stinking Mistress. I’m going to look so stupid in that dress.



Maybe when she sees me in it, she'll understand I can't be her daughter. Now she wants me to shave the hair off my body. It took me like forever to grow what little there is. I don't want to shave it off. Boy, am I going to give my dad fits over what he has made me do. It's all

his fault that I have to wear stupid dresses," Pat thought as the tub began to fill.

He was embarrassed when his mother came into the room and showed him how to shave his legs and pits. She did one leg for him, then watched as he did the other. He managed that with only one or two minor nicks. The only thing that kept the experience from becoming totally humiliating was the layer of thick bubbles that kept his privates covered. She left him to finish up, telling him to be sure to rub baby oil all over, then use her scented talc when he got out of the tub. Pat went back to the bedroom wearing a towel around his waist. She had taken his boy clothing out with her when she left.

"Good, you're here. Darling, that is no way to cover yourself. You have to remember that from now on until summer, you have to act like a girl. A girl would never leave her upper body uncovered. Even in the privacy of her own home, she would be covered. Now pull that towel up around your chest and tuck it in," Jean instructed.

She gave him a pair of white nylon brief-style panties with a pert pink bow at the center of the narrow elastic waist band. He pulled them up his now hairless legs and a shudder ran down his spine. They felt alive as he slid them on. He wasn't familiar with the soft lightweight fabric that the panties were made of. They were so light and smooth, completely different from his boxers. The next two items she gave him were totally unexpected and unwanted. The first was a white satin with small pink flower imprint training bra.

"No way, Mom! I'm not going to wear that! This is too much," the boy said.

“Pat, girls your age wouldn’t be caught dead without a bra. Why, a bra is the first thing a young girl asks her mother for. A bra tells us that we are women now and not little girls. You *must* wear it and it’s not that obvious. It’s just a training bra, for heaven’s sake. Come here and let me show you how to adjust and put on. You can do this for me,” she said.

Reluctantly, he shuffled over to her side. She showed him how to move the small metal slides up and down the narrow satin straps to get the right length. He shuddered as if suddenly cold when she slid the bra straps up his arms. Taking his hands, she placed his thumb and finger near the hook and eye closure. It took him several tries before he managed to get the ends properly hooked behind his back.

“There, that wasn’t so bad, was it? You’ll get better at hooking it after some practice. Now I want you to put this on,” she said, handing him a white satin with pink rubber lining panty girdle.

“Mom, I can’t wear this. It’s way too small and why do I have to?” Pat whined.

“A panty girdle is always worn by young ladies. In your particular case, it is necessary to hide all your boy parts. Don’t worry, it may look small but it will stretch enough to do its job. I’ve already dusted it with powder so it should slip on easily enough,” Jean explained.

Once the girdle was on, she gave him a nylon cami-sole with delicate pink eyelet lace hemming. It also had a pink satin ribbon bow centered on the collar.

“Does all this girlie stuff have to have all these bows?” he asked.

“Of course dear, all girls love pretty bows. It makes us feel feminine. Don’t worry darling, no one but us

will see you in your cute undies. Here, get into this half-slip. It will protect your legs," Jean answered, handing him a nylon white slip with four inches of floral lace hemming. Again, there were pink satin bows evenly placed around the hem just above the delicate lace.

"Mom, do all girls wear this much clothing under their dresses? It seems to be an awful lot to me," Pat said as he settled the waist band over his hips.

"I'm afraid so, sweetie. There are other pieces of lingerie we women wear but for now this will do," she replied with a little giggle as she handed him three starched white net with nylon yoke crinolines.

As he stepped into them, he noticed the ever present pink bows decorating the rose patterned lace hems of the petticoats. "Oh man, I think I'm going to be sick if I see any more bows. If I had known I would have to wear this much stuff, I don't know that I wouldn't rather be living on the streets," Pat thought.

His mother knelt and slipped a pair of white nylon ankle socks with pink ruffled tops on his feet. A pair of shiny black patent leather pointed shoes with a one-inch block were slipped on next. With that done, she stood back up and told him to sit at her vanity so she could do something with his hair.

Pat was surprised as he sat at the vanity when his petticoats flared up into his face. Using the flat of his hands, he tried without much success to get them to lie back down.

"Mom, how do you control these things?" he gasped.

"Just keep the palms of your hands in your lap for now, sweetie. I'm going to see what I can do with your

hair. It is way too short for a proper girl, so I bought these clip-on pigtails. I'm going to need you to hand me those bobbie pins when I ask for them," she answered laughing.

Jean picked up a comb and quickly ran it through his auburn hair. He had inherited his father's Scottish looks. He had his green eyes, red hair and some cute freckles across his nose. However, he also inherited more of his mother's features. He had her oval face, small nose, chin and overall sinewy build. He had tried as much as he could to get his father's muscled frame. No matter how much he ate or exercised, he couldn't put on weight or muscle.

He watched, distraught, as she parted his hair high on the forehead, combed it down over his eyes, then trimmed it just above the brows. She picked up a round bristle brush and began running it up behind his head, giving it what she call some "poof." She ran the brush up and under his new bangs, fluffing them out.

Next, she picked up one of the pigtails, asking him to hand her some bobbie pins as she placed it high on the side of his head. Working carefully, she fastened the swath of hair firmly in place. She tugged on it a couple of times, making sure it would hold before moving to the other side. She used two pink satin ribbons tied into wide bows to cover the pinning.

Stepping back and smiling, she said, "If I have to say so myself, I think they look really cute on you, dear. With a little makeup, I believe that I will have that beautiful daughter after all. Now, hand me that can of hairspray so I can set the rest into place."

"Yeah, mom, whatever," Pat replied gloomily. He wrinkled his nose at the unfamiliar smell of the spray.

With his hair done, she had him stand and carefully settled the dress over his head. She buttoned it up the back and tied the pink satin sash into a pert bow. Then she walked around him, tugging here, pulling there, to get the dress to hang like she wanted.

“Stand right there and don’t move. I have just one more thing to do and then you can see the final results,” Jean said, moving over to the vanity and picking up a tube of pink lipstick.

He pulled back his head when she approached him with the lipstick. “Mom, come on, is that really necessary?” he protested.

“Of course it is. Now don’t go arguing with me after all we’ve done so far. This is what you need to make the disguise perfect, so purse those lips for me, like this,” Jean replied.

The lipstick felt waxy and slick as he slid his tongue over them. There was also a faint taste he didn’t recognize and a sticky sensation. He wasn’t happy about anything his mother had done and hoped that he would look like a boy in a dress.

As his mother worked on him, Pat was thinking of an alternative plan. She would go to work while he lived on the streets. He thought he was tough and old enough to survive for awhile. When she got her first pay, then he could get a small place to live. Maybe even find a job.

As his mother stepped back with lipstick in hand, he told her that he’d rather try to make it out on the street alone. He made his argument and waited for her reaction.

“Pat, do you seriously think you could survive out there on your own? You’ve seen how those street peo-

ple live, the rags, the filth, the fighting. Look into the mirror and tell me what you see. Do you honestly see someone who could survive out there? No, I appreciate what you are trying to do but I can't let that happen. No, you *will* be my daughter and you *will* do this for me," Jean stated, pulling him over to the full-length mirror.



Pat was surprised to see a young girl looking back at him. Other than having a rather flat chest, the girl was pretty. He stood there unable to speak for several moments as a host of new sensations filled his mind. He could feel every bit of his new clothing, from the tightness around his chest from the bra, to the soft caress at his groin, to the tacky feel of his lipstick. Even the feel of his pigtails brushing against his neck was all new. He was brought out of his retrospection by the smell of spices and flowers filling his nose. His mother had sprayed perfume on him.

"Mom, no, this isn't right. I shouldn't look like this! What if somebody finds out? My life would be over," Pat managed to say.

"All the more reason for you to concentrate and make sure no one does. Now, let me show you how to manage in those skirts and have some girl talk," his mother replied.

## Ooo

Señora Villa was kind enough to drive them to the hacienda early Monday morning. She was stunned to see Pat dressed as a young girl but even more impressed that he was pulling it off. If she hadn't known any better, she would have sworn to her parish priest that Pat was indeed a girl. A girl that was a bit clumsy and awkward but a girl nonetheless.

"The muchacha is very shy and demure but Madre Dios, I never would have guessed. It must be God's will," she thought as she drove home.

Mother and son stood at the massive front door, waiting for Maria to let them in. "Now Pat, remember

what I've taught you. Don't speak until you are asked to. Try to talk softly, always curtsy when addressing anyone older than you, keep your steps small with one foot in front of the other and try not to look anyone directly in the eye. I know how difficult this will be for you but the consequences are too dreadful. Now smile, I hear her coming," his mother instructed.

Maria looked them over with a critical eye, finally nodded her head in approval and showed them to their room. "This is your room. From now on, you must remember to use the servants' entrance, never the front door. I should have told you that when you were last here. I will apologize to Doña Alvarez for my lapse. She is most intolerant of any breach in formalities. Never forget, you are her servants now and must behave like servants. Leave your bags and I will take you to meet our Mistress," she said.

The room was neatly furnished with two twin beds and an adjoining bath. Pat looked nervously at his mother, not sure what to do. The last thing he ever wanted was to share a room with his mother. He thought doing that would be indecent.

"Only babies and little girls stayed in their mother's room," he thought, giving his mother a worried glance.

She had a slight frown on her face but quickly replaced it with a smile. Turning to Maria, she said, "Thank you so much. I'm sorry we didn't know about the servants' entrance. I hope you don't get into any trouble. It's a lovely room."

Doña Alvarez was standing in her large, ornately decorated library when they entered. She looked even more imposing than Jean remembered. She was wearing a slinky silver silk lounging set. The sleeveless top had a deep plunging "V" neckline that left her breasts

prominently on display with spaghetti straps tying behind the neck. Her pants were wide and flared dramatically at her feet. The hems almost touched the polished hardwood floor. Her black hair was styled in a tight bun at the back of her head. There were large gold hoops dangling from her ears with large pearl studs holding them in place. Her makeup was flawless and her lips were scarlet red.

Pat was only a few seconds behind the other two women in dropping into a respectful curtsy. His attempt was not nearly as perfected but it was the best he could do. His actions were enough out of sync that it caught her attention. Doña Alvarez looked him over carefully and sensed something off about her new housekeeper's daughter but she couldn't quite put her finger on it.

As they rose, Doña Alvarez continued to examine all three. "Was that the doorbell I heard?" she asked coldly.

"Si Mistress, I am so sorry but I forgot to tell..." Maria started but was stopped by her Mistress.

"That's alright, Maria, now leave us. Jean, introduce me to your daughter, Pat, if I remember correctly. Is that short for Patricia? If so, you should always use her full name. I dislike it when pretty feminine names are shortened like that," she ordered.

"I...I'm...sorry, Doña Alvarez...I mean, yes, Mistress. It...it won't happen again. Please may I introduce you to my daughter, Patricia Ann," Jean stuttered, completely intimidated by this woman as she remembered to drop into a curtsy.

Doña Alvarez continued to scrutinize Pat. Her eyes lingered on the flat chest but otherwise found the

young girl pleasing to the eye. "How old are you, Patricia?" she said, looking back at the boy's face. She smiled, seeing the bright blush form on his cheeks as she addressed him.

Pat dropped into another awkward curtsey, kept his eyes to the floor and softly replied, "I...errr...just turned eighteen, Mis...Mistress."

"I'm dead. She's never going to believe I'm a girl. I feel like I'm under a microscope and she scares the hell out of me," Pat thought as he rose from the curtsey.

"Very well, you may go back to your room. I'm sure you need some time to unpack and get your things in order. I'll have Maria bring your uniforms and provide you with your instructions," Doña Alvarez said imperially as she turned away.

Mother and 'daughter' quickly dropped into another curtsey and left the room. Their relief was palatable as they were dismissed. They barely stepped over the threshold when Doña Alvarez's voice stopped them, sending a bolt of fear down their backs.

"Patricia needs to work on her curtsey. See to it!" they heard.

Safely in their room, Pat turned to his mother and said, "Mom, I think she knows."

"Knows what, dear? That you have a clumsy curtsey? Yes, we are going to have to work on that. Now let's unpack, we still have a lot to do," Jean replied with a giggle.

"Mom I don't know. I didn't like the look she had in her eye. I felt like she could see right through me. She scares me," Pat frantically replied.

“Pat...I mean Patricia, she is a frightening woman but we don’t have any choice here. I think you did fine and you shouldn’t worry about it. Just make sure you stay away from her as much as possible. For now, stay in the room and try to keep busy. Practice with your makeup, hooking your bra and especially on your curlysey. You need practice in all those things,” Jean said.

“I know, I know but it’s not only that. Do we have to share a room? This could get very embarrassing,” Pat said.

“I know, Patricia, but we’ll have to adjust to these living arrangements. It’s not like I can go making demands here. Just try to remember you’re a girl so sharing a room with me won’t be that horrible. Just do it for me,” Jean replied.

“Mom, I wish you would stop calling me Patricia. I’m Pat, not some silly Patricia,” Pat whined.

“I can’t help that. You heard what Doña Alvarez said and I’m trying to get used to it as well. You are Patricia Ann, my daughter. Don’t you forget it or we are in big trouble. Get busy and unpack that suitcase,” Jean said, getting irritated at his constant whining.

Maria came into their room as they were finishing unpacking. “I have brought you your uniforms. When you are changed, meet me in the kitchen. We have much to discuss and I need to introduce you to the staff,” she said, handing several covered hangers to Jean and giving Pat a severe look.

Jean removed a uniform from its protective cover. It was a bit antiquated, she thought as she fluffed it out. It was grey cotton, full-skirted and mid-calf length. It was a leg-of-mutton style, the tight sleeves ending in long white cuffs with a bit of lace frill and white

pointed collar. The uniform came with a full-layered white linen petticoat. The shoulder straps and hem were edged in ruffled lace. She removed two boxes from the bottom of the cover. The first one contained a pair of black pointed toed ankle boots with a three-inch stacked heel. In the other box, she found a white pinafore bib apron and stiff white lace mob cap.

Pat sat nervously on his bed, trying his best not to look at his mother while she changed into her new uniform. It was not entirely possible as the room was small. Occasionally he would catch glimpses of her out of the corner of his eye as she was in various stages of undress. Seeing her in her bra, panties and a garter belt for the first time brought a bright flush to his cheeks.

Jean noticed his blushing and smiled. "Patricia, you're going to have to stop all that blushing. Get used to the idea that we are going to be seeing a lot of each other in our lingerie. Now go stand by the mirror and practice that curtsey of yours. I want to see a lot of improvement by the time I get back," she said, straightening her cap and heading for the door.

## Ooo

That first week was very traumatic on Pat. He practiced makeup, using information gained from a book his mother gave him. The beauty rituals his mother imposed on him were a real bother. If he wasn't moisturizing, he was painting his face with all kinds of creams and powders. He was getting much better at it but it was a task he did not enjoy.

"What a pain. I spend an hour or more putting all this gunk on, then take it off and do it again. I don't think I can smell anything but flowers. Why does this

stuff have to smell so sweet, plus Mother insists I use perfume all the time. Dang, I smeared my eyeliner again. I hate putting anything this close to my eye. Why do girls wear all this?" he mused as he worked.

He stayed in his room as much as possible but it didn't take long before claustrophobia set in. By the third day, he was tired of only going to the kitchen to get his meals. After a meager lunch, he asked his mother if he could take a walk around the grounds.

She carefully looked him over. His makeup was good. The green eye shadow brought out his eyes and the luscious red lipstick enhanced his lips. The white chiffon blouse with the Peter Pan collar and grey poodle skirt looked nice on him. She liked the way the three white net crinolines filled out his skirt and made it swirl when he walked.

"Freshen your lipstick and don't go too far away from the house. On second thought, here, take this basket and pick some nice roses for the dinner table tonight," Jean admonished.

The sun was shining and a light breeze was blowing as he rambled, plucking a rose here and there through the large gardens. He turned a corner and was surprised to see a Spanish boy on his knees pruning one of the bushes.

"Hi, what's your name? I'm Miguel, the chief gardener's eldest son," he said, flashing a brilliant smile.

