

Lady Boi

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Bailey Parker was rooting around under his mattress frantically. That magazine had to be there somewhere. He had hidden it there just the other day and was sweating bullets when it failed to appear. He prayed that Norman had come back and retrieved it. It was his after all. Norman said he had found it on the way over last Tuesday.

“Hey, Bailey check this out. I just found it by some trash on the way over. It’s friggin unbelievable,” Norman had said in a rush thrusting the magazine at him.

Bailey thumbed through a couple of pages and tossed it to the floor like it was on fire. “Damn, Norman, why did you bring this shit into my house. Do you have any idea of what my step-mother would do if she found this?” he snapped.

“Yeah, I thought it was fucked up too. I didn’t believe there was stuff like that out there...an...and wanted to show you. That’s all. I’ll...,” Norman began to explain when there was a knock on the door.

“Bailey is Norman in there? His mom just called. He needs to go right home,” Donna said starting to open the door.

“*Crap! I can’t let her see this,*” he thought stuffing the magazine under the mattress just in time.

“Norman, your father has tickets to the afternoon ball game. Your mother want’s you home so you can get ready,” she said then added, “Bailey, you know better. You will tell me when you have a guest over understand.”

“Yes ma’am,” they both responded.

Bailey reminiscence was interrupted when his step-mother knocked then entered his room.

“Looking for this by chance?” she asked scornfully holding up that magazine. “Is this stuff what turns on your buttons. I’ve always told your father you were a wimp. Make you get a haircut and toughen you up. Guess he didn’t get to do much with him passing so soon. You’re not only a wimp but a sissy as well!”

“Bu...but..that’s not mine. Norman brought it over,” he tried to explain but got no further.

“Enough! I’m sick and tired of you constantly trying to blame others for what you did or what you say they did. You’re confined to your room and forget about dinner. I need time to figure out how best to punish such behavior,” she yelled then left the room slamming the door behind her.

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Donna was furious at finding that disgusting magazine when she changed the sheets that morning. “*OMG! This is disgusting! I’ve always known he was a wimp but not this. I don’t know how to handle it but I can’t let it go unpunished. I’ll invite Pastor Foxx over for dinner. Maybe he can suggest something appropriate,*” she thought.

Donna was on the church’s board and voted to hire Pastor John Foxx six months ago.

He was a charming gray-haired gentleman and his sermon had the right amount of hell fire and damnation. He had all the qualifications. The only negative was his relatively short stays at any of his prior parishes, usually two years. A few of the board voted against him for that reason but Donna cast the deciding vote. She found him mesmerizing and utterly charming. Since then, they met at least twice a month over lunch or dinner. Supposedly to go over church affairs but Donna was now thinking of them as dates. Beginning to think of Pastor Foxx romantically. There was just something about his deep blue eyes she just loved.

She was no less irate after giving Bailey the riot act but after a bubble bath and dressing much calmer. She was looking forward to her dinner date with hopes that this time it would go further than a kiss to the cheek. With that hope in mind and a blush on her cheeks, selected her clothing.

"I hope he doesn't take offense on what I decided. A bit risqué for a simple dinner but," she didn't finish that thought.

Scarlet shimmering lingerie. The satin shelf-bra lifted and pushed her breasts together. The scarlet embroidered and lace frilled garter belt with sheer black nylons naughty and matching bikini panties.

"If he sees me in this, our relationship will certainly be much better," she thought picking up her LBD with the low rounded neckline and mid-thigh hem.

Stepping into her three-inch red patent leather stiletto open toes pumps walked over to her full-length mirror. *"I'm being so naughty tonight and I haven't worn this much makeup since my wedding. Still, I want to make the right impression. I don't know exactly why I feel compelled to please him. Why he's more than ten years older than me. I just can't help myself. Every time I look into those deep blue eyes I lose myself,"* she thought pushing up on her bosom.

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Pastor Foxx arrived wearing a black suit and holding two bottles of wine. "Good evening Donna. You look amazing tonight. You said we were having roast chicken, so I hope this offering of Weingut Riesling will do," he greeted with a broad smile.

"Thank you, Pastor Foxx. It's just something I threw on. I'm glad you like it," she replied blushing like a school girl. "Please come in. Dinner will be ready in about thirty minutes. Have a seat in the living room and I'll open one of these bottles."

When she returned with the wine, Donna was disappointed seeing him sitting in the lounge chair. She had hoped he would be on the couch. *"Oh well, might as well bring up my problem with Bailey,"* she thought sitting on the couch.

After she related what she had found in Bailey's room and that she didn't know what to do, he asked to see the magazine. Donna was surprised that he would even consider looking at such a horrid magazine but complied.

Pastor Foxx took it and thumbed through the pages, stopping occasionally to check it out closer. Looking up, gave Donna a thin-lipped smile. "Lady Boi Monthly" isn't quite what I expected. Something more lurid I would have thought. Let me ponder this matter while we eat; then, I'll go have a talk with the boy," he responded.

"Thank you, Pastor Foxx. You have taken a heavy load off my mind. Give me ten minutes to put everything together," she replied.

After a pleasant dinner, Pastor Foxx took Donna's hand and gazed into her eyes. "Jack rabbits," he whispered and watched her eyes go blank. "Donna look deep into my

eyes and feel yourself floating totally relaxed and unafraid. You only hear my voice, the voice of truth and do what I command. With each passing day you will desire to please me more than anything else. You will do what I demand for you know it is the truth. You must please me for it gives you even greater pleasure. Now, I'm going to talk to Bailey and you will approve of what I will do. You will not argue any of my decisions as that will greatly displease me. Now I want you to repeat until I return, 'I only exist to please and pleasure Pastor Foxx.' When I return you will awake feeling refreshed and worry free."

Pastor Foxx knocked on Bailey's door but didn't wait for a response. Bailey was sitting on his bed playing a video game on his lap top. "Pastor Foxx! I didn't know you were here. Di...did step...step-mother tell you?" he stammered his face paling in fright as the pastor pulled up a chair.

"Yes, she did. Now tell me what happened and look me in the eyes. That way I'll know if you're telling the truth or not," he sternly answered.

Leaving Bailey's room and hour later had a very pleased smile on his face. Things were working out just the way he thought they would. Last Sunday he had spent a little time with Norman and like Bailey, easily hypnotized. Pastor Foxx had a fondness for older effeminate boys and the reason he moved around the country so much. He would have his fun and move on after a while. At the moment he had to take care of a raging hard-on. Donna wasn't what he considered a beauty but at thirty-seven in fairly good shape and tonight she would do. He entered the dinning area with a charming smile plastered on his face.

"Did you talk to him," she asked. "*Why am I still sitting at the kitchen table? I should have cleaned all this up by now,*" she thought.

"Yes, and he admitted that it was his magazine. He told me that he felt like a girl trapped in a boy's body. While most of our teachings are against any such thing, I'm more progressive. Nature can make mistakes and I recognize that. So, I've decided to council him on a weekly basis. I'll do it here every Tuesday night. In the meantime, I think it best if you purchased him some pretty nylon panties and toss out his y-fronts and boxers. Just little things at first Donna. He might protest at first but be firm. Insist he wear panties from now own. Being seventeen, it isn't easy for him to admit just how much he desires them. Jack Rabbits," he said putter her back under.

While Pastor Foxx was having his way with Donna, Bailey was stripped down to his boxers. He was slowly turning the pages of "Lady Boi Monthly" absorbing everything he was reading and seeing. As he perused each page kept slowly stroking his erection. Finishing the last page erupted in the biggest climax of his life. Much more satisfying than when Betty Lou gave him a hand job and he had thought that was fantastic.

##

In the morning Donna woke with a nagging headache. She didn't remember much after they had finished dinner blaming it on the wine. There were bits and pieces, her on her knees in just her lingerie. Being bent over the kitchen table and feeling Pastor Foxx reaming out her anus. She had never ever even considered doing that but the Pastor didn't want to take a chance on getting her pregnant. It made sense and he said she was fantastic when he finished. That's when she remembered putting a tampon up her butt.