"Pat...errr, Patricia, my mom is going to be the new housekeeper," the disguised boy managed to reply.

"Oh yeah, I heard old Maria was leaving. Too bad, she is a nice lady but I'm glad you're here now. You want me to cut you some nice flowers?" Miguel asked, standing up. He was a good foot taller than Pat with a

full head of blue-black hair and a light copper complexion, the smile never leaving his face.

“No, no that’s fine. I...I can do it myself,” Pat said, flustered. Then he turned on his heels, headed back to the safety of the house. He could hear Miguel’s laughter as he walked away, blushing crimson.

He wasn’t paying attention to where he was going and found himself standing near the marble pool. “I must have taken a wrong turn back there,” he thought as he heard his name being called out.

“Oh shit! It’s her,” his mind screamed as he turned to face Doña Alvarez.

He quickly dropped into a curtsey, making sure he didn’t look into her face, blushing fiercely.

“I see you have improved your curtsey and wearing a bit more makeup. What are you doing here, disturbing my afternoon? Is there something you wanted?” she said.

“No Ma’am, I...I was....was picking some flowers for the dinner table. I...I am sorry for disturbing you,” Pat replied, holding out the basket.

He almost dropped it when he looked up and saw her lying on a recliner. Her rich black hair was draped over her shoulders and she was completely naked. His cheeks flushed a bright red. He quickly lowered his eyes as he felt his penis jerk in his panties.

“Well, just don’t stand there gawking, girl. Get about your business,” Doña Alvarez said, turning her attention back to the book she was reading.

After Pat left, Doña Alvarez sat up in her chair and pushed her sunglasses up to her forehead. “There’s something about that girl. I can’t quite put my finger

on it but it's bothering me like an itch that won't go away. I will have to talk to Maria and see what she thinks," she thought.

Pat was shaking as he wound his way through the garden back to the kitchen. "I've only been here three days and I already goofed up. I didn't mean to see her naked. Wow! The first time I see a naked lady and it has to be her. I'm gonna be in trouble. Mom is going to be *so* pissed when she finds out," he thought.

Later that evening when he told his mother about the incident, he was surprised when she laughed. "Patricia, it's alright. Remember, you're a girl now. It's not uncommon for girls to be naked around each other. You didn't stare or do something embarrassing, did you? No? Then everything should be okay.

"Try to behave just like you do when you shower with other boys after gym. Whatever you do, don't stare and gawk at her privates, no matter how tempted you are. I know you are a boy and that boy's can be, let's say distracted, but you are a girl now. Remember that and you should be okay," she said.

As Maria served Doña Alvarez her evening sherry she was asked if she thought there was anything odd about the new housekeeper's daughter. "Nothing specific Mistress, she is very shy and stays to her room. I think, maybe, she is embarrassed about her lack of development. She has no top or bottom for a girl her age and I think it embarrasses her. Also, she lacks the feminine graces, my lady. I think she spends too much time alone," Maria replied as she pressed her hands under her impressive breasts.

"Ah yes, I think you are right, Maria. She will never attract a man looking like that and it is not good for a girl to be confined to her room. We must do something

to help. Tell the senior maid that I want her to take the girl under her wing. If anyone on my staff can help, it will be Estella. We could use another maid in any case that's why I hired her. Thank you Maria, you have always been a wise councilor," Doña Alvarez said.

## Ooo

The next morning after Jean and Maria gave their morning report, Doña Alvarez told Jean that Patricia would be hired as a novice maid. "I have decided that Patricia is good enough to become my new novice maid. Give Estella her measurements as soon as you leave. Estella, as senior maid, will have complete control. Her orders are my orders."

Jean sat on a stool still in her uniform as Pat stood nervously off to her side. He was wearing his new uniform. It was similar to his mother's except for a few minor differences. The leg-of-mutton styled dress was blue and pleated and the pinafore apron was a bit frillier. The major differences were the wasp waist corset, hobble slip and three-inch stiletto heels. His mother didn't understand any of those wardrobe additions.

"For the life of me, I don't understand why a maid would wear a corset, hobble slip or such ridiculous heels. How can they expect my child to do anything dressed like that, especially house work? I don't even know if I could perform dressed like that but Estella insisted. She ordered that Pat be kept in the corset, even at bed time, to make the transition easier," she thought as she watched him struggling.

"Doña Alvarez says that your daughter will not be shut away in her room. She will be seen by the household staff and, more importantly, by the guests of our

Mistress. Patricia must look and behave like a proper maid at all times. If she embarrassed our Mistress in any way, well, I for one would not like to see what would happen. Doña Alvarez has a ferocious temper. Last year, when one of the maids embarrassed her in front of a guest, she had her beaten, then thrown out on the street. Until she becomes used to the restriction, I will be patient but my tolerance will only go so far. I advise you and your daughter to do what is necessary if you want to keep your jobs," Estella had said.

"Mom, I can barely breathe, much less walk in this. How am I supposed to do anything? The corset is crushing my ribs, the slip will only let me take tiny steps, and these heels are impossible to walk in. Mom, do I have to do this?" Pat complained, breaking Jean out of her musings.

"Patricia, it wouldn't be polite or wise to refuse this. I think Doña Alvarez was very nice to offer to let you help out. We really need that extra money. I'm so proud of you. I know that corset isn't comfortable but it will help convince everyone that you are a real girl. I won't forget this. Here let me help you," Jean said as she took his elbow and began leading him around the room.

"Put one foot in front of the other and swing your leg from the hip. With that hobble slip, this is the only way for you to get around. With those heels, you are going to have to keep your back straight, shoulders back, chest and backside out. The corset will make that easier for you. Try to keep your elbows in, dear. Breathe from the upper chest, taking slow breathes. Don't try gasping, it will only make you dizzy. Remember to put your toe down first, then your heel.

Those slim heels will slip right out from under you or turn your ankle if you don't," she instructed.

"Mom please, I don't want to do this any more. My feet and whole body are killing me," Pat finally gasped.

"Okay Patricia, you can sit and rest a bit but you are going to have to learn all this and quickly too," his mother replied.

"No mom, I mean stop all this. I don't want to be a girl, much less a proper maid. If I had known I would have to do all this, I never would have agreed to this crazy idea in the first place," PaT said as tears began dropping down his cheeks.

"What? You...no we can't stop now. It is way too late for that. Patricia, we have come so far. Remember, we didn't bring any of your boys clothing with us. If you quit now, you'll have to leave wearing dresses. Do you have any idea of what would happen to you then? You'd be discovered and thrown into prison or worse.

"Please give it some more time. I promise that soon, very soon, you won't even notice that you are wearing all this. Give it until your father sends for you. It's only a few months away. You can do this for me, I just know it," Jean said, holding him close while patting him on the back.

"Alright, I don't want to go to prison, especially not dressed like this. Could you please stop calling me Patricia all the time though? I'm still Pat, you can call me that when we are alone," he sniffed.

"Sorry darling, but we can't afford to slip up and you need to get used to responding to that name. I noticed a couple of times when the cook asked if you wanted more of something, you didn't respond. Fortunately, she just thought you were being rude but you

can't keep making those mistakes. This is all still foreign to you but you have to concentrate, really concentrate and practice, practice until all this become second nature to you. Please promise you will do this for me," Jean said.

"Alright mother! I promise but I don't have to like it," her son responded sadly.

"Like she pointed out, I don't have any choice now that we're here. I just wish that she would have told me about becoming a maid before this. She wouldn't make it on the streets but I could. Now I can't even do that," he thought.

"I knew he was going to raise some hell when he found out he would have to be a maid. I probably should have told him before we came here that could happen but he would have refused. I need every penny if I have any hope of getting out of here. I guess he has a right, though, considering what Doña Alvarez is making him wear but it will definitely make him behave in a more feminine manner. I'm surprised he gave in so easily," Jean thought.

Jean had him practice for another thirty minutes before saying it was time to get ready for bed. When she unlaced the corset, he heaved a big sigh of relief. "Go take a bath and be sure to check for any stubble. You will be wearing hose from now on and your legs need to be hair-free. Be sure to moisturize, then pat yourself down with my scented talc when you are through," she instructed giving him a pat on the ass.

Pat looked at himself in the mirror. Dark red indentations from the metal stays in the corset were clearly outlined on his torso. He was particularly concerned over the "U" shaped indentations under his breasts. Running his hands up and down his torso, he mum-

bled, "How mother can think I will not notice this after awhile is beyond me. I don't see how I could ever get use to wearing that corset. I can't wait until Dad sends me tickets for home."

If he was disturbed about wearing a corset during the day, he was visibly upset when his mother insisted that he wear it to bed. Silent tears spilled down his face as he stepped into the full-cut chiffon panties of his nightie. The panty was double layered with a darker lavender inner layer and had four rows of white rose ruffled lace on the back. The cap-sleeved matching top had a square neckline in an empire cut with two inches of rose lace at the sleeves, neckline and hem. The outer layer was knife pleated and fell to mid-knee. A bright satin lavender two-inch wide ribbon was tied in a big floppy bow just under the breast line and the streamers hung to the hem. He loved the feel of the double layers of chiffon next to his skin but would never admit how hard it made his dick.

When his mother woke him at five-thirty, he groaned in pain. He felt like the corset was cutting him in two. He was more than happy to take off his nightie and let her remove the hated garment. The corset off, he quickly put on his robe and headed to the bath. The robe was a bright white satin shortie style with flared three-quarter length sleeves, a wide sash and reached to just below his groin. He couldn't understand why his mother insisted that he wear it but it did feel nice. In the past, he would have gone to the bath wearing his boxers. When he asked her why, she simply told him that ladies always covered up, even when no one else would see them.

The hot bath was a welcome relief to his tortured body. The red indentations from the corset stays were

even more pronounced than before. It was his first bath where the sweet smell of lilacs and lavender didn't bother him. He was wrestling with too many other problems to worry about how he smelled. Out of the bath, he massaged baby oil into his skin and liberally dusted himself with lavender scented talc. With those tasks completed, he stepped into a pair of purple nylon panties, pushing his penis back between his legs. Picking up the purple and violet colored panty girdle between his fingers, he sprinkled some of the talc onto its rubber lining.

The girdle had a purple satin outer layer with a pink rubber lining. A diamond-shaped control panel in violet was embroidered in a silver fern pattern. The talc helped getting it on but he had to keep his legs together and wiggle his butt to get it up all the way. With his penis tucked, the satin gusset would ensure that it stayed and gave him a very girlish looking front. He disliked the girdle almost as much as the corset. While he had to admit it was pretty, it was too confining and hot besides being something only a woman would wear. It was just another one of the many spikes driven into his male ego.

Reluctantly, he made his way back into the bedroom and the awaiting corset. The corset was made of white cotton with a soft brushed cotton lining. It hooked in the front and laced up the back. Metal spring stays were vertically spaced one inch apart and two U-shaped metal stays supported nonexistent breasts. Once securely laced, his waist was drawn in five inches to a more feminine twenty-six and his bosom was enhanced with pushed up flesh. When he put on his AA-size training bra, his flesh actually filled the small cups.

When he reported for duty, he remembered, just in time, to drop into a curtsy. Estella walked around him, inspecting his uniform and appearance. "Patricia, you need to wear more makeup than just some green eye shadow and pink lipstick. Go back to your room and put on some liner, mascara and a bit of rouge. Otherwise, you pass this morning but I don't want to have to tell you again. Now go, we have a lot of work to do," she said.

When he returned, he was taken to the laundry room where he was told to assist Antonia. Before Estella left, she told Antonia to teach Patricia how to iron. Antonia was an older woman with grey streaked hair and a very large frame. She had a kindly grandmotherly face and greeted him cordially. She took note of his corseted waist and noted his flat top.

"Poor soul, how does she expect to get a husband looking like that? Not much of a bottom either, nothing there for a man to grab onto. My Esmeralda had a similar problem but the gypsies have a cure for that. I will get some for her. I don't want to embarrass her. I will give it to the cook to use in her food and drink. In a few months, she will have a fine figure. One a man will love to possess," Estella thought upon meeting Pat.

It was very difficult for him to lift and move wet clothing from the washer into the dryer but at least he could move around a bit. With every movement, he could feel the corset digging into his body. When he wasn't doing that, he was standing over an ironing board. Ironing was hot, painful drudgery. Within a matter of minutes, his legs and ankles were on fire and soon after that his arms ached horribly. His discomfort was obvious to Antonia but she just grinned and kept instructing him how to properly iron whatever mate-

rial was on the board. She could commiserate with his plight but knew that in time it wouldn't be so bad.

"I went through the same training when I was a young girl and I lived through it, so can she. She is starting late like Estella said but she is an American. I don't know if they put their daughters into corsets over there but if she ever wants to get a husband here in Spain..." she thought.

That evening Pat could barely keep his eyes open. He was sitting at the vanity while his mother was taking her bath, applying moisturizer. He noticed that one of his pigtails was drooping unnaturally. Reaching up, it came loose in his hand as a couple of bobbie pins fell to the vanity top. He sat there, holding the clump of hair in his hand and started crying. He was emotionally and physically exhausted and the separated lock of hair was enough to bring on the water works.

His mother came in and saw him crying. She sat down beside him, put her arm around his shoulders and hugged him close. "Baby, it's alright. We can easily fix that. Come on, dry those tears away and let me brush out your hair. I'll have you looking as good as new in no time," she said.

"I...I don...don't want to be good as new. I...I want to be me again," the boy sobbed.

"You know we can't do that, Patricia. You're just tired from all you did today. Estella told me that you did very good today. You should be proud, not sad, sweetie. Your efforts are keeping us off the streets," Jean replied softly.

As she brushed through her son's hair, she noticed how much longer it was. "Sweetie, if your hair keeps growing like this, it won't be long until we can really

style it. I think you would look adorable with a tight perm," she commented.

Pat replied with a groan, he was too tired to argue. All he wanted to do was get some sleep.

When Antonia came into the kitchen early the next morning, she handed the cook several items. "These two you put into Patricia's food and this one you make a tea for her to drink with each meal. What? No, she is not rude. She has been very nice and works hard. You do this and you will see her become nice to you too. Estella and our Mistress both want this. You will do it? Good? No more than a teaspoon of each. You will see, she become happy girl once she blossoms."

Later, the cook handed Pat his breakfast and a cup of tea. "If this stuff from the gypsy will make her happy and not such a rude American, doubling the dose should do so quicker," she thought with a crooked little smile.

## Ooo

Pat labored in the laundry for the next two weeks. Antonia was nice but constantly talked. When she wasn't telling him her whole life story, she was giving him advice, especially about men. He didn't mind so much when she talked about how she had to endure a full body canvas corset but when she talked about boys and men, he cringed.

One day she asked him if he had met any of the young men on the estate. He had been tediously ironing pleats for the last half hour on one of Doña Alvarez's dresses. Without thinking, he mentioned that

he had met Miguel in the gardens. As soon as the words left his mouth, Pat knew he made a mistake.

“Ayee, Miguel, if I were only thirty years younger. Like I told you, a woman cannot marry just any man. He has to be a good provider. Miguel will someday inherit his father’s position as head grounds keeper. That is a very prestigious position and he is handsome besides. He would make you a very good husband and if he is like his father, provide you with many children,” she gushed.

“Yeah Antonia, that’s just what I need, a husband and lots of kids,” Pat sarcastically replied.

Antonia was so wrapped up in her idea of them getting together, she didn’t catch his sarcasm. “Yes, a lot of girls younger than you already have families. I think it would do you good to have a family of your own.” She would have gone on but the morning laundry arrived. Pat sighed with relief. He had heard all he wanted about Miguel and boys in general.

At the end of those two weeks, Pat’s body had adapted to his restrictive clothing. The corset made its presence known but most of the pain was gone. He naturally took small heel-to-toe steps and developed a nice feminine sway as he walked. The three-inch spiked heels still hurt his feet, especially after a long day, but were bearable. The slipped bra strap no longer bothered him like it use to. The heat generated by the panty girdle was still a discomfort as was the weight of all his clothing but he learned to ignore it.

He no longer gave any of these sensations any conscious thought like he had when he first put them on. He also learned to let whatever Antonia was saying go in one ear and out the other. If he had paid more attention, he would have found some way out of agreeing to

let her be his duenna. When he mentioned that Antonia offered to be his duenna to his mother, she broke down laughing.

"Mom, what's so funny?" he asked.

"Honey, don't you know what a duenna is? A duenna is an older woman who chaperones a younger girl when she goes out with a young man. It is an old Spanish custom. Don't you remember I told you that before we even came here? Are you planning on dating some boy?" she said, still giggling.

"Mom! Get serious, you know I can't to do that," Pat said in a panic.

"Well, it seems like you got yourself into one fine pickle. Try telling her you are not ready to go out with any boys but you will gladly take up her offer later," Jean replied.

Antonia listened carefully as Pat awkwardly explained that he wasn't ready to date any boys. She smiled, nodded her head and told him she would be glad to help when the time came. Pat smiled his thanks and went back to his ironing.

"She is too ashamed of her lack of womanly development to date anyone yet. Oh well, it won't be that much longer before I can play matchmaker. The cook has assured me that she is giving her the gypsy's brew," Antonia thought as she went over to the dryer.

## Ooo

Doña Alvarez was seated in the library as Estella curtsied before her. "Well, what have you to tell me about the housekeeper's daughter?" she demanded.

“Mistress, I have placed her under the supervision of Antonia for two weeks. Antonia thinks that the girl is the way she is because of her lack of womanly features. She has gotten the cook to add certain herbs and concoctions from the gypsies to her meals. She assures me that they will develop her figure and the girl will start to act more like she should. I, using your authority, have her in corset training, hobble slip and three-inch heels. This will ensure that she will lose all those boyish mannerisms. I still think there is something odd about that girl but I agree with Antonia. Maybe, once she is no longer ashamed of her body, our doubts will be answered,” Estella replied.

“Good, Antonia is a wise old woman. Do you intend to keep her working in the laundry? She seems a bit delicate for such heavy duty,” she said.

“Si, Mistress, lifting heavy linens and such must be very taxing especially in a corset and hobble skirt. Antonia has her doing the ironing which isn’t that demanding. With your permission, I would like to put her with Estonia as an upstairs maid. That position will require that she pay close attention to her makeup and overall appearance since she will now be seen by everyone,” the maid responded.

“Very good Estella, keep a close eye on her. Now that Maria has left us, I do not relish looking for a new housekeeper. Having two Americans working as my servants has its rewards but not enough if they cause me any embarrassment. You may go,” she stated.

**Ooo**

At the beginning of the third week, Jean was making her morning inspection of the staff. She smiled as

she stepped in front of Pat. He was now going to assist the upstairs maid, Estonia. Estelle had made the recommendation for his advancement during the weekend. His new uniform was in the same style as the others but had pale pink with white cuffs and collar. He had been given a new smaller wasp waist corset in a pink satin with white lace detailing and several white net petticoats. The hobble slip had been exchanged for a pink nylon half-slip with four inches of white lace hemming. He was not happy with the smaller corset but was glad to be rid of the hobble slip.

“Patricia, work as hard for Estonia as you did for Antonia and you will make me proud. This advancement means you get paid a little bit more and we need every cent,” Jean said as they were leaving for the inspection.

As they were cleaning the master bedroom, Doña Alvarez came in. “Don’t let me stop you. I see Estella recommended you for advancement, Patricia. Normally it takes months for a new maid to advance,” she said as she walked over to the curtsying maids.

“Yes Ma’am, this is my first day,” Pat replied, not daring to look up. Keeping his eyes locked on the floor before him, he could feel her closely examining every inch of his body.

“‘Ma’am’ sounds like some old woman, call me Mistress or Doña Alvarez from now on. Now the both of you get back to work,” Doña Alvarez stated and left the room.

“You were very lucky, Patricia, that you are still new here. If I had addressed her so, I would have received the switch. Now, come along and help me put new sheets on the bed,” Estonia said.

“You’re not serious are you? I mean about the switching?” Pat gasped.

“Oh yes, very serious. Rona was caught sleeping when she should have been working last night. She will be switched this evening. You will see for yourself then. Doña Alvarez doesn’t put up with such disobedience.”

After dinner was served to everyone, Jean called all the female employees into the large library. Rona was bent over the long table, her skirt and petticoats pinned up on her back and her blue panties were around her knees. Doña Alvarez was standing beside her. She was wearing tan riding pants, a white satin balloon sleeved blouse with a ruffled jabot and black riding boots. A black riding crop was held loosely in one hand. Her lips painted scarlet red and her hair fashioned into a tight bun on the top of her head made her a very imposing figure.

“You all know why you are here. Rona was found sleeping while on duty. For that dereliction of duty, she will receive ten strokes of the crop. Take heed each and every one of you,” Doña Alvarez arrogantly stated.

With that said, she began whipping Rona’s bare ass. When she had finished, Rona’s ass was streaked with red welts. Rona was crying and begging for mercy after the second stroke.

“Let this be a lesson that I don’t take lightly any negligence on the part of my staff,” Doña Alvarez said and left the room.

As the cook and two other women went to the sobbing Rona, Pat looked up at his mother. “Mom...did you see that? We can’t stay here now. What if she

finds...finds out about me? If she could do this to Rona, what would she do to us?" he whispered.

"I'm too afraid to even think about that. We get paid at the end of the week but it won't be enough to last us until your father sends you the tickets. We're going to have to be extra careful that's all. Let's help the girls tend to poor Rona," his mother replied softly.

That night Pat had horrible nightmares. He was stripped naked, tied face up on the library table with Doña Alvarez standing right beside. She had her finger pointed down between his legs and shouting, "Fraud! Deceiver! Abomination! Look, all of you, see him for the evil impostor that he is!" to the staff, male and female. The crop swished loudly in the air and struck him between his wide spread legs. At that he woke up with a scream. As the scream echoed in the room, his mother was beside him.

"Patricia darling, what's wrong? Is something the matter?" she asked, worried.

"Sh...she...Oh Mom, it was horrible. I...I had a nightmare," he stammered.

After that nightmare, Pat concentrated very hard on learning the feminine lessons and mannerisms his mother was teaching him. For an hour or more each night, she would do her best to transfer her whole life's knowledge of being a woman. No matter how hard he tried to think like a woman, that part of the lessons seldom took. He quickly learned not to pass up a mirror, how to sit and move with grace, to speak in a soft modulated tone, and use feminine terms when describing anything. What he found very difficult was how women and girls interacted with men and actually enjoy the girlish things he was required to do. It was easier for him to talk about feminine hygiene than it was

boys. Both subjects sent chills racing up and down his spine. He tried his best to learn about fashion and styles but the subject matter held no real interest for him. He applied himself to everything his mother was trying to teach but did it only to make sure his disguise would not be discovered.

One of the hardest concepts for him to understand was his new position in society. As a man, he had unlimited opportunities, even in a traditional country like Spain where your gender was still very important. A woman's role in this society was to marry, obey and provide her husband with children. Additionally, a foreign woman, especially a divorced woman, was considered to be beneath everyone else.

The only reason he and his mother had jobs was because Doña Alvarez enjoyed showing off her American servants. The status that went with having American servants added to her sense of royalty. It also made her friends and acquaintances green with envy, which pleased her even more.

## Ooo

They had been working for their Mistress for a full month and now it was payday. Jean presented herself to Doña Alvarez's fiduciary. He handed her the pay envelopes for all the staff. She made sure the staff received their due, including Pat. Pat quickly tore open the envelope and took out 2000 pesetas. "Is this all I get for busting my butt for a month?" he asked, stunned.

"Honey, that is a very generous wage for a maid, Estella only gets 4000 and she's the head maid," Jean replied.

“Mom, that’s less than two dollars a day. At this rate, it will take us forever to get away from all this,” he moaned.

“I know Patricia but here it is a generous payment and you can buy a lot of things with that at the market. You need more clothing and cosmetics. So what do you say we go spend some of our hard-earned wages? I saw some of the cutest outfits last weekend that would look gorgeous on you,” Jean replied.

At the market, Pat stood nervously before his mother. He was wearing a short puff-sleeved white cotton peasant blouse and a yellow flared skirt with bright red floral print.

“Stop squirming, dear. I think that outfit is just perfect. Of course we need to get you a strapless bra and some brightly colored petticoats to go with it but I think you look lovely. We’ll get it,” Jean said.

They shopped until they had all they could carry. Almost every item they got was purchased for Pat. The only thing his mother bought for herself was a very pretty black lace mantilla to match a white one for him. They stopped at a small cantina for lunch. The food was good but Pat could not ignore all the stares he received from the young men sitting there. Their obvious attention made him blush and he couldn’t wait to go back to the hacienda.

“Mom, why did you buy all this stuff for me? I spent my entire salary and most of yours to boot. I’m only going to be here another two months. I don’t need all this,” he said when they got back.

“Patricia, I’m getting tired to telling you that you are a girl now. Girls need more things and you should know that by now. You only have that poodle skirt,

blouse and dress you wore to meet the Mistress and they don't fit anymore. Tight corseting and diet will do that to a girl, you know. What little lingerie you have would embarrass a dormouse. Of course all this is necessary. Next month, we'll put everything in the bank," Jean replied as she swept her hand over the pile of clothing on the bed.

Spread out before him were six pair of brightly colored nylon panties with white floral lace inserts on the front and a tiny pink bow at the center of the waist band; four new A-cup bullet bras. Two were white and there was one each in red and black. Each bra had delicate lace edging and pink bow. The fifth one was a strapless black bra. Pat had complained bitterly about the new bras, insisting that the training bra was good enough. He didn't want a "real" bra, especially when he saw how big it made his breasts look.

"Patricia, you are drawing unnecessary attention to yourself. I'm hearing too many comments from the other staff about your small bust. You're eighteen and a girl your age should have a lot more on top. These bras will help. I should have had you in them from the first. So, unless you want your secret exposed, you'll wear these," Jean stated.

There was four pair of panty girdles in white, beige, black and red. Two corsets; one in a bright yellow satin with chocolate lace detailing and the other a bright red satin with black lace decoration. Unlike his uniform corsets, these had elaborately decorated bullet-shaped cups. When he complained about that purchase, she informed him that he needed fancier ones for his civilian wear.

"Uniform corsets are for work, darling. As I have told you before, women like coordinating lingerie as it

makes them feel more feminine. These will go nicely with your new dresses," his mother answered.

Six packages of sheer nylons in beige, nude, black and white sat next to the girdles. The nylons were very expensive but his mother insisted on getting them as the thick support nylons furnished by their Mistress would not go with casual wear. Three yellow net crinolines and three in red were piled up on the floor. He would need those for his new skirts.

In addition to the yellow flare skirt, there was one in red with a black top. The top was similar to the white but with a wide collar of lace. In addition to the skirts, she had purchased a black mid-calf length wool straight skirt and white satin balloon-sleeved blouse that had a button collar with red bow tie. The cuffs of the blouse had three inches of floral lace hemming.

In addition to the clothing, there was an assortment of cosmetics and shoes. The shoes were a pair of brown leather sandals with a slightly raised heel, a pair of red pumps with three-inch spiked heels and a pair in yellow and black.

Saying that she needed to correct another oversight besides the bra, Jean purchased several gold earrings. "Every Spanish miss has her ears pierced, so we'll do that when we get home. Don't worry, it's painless and it's necessary. We also have to get you a necklace with a crucifix. Haven't you noticed all the other girls wearing them?" she justified the expense.

"Mom, when am I going to wear all this stuff? I'm always wearing my uniform. I really didn't need all this," Pat groaned as he started putting it away.

"Patricia, we have every other weekend off. I'm not going to let you stay cooped up here and I don't want

to be either. We see enough of this place as it is. We need to get out and enjoy ourselves a bit. We have tomorrow off so we'll get dressed up and walk around town. Since it's Sunday, we'll have to wear our mantillas but I want to have some fun. Let's go to the kitchen, I need to pierce those ears of yours before we do anything else. So stop arguing with me," Jean replied.

In the kitchen, the cook gladly gave Jean what she needed. A cork, sharp needle, candle, some ice cubes and rubbing alcohol. With the cook hovering nearby, Pat didn't dare complain. Sticking the needle into the flame, Jean sterilized it, quickly stuck it through the left lobe and into the cork at the back. When she had finished, she wiped down each lobe with the alcohol, which made him wince. He was surprised that it hadn't hurt more than just a little sting.

"She should have had that done when she was a baby. What is it with you American mothers not following tradition? I will never understand," the cook said, putting away the supplies.

Sunday morning, Pat sat in front of the vanity putting on a fire engine red lipstick. The beveled gold hoops in his ears reflecting light caught his eye, then the drooping pigtail.

"Mom, this pigtail is coming loose again. I'm so tired of wearing my hair like this," he said.

"I understand, darling. I get tired of wearing the same style or color all the time too. I think next month we'll go to that salon in town and see if we can't get something done. I wonder how good I would look as a blonde. What do you think dear?" she commented as she worked on his hair.

Pat felt uncomfortable walking down the cobblestone street as the church bells rang out the end of mass. He was wearing his straight skirt and satin blouse. Like every other young girl and woman, he wore his mantilla over his head and draped across his shoulders. As they walked around the main square, he could see the young men staring. He had done the same thing with his friends when he lived in Cartagena. What made him uncomfortable was that he remembered how they talked about the size of the girl's tits or ass and exactly what they would like to do with them. Now they were talking about him the same way.

"I hate this but Mom insisted that we come here. I know exactly what those boys are thinking. They're thinking I don't have any tits but probably like my ass. It's round and firm and bigger than I remember it from before I put on this tight skirt. I know they're talking about my panty line but I can't do anything about that. We used to stand around, trying to guess what color a girl's panties were. Now they're doing it to me and I don't like it," Pat thought.

## Ooo

At the end of the second month working in the hacienda, Pat was beginning to get worried. He was use to seeing the red indentations caused by the corset. What was bothering him now was how big his breasts and ass were becoming. There was enough flesh on his chest now that they spilled over the bra cups. His nipples had turned from light brown to a dark pink, the size of small erasers, and they had become very sensitive. His butt was definitely more round and fuller.

“Damn bras and corsets are changing my body. I sure hope when I stop wearing them, these will disappear. These bras are getting to be way too tight and uncomfortable,” he thought as he cupped his breasts. They were firm and warm to the touch with a nice pear shape. His aureolas were a dark pink and the size of quarters.

When he brought the dirty linens down to Antonia, she noticed his improving shapely additions. She smiled broadly and told him how nice he looked in his maid’s uniform.

“Soon, yes, very soon I think I will have a talk with the grounds keeper about Miguel and Patricia. She has developed nicely since I first met her. The daughter of the housekeeper will make a suitable match with the son of the grounds keeper,” she thought.

Towards the end of the month, even his mother noticed her son’s growing problem. At first, she thought it was due to the lighting but on closer inspection she noticed his flesh was actually overflowing the bra cups.

“We have been eating a lot of rice, beans and tortillas since we got here. Maybe he is just putting on weight. I know I’ve put on a few pounds,” Jean thought.

“Honey, I think come payday we are going to have to buy you some new bras. You look like you have put on some weight and that bra is tight,” she said.

With the end of the month came payday and Jean planned on taking Pat to the small salon used by the local lower class women. There was no way they could afford going to the salon Doña Alvarez used along with the other upper crust of the city nor would it allow them in even if they could pay. She had removed the

fake pigtails and brushed his hair until it shined. It had been long before they came to the hacienda; now it was brushing his shoulders. There would be plenty of hair for the stylist to work with and just enough to not cause a lot of questions. She had also decided to have her hair bleached blonde while they were there.

When they went to the salon, Pat was hoping to have it cut shorter. He did not expect to have it rolled tightly onto pink plastic rollers that pricked his scalp and be subjected to stinking chemicals. Sitting under the hood of a hot hairdryer reading an entertainment magazine wasn't in his plans either. After his hair was teased and fluffed up, he walked out of the salon with a wavy bouffant flip, reeking of hairspray.

His mother looked very different in her new color and style. Her hair had been bleached a golden blonde and set in the latest fashion. She now had a towering beehive hairdo. She liked her new look but liked Pat's even more. She like it so much that she decided that they would go back to the cantina and have a late lunch after they purchased Pat's new bras.