She quickly got out of bed and went into the bathroom. Sitting on the commode, removed it, wrapped it in lots of tissue and dropped it into the waste basket.

“Why did he want me to do that? Said it would leave something of him for me to remember how much pleasure I gave him. Weird and I don’t think I liked any of that but it pleased him. Guess I should be happy about that,” she thought.

When she saw Bailey at breakfast, remembered she had some shopping to do. While she was cordial didn’t say much to him. She wanted him to think she was still mad. Before she left told him he was grounded and to stay in his room until she returned.

The first stop was at Victoria’s but didn’t buy anything there. The panty selection just wasn’t frilly enough. Oh, the Pink line suited her just fine but not for Bailey. Her next stop was an up-scale lingerie boutique. There she found exactly what she was looking for. Two dozen pairs of luxury panties in various styles. Most were what the sales woman said were imported French Nickers. They were similar to short boxers with wide floral lace trimmed hems in contrasting colors. They also had a pretty flower centered on the thin waist band. Glistening white with ivory lace, brilliant shiny scarlet with black lace, emerald green with lime lace, chocolate with white lace and many more. Hip-hugger panties with fancy lace front inserts, two lace thongs in red and black and two pair of glass-silk gathered lace rumba panties were purchased. It cost her more than she had spent all last year on her own lingerie. It didn’t bother her, though everything she was doing should have. Buying that many panties, the sales woman threw in two pink silk perfumed sachets.

The first thing Donna did when she got home was go to her bedroom. There she got her pinking shears and began carefully removing all the tags and labels. Bailey would learn how later on something less expensive. Once that was done, picked up a bottle of Woolite® and headed to Bailey’s room. There she yelled for him to join her in the kitchen. He came in as she was filling the basins with warm water, a pile of panties sitting on the counter top.

“What’s going on?” he asked not at all sure why she had called him. Donna was getting ready to wash her panties and couldn’t have anything to do with him. For a second thought that maybe she was going to release him from his grounding.

“You like that magazine so much I thought of an appropriate punishment. From now on, you will only be wearing panties. These are yours and the first thing you’re going to learn about panties is how to properly wash them then hang them in the utility room,” she said more harshly than she intended.

Bailey’s face went pale at he very idea of what she was suggesting. No, not suggesting but stating. ***“I’m a guy. I can’t wear panties,”*** he gasped.

“Oh yes you can and you will! Now get over here or I go find my belt,” she demanded.

Once she was satisfied he was competent, grabbed a trash bag and went to his room. There she removed all his underwear leaving an entire draw cleaned out.

“I always knew he was a wimp and his lack of any real argument over wearing panties proves it. Pastor Foxx was certainly right about this like he is with everything else,” she thought putting the perfumed sachets into the empty drawer.

While Bailey was doing what Donna told him, he was thinking, ***“I hate this. I don’t want to wear girl’s panties. So what if I happen to like reading and looking at “Lady Boi.” Heck, I don’t even know why I like it. I still have my boxers on and I saw several pair waiting to be washed. I’ll just stuff them in my pocket.”***

When she returned to the kitchen carrying a partially filled bag, Bailey’s curiosity made him ask, ***“What’s in the bag?”***

“Just your underwear. I need you to strip and remove the ones you’re wearing while I

gather what's in the utility room. That first pair of panties should be dry enough now," she replied.

"You can't be serious. At least let me keep what I have on....wha...what if I have to go to the doctor or something?" he answered.

"That will be your problem Bailey because you will be wearing panties until I decide otherwise," she snapped getting irritated.

Donna had never seen him naked before and Bailey was mortified to the point of tears. She had brought back the black lace thong for his first panties. He actually broke out in sobs when she pulled the thin waist band up forcing the narrow strip of cloth deep into his ass cheeks. Seeing that some of his boy parts were showing, reached into his panties and pushed his penis between his legs and testicles back up into his body. That brought even more sobs from the humiliated boy.

"Good grief, he's crying over wearing a pair of panties. How pathetic," she thought. "They're just underwear and no one is going to see them. Get over it. You're being punished and it's not suppose to be pleasant," she said.

##

Tuesday and Donna getting ready for Pastor Foxx's visit. He was only coming to council Bailey but she wanted to look her best. This time she was wearing her new Victoria's purple bra with the elaborate embroidery and matching satin bikini panties. The matching garter belt was equally beautifully embroidered with sequins. For outer wear a bit more modest but still on the racy style. A semi-sheer crème blouse with long fluttering sleeves and three overlapping lace cuffs. A form fitting gray wool blend midi-skirt, wide black patent leather belt with gold buckle and black patent leather pointed toed five-inch pencil heels finished off her look. She made sure to leave the top button undone on her blouse so that her ample cleavage could be seen.

"I should be wearing a camisole with this blouse and not so much makeup," she thought looking into the mirror. *"I certainly wouldn't go out without one but I want to please Pastor Foxx."*

Donna was surprised when he showed up wearing his black preacher suit with the white round collar. It made her feel very over dressed but his broad smile made what started to be a frown, smiled back.

"Thank you Pastor Foxx for taking time to help Bailey. Please, come in. May I get you anything before you start?"

"You're looking very lovely tonight Donna. I'm pleased you took the time to look nice for me. Or were you planning to go out tonight?" he replied.

"Oh, this. It's just something I threw on and no, I'm not going anywhere," she replied blushing. *"Thank goodness he's pleased. I was so worried for a moment,"* she thought.

"Before I go see Bailey, let's have a little chat and I would like something to drink," he replied smiling even broader.

"I don't drink hard liquor but I did buy you a bottle of that scotch you said you liked. McAllen, eighteen-year-old, right?"

"Yes, indeed dear child. It will be most welcome after the day I've had," he replied with a hearty laugh.

At the kitchen table Pastor Foxx inhaled deeply the aroma of the whiskey, took a sip then placed it on the table. Looking into Donna's eyes said, "Jack rabbits."

“Just float, totally relaxed and content. Concentrate on how wonderful you feel and listen to my voice. You know with all your heart what I tell you is true and you trust me completely. Tomorrow you need to go shopping for Bailey once again. This time for pretty training bras with removable pads. That way he can venture outside if he desires and not be detected. You already have him wearing frilly panties for over a week so this is the logical next step. Again, he might protest but be firm.”

“I’m pleased that you have dressed up for me. A bit conservative but pleasing though I would like a sluttier look when I come over. That and perhaps go to the salon, have your hair bleached a light blonde and get glamor length nails. It’s just a suggestion and I certainly don’t expect for others to see you dressed like that; but, it would please me greatly. I’m going to see Bailey now. While I’m gone, I want you to repeat until I return, ‘I exist only to please and pleasure Pastor Foxx.’”

Bailey was up in his room where Donna told him to wait for the pastor. He wasn’t happy to have to talk to him again. The last time he found himself engrossed in that magazine to the point where he was masturbating every night. While he would never admit it to anyone, loved the feeling from doing it in his slinky panties. He had no idea why he felt compelled to do that and was bothering him. It just didn’t seem right. Making matters worse Donna was making him wear panties. Panties were for girls and people like in that magazine but he was all boy almost a man. He was proud of his package and hated having to tuck it away when he put on panties. There was hardly any bulge even in his tighter clothes.

“Counseling I don’t need. I just want everybody to get off my fringing back. So what if I like reading that magazine? It’s not like I want to be one of them,” he thought.

Bailey was brought out of his musings when Pastor Foxx knocked and entered his room. “Good evening Bailey.” When Bailey looked up the pastor locked eyes with him and said, “Robin Redwing.” Immediately Bailey’s eyes glassed over.