She was more surprised than Pat when they discovered that he needed a full B-cup bra. When they left the shop, Jean decided she would have to find out what was going on. She could think of no logical reason for her son to suddenly develop breasts.

"I know that wearing a bra isn't going to make breasts grow, at least not *this* fast. Is it possible that the corseting has something to do with it? It does push up the excess flesh on the chest. That wouldn't explain the nipple growth or how big his aureolas are, though. There is something seriously wrong here but I have no idea what's happening," she thought as they left for the cantina.

Pat was wearing his black blouse, red flare skirt and brown sandals. The three-inch wide black patent leather belt with the big square gold buckle emphasized his narrow, corseted waist. As he walked down the street, he no longer noticed how the skirt and net crinolines swirled and twisted around him. The local boys did, though, and smiled appreciatively.

At the cantina they shared a large bowl of fish stew containing a flavorful mix of parsley, cilantro, onions, cinnamon and bow tie pasta. As they were waiting for the meal, the waiter brought over a carafe of white wine.

"This is courtesy of Señor Mendez," the waiter said, nodding his head in the direction of a near by table as he filled the glasses.

Jean looked over to the table and saw a handsome older man, perhaps in his early fifties. He was neatly dressed in a suit and tie; he had a full head of salt and pepper hair and a pleasant smile. She guessed from his appearance that he was a well-to-do merchant.

"Please convey our thanks," she said to the waiter as she held up her glass in salute.

Taking her gesture as a sign of invitation, he got up from his table and walked over to stand beside Jean. "Señora, I am Juan Alfonso Maria Mendez," he said, taking her hand and kissing it.

"How gallant, Señor Mendez, please have a seat. My name is Jean Macintyre and this is my daughter Patricia," Jean replied with a little blush.

Before he sat, he moved over to Pat, took his hand and kissed it. "Delighted, Señorita Patricia," he said as Pat blushed scarlet.

As they walked back to the hacienda, Jean was ecstatic. Señor Mendez had been most attentive but not overly invasive. While he conversed primarily with Jean, he made sure to include Pat. She found out that he was widowed and the town's veterinarian. They had chatted pleasantly and when she said they had to go, he asked to meet her again. It had been some time since she had male companionship and she enjoyed the attention. She demurely agreed. All she could talk about on the way home was Juan this and Juan that. Pat was pretty sick of hearing about Juan by the time they reached their room.

"Mom! Please, enough already. I was there, remember? I agree, he is a very handsome man and very nice. You know, you don't have to pick out a dress for your date next Saturday night right now, you have plenty of time. Yes, Mom, that black velvet dress with the scoop neck would be perfect. Now, can we please talk about something else," Pat pleaded.

"Patricia, I'm not talking about Juan just to hear myself talk. You are missing a point here. You're not reacting as a girl would. Girls and woman always get excited for each other when there is a man involved. We never tire of hearing all the little details. Everything, from what he looks like, the clothing he wears, down to what kind of smile he has, is important. So, I'm going to go through everything again and I want to hear you respond enthusiastically like a young lady would," Jean instructed.

"Mom! Come on, do we really have to do this?" her son whined.

"Don't 'Mom' me, just do it, okay?" Jean replied.

## Ooo

Towards the end of April, Antonia cornered Pat in the kitchen. "Patricia, I have wonderful news, Miguel wants to take you to the Dia del Trapalador celebration. I have agreed to be your duenna. Isn't that great news?" she gushed.

"Oh honey, now you can come with me and Juan to the big Labor Day party. Antonia, thank you so much for offering to be his duenna but we'll watch the kids this time. Please tell Miguel that Patricia would enjoy going with him. Antonia, please do us the honor of being Patricia's duenna the next time," Jean said before he could answer.

Of course Antonia was more than pleased to act as duenna. She left them with a great big grin on her face to tell Miguel the good news. He would have a date for the celebration.

When they were alone, Pat asked his mother why she accepted the date for him. "Mom, you know I don't want to go anywhere with any boy. Have you forgotten who I really am?" he asked.

"Patricia, no I haven't forgotten anything. I have my reasons. It's just that I have been out with Juan a few times and I wanted the two of you to get to know one another better. Secondly, you need to be seen out with a boy. A girl your age not being seen with a man draws attention around here. It will be a good experience for you and, who knows, you might find out that you like it," Jean stated.

That evening Pat was sitting at the vanity. With a new hair style, his mother had to teach him how to roll his hair up in curlers before bedtime. It was another te-

dious and feminine bedtime task that he had to perform. With the last roller in, he picked up the pink hair net and covered them, holding the rollers securely to his head.

“I can’t believe she is actually going to make me go out with Miguel. Who gives a rat’s ass about going out with a boy? There’s no way I’m going to like it. I’m only going to be here another month so why do I have to do this? I’ve had my fill of all this female stuff. It’s changing me too much. My waist keeps getting smaller while my tits and ass are getting bigger. Even my dick has betrayed me. I can’t remember the last time I was able to jerk it off. Everything down there seems to be smaller too.

“Now, besides all these cosmetics, I have to roll my hair every night and try to sleep in the curlers. I hate everything about this. I can’t wait to get back into plain old boxers, jeans and T-shirts. Dad had better send me that ticket soon. Mom said she sent him a letter asking him to do it now but that was almost two months ago. Why hasn’t he sent them?” Pat thought as he looked into the mirror.

When his mother returned from the bath, she was only wearing a pale blue baby doll and a thin, almost transparent, nylon robe. Her ample breasts and the dark triangle between her legs were visible but Pat didn’t notice. He had become accustomed to seeing her like this and paid her feminine attributes no mind. That wasn’t the case during the first month of his impersonation. She had been more modest back then too, only wearing cotton or satin long gowns and a quilted satin robe. She had remembered him as a boy back then but now, all she saw was her daughter.

She saw daughter who was sitting at her vanity with large pink plastic rollers in her hair and a green mud pack covering her face. She was wearing a cute emerald green pleated baby doll with matching granny panties. The nightie silhouetted pert teenage breasts and a narrow waist. When she first noticed his breast development, she had made discreet inquiries of the staff. She was shocked to her core when the cook revealed what she was doing.

“Si Señora Jean, Antonia and I, we give him ancient gypsy cure. Señorita Patricia, she so shy and ashamed she no develop like other girls, we decided to help. We keep secret so not to embarrass her. You are pleased, yes?” the cook said.

Jean was dismayed over what they did to her son but there was no way for her to protest or object without revealing their secret. The damage had already been done. If their sham were discovered, Doña Alvarez would have them whipped to within an inch of their lives, then toss them unceremoniously out on the streets, or worse. In strict Catholic Spain, men who impersonated women were thrown in jail. Very few, if any, would survive once that happened. She wasn't about to give her son a death sentence. The only thing she could do was thank the cook, tell her that the cure was no longer needed and make the best of a bad situation. She didn't have the heart to tell him that the life he had known was over.

When she first took this job, she wrote her ex-husband and explained everything that had happened. She implored him to get Pat out of Spain as soon as possible, fearing the consequences of discovery. She still hadn't heard back from him and was determined to ensure Pat's safety. When Antonia approached Pat, tell-

ing him that she had arranged a date with Miguel, Jean had no choice but to agree. Despite his protests, to protect his disguise, he eventually had to be seen with a man or enter a nunnery. At least, under strict Spanish tradition, she didn't have to worry about him having sex. If she had known this was going to happen, she would have taken the alternative. She would have become a whore to earn enough money to send him home. Now, that option wasn't available. Yes, she could still become a whore but it wouldn't help her son.

## Ooo

Pat sat at the vanity working on his makeup. He wasn't happy about going to the celebration or about the blouse his mother picked out. He thought the blouse revealed way too much of his chest. He glanced at the reflected image of his chest and blushed. With his red bra on, there was no mistaking the two round mounds nestled into the cups.

"Mom, if I have to go to the celebration with Miguel, I don't want to wear that blouse. Please, let me wear the pink one," he asked as he applied powder to his face.

"We've already discussed it, darling. The peasant blouse is absolutely perfect with that dress and besides, it will be hot out today. Now hurry up or we'll be late for our dates," Jean replied.

"That blouse will show off your growing bosom delightfully yet discreetly. There isn't a single Latin woman I know of who wouldn't go out of her way to show off her assets. It must have something to do with the feminine psyche of Spanish women. Everything

here is strictly masculine or feminine, even the language and there is no room for anything in between. I'm not happy that you have breasts but if you got



them, flaunt them, I say. It will help keep up the illusion," she thought.

May 1<sup>st</sup>, the Labor Day celebration was in full swing. Jean and Juan stood nearby sipping wine as Miguel and Pat skipped around the maypole with the other teens. Pat was wearing his white peasant blouse, red flair skirt and four white crinolines. Twirling around the maypole sent her skirt flying, revealing the lacy hems of his crinolines and exposed a fair amount of leg.

"Your Patricia is a fine looking young woman. She will make a good wife someday," Juan said.

"Married? Oh my, I hope not soon. She is so young," Jean replied and continued in thought, "I have to admit Pat makes me proud though. She makes a truly lovely daughter."

"Young maybe, but here many girls are married when they turn fifteen. If I am any judge of people, that Miguel has his eye on her," Juan laughingly replied.

"Oh damn, now I have something else to worry about. I'm gong to have to find a nice way to cool that boy's ardor. That idiot of a husband of mine had better get those tickets here and the sooner, the better," Jean thought.

Pat did his best to keep his distance from Miguel as they ambled through the celebrating crowd. Miguel made him very nervous. Seeing him staring at his chest, instead of looking him in the eyes when talking, unnerved him even more. He had to admit that dancing and weaving the bright blue ribbon around the maypole had been fun. Now that the sun was setting, the dancing would start and he wasn't looking forward to that.

He got a bit of a reprieve when Jean and Juan decided to take in the Flamenco dancers. They found a table near the dance floor. Juan ordered a carafe of wine and something to snack on. Pat drained his glass in three big gulps.

“Patricia, that’s no way for a lady to drink her wine,” his mother admonished.

“Sorry mom, but I was really thirsty. May I please have another? I promise to drink it slower this time,” Pat replied.

By the time the dancing was over, Pat had drunk three glasses of wine and hadn’t eaten any of the snacks. He had a slight buzz from the alcohol which he hoped would make the next couple of hours more bearable. There was absolutely no way for him to get out of dancing with Miguel.

The fast dances were okay but the slow ones where Miguel held him close were intimidating. During the fast dances, Pat was twirled around, skirts flaring, with only their hands touching for the most part. During the slow dances, Miguel held him tightly around the waist with one hand; the other held Pat’s. The four-step style meant Pat had to move backwards with Miguel leading. Pat was not used to that and it made him very uncomfortable. To make matters worse, Miguel used the slow dances to tell him how pretty he was and how much he wanted to see him again.

The celebration came to an end with a big fireworks display. The crowd was thick and packed closely together as they watched the fiery blossoms bursting in the air. Pat found himself pressed against Miguel and Miguel had his arm around Pat’s waist. As the grand finale burst overhead, Miguel leaned closer and quickly kissed Pat right on the lips. The kiss lasted only

moments but seemed like forever for poor Pat. He was too shocked to do anything but stand there and let it happen.

Miguel broke the kiss, flashing his bright white teeth as he did so. "Patricia, I have wanted to do that all night. It was more than worth the wait," he said.

## Ooo

After the celebration, Pat was given a new assignment. He was assigned to assist Doña Alvarez's personal maid, Gloria. It was now his responsibility to clean the mistress' bedroom and take care of any personal items. Gloria would be free to spend her time taking care of Doña Alvarez's personal needs such as assisting in her bath and dressing.

"Patricia, Gloria will be leaving my service before too long to marry Esteban. It is my intention, if you can prove yourself worthy, for you to take her place. Until she leaves, you will report to her," Doña Alvarez said the first morning he reported to his new duties.

This put Pat in daily contact with the mistress, something that kept him on edge. Many times he found himself in the awkward position of seeing her either completely or near naked. He did his best to avoid eye contact during those episodes but it was not always possible. He would blush fiercely each time that happened. His blushing did not go unnoticed by his mistress.

"Damn it girl, why do you keep blushing every time you see me in my lingerie? Haven't you seen a naked woman before?" she demanded irritably.

"I...I'm sorry Mistress...it...it's just...I can't help it," he stammered.

"Well, get over it. At the end of the month, you will assume Gloria's duties and seeing you blush like that bothers me. I know you are a shy and naive girl but enough is enough. Gloria, the dress please," Doña Alvarez said.

"Mom, I'm getting scared. Doña Alvarez might be getting suspicious. She caught me looking at her today an... and she said I was to take over Gloria's duties at the end of the month. Mom, I don't know if I can handle helping her with her bath," he said as he was getting ready for bed.

"Oh dear, that does present a problem, doesn't it? So tell me exactly what happened?" Jean replied.

Pat told her how she walked into the bedroom wearing a bath robe, then stood naked while Gloria fastened her bra and helped slide her panties into place. That was when she caught him blushing.

"Mom, I tried not to look but she must have seen me," Pat explained, then repeated what she had told him.

"Well, dear, I have to ask you something personal. Did your little man get all excited and cause a bump in your uniform? Something obvious for her to see?" Jean asked.

"Mom! No, of course not, I was just blushing, that's all, I promise," Pat replied, shocked at the question. He found it hard to believe his own mother would ask such a question. As a matter of fact, now that she had brought it up, he couldn't remember the last time he'd had an erection.

“Growing titties and wearing girl’s clothing all the time is really screwing me up. I remember in elementary school, some of the teachers would scare the boys by telling them they would put them in dresses and turn them into girls. I don’t think they ever did but I know it kept us boys in line. If it could happen back then, why not now? Are these clothes turning me into a girl? I don’t want to lose my boy bits! Dad had better hurry up and send me my ticket or he might not have a son to come home,” Pat thought.

“I’m sorry to have had to ask, dear, but it was necessary. that removes a major concern but doesn’t solve your blushing problem. Look, you don’t blush when I’m walking around in my nighties or underwear. Try thinking that our mistress is me when you are around her in those situations. Hopefully that will help,” Jean offered.

“I don’t know about that, Mom, but I will try. You could see about getting me sent back to Estonia before that happens, couldn’t you?” he suggested.

“Yes, that would be for the best. She is a very intelligent woman and I don’t particularly care for you to be constantly under her eye. I’ll have a talk with our Mistress in the morning when I give her my daily report. She can be a very stubborn woman once she has made a decision, though. I’ll do my best but don’t get your hopes up. You just may have to find a way to handle it, darling,” Jean answered.

**Ooo**

Pat stood with his mother waiting for the plane to board. The very day Jean was going to have her talk with Doña Alvarez, the ticket for Pat to go home ar-

rived. Pat was no longer a personal maid but he was still stuck as Patricia. Doña Alvarez gave him a nice suit to wear home. It was a green woolen straight mid-calf length skirt and long-sleeved jacket with champagne satin lining. A long-sleeved white chiffon blouse with a lacy jabot and cuffs, green box hat with white netting trim and white cotton gloves were included as accessories. The only items Jean had to get for him were a white patent leather letter purse and white patent three-inch heels.

“Mom, why can’t we get some boy clothes for me now? I can change in one of the bathrooms before I go,” he asked.

“We have already been over this, Patricia. The clothing you had would never fit you now and there isn’t time. You had to leave the hacienda wearing Doña Alvarez’s gift or I wouldn’t be able to show my face there ever again. You shouldn’t have any problems getting back to the States. Your identity papers say you are Pat and Pat can be either a girl or boy’s name. Even if they examine them closely, you should have no problems. One look and they will assume the “M” on your papers was just a mistake. Give me a kiss, they’re boarding now. I should have enough to get home in another three months, four at the most. Bye darling, have a nice trip and don’t worry. Your father said he’d pick you up when you get there,” she said as she hugged him closely.

The Pan Am flight seemed to take forever but at last he was home and through customs without difficulty. The customs officer looked him over closely but Pat wasn’t sure if it was because of the “M” on his papers or because he was just checking him out. His white lace

embellished slip could easily be viewed through the thin blouse.

His problems began when he stood right in front of his father without being recognized. His father was looking everywhere but at him. Finally, Pat cleared his throat and said, "Hi Dad, it's me, Pat."