“That’s a good sign my initial hypnosis worked. Now for a bit more tinkering,” he thought then said, **“Bailey you are floating on a cloud, carefree and feeling relaxed. Take a deep breath and go deeper, way deeper into the sensations. There you have no thoughts or worries and hear only my voice. I’m Pastor Foxx, you know me from church. You know I only have your very best interest in mind. You trust me completely and that what I say is the absolute truth. Now be honest with me. Have you been reading your “Lady Boi” magazine that we talked about last time?”**

“Yessssss,” Bailey hissed softly.

“And what do you do when you read your magazine?”

“I...I give my...myself plea...pleasure,” he slowly responded.

“Very good Bailey. I’m very pleased to hear that. I understand Donna has you wearing panties all the time. How do you feel about that?”

“I...I ha...hate it.”

“Oh Bailey, you take one step forward and two back. Trust me, you love the feel of panties and you love the pretty colors and lace. When you wear panties reading your magazine is even more pleasurable. Trust me, you love wearing panties.”

“We...well I guess. It’s ju... just what sh...she makes me do whe...when I wear them I..I hate.”

“And what exactly does she make you? Come, stand up and show me your pretty panties and what she makes you do.”

Slowly Bailey rose and undid his shorts dropping them to his feet.

“I’m pleased that you are wearing panties like Donna told you and with you tucked, present a more pleasing view. Trust me Bailey you like how smooth your pretty panties look while tucked.”

“If it..it plea...pleases you; then, I’m plea...pleased too,” Bailey sluggishly responded.

“Very good and I’m pleased. I think we’ve done enough tonight. When I leave I want you to repeat, ‘I exist only to please and pleasure Pastor Foxx’ until I return.”

In the kitchen Donna was reciting her verse when he entered. “Donna my slut.”

She immediately stood and slowly posing seductively removed her blouse and skirt. Swinging her hips walked to where he was seated and using her teeth pulled down the zipper. Looking up, pouted her lips while pulling his penis out. Licking her lips, kissed the mushroom head and slowly began taking it in lapping with her tongue as she did so. With his shaft and head covered in saliva got up and pulling her panties to the side bent over the kitchen table. She pressed the knuckles of her hand to her mouth to stop the scream of pain as he thrust his entire length into her. It hurt, hurt so much but she endured for she knew it would give him great pleasure. She was very tight and it didn’t take too long for the pastor to reach his limit and filled her.

“Donna my child,” he said brining her out of her slut persona. “I’m very pleased with you tonight. Now go to bed and don’t forget to use a tampon to remember me by. In the morning you will remember that I was very pleased with you. Jack rabbits.”

“I’m sorry pastor but would you please excuse me. I must get to my room,” she said gathering her blouse and skirt.

“Of course Donna. I’ll go give my fair wells to Bailey,” he replied.

“Ahh, before I forget Bailey, invite your friend Norman over for our next meeting and here is another magazine, Robin redwing,” he said handing the new magazine to him.

“Uh, thank you Pastor Foxx,” he replied feeling his penis jerk as he saw the cover.

Bailey didn’t get much sleep that night but had two amazing climaxes. He didn’t wake until mid-morning but knew masturbating in panties the best thing ever.

##

The first thing Donna did the next morning was call her stylist and booked an appointment. After getting dressed and a quick breakfast told Bailey he was restricted to the house, left to go shopping. The first stop was again at the lingerie store where she purchased Bailey’s panties. Seven pretty and lace frilled satin training bras with removable A-cup gel pads later, she also signed Bailey up for their panty/bra club. Then she was off to Fredrick’s of Hollywood to get her new wardrobe. Her first item was a leopard print ballet bodied off-the-shoulder body suit. A micro-mini red box pleated skater skirt to coordinate with it. Six more micro-miniskirts including a black satin hobble skirt. A dozen pairs of fishnet panty hose with the rear panel cut out. Another dozen pairs of crotch less bikini panties made it into her cart. The blouses to go with her new skirts were all semi-sheer and very low cut. The final clothing item was a sheer lustrous red hip length baby doll nightie. Passing the shoe department decided she needed a pair of chunky high heeled wedges, a pair of black patent leather five-inch pencil heels and neon pink knee-high five-inch spike heeled PVC boots. She would have bought more but didn’t have much of an idea how sluts dressed.

“I’ll have to check out some porn sites later to get a better idea of what would please Pastor Foxx. I’ve still got time before my appointment. I’ll stop at the Piercing Pagoda

and get my ears pierced again; then, pick out some sexy earrings,” she thought.

Donna didn't get home until late evening. Most of her time was spent getting hair extensions, hair dyed a honey blonde and glamour length acrylic nails. With the hair extensions, it now reached mid-back. When she wasn't seeing the pastor would leave it in a pony tail or large bun. For the pastor would do it up in a big hair style using lots of hairspray or perhaps innocent looking pigtails tied off with big fluffy bows. It took her three trips to unload all the bags. Like with the panties, removed all the labels from Bailey's new bras before calling him into the kitchen.

When Bailey saw the pile of bras paled. *“OMG! I know those aren't hers. She got those for me! I don't want to wear any damn bra. Those are for girls,”* he thought.

“Don't you dare leave! Get over here now!” she barked seeing turn and start to leave. “From now on, until I tell you otherwise, you will be wearing a bra. So get over here. I need to show you how to properly wash them.”

“Bu...but Donna, I...I'm a..a boy. I don...don't ne..need to..to wear one,” he stammered.

“Don't all those boys in your magazine wear bras? I distinctly remember seeing them wearing bras. Since you like looking and reading that tripe, I think making you wear a bra is an appropriate punishment. It's not like you have school during the summer but if you go out, the padding can be removed,” she reprimanded.

Bailey was very disturbed wearing a black satin bra as they sat to eat dinner. He could feel the pull and tug of the bra straps and band with every movement. Most annoying was feeling his arms rubbing against the cups every time he raised them to eat. His tears of misery and humiliation. His pleas to take it off, ignored. Seeing the round bumps pushing out his tee shirt only brought more tears.

“That's enough of the water works Bailey. Either stop or I'll give you a much better reason to cry,” Donna said getting irritated over his constant sobbing.

After a week wearing a bra even when he slept, Bailey was still upset. His only comfort, was his new “Lady Boi” and almost constant self-pleasure. It was now Tuesday and he remembered to invite Norman over for dinner. Donna had said he could but would have to wear both bra and padding. That didn't go over well with him but resigned to his fate. The pastor had insisted he do it. Another thing that bothered him, was having to hand wash both his and Donna's lingerie. Once they were all air dried, she taught him how to iron them.

“I shouldn't be doing this. I'm a guy. Now I'm not only washing panties and bras but slips, garter belts and nylons then ironing out all the creases. I hate this!” he thought at the time.

##

Pastor Foxx showed up wearing his clerical uniform once again. Donna had invited him over for dinner before his counseling session. He was happy that Norman was there and that Bailey was obviously wearing a bra. Norman didn't seem at all happy as he was staring daggers at Bailey. It looked like he might bolt at any moment.

“Winged parrots,” the pastor said getting looks of curiosity from both Donna and Bailey. Norman's eyes just went blank. “Robin redwing, Jack rabbits,” he quickly added putting them all under his spell.

“Norman you trust me completely. You know what I say is true. You're Bailey's best friend and as your best friend, you accept him no matter how he looks or acts. When you stare at Bailey's breasts, you like what you see. You like it so much you would

love to see what's concealed under Bailey's clothing. The more you look the more fascinated you become. It would please me very much."

"Bailey, Donna, you will forget I ever mentioned "Winged parrots." When I snap my fingers, you will all awaken feeling relaxed and happy."

The dinner was cordial and Norman seemed comfortable and relaxed. The pastor caught him numerous times glancing out of the side of his eye at Bailey's chest.

"That was close. I thought he was going to run for his life for a moment there. Later I'll fine tune what I want from him," he thought.

With the dinner over the boys were sent to Bailey's room while the adults sat drinking coffee. "Jack rabbits," Pastor Foxx said once the boys were gone.