The emotions expressed on his father's face ran the gamut from confusion and surprise to realization and anger. "What the hell are you doing dressed like that?" he yelled, loud enough to turn heads their way.

"Dad, please, keep your voice down. Didn't mother explain what was going on?" Pat asked, frightened about all the attention they were getting.

"I didn't want to be dressed this way but I didn't have any choice. Mom said she told him all about my having to dress. I can't have him going ballistic on me. Not here, not where all these people are," he thought.

Fortunately Pat Senior saw that he was drawing unwanted attention their way and continued in a softer tone. "Alright, but you had better explain yourself. Let's get your bags. You'll tell me everything on the way home. How am I going to explain all this to Gloria?"

The drive home was awkward at first but degenerated into arguing rather quickly. Pat Senior started the argument by blaming his 'stupid fucked-up ex-wife.' Pat tried to defend her and blamed his father for all their problems by not sending his child support payments. He was shocked to learn that those payments officially ended when he turned eighteen and that Jean knew that. The rest of the drive was done in complete silence.

"Damn it to hell, Jean! What the fuck did you do to our son? How am I going to explain this to all my friends? 'Hi everybody, meet my sissy son, Pat Junior.' Yeah, that will go over like a fucking ton of bricks. My customers and friends will avoid me like I have the plague. We'll be ostracized...or worse. He's still my son but damn Jean, why did she do this to him? She did it on purpose! That bitch did it just to get back at

me! That's what she did! She damn well knew that this would ruin me, destroy my business and make my life a living hell. That conniving bitch! She knows damn well how queers are treated here. Our lives won't be worth living once word gets out that I have a sissy son," Pat Senior fumed as he drove.

"Welcome home, son. It's great to see you. Man, some welcome I got. Can't really blame him all that much, though, it had to be a shock. If Mom told him about what happened, she certainly didn't do a thorough enough job. I hope he settles down by the time we get to the house. All I want is to get out of these clothes and get back to being me as soon as possible.

"He can't possibly think I'm enjoying this, can he? I thought he was being an asshole by not sending Mom any money but she knew it was going to stop. Why didn't she tell me? Why didn't she do something before the money ran out? Hell, she could have sent me home ages ago," Pat thought as his eyes brimmed with tears.

When they got to the house, Gloria was confused. She was expecting to see her step-son Pat, not some teenaged girl. When it registered with her that this was indeed her step-son, she paled in shock and had to sit down. Pulling herself together, she offered to take him to his room. Her husband was already hitting the whiskey and was in no shape to handle the situation. She couldn't believe that this pretty girl was indeed her step-son but forced herself into action.

"Oh my, everyone knows that Pat has a son. He's bragged about what a soccer player he is often enough. What are we going to do now? What will the neighbors think? Just look at him, if I didn't know better I'd think those breasts were real. And that figure. It's so feminine. He has a better figure than I do. Look how he's

managing in those heels. It looks like he's been walking in them all his life. This can't be real. This must be some bad dream," Gloria thought as they walked down the hall.

Gloria stood in shocked silence as Pat unloaded his suitcases. They were filled with feminine finery. The satin wasp waist corsets explained his slender waist but there were enough of them for everyday wear. They were something she only wore once in a blue moon when she was feeling playful at bedtime. He even knew how to fold his lingerie and put them away with feminine grace. His every movement shouted 'girl'.

Breaking her trance, she went to help him unpack. Their conversation was stilted, limited to comments about how pretty or cute a piece of clothing was. Gloria did her best to act friendly but it was a strain. By the time the last item was put away, Gloria couldn't contain her curiosity.

"Pat I know you've had a long day. Here, let me help you undress, then you can take a nice bath. I'm sure you'd be happy to get out of those heels and dress by now," she offered.

Pat was embarrassed but having been around so many women for so long, he gladly accepted her offer. A nice hot bath would feel absolutely wonderful. He didn't think much of it as he quickly striped down to his underwear and breathed a sigh of relief as Gloria unlaced his corset. Grabbing his robe and makeup case, he went to the bathroom across the hall.

"Gloria, thank you for being so understanding. I know this is hard for you. It is for me too. I can't wait to get back into my own clothing," he said.

Gloria nodded her head as he left the room. She was still in a daze. With him standing in his underwear, there was no doubt in her mind that his breasts and heart-shaped rear end were real. There had been no padding in his bullet bras or girdles. The fact that he didn't blush or bat an eye as he stripped in front of her told her that he had done that many times before. She found it hard to believe that a young man would act so nonchalantly about undressing.

"This is worse than I feared. He's a total faggot. There is no way in the world that he will be able to dress as a boy now. We've got to do something or he will ruin our lives," she thought.

Pat Senior and Gloria spent most of the night trying to figure a way out of their dilemma. When Pat Junior tried to put on some of his male clothing, nothing fit. Gloria lent him a pair of her Capri's so he would have some pants to wear but even in a baggy jersey, he still looked like a girl. What were they to do? It was a topic of long discussion. Finally, Pat Senior came up with an idea.

"Gloria, as I see it, we have little choice. We could let him stay and accept the consequences or we could send him somewhere. If he stays, you know how people will react. It could mean the loss of my business and our livelihood. Do you remember Margo Butler? Her husband died several years back, left her a ton of money but she still works part time as a motivational speaker. We had dinner with her a few months back. I was impressed with her open mindedness and energy. She seemed a little bossy and a bit eccentric but nice enough. What do you think about giving her a call? Do you think she could help? She has all kinds of contacts and influence, maybe she's the answer," he said.

As they were discussing his future, Pat was in his room crying. "Nothing fits and I still look like a girl. At least Gloria lent me a pair of pants even if they are Capri's. I can't believe that my first new pair of pants in ages are designed for girls but nothing else fits. What am I going to do? My ass is too big and I have tits from wearing bras and corsets all the time.

"The first thing I have to do is stop wearing that shit, then maybe things will get back to normal. I need a haircut and to start eating real food. I sure hope Dad still has that weight set out in the garage. I want my old self back. I can't stand being a girl much longer. Tomorrow I hit the weights and get a haircut. Maybe Dad will take me to get some proper fitting men's clothing. I can't wait to get back into my boxers and some blue jeans," he thought.

## Ooo

"Pat, you can't stay here. Look son, this is difficult for all of us but we think it would be best if you moved out until... well... until you look more like yourself. There's this woman, Margo Butler, who is willing to take you in. She's a very smart and progressive woman. We explained your problem and she has agreed to help, provided you do as she says. No please, don't say anything until I have finished. She promised me she could correct your problem. You would draw too much attention to yourself and us if you stayed here. You know what happens to queers and you know what would happen if certain people caught you out in the open. Yes, I know you're not that way. You wouldn't even be given a chance to explain. We don't want that to happen. So for the time being, you are going to

be Margo's niece. While you are with her, she will do her best to get you back to normal. If anybody can help, Margo is the person for the job. That's what you want, isn't it?" Pat Senior said.

"Dad, I would give anything to get back to normal. I don't want to leave but...but you're right. I wouldn't stand a chance out in the open. What if I got a haircut and some blue jeans? Wouldn't that work?" Pat replied.

"I wish it were that easy, son, but just look at you. A haircut and jeans wouldn't solve your problems. Margo assured me she knows some specialists that can get you back to the way you were. I've already signed permission for her to take you in but since you are eighteen, you will also have to agree. Come on, give it a chance. What have you got to lose? Do it for me, son," Pat Senior answered, sliding a legal document over to his child.

"Dad, this is legal stuff that I don't understand. What am I signing here?" Pat asked after glancing at the document.

"Son, it's an agreement to put yourself completely under Margo's care. It's just a formality, so sign it. It protects her from any legal repercussions and gives her medical authority. That's all it says but she won't help unless you sign it. Gloria is a notary and she can authenticate it," Pat Senior stated.

That afternoon, Pat moved into Margo's spacious mansion. She was a rotund older woman in her early sixties with grey hair piled into an elaborate French Braid. Her oval doubled-chinned face was wrinkled with thin lips, a large nose, the hint of a mustache and piercing blue eyes. She was dressed in a simple navy business skirted suit, ecru support hose and navy

three-inch block heeled square-toed shoes. Her bright white satin blouse showed an ample bosom. She smelled strongly of Ben Gay and lavender.

“So this is Pat, or should I say Patricia. Turn around for me and let me get a good look at you,” she said after the initial greetings.

Pat did as he was instructed, blushing as he did so. “She seems nice enough but I don’t know if I’m going to like it here. I just hope she can get me back looking like my old self,” he thought.

“Pat, Gloria, it looks like I have my work cut out for me. Patricia would have almost fooled me if I had met him out on the street. He has a nice figure and poise for a boy. I’ll do my best to help him achieve what he wants. Now as we agreed, I want no meddling and no interference from either of you. I’ll do what I can but you must stay away until I tell you its okay to visit. Are we agreed? Yes? Well then, best be on your way so Patricia and I can get to know one another better,” Margo stated matter-of-factly.

As Pat said goodbye to his parents, he whispered, “Dad, are you sure this is gonna be alright? I don’t like her calling me Patricia.”

“Son, she is your best hope. Now promise me that you will do everything she says and you’ll be home in no time,” Pat Senior replied. He didn’t sound all that confident but what choice did they have?

“Do you think she can really help Pat?” Gloria asked as they drove away.

“I seriously don’t know. In any case, she has agreed to take him in and care for him. That is a big burden lifted off of us. Can you imagine what we would have

had to go through if she hadn't stepped in to help?" he replied with a sigh of relief.

## Ooo

"Oh my, he is absolutely precious. I can't believe he is so feminine-looking. Whatever happened over in Spain certainly did a number on him. According to his father, he believes that wearing corsets and bras changed his body but there's no way that happened. I sure would like to know who gave him what. I haven't had a young man to work my magic on in years. There is something delightful in changing a macho male into a docile sissy. Well, this sissy certainly has the beginnings of a nice body but not the mind set.

"With the right mind set he could easily pass as a young woman but we don't want that, do we? No, we want to develop a proper sissy slave. One who will always know he is a male but incapable of being one. Oh dear, I'm getting wet down there. Haven't done that in years," Gloria thought as she watched Pat waving goodbye.

"Alright Patricia, shut the door and get your bags. I'll show you to your room," she said.

Pat was surprised when he was shown to his room. It was spacious but totally inappropriate for a young man. It was all frilly and feminine, reeking of a floral-scented perfume. The walls were painted a soft pink with eggshell white trim. The oak flooring had white furry throw rugs scattered about and lace doilies were placed under the table lamps and flower vases. It was furnished with a large wardrobe, lighted vanity, spindle queen-sized bed, two bedside tables and two chairs. All the furniture was off white with gold detail-

ing. The vanity stool had a bright pink satin quilted top and pink chiffon skirting. There were only two pictures on the walls. One was a recent color portrait of Mrs. Butler and the other depicted two Victorian ladies accompanied by their maids.

Seeing the look on his face as he gazed at the room, she asked, "Patricia, is there anything wrong?"

Mrs. Butler...errrr...this is a girl's room. Don't you have something else?" he stammered.

"While you stay with me, I think it would be more appropriate for you to call me Auntie. While this is a big house, most of the other bedrooms are sealed off. Ever since my dear husband died, I don't entertain like I used to. Until you arrived, it was just me and my housekeeper, Greta. You will call her Mrs. Stump. You'll meet her soon enough, Patricia. Now let's get you unpacked," she replied.

Margo gushed over Pat's frillies and admired the business suit that Doña Alvarez had given him. Pat wasn't all that thrilled about putting his feminine finery into the big wardrobe while she put his few dresses into the closet. As he placed a stack of neatly folded panties into the drawer, he noticed several silk sachets tucked into the corners. He pulled one out and the heady scent of lavender filled his nose.

"Oh boy, this stuff reeks. If she is going to help me become a boy again, I don't see where this is going to help. How can she help if I'm stuck in a girl's room and putting lingerie in a drawer smelling of flowers? There she goes calling me Patricia again. I've got to ask her to stop that," Pat thought.

"Ahhhh...Mrs., errrr...Auntie, would you please stop calling me Patricia? My name is Pat

an... and... I...," he started but was stopped before he could finish.

"Patricia is an appropriate name for the way you look now. Maybe later I will consider your request. You need to change out of those Capri's and into something more appropriate," Margo snapped.

"Great, now I can get some boys clothing. Maybe they're in that big walk-in closet. I didn't see any when I unpacked," Pat thought.

To his dismay, she took two hangers out of the closet. One held a grey starched cotton dress with thin white vertical stripes, white cuffs that came to a point just above the elbows and a pointed high white collar. The other hanger held a white nylon, tulle and net full petticoat. There was white lace adorning the thin satin straps and across the bosom. It buttoned up the back and the layered starched netting hemmed in two inches of white lace stuck out from the waist down to the just below the knee.

"Patricia, put this on and be quick about it. Mrs. Stump is waiting to begin your training," she said.

"My... my... training?" Pat asked shocked.

"You didn't think you would just move into my house and laze about doing nothing, did you? While you stay with me, you will assist Mrs. Stump in her household chores. From what I heard, that shouldn't be a problem for you," Margo stated.

"Look Mrs. Butler I... I didn't come here to... to be... a maid. You're supposed to turn me back into a boy," he replied.

"Of course you did, Patricia, but we have to start slowly. You did not become the girl you are overnight, now did you? As a matter of fact, we will have to im-

merse you even deeper into your female role before we can bring you back. Yes, I know that sounds crazy but your body has been changed and is still changing. We have to let those changes run their course before we can reverse them," Margo stated.

"I...I don't understand? I...I have to become more of a girl before you can help me?" Pat replied stunned.

"Yes and it will seem very hard at first but hopefully in a few weeks, we'll be able to start your recovery. We'll take this in steps, only in reverse. You acted as a personal maid while in Spain so you will be my personal maid here. Once your body stops its feminine development, we'll regress you back to being the boy you once were. Remember, you agreed to do whatever I told you and signed legal agreements to that effect. Now unless you want to leave my home right now, you will give me a proper curtsey and get dressed," Margo said raising her voice.

Trembling but with little choice, Pat quickly stripped down to his panties. He was wearing neither his corset nor bra, thinking that without them his body would return to normal. As he reached for the petticoat, Margo stepped back.

"Patricia, where is your corset and bra? You should know better than to go running around like a common tart. Get a bra and your corset out of the wardrobe immediately!" Margo barked.

Pat jumped in surprise at her vehement demand. "But I...I don't want to wear them anymore. They were causing my...my body to change," he stammered.

"Patricia, I said we would have to take this in steps, tiny steps and one at a time. If you stopped all at once, the shock to your system could be disastrous. Now get

them and put them on. I'm losing patience with you," Margo said authoritatively.

"No...no... please don't make me put on that corset ever again. I hate it, I hate it," he replied fearfully. He hadn't worn one since he got back home and he certainly didn't want to do so ever again. He considered it a device invented in a torture chamber that cut his waist in two, held him in rigid bondage and barely allowed him to breathe. Without that devilish device crushing him, he felt liberated and free. He wouldn't put one back on now without a fight.

"Look how defiant the little sissy is. Won't wear his corset, will he? Guess I'll just have to give him a very good reason to listen to what I tell him. It was bound to come up sooner or later. Time to bring him down a peg or two and show him exactly who is the boss around here," Margo thought as she went over to a red velvet cord hanging from the corner ceiling.

Pat was standing near the bed watching Mrs. Butler as she stood tapping her foot over in the corner. "What in blazes is she doing? I don't care. I'm not putting that damn corset on ever again, no matter what. I'm not putting on that maid's dress either. I don't care what happens. I'm putting my Capri's back on and getting out of here. Dad will just have to figure out something else," he thought.

As Pat was stepping back into the leg of his Capri's, he caught a movement out of the corner of his eye. When he looked up, he saw a very stout woman with broad shoulders, thick arms and legs moving into the room.

"Ahh, Greta you are here. It looks like my new niece has decided to become rebellious and defy my re-

quests. Would you be so kind as to instruct her in the proper behavior I expect?" Margo said.

Pat tried to get away from the approaching Greta but with one leg in the pants and one out, he could only hobble awkwardly. As the grim-faced woman reached him, Pat let out a squawk of fear. She was even stronger looking up close. Her blonde hair was braided in a tight bun at the back of her head, her blue eyes colder than the deepest sea. She was wearing a uniform similar to the one Margo had held up for him but it was black.

She reached out a beefy hand and grabbed him by the scuff of the neck and propelled him over to a nearby straight-backed chair. Greta sat heavily, pulling Pat across her lap as she did so. Holding him by the back of the neck, she put a leg over his, pinning him helplessly across her broad lap. Pat began screaming in pain as her calloused hand landed firmly across his up-turned butt cheeks.

Pat squirmed and did his best to escape, to no avail. Greta was too strong for him and the stinging slaps became even more painful. By the time she finished and pushed him off her lap, Pat's ass was glowing red, burning with pain. When his crying settled down to sniffles, he was handed some tissues and told to wipe his eyes and blow his nose.

"I guess it's time to tell you the rules, Patricia. First and foremost, you will do what I tell you immediately and without question. Second, well, I don't think there really is another rule. You will obey or face the consequences. In return, as I promised, I will do my very best to make you what you want to be. Now get up and tell Mrs. Stump, 'Miss Patricia is very sorry for being a bad girl. Thank you for correcting Miss Patricia and

showing her the error of her ways.' Make sure you give her a polite curtsy when you do, then you will repeat your apology to me," Margo stated.

Slowly Pat rose to his feet, faced his tormentor and curtsied clumsily. "Miss...Miss Patricia is very sorry for...for being...being a bad girl. Thank you for cor...correcting Miss Patricia and showing her...her the error of her ways," he managed to stutter as new tears of humiliation flowed down his cheeks.

When he repeated his apology to Margo, she smiled and cupped his chin with her hand. "Patricia, I don't like to see you punished but it is a necessary step. It hurt me almost as much as it did you my dear. However, should you ever disobey me again, your punishment will only be worse. Now step out of those ridiculous Capri's and let Greta lace you nice and tight into your corset," she instructed as she brushed a fat thumb across his trembling lips.

"That was most satisfying. Now I'm going to have to change my panties. They're positively soaked. I can't wait until I have the little sissy eating out of my...ha ha...certainly not out of my hand. Little steps, got to remember to take little steps. Don't want to rush this as it takes time to develop a true sissy," she thought. Pat stood with his hands raised as high as he could reach on the bed spindle while Greta laced him into the white lace-frilled satin corset.

**Ooo**

Margo was lounging on her settee when Pat presented himself for her inspection. He looked to be in obvious pain but she loved what Greta had done. His auburn hair had been braided into two pigtails, then

looped and fastened to the side of his head with silver pewter-colored bows. His makeup was more suitable for going out than working in the house.

Pat's eyelids were a blend of blues and greens with heavy black liquid eyeliner. His eyelashes had been lengthened and coated with black mascara. His lips had been made to look fuller with the use of a red lip liner and filled in with a luscious wet-looking effervescent pink. Greta had highlighted his freckles using a brown eyebrow pencil to soften the look. She could smell the spicy floral scent of his perfume.

His uniform fit perfectly and Margo was happy she had gotten his measurements earlier. "A fitted uniform always looks so much better than something off the rack," she thought as she continued her appraisal.

Indeed the grey pen striped uniform did fit his every curve. The bodice stretched in a crisp "V", the tapered slim waist and full skirt looked very smart. The skirt flared out just above the knees with two inches of lace petticoat hemming showing. Over the dress was a white cotton pinafore apron with ruffled edging. White support hose were on his legs and black patent leather Mary Jane three-inch block heeled shoe adorned his feet. Completing his outfit were a pair of white lace fingerless gloves and a cute lace doily with a pewter-colored satin bow and flowing streamers was pinned at the top of his head.

"He makes a darling maid but so much to improve. The bosom is way too small, the waist nowhere near the hourglass form I want and he needs a rounder, fuller bottom. Doctor Stone says she can fix that for me and I can't wait. It will take time but this can't be rushed. Slow baby steps at first then later... Yes, the pleasure will be all the sweeter," Margo thought.

Pat stood as she perused him in the curtsy position; his face was flushed in embarrassment and he was taking small painful breaths. The corset had been laced to its tightest dimensions, crushing his torso. His backside was a burning reminder to say what Greta told him to repeat.

“Auntie, Miss. Patricia presents herself for your inspection,” he dutifully said.

His blushing wasn't totally due to his appearance but rather Margo's dress, or rather lack of it. She was lying on the settee in a shimmering full-cut champagne nylon lounging pajama. It was an all-in-one with a low draped cowl neck, full sleeves and balloon pants. While full-cut, it couldn't hide her fat stomach, nor her flabby wrinkled breasts. Her overdone makeup couldn't hide the age on her face and the hint of liniment tingled his nose.

“Very well, Miss Patricia. You have done your part so far and I will do mine. I have an appointment for you to see my personal endocrinologist tomorrow morning. She believes she has the right prescriptions to correct what has happened. Now run along and do what Greta tells you,” Margo said with a thin smile.

Thankfully Greta did not give him any strenuous tasks to perform. Wiping down the counter tops left him breathless. He could feel each and every metal stay cutting into his torso as he moved even slightly. If she had made him mop the floors or scrub the toilet, he was sure he would have fainted dead away. After he wiped down the counter tops, Greta had him deliver Margo's afternoon tea.

She was still lazing on her settee in her pajamas as he carefully bent at the knees and presented the silver tray with her tea cup and saucer. He quickly dipped

into a curtsy and went back to the kitchen. He felt sick in his stomach as he went back to the kitchen. Margo's left breast had flopped out of the pajama top like a half-filled water balloon as she picked up the cup. Holding the saucer and cup, she had him place her errant boob back into place.

"Come Patricia, be a dear and put my little girl back into its nest for me. Can't you see my hands are full? Don't be shy," she said. It was a horrible feeling touching her saggy breast. It felt spongy as he slipped it back into her top with a shiver.

She had changed into a pale blue nylon and chiffon peignoir for dinner. Again it was low-cut and the thin chiffon sleeves clearly displayed the flabby upper arms. A shiver ran up his spine as he looked at her. Maybe if she had an inner beauty he would have felt different, but Margo had none.

"Auntie, Miss Patricia would like to serve you dinner tonight if that is alright with you. Miss Patricia would be honored to serve any of your needs," Pat repeated what Greta demanded.

By the end of the evening he was completely exhausted, both mentally and physically. However before he was allowed to go to bed, he had to stand in front of Margo's portrait and recite, "Miss Patricia appreciates all the things you have done and taught her today." When he finished reciting, he curtsied, then gave the picture a kiss.

**Ooo**

Pat was awakened at five that next morning by Greta. "Get up, you lazy girl. We have a lot to do be-

fore your doctor's appointment," she loudly demanded.

He groaned loudly as he tried to move his stiff body off the bed. The corset felt like a vise and there wasn't a spot on his body that didn't hurt. Greta had to grab his arm and help him stand.

"Well girl, how were you instructed to greet me?" she demanded as Pat stepped into the three-inch heeled mules.

"I'm sorry Mrs. Stump. Miss Patricia is happy to see you this morning, Mrs. Stump. Thank you for taking the time to see that Miss Patricia is ready to start the day," he meekly replied.

"Where are your manners, girl? Did you forget how to curtsy overnight?" Mrs. Stump barked.

"I'm...errr...Miss Patricia is sorry, Mrs. Stump but...I can't hardly move. Please, this corset is killing me and...and I...hurt all over," Pat stammered.

When he first stepped into the kitchen yesterday morning, Mrs. Stump instructed him on how to properly speak. "From now on, you will never refer to yourself using your name without adding the 'Miss.' You will never refer to yourself as 'I' or 'me,' it's always Miss Patricia. Additionally, never ever refer to yourself with a male pronoun. I will not tolerate any variation," she had told him.

A stinging slap to the face would have brought him to his knees if she hadn't reached out and grabbed his arm. "Now girl, how did I tell you to speak when referring to yourself? Just because you are in a little pain is no excuse for not dropping into a curtsy either. Now do it right or over my knee you go," she yelled into his ear.

“Miss Patricia is sorry, Mrs. Stump. Miss Patricia won’t forget. Please don’t spank her,” he sobbed dipping into a painful curtsy.

“Harrumph! You keep making mistakes and I promise you will be a very sorry girl. Now get into your dressing gown and into the bathroom,” she snarled.

For his trip to the doctor’s, Pat was dressed in the pink business suit Doña Alvarez had given him, complete with the little hat. He felt way overdressed, nervous and totally confused. The events of the previous day kept playing over and over in his mind.

“I don’t understand why I have to keep dressing and acting like some silly prissy girl. She says I have to stay like this until my body stops changing or something bad could happen. I don’t see how. Wasn’t it this corset and bra that’s did this to me? She said the doctor would explain things a whole lot better. I sure hope so. I can’t stand being a girl! I’d chuck all this in a heartbeat if I thought my dad would take me back. That old woman makes my skin crawl and that... that Greta is a real bitch but they said they could fix me. Oh, what choice do I have?” he thought.

Doctor Stone was a very stern-looking thin woman with a short mannish haircut. She had a beak-like nose and pointed chin. She had a stethoscope around her neck and the white lab coat lay flat against her chest as she greeted Margo warmly.

“Margo it’s so nice to see you again. You know I really appreciated that generous donation to my research. Hopefully, it will help me in resolving your niece’s little problem. My research has led to the development of some interesting hormonal therapies. Please

come into my examination room where we can discuss Patricia's problems," she said.

Pat was stripped down to his corset. His face was beet red the entire time as she poked and prodded his body. She took several blood samples, manipulated his small breasts and spent some time examining his groin. As she pulled and pushed at his groin, Pat came very close to tears, he was so mortified. He actually cried when she pushed a gloved finger up his anus and massaged his prostate until he filled the small specimen cup. Maybe if she had had a better bedside manner it wouldn't have been so mortifying but she was cold and methodological.

Finished with her exam, Doctor Stone left him lying on the table with his legs stretched out in the stirrups. "I'll know a little more once I get the blood work back. However, I don't think that will change my diagnosis. Patricia is suffering from a severe hormonal imbalance. It is so severe that I suggest strong countermeasures. I have developed a hormone cocktail that should help but it is painful to administer. I understand that you have power of attorney, Margo, but I still want Patricia's written permission before I proceed," she said, looking at Margo.

Seeing her nod of approval, Doctor Stone continued. "Patricia, what I'm proposing is radical. It involves injecting special solutions directly into your nipples and breasts. That will be very painful but should get you back to normal in a month or two. I will also need to inject some into your backside but that shouldn't hurt.

"Also, because of the ongoing development, I cannot stress strongly enough the necessity of you continuing under Margo's tutelage. With the combination of

my drugs and your immersion into femininity, that growth should cease. Once that happens, we can start you back on the path to masculinity. So what do you say? Shall I start drug therapy or not?"

"Doctor...errr...what happens if...I don't do this? Wouldn't getting out of these clothes and dressing like a boy accomplish the same thing?" Pt asked.

"I wish it were that easy but unfortunately that won't happen. If I don't treat you or you stop obeying Margo, your bodily changes could get much worse. Maybe to the point where we could never reverse them. We don't want that, do we?" the doctor replied.

"No, no, I want this over and done with as soon as possible. Please Doctor Stone, go ahead and do what you need to. I don't want to be like this any longer than I must," the boy grudgingly replied.

When Doctor Stone said that the injections would be painful, she wasn't kidding, even with the local anesthetic. First she sterilized all around his nipples, then injected the local. When the area became numb, she attached a cylinder to each nipple. The cylinder was about an inch and a half long and a half-inch wide. She then took a syringe filled with a milky fluid and injected some into each nipple. He didn't feel anything at first, then both nipples began burning fiercely. He gritted his teeth and groaned in agony for a few minutes before the burning finally subsided. The two injections in his rear didn't hurt, as she promised.

"That's the worst of it, Patricia. Now leave those stretchers on until bedtime. It is important that they stay in place until then. Now when they are removed, don't panic if your nipples are tender and large. Trust me, in time they will look normal. Patricia, these drugs also have a side effect that will dissipate in time. Left

unchecked, you will be walking around with a very stiff erection. While not harmful, it may prove to be very inconvenient. Don't you agree?" Doctor Stone said.

"What? Oh, ye...yes that would be..." he started but was too embarrassed to say more.

"Don't you worry. I can fix that little problem. Just raise your hips and let me put this around your waist." Before Pat could protest, she had him locked into a stainless steel chastity belt. It was designed to force his testicles back up inside his body and his pushed his penis down and flat against the groin.

Lying flat on his back, he couldn't see what she was doing. He could feel her hands pushing and prodding, the cold steel tube as it slipped over his member, and tiny pin pricks as the head of his dick reached the end of the tube.

"Wha... what are you doing?" he asked in shock.

"Just tucking away your little clit before it becomes a nuisance. You'll have to sit to urinate from now on but that should be a lot better than spraying pee all over the walls. We'll take it off when the side-effects stop." the doctor said with a giggle.

"You heard the doctor, Patricia. From now on, I will be taking a much sterner hand with you. I'm going to insist that you concern yourself with behaving and thinking like the young girl you appear to be. The sooner you start acting and thinking like that, the sooner we can start you back. Now am I going to have to let Greta have her way with you or are you going to fully cooperate?" Margo asked as they left the doctor's office.

Pat wasn't paying close attention to what she was saying. He was preoccupied with the nipple extenders sticking out his blouse. "This has been the most humiliating day of my life. First I get probed and touched in places that are most embarrassing, then I watch as she cuts off the tips of my bra so these things can stick out and I get my dick and balls locked up. What more can happen?" His thoughts were broken as Margo elbowed him in the ribs.

"Oh, Miss Patricia is sorry Auntie. Miss Patricia was thinking about what the doctor said and did," he replied.

"Well I hope you paid more attention to what she said than how you are listening now. I asked you if you were going to fully cooperate with me or do I let Greta have at you?" Margo snapped.

"Miss Patricia will do everything the doctor said, Auntie. Miss Patricia doesn't want to be this way any longer than he...errr... *she* has to," he replied.

"I hope you remember that promise, girl. You have the beginnings of an overbite so the next stop is my dentist," Margo replied curtly.

They left the dentist office with Pat having a plate attached to his upper palette. A sharp metal hook protruded from the plate forcing him to lisp. It was the only way the dentist could correct his pending overbite. Pat was not happy about that.

"Paweeze Aunnie, kin we paweeze go home now. Miss Paisha is hurning," he lisped, a tear leaking out of the corner of his eye.

"Yeah sure, Patricia, it has been a long day and you have chores to finish. Besides, I think your new corsets

should have arrived today," Margo replied with a gay chuckle.

"New orsets?" he gasped.

Greta was all smiles when they entered the house. On the table was a large box. Shortly after, Pat was dressed in a pink with white pinstriped maid's outfit, moaning with every step. The new corset made his other corsets feel wonderful. The new one was made of a heavier material; stiff metal stays were spaced half an inch apart and covered him from below the breast down to just above the crotch. It was satiny white with diamond support panels on the front, hips and sides. The panels were decorated with an embroidered silver floral design. The wide straps pulled down harshly at his shoulders, forcing them into a slope.

To keep the corset from riding up, he was forced to wear thick nylons. On his feet was a pair of new shoes. They were a glistening black patent leather with a five-inch spiked heel and sharply pointed toe. Now that the anesthetic had worn off, his nipples and breasts throbbed. His chores would have been a breeze if he had been free of the corset and heels but just wiping down the counters and cabinets sent waves of pain throughout his body. That night, Margo gave him a pain pill and he slept like the dead. He didn't even realize those killer heels were still on his feet.

**Ooo**

Over the next two weeks, Margo intensified his training. She taught him how to properly mince with a wiggle in his ass, arms straight down at his sides with his elbows slightly bent, wrists cocked and fingers sprayed. During his infrequent breaks, she had him sit

with her on her settee. She was always in a peignoir set or sensuous lounging pajamas that revealed way more flesh than Pat ever wanted to see. During those times, she would have him lay his head between her sagging breasts as he cuddled next to her. Whenever one of her old tits popped out of its soft nest, she would have him kiss the rubbery nipple and say, "Miss Paissha adores her Aunnie," before placing it back. As the days went by, the smell of lavender and Ben Gay didn't seem to bother him as much and putting her breast back into its nest didn't seem as grotesque.