"Just float, totally relaxed and content. Concentrate on how wonderful you feel and listen to my voice. You know in all your heart what I tell you is true and trust me completely," he began recited his spell taking her deeper under.

"Tomorrow you need to go shopping for Bailey again. Don't you think it's time for him to begin learning how to walk in high heels? It would please me very much if he could soon walk in five-inch stilettos. You will have to get him fitted so take him to that big outlet store on the other side of town. The service there is horrible so no one should bother you. Buy him at least five different pair with varying heel highs and style. You know more about women and heels, so use your judgement. I think if you dressed him in a pair of your skinny jeans and plain blouse no one should notice. He will complain but tell him if he doesn't, you'll take him wearing a dress. Once you've done that, it would please me if you would make an appointment to be waxed down there between your legs. When you hear Norman is coming for a visit, buy him some cute panties and bras. I'm going to see the boys now. While I'm gone it would please me if you would dress in something nice. Jack rabbits."

When Pastor Foxx entered Bailey's room the boys appeared to be arguing. "Boys, boys what are you arguing about?" he asked.

"Norman wan...wants me to...to take off my shirt," Bailey responded.

"Robin redwings, Winged parrot," he said and began his initial spell, "You are floating, totally relaxed and content."

When he was sure both were completely under, began with Bailey. "Bailey, I see you're wearing a pretty bra under your tee. It is a pretty bra, isn't it? I thought so. Take off you tee shirt and let us see how pretty it is. There's nothing to be afraid of or embarrassing. It's just me and your best friend Norman. He is your best friend and you are his. Therefore, he won't be judgmental or disapprove. Trust me! You love how pretty your bras are and love wearing them. As a matter of fact, they feel delightful when you read your 'Lady Boi's.' It's okay to show your pretty undies when around your best friend. Wearing just your panties and bra when he visits will give you great pleasure. Now, take off those shorts so we can see your pretty panties."

"Norman, you're Bailey's best friend in the world and would never tell anyone else what he loves to wear even if it's a dress. The more you see him wearing panties and bras the more you would like to wear them yourself. I'm sure his step-mother would be happy to buy some just for you to wear when you visit. The more you visit the more you will enjoy it and seeing Bailey dressed the same. Reading the magazine together will give you great pleasure and will want to give pleasure to Bailey as he will for you. Both of you doing this will please me very much. Now, until I return I want you recite, 'I exist only to please and pleasure Pastor Foxx.'"

Back in the kitchen he didn't see Donna. *"Taking her time. Guess she's planning on a surprise for me. She got her hair and nails done the way I like too. I'll pour me some scotch while I wait,"* he thought.

At that moment Donna was sitting at her vanity putting on an excessive amount of makeup. She was wearing the leopard body suit over the crotchless fishnets and red micro-mini dress with her new neon pink knee boots. She had back-combed and teased her hair into a big bubble style using lots of hairspray. A cheap cameo on black velvet ribbon was fastened around the throat. Gaudy brass and tin bangles on her wrists. Six-inch gold hoops hung from her lower lobes and the upper a pink rhinestone. Applying a third coat of glossy fire engine red lipstick, she went to see the pastor.

"I like. I like very much. Damn shame you can't work the streets but your standing in this burg of a town with its holier-than-thou attitude makes that impossible. Yes, slut, you have pleased me very much tonight. But you can give me greater pleasure, down on your knees, slut. Jack rabbits! You're going to love swallowing my cum like the slut you really are. It will taste like ambrosia and you will savor it licking your lips; then, bring it back to hardness so you can feel it pounding deep into your back hole and when I'm finished lick me clean."

"I was very pleased with your performance, slut. I'm going to say goodnight to the boys. Go get cleaned up then go to bed. I'll let myself out," he ordered once he was finished.

"Norman, call your mother and tell her you're spending the night. Tonight, you will cuddle with Bailey in his bed. You will find much pleasure spooning with him and rubbing his bra-covered breasts. Bailey, you will feel very content and pleased having your best friend spend the night. You will feel thrills of pleasure as he rubs your satin bra against your breasts. You love feeling so close to his warm body. I'm very pleased with my boys."

Bailey watched as Norman stripped down to his green and white checked boxers. All he could think was how nice it would feel to have him lying beside him. They had never done that before. They had slept together a number of times but never in the same bed. Norman turned out the light, slid beneath the sheets and pressed his groin into Bailey's round ass. Reaching over began messaging a bra cup wondering why they had never done this before.

##

The next morning after Norman went home, Donna handed Bailey a pair of her skinny jeans and plain white cotton blouse telling him to leave the shirt tail out.

"We're going shopping. You need some proper shoes and we have to make sure they're comfortable. Put this on but leave the shirt tails out," she instructed.

"These are girl's clothes. I can't wear these out of the house," he complained.

"You'll be wearing a bra with the pads today. Anyone seeing you will think you're a tomboy girl. It's either that or you'll be wearing a pretty dress but you are going. You're getting girl's shoes today. Learning to walk in them is another punishment. From now on until I say otherwise, you'll be wearing heels," she snapped.

Bailey was scared and pale as they entered the large discount shoe store. He didn't know what he was more afraid of, being vilified as a boy wearing a bra or seen by his friends.

Donna wasn't too worried about bringing her step-son to try on girl's shoes. Like the

pastor had said there were few sales people anywhere around and not that many customers on a Wednesday.

They only spent about an hour there but Bailey was constantly looking around to see if anybody noticed him. More so now with his tennis shoes off and nylon socked feet showing. Donna was kneeling putting a pair of crème colored kitten heels on his feet with a modest heel. Then a pair of two-inch cork wedges, followed by three-inch block heeled sandals and so it went until a pair of five-inch stilettos were tried on. While the pastor didn't say anything about purses or hosiery, she selected a pink clutch, black hand bag and two dozen pairs of panty hose. Thankfully the clerk didn't think anything was out of the ordinary and they left.

Back home, Donna made him put on a pair of panty hose and the kitten heels. "You'll wear these for the rest of the day and I'm going to teach you how to properly walk in them. By the end of the week I'm hoping to see you in three-inch heels so pay attention," she stated.

"I don't want to walk like a girl," he whined.

"It's your punishment or perhaps you would rather I put you into tight waist crunching corsets!" she snapped.

She wasn't sure where that came from. Maybe because of her internet searches on slut attire she was going to have to wear them herself. In any case she was in no mood to hear any more complaints. Her poor bottom was still aching after last night's visit by the pastor.

After two hours practicing Donna was mostly satisfied with his performance. Now it was time for her appointment.

"Bailey I'm going out for about an hour. While I'm gone behave and we'll start practicing more when I get back," she said.

"I've had my legs waxed for special occasions and that hurt a lot. No telling how much it's going to hurt waxing off my pubes. I wouldn't even consider doing this but it will please Pastor Foxx," she thought going out the door.

To Be Continued...

LADY BOI

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

The waxing of her groin had hurt a lot and not in a very good mood. Back in the house told Bailey to put on the two-inch wedges, bring his pink clutch and meet her in the living room. She spent two hours teaching him how to mince like a girl while carrying his purse. It was exhausting for the both of them. Getting him to walk heel and toe while controlling his purse a real challenge.

"Okay, enough for now. Come into the kitchen and help me prepare dinner," she said.

"I'm tired and my feet hurt. Can't I just sit down," he whined.

“No, if you sit your calves will cramp. High heels can be a pain but will make your legs look fabulous. We all learn to embrace the pain to look good and you’ll get used to it in time. Come on, I’m hungry,” she replied.

By Tuesday Bailey was walking fairly well in the three-inch stacked heeled pumps. They pinched his toes as the heels forced them into the pointed toe. After all the practice with the kitten heel and two-inch wedges didn’t wobble as much as he thought. After his first lesson, Donna had tied a pink satin ribbon around his ankles. His stride was now short and mincing. His elbows tucked to his sides, wrists limp and the clutch tucked firmly under his arm. It still felt totally unnatural to him but getting used to it. He hated having to practice but Norman was coming over to spend the night. Bailey was looking forward to spending some time with his best friend.