Greta didn't let up on him either. As Pat seemed to adjust to the corset training, she would give him more tedious tasks to perform. He was now responsible for cleaning the bathrooms. For this task, he wore pink rubber gloves and pink pads on his knees. By the time he finished cleaning all three bathrooms, he was usually panting and exhausted.

During his every waking moment, he was fully dressed with full makeup, wearing his corset and skyscraper heels. The only time he wasn't under one of the women's scrutiny was bed time. Even then he was forced to wear his corset and high heels.

Beginning with the third week, Margo began having Pat massage her feet and calves during his rest periods. She always finished his rest period with him cuddling against her breasts but now he was sucking on the rubbery nipples while she played with his hair. His hair was another thing she was not pleased with. It wasn't growing fast enough. It was always in pigtails, braided hoops or high pony tail but only fell to his shoulders. She wanted it long very long. She wanted it to reach the middle of his back.

She was more than pleased with his other developments. She was positive she would have to get him a bigger bra by the end of the week and new panties as well. His hips and ass were filling out nicely. She guessed his bottom added at least an inch or better since he got his shots. While his nipples had shrunk a bit, they were still much bigger than they had been. They were now fatter than an eraser and a bit longer. She made a mental note to get him some bras with holes so his nipples would have room.

Another thing she instituted in his lesson plan soon after their first visit to the doctor's was not letting Pat make a single decision. Greta saw to his morning and evening toilet, not even allowing him to brush his own teeth or wipe his butt. His clothing was picked out by Greta. He was dressed by Greta; even his makeup was applied by her. During the day, he was constantly being told what or how to do everything. He was given no time to think on his own. Maybe if he wasn't so exhausted by his long day, he might have had a thought of his own but sleep easily overtook him.

It didn't take long before he rebelled over such juvenile treatment but the hairbrush applied solidly to his backside ended any further complaint. Pat became docile after receiving several sessions over Greta's knee. He could only hope that by cooperating he could start the reversal process all the sooner. That hope began to fail as days passed into weeks. His breasts didn't get any smaller while his nipples stayed fat and long. He noticed his aureolas were getting larger and that concerned him too. His butt was expanding as well but he maintained his belief that all this was temporary.

At the beginning of the fourth week, Margo took Pat to her stylist, Renee. There his auburn hair was

streaked with purple highlights after having extensions applied. It now hung to the middle of his back but the style wasn't changed. He left the salon with two very large pigtails tied off with bright purple satin ribbon bows. His brows were reshaped into high arches and long false lashes had been added to empathize his eyes. Ceramic one-inch nails were carefully molded to his fingers and painted a bright purple with a glitter overcoat. Using a brown stain, Renee added a few more freckles across Pat's nose and cheeks. A black beauty mark was applied just above and to the side of his right lip. As a final touch, his lips were plumped up into a cupid's bow.

Margo also purchased new bras, corsets and shoes for the boy. The corsets were the same construction as the others but the waist was now a definite wasp shape, only eighteen inches wide. The bras all had holes in the cups surrounded by lace and thin ribbon frills so his nipples would be exposed. His colorful and lace embellished panties were a full size larger. The real horror was the addition of new pointed-toe pumps with a quarter-inch padded sole and six-inch stiletto heels. These shoes forced him to walk only on tip toe and tortured his feet as soon as he put them on.

Margo now had him spending more time lazing on the settee with her. He not only massaged her feet and calves but her upper thighs as well while she read a fashion magazine. She made sure he massaged her through her silky peignoir or lounging pajamas. These sessions always ended with him sucking at her breasts.

Greta also made changes to his routine. She still did everything for him but now he assisted her in attending to their mistress. Seeing Margo naked for the first time as he helped her get into the bath would have sent

him gagging from the room but the weeks of sitting with her on the settee made it almost bearable. Bile did rush up into his throat but he managed to swallow it down. Within a few days, he was put in charge of patting her dry, then powdering her body with scented talc. He almost did lose it the first time when he had to lift her stomach out of the way so he could dust her groin.

At the end of the fourth week, Pat was taken back to see Doctor Stone. It was obvious to him that things had only gotten worse but the doctor smilingly said he was coming along fine.

“Just give it a couple of more months and you will see great progress, Patricia,” she said after giving him more injections.

Pat felt very dejected as they left the office but he still held out hope. The doctor did say give it a couple more months. He couldn't wait much longer. As each day passed, he felt more and more trapped in an increasingly sissy body. He was also afraid of what Margo was having him do. His increasing exposure to her naked and having to touch her so intimately was having its effects. As with his mother's near nakedness, he was becoming inured to it. What scared him the most was that he no longer had to think about how he walked, talked or behaved.

With the start of the fifth week, Pat was given complete responsibility for tending to Margo's personal needs. When informed of his new status, Pat objected. He said it wouldn't be right. “I'm a guy, after all, and that would be indecent,” he complained.

Margo grabbed him by the back of the neck and marched him in front of a full-length mirror. Reflected back was a big busted young girl wearing a grey

maid's uniform. "Look at that and tell me that is in any way a man!" she demanded.

"Miss Paishsa sees a maid but Miss Paishsa is weally a boy. You pwomissed to change me back," he replied softly.

"You stupid cow! How can I change you back if your body won't cooperate? Just look at you! Is that the body of a normal male? I certainly don't think so. You heard what Doctor Stone said. You have a severe hormonal imbalance that is making you what you are. Until your body starts correcting that, you have to be immersed in girlhood. A radical change now could have dangerous consequences. So, until your body starts changing back, I have a responsibility to make sure you stay healthy. I'm obligated to treat you as the servant girl you appear to be. Now, stop your stupid complaining and tend me in my bath," Margo harshly said.

He attended her in her bath, a job he detested. Pat was required to shave her legs and underarms when needed. A more onerous task, though less frequent, was trimming her pubic hair. He helped dress and brushed her hair one hundred strokes each morning and evening. He was taught how to give her the perfect manicure and pedicure. To humiliate him even more, she gave him a booklet to memorize on feminine hygiene. Once she was satisfied that he knew it inside and back, Margo had Pat prepare her douches and assist. She insisted that he slide his fingers inside her and use his thumb on her clitoris. He tried to refuse but she assured him that it was a necessary part of a cleansing douche.

"Why Patricia, it's just us girls. How else can I be sure I'm completely clean? You read the book. Don't

you remember how important keeping a vagina clean is? Maybe if you had to douche and use tampons, you would understand. Now stop your quivering and get busy, girl, or do I have to call Greta in here?" she demanded.

Pat froze when he heard her say that he should have to douche and use tampons. He shivered as he pictured that happening to him. He closed his eyes tightly, trying to get that image out of his mind.

"Miss Paisha is solly, Annie. Pweese don call Gredda," he said in submission.

After Pat removed the douche, she made him get on his knees and make sure that she was clean down there. "Patricia, you tell me that I'm clean now but how can I know for sure? I can think of only one way and that's for you to stick your tongue into it. Now be a dutiful girl and give me a good tonguing," she told him that first time. The first time he did, he threw up and received a thrashing by Greta. Over time he learned to please Margo.

During the day, since he now minced about naturally, Pat spent more time lounging with her. She had him read to her from various fashion magazines and romance novels. As he read from the romance novels, she would rub her silky negligee over his exposed arms and play with his breasts and nipples. She would often reach down and play with his imprisoned manhood. When she did that, Pat would moan and gasp in pain as his penis tried to rise. Whenever his penis tried to become erect, the pins imbedded in the head of the chastity belt would make it a very painful response.

When reading, she made him do it in a higher voice register and in rhythm. Soon he would develop a high-pitched lisping sing song voice. A voice both

women now demanded he work on developing until he didn't have to think about it. Greta encouraged his new speech patterns with quick painful slaps to the face whenever he forgot.

By the start of the sixth week, Margo invited a guest over to visit. For this occasion, Pat was taken to his room after a perfumed bath. There, Greta laced him into an iridescent blue corset with white lace and ribbon accents until his waist measured eighteen inches. He was left almost breathless and his ever-increasing breasts heaved in an effort to breathe. His breasts now were an easy D-cup with one-inch long stout nipples and silver dollar-sized brown aureoles. His hips and ass had added another two inches; when he walked, they shimmied and swayed.

She handed him a pair of matching full-cut bloomer panties with six rows of white lace across the bottom. The matching bullet bra had white lace and a small bow accent decorated the holes through which his large nipples poked. After she threaded the garter straps through his panties, she attached sheer white stockings with a lace welt. Over the stockings, she pulled white ankle socks with four tiers of blue lace frills. Then she slipped a pair of bright blue satin pointed-toe pumps with six-inch stiletto heels onto his feet.

His underwear on, she sat him at the vanity and applied his makeup after brushing his hair into a high pony tail. It was tied off with a fluffy purple chiffon scarf. She didn't use any foundation, just a light dusting of clear powder but spent most of her time on his eyes and lips. She made his eyes sultry and expressive while his lips glistened wetly in a plum-colored lip-

stick. A heavy dousing with his spicy floral perfume and he was ready to be dressed.

Five heavily starched white crinolines were pulled up his legs and settled about his tiny waist. Over the petticoats she lowered a royal blue satin party dress. It had short puffed sheer sleeves, a rounded neckline and flaring skirt. A series of white satin bows descended from under each breast down to the waistline, which was tied off with a wide white satin ribbon sash. The hem of the skirt was ruffled and bedecked with white satin bows. About two inches of lace on his crinolines were exposed as Greta tied the sash into a large floppy bow. With every step, the skirt bounced up and down, swished and swayed, creating a loud frou-frou exposing his panties. He was given a pair of white lace fingerless gloves with blue ribbon detailing and a white sequined box purse to carry. His hoop earrings were replaced with golden teddy bear studs. A gold locket with Margo's picture in it was fastened around his neck.

He stood in front of Margo, his skirt held between thumb and forefinger as he dipped into a deep curtsy. "Miss Paisha is pweezed to peesent herself for your approval," he said.

"Oh my, aren't you the most precious thing, Patricia. Come give Auntie a big kiss," Margo gushed as she pulled the quaking boy into her arms. She was wearing a white nylon and chiffon peignoir set with three-quarter length sleeves. It was frilled with pale pink floral lace trim and satin bows. Standing beside her was Renee. Pat had his eyes downcast as was expected when presenting himself to anyone and didn't see Renee until Margo backed away.

The next few hours really did a number on Pat's mental state. The reason Renee had been there was to service Margo. It was Pat's job to assist Margo during that relationship. During that time, Pat's emotions ran up and down the scale from nausea to primal fear. He had never witnessed two adults engage in sex. This night he saw and did more than he ever expected.

Pat was told that he was there as her personal chamber maid and it was his purpose to assist her as needed. "Normally," Margo informed him, "you would have been dressed in your maid's uniform but Renee didn't feel comfortable with that. He said it would ruin the mood having a servant assist and watch but a pretty niece could be a real turn-on. So as my niece, you are here to learn what all young women need to know. I expect you to pay careful attention to everything we do and participate as needed.

"You can begin by undressing Renee. Do it slowly and make it provocative as we want to set the proper mood for our man. It's very important for the girl to do everything she can to make her man happy. Remember, Patricia, that a happy man makes a happy woman and that is what I intend for you to learn tonight."

When he was told what was expected of him, Pat's eyes got as big as saucers and he backed away. Shaking his head, he turned to flee the bedroom only to see Greta standing with hairbrush in hand. She had a smile of pure glee on her face. He wasn't sure that her harshest beating could be as bad as what Margo wanted him to do.

"Patricia! If you ever want to get back to where you were, I suggest you do as you are told! Now get back here and take off Renee's clothing," Margo shouted.

Pat felt faint. This was too much to ask. He didn't know what to do. All his thinking had been done for him for so long and now he had to decide. Greta, from the look on her face, would take great delight in blistering his hide. If he didn't do as Margo demanded, he might never get back to being normal. In the end, he bowed his head, swallowed what little pride he still had and slowly approached Renee.

Renee wore a red satin shirt with the top buttons undone, revealing a thick patch of chest hair and gold chain. His skin-tight black pants clearly showed a massive erection. With shaking hands, he reached up and began undoing the remaining buttons.

"Do it slowly, girl, and smile. I want to see a great big smile and lick your lips while you undress him," Margo instructed.

Pat started to mince around Renee to remove the shirt but he was grabbed and pulled into Renee's muscular chest. With his nose buried in chest hair, Renee's sharp masculine smell was almost overpowering. A brief moment later, he was allowed to step back.

"Reach up around me and take my shirt off that way. A girl should stand in front of her man as she undresses him. She wants to see my muscular hairy chest and she loves to run her fingers through it. Go on, Patricia, run your painted nails through my hair. Feel how soft and manly it is. Feel my muscles and know how tight the flesh is. Not like a woman's soft hairless mounds. Not like yours, is it girl?" Renee demanded.

Pat cringed as he ran his fingers through the thick mat of hair. The hair was indeed soft and curly, the muscles underneath hard and firm to the touch. He couldn't help but think of his own smooth chest with its large, soft, but firm breasts. Even the smell of him

was foreign to Pat's senses. Standing on tip toe, Pat reached up and slowly removed the shirt. This brought his face back into contact with Renee's chest.

"Go ahead and kiss it, girl. All my girlfriends like to take a nibble. Go ahead, give it a few nibbles," he laughed.

Pat had no idea how all this was going to help him revert back to being male but he forced himself to do it. The hair felt funny against his lips. As he kissed, he felt Renee's chest muscles clinch. The strong smell of Renee filled his nose as he pressed his lips yet again against the flesh. When he thought he couldn't do it anymore, he was told to remove the shirt and place it on a nearby chair. Pat carefully folded the shirt, not daring to look at Renee or Margo. Pat wasn't sure how he was feeling but the word "dominated" flickered on the edge of his mind.

"Well done, girl, now remove my pants and boxers," Renee's voice cut through his thoughts.

Pat had to kneel down, his face right in Renee's crotch. The bulge seemed even more massive than it had been before. His hands trembling and shaking, Pat had a difficult time unclasping the man's belt.

"That's it, girl, take your time. Now undo my pants and pull down the zipper. Slowly, you don't want to rush opening a gift, now do you? You should be licking your lips in anticipation of revealing your prize," he heard Margo say.

To Pat, it seemed like he was moving with turtle slowness. When he began pulling down Renee's boxers, time stopped. The biggest penis he had ever seen lay before him. It was soft, with a large brown mushroom cap and was surrounded by a thick mat of curly

hairs. A wave of musk, urine and cologne hit him in the face. As he stared mesmerized by the large dick and ball sac, his own inadequacies crashed into his awareness. Pat groaned as the image of his own small caged hairless genitals flashed before his eyes. His mind echoed with that awareness saying over and over, "You are certainly no man and never will be."

He was broken out of his own personal misery as Renee placed Pat's fingers around his massive dick and around his heavy ball sac. "Go ahead, hold it, rub it and discover what a real man feels like, Patricia girl. It's not even hard, yet look how big and massive it is. Run your fingers up and down the shaft. See if you can make it grow. Making a man's penis grow and respond is a woman's power. Go ahead and feel that power, Patricia," Margo said softly.

As Pat ran his fingers up and down the shaft while gently squeezing the ball sack, it did indeed begin to grow. It didn't take long before the tip of that massive dick was almost touching Pat's lips. Pat hadn't moved but Renee's dick stood an impressive nine inches long and two around. A small droplet appeared on the end of the mushroom head. It glistened in Pat's eyes and he unconsciously licked his lips.

"You want to kiss it, don't you, my girl? I bet you would love to stick out your tongue and lick that droplet off the tip and swallow down its deliciousness. Trust me girl, it is far better than the finest honey. Go ahead, lick the tip. Let it roll around on your lips before you swallow that heavenly nectar," Margo whispered loudly in his ear.