While he was practicing, Donna was thinking about what she would be wearing tonight. *“I think I’ll wear my new red satin corset with the red fish net stockings and black skater skirt. My black patent leather five-inch pencil heels and put my hair into a high pony tail.”*

When Bailey mentioned Norman was coming over Donna remembered she needed to buy him his own panties and bra. After lunch decided to go to Victoria’s. No sense buying him luxury lingerie. She settled on three pair of high-cut satin hip huggers in black, red and purple and two of their new add 2-cup multi-layered push-up bras in purple and red. Seeing two sexy baby doll nighties decided to buy one in black for Norman and another in hot pink for Bailey.

As she was getting ready to leave the checkout, a friend, Emily, walked up holding a bra. “Donna, so nice to run into you. You dyed your hair. I almost didn’t recognize you. You haven’t found someone special, have you?” she inquired with a playful smile.

“Oh, Emily, I...I just wanted a change. My stylist recommended it. Do you like it?” she replied thinking fast for an explanation. *“There’s no way I can tell her the truth. I hope she believes me,”* she thought.

“Yes, I do. I think it makes you look younger but why the extensions?” Emily asked.

“Oh, I decided to see how I looked with longer hair. There’s so many different styles I can try again,” Donna replied. *“I can’t tell her Pastor Foxx likes to dig his fingers in it while I’m giving oral sex. Or that sometimes he cleans himself after with it,”* she thought.

After a few more minutes of general conversation, Donna said she had to go. *“Why did I have to run into the biggest gossip from church. Thank goodness she didn’t ask to see what I purchased,”* she thought.

##

Dinner that night was a beef stew that she had Bailey help make. When he complained, she rebuffed him by saying, “Since you are wearing a bra, panties and heels you can help around the house. Besides, learning to cook will come in handy when you go off to college.”

Norman came over as the stew was almost ready. She took Norman to her bedroom, telling Bailey to keep watch until the timer went off. Norman was curious and what was going on.

“I got you something I think you will enjoy while you’re with Bailey,” she answered.

In the bedroom she gave him the purple satin panties and matching bra. “Norman, I got these just for you so you will make Bailey feel more comfortable. Use my

bathroom to put them on then come out and let me see. I'm pretty sure their the right size but I need to make sure," she instructed.

Taking the lingerie from Donna, Norman's hands were shaking. *"I really shouldn't be doing this but wearing panties and a bra like Bailey seems right. He's my best friend and don't want him feeling uncomfortable around me,"* he thought.

In the bathroom Norman held the panties up for a closer look. *"Gosh, they feel so light and slinky. Nothing at all like my y-fronts. Guess I'd better go ahead and put them on,"* he thought.

As they slid up his legs, a shiver ran up his spine. His underwear never felt like this. When the crotch snugged up around his parts, his penis twitched pleasantly. "Oh shit! These are giving me goosebumps. So slippery, I got a stiffy," he gasped softly.

Taking up the bra wasn't sure about wearing it but slid his arms into the straps. He fumbled with the hook and eye closure but strain as he might couldn't hook it. Giving up decided to let Donna see. His face flushed as he stepped out of the bathroom.

"This is going to be so embarrassing. I'm only doing this for Bailey," he thought.

Donna noticed the bulge in the panties but didn't mention it. "Here, let me show you how to fasten your bra," she said while thinking, *"Another wimp just like Bailey who gets his jollies off wearing panties."*

After showing him how to hook the bra in front then spinning it around, Donna demonstrated how to adjust the straps. With his tee shirt back on Norman had another shock, he couldn't see his feet.

"Isn't this too big for me? I can only see the tips of my feet," he said.

"Well you are a bit bigger than Bailey but you're also taller and huskier. Those are a B-cup and suitable. Don't worry you'll get used to them in no time. I'll show you how to properly wash them in the morning before you leave," she assured him as they left for the kitchen.

Norman felt uncomfortable and embarrassed as he followed her. The bra was especially distracting as the band pulled at his chest with every breath and the straps tugging at his shoulders. The panties were a different story. He was surprised at how now they felt and liked it. Liked it to the point by the time they reached the kitchen was sporting a full hard on.

They were just finished setting the table when the doorbell rang. Pastor Foxx had arrived. The pastor was very pleased when he saw the boys both wearing bras and told them so. That brought big smiles from the boys and he knew his influence was still firmly in control.

"Norman, I'm very pleased to see you have accepted your best friend as he is. Wearing a bra took courage and I appreciate your willingness to go along. Bailey, I see you're wearing nice heels and stockings too. That is a pleasant surprise. I bet it makes your legs look great. Too bad you're not wearing a pretty skirt to show them off. Still, I'm very pleased with the both of you," he said with a big bright smile.

After the boys cleared off the table, were told to go to their room. When they left, Pastor Foxx said, "Jack rabbits! Donna I know you want to look and be my slut but insist on wearing those rags without much makeup. From now on greet me properly or I will be very displeased. Don't worry about the boys seeing you. I'll take care of that. Get to your room and make yourself presentable," he demanded.

In the boys' room, he promptly put them under a deep trance and had them strip down

to their lingerie. “Bailey, the next time I see you I expect you in at least 3-inch spiked heels or higher. The higher the better. I don’t want to see you in panty hose ever again either. Real stockings with a pretty garter belt.”

“Norman, that’s a pretty lingerie set you’re wearing. Bailey will give you his panty hose. You will wear them all the time under your jeans from now on as that will please me. You can wash them out when you visit here. I know that the more you wear your new lingerie you will love it all the more. Everything from the colors to how it feels gives you great pleasure. Start buying more so you can wear them in the privacy of your room and over here.”

“Now both of you listen up. Those magazines contain more than just sexy pictures. There are lots of articles on makeup, clothing and tricks they use to make themselves more feminine. Pay close attention to those articles and learn from them, practice them for it will greatly please me. From now on you will not notice or comment on how Donna dresses. You both will do whatever she demands. Okay, now give each other a big hug and kiss to the cheek. I know you want to as you are best friends. When I leave I want you to keep hugging and kissing as you repeat, “I exist only to please and pleasure Pastor Foxx.”

As he watched the boys do as he required, reached down and adjusted the growing erection in his pants. “*Now to take care of that slut,*” he thought.

This time she was waiting for him in the kitchen holding his glass of scotch. “Thank you, slut,” he said taking the glass. “I like your choice tonight; especially, that red satin corset. While I finish my whiskey, get busy with those lips of yours.”

Later after he had released his seed deep into her beautiful round ass, said, “Slut, as punishment for not pleasing me when I arrived, I want you to get a tattoo. I want the words, ‘Insert Here’ just above your cunt with some pretty butterflies and flowers framing them. You will also get your nipples, side of your lip and tongue pierced. You’re a slut and should look more like one. Do this and I will be very pleased. You know the truth in what I say and doing so will pleasure you.”

“Bailey needs skirts, frilly blouses and dresses. Plus begin teaching him how to apply makeup. Also, I never want to see him in panty hose. Get him some sexy garter belts and real hosiery. As far as Norman is concerned don’t do anything for now other than help around the house. They both will do what you ask and not even notice what you are wearing anymore. Go clean yourself up and to bed. I’ll tell the boys goodnight and lock up.”

“Yes Pastor Foxx. I’ll do it to please you but I have to stop by the boys’ room to give them the nighties I bought today,” she replied.

“Let’s go get them. I will give them to Bailey and Norman,” he said.

“Okay boys you can stop now. Have you been cuddling like I asked? Good, I’m pleased. Tell me what you did while in bed. Hummm, how did you feel about that Norman. Excellent you liked it very much and you Bailey? Great. It sounds like you two ought to become more than just best friends. Tonight, I want you to become more intimate. It would please me greatly if you had oral sex as you cuddle and fondle each other. I want you to wear these pretty nighties as well. Trust me, you will love how they feel.”