Against his every instinct, Pat couldn't help himself. Slowly, he stretched out his tongue and tasted man seed for the first time. It was slightly salty but not pu-

trid as he feared. He drew his tongue back and slid it across his lips, mixing the seminal fluid with his lipstick. He knelt there in complete amazement. Lightning hadn't struck him down, the taste wasn't unpleasant and everything he had done didn't cause him to vomit or feel nauseous.

"If you were a man, you never would have done that. You should be sicker than a dog by now. You're nothing but a flaming faggot," Pat's mind screamed and echoed inside his skull. He fainted.

When Pat awoke, he was in his own bed. He lay in the darkness as the memories came crashing back. He trembled as the vision of him holding that massive dick in his hand returned. The image of it growing and moving was all too vivid.

"Watch it grow, watch it become demanding. That's real power, Patricia. The power of a woman to make her man satisfied. Remember it and feel it. You have that power, girl," Margo's voice echoed in his memory.

## Ooo

Pat wanted to forget what he had done with Renee but that was impossible. A few days later, Margo hung another picture next to hers in his room. It was a color poster-sized image of Pat's face, his tongue touching a massive dick and his hand caressing impressive balls.

"Patricia, I trust you will enjoy this little reminder. It's important for your treatment to succeed. You have to be completely immersed in girlhood before we can start you back. We're almost there," Margo said.

"But Annie, you pomissed ta change Miss. Paisssha back. Boys don do dat. Miss Paisssha don like dat," Pat lisped.

"That's why I put this picture on your wall, girl. Look at the dreamy-eyed look on your face. If that isn't a look of devotion, I don't know what is. You may lie all you want to yourself but one look at this and the truth comes out. Come on, look at it closely. Do you see any indication that you are not enjoying yourself here? Where's the frown, where's the disgust and where is there any sign of you being forced? There is absolutely nothing wrong with you wanting or craving to taste such a manly package. Renee is impressive, isn't he? I can still feel his hardness filling me, stuffing me so thoroughly that it made my legs weak," she replied.

"Miss Paisssha nod dat way! Miss Paisssha sill a boy!" Pat protested.

"Oh my, Patricia girl, I didn't want to do this but you leave me no choice," Margo said, picking up another picture she had brought in.

Pat began crying when he got a look at the eight-by-five-inch print. It clearly showed his hairless, imprisoned shrunken penis. Another print below that depicted a woman's vagina with an extraordinarily large clitoris. This clit was bigger than Pat's dick.

"I didn't want to embarrass you this way but you gave me no choice. As you can plainly see, you don't really have a penis. It is more like a woman's clit than anything else. To prove my point even further, I'm going to remove your little cage. If you can get it to grow just one inch, it will be time to start your change. However, if you can't, then from now on you will consider it nothing more than a clitoris," she said with a cold glint in her eyes.

Pat stood in front of the full-length mirror, shock and disbelief written all over his face. His penis was indeed very small and his ball sac was no bigger than a golf ball. He hadn't seen or touched it since his arrival back in the States. The only way he could see it now was in a mirror as massive tits blocked his vision. He remembered it being much much bigger but it only looked to be three inches of limp flesh.

He tentatively reached down and began fondling himself. He had to prove Margo wrong. He had to make it grow. As he jerked, he tried to picture something sexy in his mind but nothing came. He forced himself to concentrate and still nothing. Images of breasts and pussies were there but they did nothing for him. He had been exposed to those feminine features so often, even had an impressive pair of breasts of his own, that there was no sexual connotations to them for him anymore.

"One inch isn't that much," he thought as he desperately tried to get his penis to react. After five minutes, he managed to get it to stiffen but that only occurred when he glanced at Renee's massive member.

Margo was kneeling beside him with a measuring tape. "I think that is more than enough time to prove my point, girl. Move your hand out of the way and let me measure. Ummm, as I said, it's way too small to be a penis, Patricia. Even hard it is only three and a quarter inches. It would be more appropriate to call it your 'cockette' or 'clitty.' Maybe you should refer to it as your love button. So tell me what you are holding, Patricia girl," she mocked.

"Miss Paisha is holing her cl...cli...clitty," replied a devastated Pat.

“Good girl, Patricia. Greta will be here in a few minutes to get you dressed for the day. When you are ready, tend me in my bath,” Margo said, getting up and brushing off her silver silk lounging pajamas.

As the tub was filling, Margo told Pat to prepare a douche. He took the pink rubber ball syringe and filled it with warm water, added a bit of liquid soap and a couple of drops of perfume before screwing in the long bulbous white nozzle. He went to hand it to her but she surprised him.

“Since you now have a clitty, Patricia, it’s time for you to learn how to keep yourself clean. Go ahead and pull down your panties, you should know what to do by now,” she demanded.

He was humiliated as he sat on the commode, pumping the nozzle into his back passage. She made him do it until his clitty got stiff, then had him squeeze the bulb. As he felt the warm water explode inside, a droplet of moisture leaked from the tip of his little clitty. When that happened, Margo reached down with a pudgy finger, wiping it away before placing that finger on his lips.

“Go ahead and taste it, Patricia. That is the taste of a girl, not some man like Renee,” she ordered.

Pat reluctantly stuck out his tongue and took the droplet from her finger. It had absolutely no taste, a slightly oily texture but that was all. It didn’t have the slightly salty taste or sticky texture of Renee’s. Tears filled his eyes as he swallowed.

Finished with the douche, Pat was mortified when she handed him the paper-wrapped applicator. “You know what this is for. Now that you are douching, you must use this as well to stop any leakage,” she stated.

## Ooo

Eight weeks later, Pat was back in Doctor Stone's office. "Pweese Doccor Sone, can Miss Paisssha be a boy again weel soon? Miss Paisssha hate dis and she wan her pants back," he pled.

"Patricia, that is one of the main reasons my treatments aren't working. You have to stop hating being what your body is telling you to be," Doctor Stone snapped.

"But Doccor, Miss Paisssha is tho sick of all dis," he lisped as tears filled his eyes.

"Patricia, your body has shown a strong reluctance to changing back. It seems to be resisting my every effort. I'm going to give you one more treatment but if this doesn't work, then I'm afraid there is nothing else I can do. Your body simply refuses to make any male hormones. My drugs can only do so much. Perhaps if you supplemented my treatments with a heavy dose of sperm, we could see improvement. I can only encourage you to really try to immerse yourself in girlhood. I don't think you have put real effort into doing that.

"If you can get your mind into being the best girl that you can be, give yourself over completely to the change, then we have a chance. Once your mind and body are in sync, then my treatments should work but you have to put in the effort. Do everything Margo tells you with a smile and embrace all she has to teach you, dear," she instructed.

"Okay Doccor, Miss Paisssha will do her bess," he sadly answered. "I hate this but nothing is helping. My breasts and ass have ballooned out bigger than ever. I've got to do what she says. I have to start loving what

I am before it's too late to change back. That sounds crazy but she's right. I haven't put my mind to it. I have to change my attitude to save myself," he thought.

They didn't go directly home after the seeing the doctor. Instead Margo surprised him by stopping at the dentist's office. He was more than happy to have that plastic plate with its pin prick removed. Without it, his lisp wasn't quite so pronounced but nothing about his voice or tone changed. Pat still spoke with a slight lisp in a cute little girl's voice.

By the middle of the week, Pat needed all new clothing. His breasts had swollen to an E-cup with one and a half-inch long and half-inch thick nipples. His hips and ass had added two more inches and his waist even without the corset was eighteen inches. He had an hourglass figure without support but with the tremendous weight on his chest, a corset was mandatory. To make matters worse, his little clitty only got hard when he douched and he looked like a five year old down there. Greta had begun tying a satin ribbon around it that matched the one in his hair, making him feel even less adequate.

All his new dresses had to be tailored and they were all suited more for a young girl than a teenager. They were all made of brightly-colored satin with matching pastel nylon, tulle and chiffon petticoats. Short puffed sleeves with lace and ribbon detailing, low-cut lace frilled necklines, tightly fitted waists and flaring lace and beribboned skirts were his everyday wear. The only time he wore his maid's outfit was when he tended Margo at her bath. Now that he knew how best to work his tongue, Margo would douche twice daily.

Greta was still responsible for tending to his personal needs and dressing. She especially enjoyed giving him his morning douche and inserting his tampons. At the beginning of each week, she would replace the nozzle with an even larger more phallic looking one. To humiliate him all the more, she would make him hold, kiss and lick it before it was inserted. She told him all little girls did that so it would slip in easier. Greta also made him giggle like a little girl and plead with her to administer his douche.

“Girl, if you really want to change back, you need to do this my way. It is how little girls act and think. So think only happy thoughts as you kiss, lick and use your douche,” Greta insisted.

After the doctor visit, Renee came over every Monday night. He was always wearing a silky, opened shirt and tight pants. That first Monday, Pat was given a perfumed bath and douche. Instead of a tampon, his anus was filled with a dollop of lubricant. Back in his room Greta dressed him in his sexiest lingerie. A purple satin corset lavished with lilac-colored floral lace, ribbon and bow accents. A push-up matching satin bra that left his nipples exposed surrounded in a bed of lilac lace. A lace thong and lilac sheer nylons with lace welts and purple satin bow adornment completed his lingerie. Four lilac petticoats were settled around his waist and a pair of purple satin seven-inch stiletto heels with a very pointed toe and half-inch platform was next.

At the vanity, his hair was braided and tied into high pigtails with purple satin ribbon and bows. Greta then blended lilac, lavender and purple eye shadows on his lids after outlining them in a dark black. A light dusting of powder and glistening purple lipstick com-

pleted his face. His long nails were then varnished in a matching purple. A splash of floral spicy perfume was put on his neck, between his breasts, wrists and behind the knees.

The purple bridal satin party dress was next. It had large chiffon balloon short sleeves threaded with purple satin ribbon and tied into pert bows. The scooped neckline was accented in the middle with a large lilac satin bow with streamers running down to the narrow waist. It had a lilac satin sash and the hem was box pleated with lilac satin bows decorating the pleats. With the petticoats, the skirt flared out at the hips. For accessories he was given a pair of large purple plastic hoop earrings, purple plastic wrist bangles and a lilac lace and satin choker for his neck. A small lilac plastic purse with a white daisy decal completed his look.

“Remember to be the girl you see in that image, Patricia, if you ever hope to be a boy again. Your mind must become one with your body. It really should come naturally now. Just mince, sway your hips and speak as you have been taught. Do it without thought, be yourself,” she said as Pat stared in wonder at his reflection. He was dressed like an adolescent girl but the makeup and the size of his breasts made the image tawdry.

Pat stood gazing into the mirror, the weight and heat generated by all his clothing sensed but ignored by his mind. He had worn them so long now that it felt normal. The weight and mass of his breasts pulled on his body but that also was ignored. The cool air circulating around and under his skirts was welcome relief but that, too, was of no consequence. He realized in a flash of understanding that he felt normal dressed and made up as he was. There was still a small, very small,

sense of his boy self but it was diminishing by the day. By the time morning arrived, that spark would be completely extinguished.

## Ooo

Renee was waiting with Margo in her master bedroom. He was wearing a blue satin paisley print long-sleeved shirt exposing his hairy chest and a pair of skintight blue jeans. Margo was in a splendid bright pink peignoir set lavished with white lace and satin bows.

“Remember to take it slow and easy, Renee darling. Even though Greta has been using dildos to stretch her out, she’s still a virgin. I know how much you have wanted my little cupcake but you must be patient with her. This first experience must release her feminine libido, not crush it. If you do a good job, I may let you have my little play toy when I’m finished with her. She has yet to learn all the pleasures of Lesbos,” she said.

“Yeah, I heard ya the first time, you old cow. Don’t worry, I know how to take my time and for that cutie pie, I want it to last even more than you do,” he said with a crooked smile.

Pat minced into the room, his arms at his side with elbows slightly bent, palms cocked and fingers sprayed out. The light glinted off his purple varnished nails as he delicately held out the hem of his dress and curtsied.

“Miss Patrisha presents herself for your inspection, Annie,” he said.

“You are a delight, Patricia, come over here and give me a kiss, then welcome Renee like a good little girl,” Margo replied.

Pat minced over to her on tip toes as the heels prevented him from walking any other way. The pain and stress on his toes and calves was noticed but ignored like everything else. Even without the heels, Pat would not be able to walk otherwise. His Achilles tendons had shortened to the point where it would be more painful to walk flat-footed than in heels.

When he reached her, he bent at the waist and gave an air kiss to the cheek. He stepped back, dropped into another curtsy and said, “Miss Patrisha is happy to see you, Mr. Renee.”

Then reaching up and standing even higher on tip toes, Pat started to give him a kiss on the cheek. Instead, Renee turned his head and gave Pat a long deep French kiss while pulling him in close. Breaking the kiss, he pressed his lips to Pat’s ear and blew air into it as he licked it with his tongue.

When that happened, Pat felt his toes curl up inside his shoes and a shivering thrill ran up and down his spine. This was a new feeling he couldn’t explain but accepted as a natural reaction to kissing a man.

A fleeting thought crossed his mind, “Something is not right and I shouldn’t be feeling this way.”

Pat didn’t have a chance to do anything as Renee grabbed him about the waist, turned him and in a swooping and rustling of skirts and petticoats, deposited Pat on the edge of the king-sized bed. Sitting down next to him, Renee pressed his lips against Pat’s lipstick covered ones, smearing it as they played tongue hockey. After several minutes, Renee moved his lips to

kiss and lick Pat's ears, neck and the exposed upper chest. Renee, as promised, took his time kissing and caressing all of Pat's exposed upper body.

While Renee moved with purpose, Pat was a bit afraid of the intimate touching. However, as the little thrills and sparks of that touching became stronger, Pat began to respond. He almost came out of his heels when Renee began sucking on his nipples. He certainly wasn't in love but this was the first tender contact he had since leaving his mother's side. As Renee was gently sucking at the base of Pat's left breast, a picture of Miguel and that first kiss flashed through his mind. Pat uttered a low moan of pleasure.

Renee was true to his word. It took almost an hour before he had Pat lying across the padded vanity stool, his bare ass high in the air. He was kneeling behind Pat, thrusting his tongue into the round virgin hole. Pat was moaning in pleasure, his clitty leaking pre-cum. He wasn't comfortable lying in that position but what was being done to him more than made up for it.

Renee finally stood, placed the tip of his enormous dick against the rosebud and slowly forced it in. Pat screamed, first in pain, then in pleasure. As Renee's dick hit that special spot deep within for the umpteenth time, Pat's clitty released its pent up sissy juice. It wasn't a massive amount, thin and watery, but it was long and drawn out. As he felt the last squirt, Pat fainted.

After that night, he couldn't wait to see Renee again. Greta had given him a rubber dildo, similar in size and shape to Renee's. "Use this to learn how to take your lover deep into your mouth. Men adore girlies who know how to swallow all they have to offer," she had told him. Pat did his very best each night to do just that.

Over the ensuing Monday night visits, Renee took less and less time pleasing Pat. The caresses became fewer and fewer, the tonguing stopped all together, and the demands more forceful. By the fifth visit, Renee barely kissed him before pushing Pat to his knees. With Pat still swallowing, he was pushed away and told to fetch a drink. As Renee sipped at his drink, he had Pat sucking life back into his massive cock. Finished with the drink, Renee performed a 'wham-bam, thank you Ma'am' and left.

Pat was left unfulfilled and teary-eyed as he complained to Margo. "Get used to that, girl. Remember, it's your purpose to please the man, not the other way around. It's just one of those things women have to endure. There is a cure for that, so come get into bed with me and I'll show you how we women deal with that problem," he was told.

That night, Margo taught him how to please her. In return, as they lay in the sixty-nine position, she sucked him to completion as she pumped her large fingers inside. She then pulled him up so she could kiss him. As her lips met his, she forced his sissy juice back into his mouth.

"It is so nice tasting your sweet little clitty, Patricia. It is nothing like Renee's manly juice but sweet nonetheless. Now go to sleep," Margo whispered into his ear as he slid off her, leaving only his head behind, nestled amongst her old woman titties.

"You're mine now, Patricia. You will never like what you have become but you have no other choice. My job here is done. Soon I will give you to Renee but I intend to get a bit more pleasure from you before I do," Margo thought as she patted Pat's head.

###