Bailey took the red one and Norman the black. Both letting them dangle in their hands. They both had the same thought, “*These are light as a feather and you can see right through them.*”

Feeling the delicate material sliding down their torsos both had chills of pleasure. They looked at each other then hugged. "You like?" they said almost at the same time. They both answered, "I love it."

"Okay my bois, time for bed," the pastor said turning out the light.

He stood in the shadows as the boys got into bed. Like before Norman was cuddling from behind. His crotch pushed tightly into Bailey's round ass. The big difference this time is that Norman leaned over and kissed Bailey on the lips. Both were softly moaning as the massaged each other, stopping only to exchange a kiss. It wasn't long before Norman slid down and between Bailey's legs.

Not long after Pastor Foxx left the room and went straight into Donna's bedroom. There he woke her and had Donna give him oral relief. Finished, he left her and headed home.

"Hot, very hot. Those two might turn out even better than my last project back in Sacramento. Not sure I'll be able to wait until they turn eighteen in a few months. I won't need that slut then. Send off to some biker bar in another town," he thought.

##

In the morning, the first thing Donna did was search for a tattoo/piercing parlor in a city, ninety miles away. It would be a long drive but the chances of her being seen by someone she knew practically nil. It took her three tries before she found one that would do what she wanted.

With that accomplished headed back to the up-scale lingerie shop. She needed to get some fancy garter belts and silk stockings for Bailey. Then to Macy's for skirts, frilly blouses and some dresses as well. She would buy more hosiery there as well. The silk stockings were only for when Pastor Foxx visited.

After a quick lunch, she told the boys she had to run an errand. "Boys, I have to run but while I'm gone I want you to mop the kitchen floor, vacuum the carpets and clean the bathrooms. I expect you to do a good, thorough job then you can do whatever just stay in the house Bailey," she said on leaving.

"I'm relieved they didn't say anything about how I'm dressed and impressed they didn't complain about cleaning the house," she thought getting into the car.

Donna had an hour and half to drive to the place where she would get her tattoo and piercings. Far enough away for privacy and one that would do what she requested. She had been told not to wear any makeup, body lotion or talc. Donna had hoped to disguise her face somewhat by wearing her heavy slut makeup. She had dressed slutty though. No one would see inside her car as she headed out of town. A leopard print semi-transparent low cut blouse, micro-mini skirt and red fishnet stockings. Black satin push-up bra, garter belt and thong.

After three hours she left the tattoo/piercing parlor and headed home along with a list of aftercare requirements. What bothered her the most was strict instructions not to remove any of them for a week. She couldn't be seen around town wearing that kind of jewelry.

"If anyone wants to see me, I'll just tell them I have a summer cold," she thought.

The whole process had been mortifying, painful and she couldn't wait to get home and go to bed. Hopefully Bailey and Norman had cleaned the house like she asked. Her only consolation was knowing Pastor Foxx would be very pleased.

She headed straight to the refrigerator, took out some ice and crushed it. Her tongue

was throbbing and swollen, the crushed ice would help that. Looking around didn't see the boys but the floor had been mopped and carpets vacuumed. Letting out a sigh of relief, headed to her bedroom.

Bailey and Norman were in their room wearing lingerie and nighties. After they had finished cleaning the house had retreated there to read "Lady Boi Monthly." This time they paid attention to the articles. After reading one about elaborate eye makeup, Bailey went into Donna's room and came back with a palette of her eye shadows and black eye liner. They began trying to duplicate what the article indicated but the results were more like racoon eyes. They had a good laugh; then, hugged and kissed. Bailey pushed Norman down and slid between his legs. Pulling the purple panties to the side, pulled out his semi-hard penis. With a moan Norman closed his eyes as he felt tender lips surround the knob.

As this was going on, Donna opened their door. Took one look and backed out cringing. *"Wimps I knew for sure bu...but never expected this. Guess I'm going to have to call the pastor. First, I'm going to take a much-needed nap,"* she thought.

##

Another Tuesday and Donna had just gotten out of her bath. Standing in front of the full-length mirror took a good look at herself. Reaching up, flipped the half-inch gold hoop piercing her right nipple. Stuck out her tongue with the quarter-inch silver ball centered near the tip, turned it.

"Oh, still a little tender but bearable," she thought.

Picking up a hand mirror looked down to see the tattoo. Inwardly she groaned knowing that it would be with her until her dying day. The tattoo was in an arch just above her pussy about four inches in length and one wide. "Insert Here" was inked in bright pink down its length. Framing the words were colorful butterflies between a colorful flower. Just above the top of the arch was tattooed a monarch butterfly with wings spread. That butterfly was the icon used by the parlor and the artist added it for free.

"I look like such a slut," she thought leaving to get dressed for Pastor Foxx.

She sat naked on the vanity stool and began putting on heavy makeup, finishing with three coats of a purplish-red high gloss lipstick. Donna spent a lot of time with her hairbrushes, combs and curling iron to create a curly big hair do.

While she was in the lingerie store picked up a new corset. This one was black satin with red floral lace detailing. Strapless with built in shelf bra. The frilly red lace on the bra wouldn't hide the nipples or their golden hoops. Now that Bailey didn't question what she wore around the house this past week, called him in to do up the laces as she put it on holding it in place. Only then did she notice it left her tattoo exposed but it was too late, Bailey entered.

He was wearing the school girl outfit she had purchased at Macy's. A translucent white poly blouse with rounded eyelet lace trimmed collar and cap sleeves. A red and black checked knife pleated mid-thigh flare skirt, white silk stockings and five-inch black patent leather stiletto heels. Underneath, she knew he was wearing a white satin bra trimmed in delicate floral lace, the matching garter belt heavily embroidered with small satin bow embellishments.

He was wearing minimal makeup, earth colored shadow, black eyeliner and a heavy coating of frosted pink lipstick. His hair was still too short to do much with but arranged in two short pigtailed tied with pink satin ribbon.

Donna had him wearing skirts and blouses or a dress all week. Managed to teach him the basics of skirt management and makeup application. She also taught him to put his hair up in those cute pigtails.

“What’s Bailey going to think of me now?” she wondered.

She didn’t need to worry, Bailey paid it no attention, just asked what she wanted. Once she was nearly breathless told him to tied it off; then, go check dinner.

Donna took a few minutes to adjust her breathing before stepping into her black lacy crotch less satin hip-huggers. *“Now why didn’t I put this on before I called him in here? I really must be the slut Pastor Foxx says I am,”* she thought.

Sitting on her bed began rolling her red fishnet stockings up her legs. *“I should have put these on before I had him lace me so tight,”* she wheezed.

She grunted fastening the welts to the corset tabs. A sheer chiffon off the shoulder blouse in a pale red, a black micro-mini PVC skirt and her red six-inch pencil heeled with two-inch platform soles finished her dressing. Adding some cheap jewelry splashed on some just as cheap perfume and she was ready to meet Pastor Foxx.

Walking into the kitchen she saw that Norman had arrived. He and Bailey were hugging and sharing a deep kiss. As soon as they heard her, stepped apart.

“Good evening Norman. You know where your lingerie is. Why don’t you take Bailey and go change? Pastor will be here soon, you don’t want to displease him,” she greeted.

“No ma’am,” they said in unison then left holding hands.

“The table is set. Dinner looks just about ready. Better double check I look acceptable,” she mused.

Donna left to check in the hallway mirror. Her ass swinging like a two-dollar whore. She had spent a lot of time on the internet researching how sluts looked and their mannerisms. Bailey wasn’t the only one practicing hard to please Pastor Foxx.

##

“That was a very pleasing meal Slut,” Pastor Foxx said putting his fork down.

“I’m happy you are pleased but I didn’t cook tonight. Bailey did. I’ve been teaching him,” she replied with a blush.

“Never the less a fine meal. Please continue teaching him and get Norman involve. Jack rabbits,” he answered.

“Slut, take off your blouse and lower your skirt so I can get a better view of what you had done.”

He watched as she slowly removed the blouse sensually while licking her lips. When she pulled down the hem of her skirt, wiggled her ass seductively. *“She’s really becoming the slut I want her to be,”* he thought.

“Slut, I’m very pleased. So pleased that I’ll let you cum. Right here. Right now,” he said.

Suddenly Donna began shivering and moaning rubbing up and down her sides. Panting heavily, she climaxed. The first true climax she had in years. Staggering enough to make her quickly sit.

“While you recover recite your mantra, ‘I exist only to please and pleasure Pastor Foxx.’ I’m going to counsel the boys.”

“Robin red wing, Winged parrots,” he said upon entering the room. I’m very pleased with your progress bois. Norman, I know you’re wearing a bra, panties and panty hose but why are you still wearing jeans and tee shirt? Bailey is wearing a pretty blouse, skirt and full makeup, shouldn’t you? From now on when you come over, it would greatly please me if you dressed up and wear full makeup. Also let your hair grow long. Refuse to get a haircut until I tell you. You will do this for me. Calling you Norman doesn’t seem right when you are here with Bailey. It would please me if you loved being called Missy then.”

“Bailey, I’m very pleased seeing you wearing such a pretty outfit. I know you love wearing dresses, skirts and frilly blouses. When I leave I want you to help dress Missy properly after you have him shave all his body hair off. Well, not all. Just from the neck down. It would please me if you would begin teaching Missy how act like a girl.”

“The more you become and act like those Lady Bois, the more it will please me. Like I said, you have both pleased me very much. So pleased, I’m going to reward you. From your readings, you know what a ‘boi pussy’ is. Tonight, when you are cuddling in bed, you will enjoy each other’s pussy. The first time will be painful but you will ignore it and love the sensations. It will result in the best climax you ever had. Now, when you are alone with Donna you will refer to her as, ‘Slut’ but never when around others. I’ll leave you now so Bailey can help Missy get dressed properly. I’ll be back before bed time.”

“Slut, I saw cucumbers in the salad tonight. Get the biggest one you have and ram it up your cunt. Sluts don’t have pussies, they have cunts and you are a slut because it pleases me so much. They’re called cunts because they are so stretched out. So stretched out, they can put a two liter soda bottle up them. Start practicing until you have a real cunt. You want to please me, you exist to give me pleasure.”

Donna got up and sashayed over to the refrigerator swinging her butt like the slut she was. Picking up the biggest cucumber, lowered her thong and rammed it up her cunt with a grunt. The only thing that had been in that spot in a long time other than her small pink vibrator. It didn’t hurt but felt very uncomfortable.

Back at the kitchen table, Pastor Foxx gave her new instructions. “Slut, you need to buy Norman, whom you will call Missy when he’s here, some skirts, blouses and dresses. Get his shoe size and then buy some appropriate heels. You will demand that Bailey and Missy always behave with the bearing and demeanor of the most feminine young ladies while in your home. Find You Tube postings of such and make them watch and imitate them. As they are becoming sexually active, start them on birth control pills. You’ll find a source on some Canadian pharmacy sites. Now strip and give me pleasure.”

When he was satisfied gave her a new mantra to say, “I’m a slut and exist only please and pleasure Pastor Foxx.”

He was pleasantly surprised seeing Missy wearing a pink with small floral print sheath dress and in date night makeup. While the dress was ill fitting due to his taller height, looked somewhat passable. His hair too short but in a couple on months would make a cute pixie style. His poise and mannerisms needed improvement.

***“Better than I expected. Bailey on the other hand, would be passable with the right hair length and style. The slut’s oversight has done wonders on Bailey but Missy’s parents aren’t involved yet. He’s far enough along I’m going to have to talk to his family. Missy won’t be able to keep this secret much longer at the pace he’s moving in,”* he thought.**

“Missy I’m pleased. You look very nice in that outfit but you need to lose weight. You will go on mostly a vegan diet, do aerobics in your room and exercises to round out your butt. It would please me if you got down to no less than one hundred and ten pounds.”

“Bailey, I’m very pleased at what you have done for your best friend. You too need to lose some weight. It would please me if you dropped down to no less than one hundred and five pounds. Just follow the same routine I gave Missy.”

“Give each other a hug and kiss; then, strip down to your lingerie. Do it slow and sensually for me.”

As they complied, he was rubbing his growing erection. *“Perfect! I just love this! Nothing stimulates and pleasures me more than tuning straight young men into Lady Bois. That, and uppity, pompous women into cock loving sluts,”* he thought.

“Alright, put on your nighties. It’s bed time,” he said.

Once they were in bed, Pastor Foxx turned out the light but stayed to watch the action. He almost came in his boxers when he heard Bailey squeal as Missy penetrated his virgin bottom. When they reversed positions, the pastor filled his boxers hearing Missy’s equally shrill squeal.

Saturday evening Pastor Foxx had dinner with Missy’s family. George, Anna and Norman were all there. He couldn’t do his magic with both parents present but enough to get each of them to see him individually at the church.

“George, I was thinking it would be a good idea to start a church sponsored sport. I’m hoping you will stop by after church Sunday and let me know what you think would be a good one for us,” he said while looking into his eyes.

“Yeah, I can spare a few minutes. Got a golf game to get to after lunch,” George replied. *“Now why the heck did I agree to that? I don’t like going to church that much and damn it’s going to interrupt my day,”* he thought.

His wife, Anna, was more than pleased at the pastor’s request to see her Monday morning. He wanted her thoughts on heading up a new woman’s program.

##

Pastor Foxx was coming up on his fist year anniversary in his new parish. He was very satisfied with his accomplishments. It wasn’t the satisfaction the congregation had gown during his tenure. His satisfaction came from knowing he had two families firmly under his thumb and control. He felt it was one of his finest endeavors. Both Bailey and Missy had been dropped out of school and now home schooled. Donna, Anna and George had developed into totally different personas during their personal life. Their social and business identities remained but time doing that limited to only those hours necessary. George was a partner in a local accounting firm, Anna worked as a secretary in a local insurance office. Since they both worked in the public’s eye, he couldn’t do what he really wanted to change them. He was satisfied with their home personas for now. When Pastor Foxx decided it was time to move on; then, those identities would reveal themselves to the public. Best of all, both Bailey and Missy were now eighteen. Missy had her birthday last Thursday and he was looking forward to Tuesday. Now he could finally have his reward for a job well done.

He didn’t like wearing his clerical clothes particularly when he visited on Tuesday night but knew it gave him a more autoreactive and trust worthy look. There was nothing of religious righteousness much less benevolence about him. He existed for only his pleasures.

When Bailey answered the door Pastor Foxx was most pleased. He was wearing a white silk sleeveless oriental dress with just below the crotch level hemline and colorful embroidered lotus flowers. His shoulder length hair had been dyed raven black in a simple pageboy. A head band frilled with colorful silk flowers separated the bangs. His legs in black sheer stockings, white six-inch stiletto pumps with a two-inch sole and six-inch heel on his feet. His makeup was a full glamour look highlighted by a rich, creamy scarlet lipstick. Bailey's pierced ears had a small pink pearl in the upper and a pale pink feather dangling from the lower. Another small pearl decorated the left nostril.

"Bailey, you're absolutely stunning. I'm very pleased you dressed up so nicely for me. Ahh, I can tell dinner will be excellent from just the smell and I'm hungry," he said in greeting.

As Bailey led the way to the kitchen Pastor Foxx couldn't help moving his growing erection to a more comfortable position. Bailey's round plump ass was so enticing, he was almost salivating.

Missy also looked extravagant wearing a Little Lolita outfit in a powder pink. The bodice was scooped and frilled with tightly pleated chiffon and clung to his thin torso. The box pleated satin skirt flared almost straight out from the many yards of chiffon and net petticoats. He was wearing white fishnet stockings with the welts exposed and pink satin ribbons decorating the garter tabs. The feet shod in neon pink ankle boots with a two-inch sole and six-inch spike heel. Missy's makeup just as elaborate as Bailey's. Except his eyelids had a blending of pinks where Bailey's a mixture of blues and the lipstick a glossy bright pink. Missy's hair had been braided into twin pigtails touching his shoulders and tied off with bright pink satin bows. Pinned to the right side of the head was a large pink silk flower.

"Bailey, Missy you have outdone yourselves tonight and I'm most pleased. Later, I will have to reward you for your efforts. Slut, I'm hungry! Get the food on the table," he said taking a seat.

Donna rushed as fast as she could in her ballet boots to do as commanded. Her boobs and nipple rings bouncing in their shelf-bra corset. She hated those shoes. They forced her to walk on her toes but Pastor Foxx told her get them and learn how to walk in them.

Pastor Foxx usually rushed through dinner but tonight faster than that. The boys and Donna were only half-way finished. When he pushed his plate to the side and told the boys to go to their room.

When they were gone said, "Okay, Slut, put on a show for me."

She was so deep under the pastor's influence he no longer had to use his power. Donna got up, went to the refrigerator and removed an empty two-liter soda bottle. Swinging her ass like the slut she had become, stood in front of him and spread her legs. While gyrating her hips, slowly worked the bottle into her cunt until only a small portion of the bottom visible. Fully in, she began humping the air while she exposed and fondled her breast until he said, "You may cum Slut. Leave the bottle in that sloppy slut cunt but get your larges dildo and ream out your ass for me. I have much better ass awaiting me."

In the boy's room which had changed dramatically over time to resemble a teenage girl's delight. Soft pink walls, filled with posters of boys and men. Furry stuffed animals on the bright pink pillowed comforter. A picture of Missy wearing a white satin prom dress was on the bedside table. The room even had the delicate floral smell. The

pastor knew missy's room was the same except one of Bailey in a similar red dress was on the table.

"Bailey, as you answered the door, come to me so I may reward you," he commanded.

Bailey, swaying his hips in a graceful, feminine manner walked to where the pastor stood near the bed. When he arrived, Pastor Foxx kissed him passionately, thrusting in his tongue and savoring what he had waited so long to do. Breaking the kiss, sat on the edge of the bed and opened his pants releasing his erection.

"You know what to do Bailey. Pleasure me," he said while thinking, "*Thank you Viagra®.*"

The pastor pulled back just before he spent his load. **"I'm very pleased with you. Now, get up and go hug and kiss Missy while I compose myself."**

Watching the bois making out and swapping spit kept his manhood from shrinking too much. After he felt ready, called Bailey back over and had him disrobe. Down to his lingerie, the pastor bent him over, removed the thong from between his cheeks. Without preamble, thrust his hardened penis into a quivering firm butt.

When he spent his sperm deep inside, said, **"Bailey, that was most pleasurable. The most pleasurable I've had in years. Now go into the Slut's bathroom and get a tampon. Put it inside your boi pussy as you want my cream to stay. It is too precious to waist. Missy, it's time for your reward. Come over here and clean me."**

Leaving the house just past midnight, Pastor Foxx was staggering. Not from drinking his scotch but exhaustion. It had been the most enjoyable night he had in some time. Before leaving had told them that from now on their boi pussies were only for his use. He also forgot about telling the Slut to get cleaned up and go to bed. The boys found her the next morning on the kitchen floor sound asleep with a soda bottle sticking halfway out her cunt and a dildo rammed up her butt. They didn't pay her any mind. She was just a slut after all.

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Pastor Foxx put in his resignation and two weeks' notice to the church board. His two years were up and it was time to move out. Now all he had to do was clean up some loose ends and off on another adventure. His first stop was at Missy's house.

She answered the door when he rang the bell that evening. She was wearing a black mini-skirt, bone semi-sheer billowy blouse, black hose and bone three-inch spike heels. Her face as made up in a date night style and smelled of musk and spice.

"Pastor Foxx, I didn't expect you. I just got in not more than ten minutes ago from work. Please come in," she greeted.

"Yellow grasshoppers," he replied watching her eyes glaze over then stepped across the threshold. "Anna, I'm pleased to see you are still dressing provocatively for work. I'm sure you have the all the men and probably some of the woman there who would like to tap that fine ass of yours. You noticed, that pleases me a lot Anna. Don't you think it's time to return their affections? Your husband hasn't been taking care of your needs for some time now. It would please me if you began to return those affections. Of course, you can't do anything like that with your immediate coworkers. However, there is nothing stopping you from giving and getting great pleasure taking care of the service staff. It doesn't matter what color or race just their dicks or pussies. Since you are a married woman, you can't have any man penetrate your pussy. It will give you far more pleasure if they ram their rods up your bottom. With other women, they can use a dildo or mouth on your pussy and that will feel even better. Think about how great

that will feel knowing that you turn on both men and women for a week. By then you'll have a great urge to find the biggest dick on some janitor that you can and satisfy yourself. When you do, it will give you the biggest climax ever. Yellow grasshoppers."

"It was fun talking to you again Anna but I must be off. Tell George I'll be around later to talk. Until then," he said and left the house.

Later Pastor Foxx was back. Anna once again opened the door. "Good evening Pastor Foxx, George is waiting in the den to see you."

"Purple guppies," he said on entering the den.

George immediately went under. He was sitting on the couch wearing a French Maid's uniform and full makeup. While no where passable as a woman, didn't seem to recognize it himself. He thought he looked cute. The pastor wasn't into older men no matter how feminine they dressed. Just seeing George dressed and looking like he did, gave the pastor an erection.

"Before we get started George, how about using those red lips of yours to pleasure me. When I finish, don't swallow but hold it in your mouth while I do all the talking," he said unzipping his pants.

Finished, Pastor Foxx looked down at the man kneeling between his legs. "Stay put George and listen closely as it will please me very much. I know you love dressing up in women's clothes and wearing makeup. You've been doing it for over a year, so what I'm going to say, you will love to hear. It would greatly please me if you would go on-line and find some crossdresser clubs and join them if nearby. I'm sure there is one or two in the city. Since you can no longer satisfy your wife or she you, I'm sure joining the right club will give you delightful climaxes. While dressed as a woman, you absolutely love sucking cock and being the bottom in any relationship. You will join as a submissive sissy and do whatever they ask happily and willingly. When you join after making sure they involve sex, your name will be Georgia Peachy. You will love those meetings so much, you don't want to ever miss one. You may swallow now."

One last stop was at Donna's. When Bailey answered the door, Pastor Foxx said, "Red robins," putting him under. Once in his room where Missy was dusting, began his instructions, "Winged parrots. Bailey, Missy, it would greatly please me if you packed all your things, go to California where "Lady Boi Monthly" is located. Tell them you desperately want to be one of their models. If they refuse, then beg on hands and knees if necessary for any job with their company. Now, bend over Bailey. I'm in need to be pleased. Missy, you can clean me up when I'm finished.

"*Now for the Slut,*" he thought leave the room very satisfied.

He found her in the kitchen drinking a beer out of the bottle. "Jack rabbits," he said taking a seat across from her. The smell of cheap perfume and beer heavy in the air. "Slut, it's time to expand your horizons. It would give me the greatest pleasure if you moved to the city as Bailey is going to California to become a 'Lady Boi' model. You will, of course, give him whatever money he needs so there is no need for you to remain here. There are some really great biker bars there that I know will give you great pleasure. You're a slut and can' go into nicer places anyway. Trust me on this, you will have all the cocks and fucking you ever dreamed about there. Knowing you are well taken care of will give me the greatest pleasure. Jack rabbits."

Pastor Foxx was very pleased with himself and ready to leave this burg of a town and find greener pastures.

"I'll have to forgo my pleasures for six months or so but a new adventure begins. Still,

that only heightens my pleasure when I find the right subjects and subjugate them. Here's to a new adventure," he thought swallowing his scotch.

The End...