



Reluctant Press

Married Into Money

Cheryl Lynn



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Married Into Money

By Cheryl Lynn

Chapter 1

Emma Scott was born into the worst possible situation. Her mother was a part-time waitress and hooker. Her father, a drunk and abusive husband, deserted them when Emma was five years old. They lived in a dilapidated tenement building until she turned eighteen. Emma left home to go to a community college that offered dormitory residence on a “hardship scholarship”, vowing never to be poor again.

Despite this background of multiple disadvantages, Emma was lucky. She was smart and had inherited her mother’s good looks. At fourteen she looked twenty and at twenty she looked eighteen. She went to the University of Hard Knocks and overcame all obstacles thrown up in her path. Somehow she managed to avoid the drugs and other temptations so rampant in her neighborhood. Innately intelligent and street smart, she grew into adulthood with a strong will and even greater determination.

Her only slip was getting pregnant and having a son, Allen, when she was twenty. Fortunately the father was middle class and provided child support but little else. Bill was an up and coming lawyer. Emma thought that this was the Easy Street she had been looking for, but in the end, family influence and her background forced them to separate. Unmarried, Emma was forced to live on minimal child support and what little she could earn. These factors increased her tendencies toward greed.

She learned a lot from that experience and determined not to let it happen again. Her next relationship, her family would never know about. She was now legally Emma Davenport and her address was far from where she grew up. To her,

her family was as good as dead. Her life now revolved around her son Allen and her plan to get them listed in the social register.

At the age of twenty-nine she met and married Stan Odem, a wealthy industrialist who came from a back ground of privilege. Stan was unassuming and naive when it came to the ways of the world. He grew up in an upper-income family, went to all the right schools, graduated from Harvard Business School, got his masters from Wharton and married into old money. His marriage was what was expected of him and his first-born was a son, Lynn. Not everything went his way as disaster struck; his precious wife and second child died during childbirth.

Devastated by the loss of his wife, Stan dedicated his life to his business, neglecting not only his social life but Lynn as well. He hired the best nanny and governess that money could buy and tried to forget his loss. Every time he saw his son, it reminded him of his lost wife, as Lynn resembled her to an alarming degree. To his shame, he found himself almost hating his only son.

The first time he recognized his feelings, Stan knew that he was wrong and did his best to bury those deep-seated emotions. As the years passed, Lynn grew up to be an awkward, smallish young man almost devoid of a father's influence. He attended Deermont, an exclusive boy's boarding school and, while liked, he was never a part of the "in crowd". He did not play competitive sports and was on the shy side. He didn't throw the ball like a girl but certainly not with the zip or finesse of his fellows who had been playing games for most of their lives. Growing up amid a bunch of women who tended to be overprotective had cost him that edge; in any case he was happy and handled himself well.

A few years after Stan's wife died, he interviewed Emma for the position of administrative assistant and hired her on the spot. She was professional-looking and very capable. Her resume was clean and impressive. Six months later, Stan and Emma started to see each other in a different light and they began dating on the side. At first, Stan felt very uncomfortable dating his assistant; fear of sexual harassment suits and violation of the cardinal rule of "not messing around in your backyard" kept him from doing anything remotely sexual in nature.

He wasn't sure just how they began going out with each other. Maybe it was that dinner that required him to be accompanied. Emma just seemed to be standing there at exactly the right moment. Perhaps it was the way she showered attention upon him, bringing him his morning coffee just the way he liked it, without being asked. When he told her that wasn't in her job description, she would just smile that sweet gentle smile of hers and walk away. *She does have a walk, though*, Stan thought on more than one occasion. Not a bump and grind but a swaying smooth runway model stride. It got his attention.

As the months flew by, Emma became even more caring and interested in everything that he did. On more than one occasion, she caught his mistakes, saving his company from losing thousands of dollars. They began having after hour talks, idle chitchat to start off with, then more probing and in-depth discussions. It was during one of these chats that Stan broke down and talked about his wife. He even let her draw out his deepest feelings, including how he resented his son

for looking so much like her. Lynn was a constant reminder of his loss. After that, things just seemed to fall into place: that initial dinner, a show, more dinners. Stan was remembering what it was like not to be alone.

All their meetings had been chaste and above board, until one night when Emma showed up in very revealing attire. That particular night she wore a silky silver gray off-the-shoulder dress that clung to her curvaceous body like a second skin as she moved, her makeup was flawless, and she had that look of pure *joie de vivre*. It was more than he could bear and after a few bottles of wine, he let himself be talked into a compromising position. The next morning he awoke to see the beautiful Emma asleep by his side in the hotel suite. She was naked and absolutely beautiful. Stan was totally swept away and could only do what proper manners demanded: he proposed that very morning.

To his utmost surprise, Emma refused to accept his offer. She needed time to think about it. She said she had to consider what was best for her son, Allen. Stan was confused and taken aback by her initial refusal, but accepted her judgment.

The next couple of months saw them together more and more and the rumor mill at the office broiled with innuendo and gossip. While the office talked about their relationship, Emma was adamant with Stan. No more sex until Stan first asked her to marry him without any strings. There could be no prenuptial agreement and he would have to guarantee the welfare of Allen. Until Stan could prove to her satisfaction that he would love, honor and cherish her and her son, Emma was not about to let him have a relationship with her.

During those months Emma dressed immaculately and while she remained very professional-looking, managed to hint at the seductive sexuality underlying her façade. A brush of the hip here and lingering passage of delicate fingertips across his cheek, a look of promise in bright green eyes drove Stan frantic. *So damn close yet so damn far away*, he thought at those times.

Stan met Allen when he picked Emma up for their date one night. Allen was a little older than Lynn and very much the man of the house. Stan and Allen hit it off and they would spend time discussing sports and other masculine activities while they waited for Emma to make her appearance.

Despite Emma's refusal to marry, they continued to date. The dates were always in very public places, business-related, always ending it in a quick good-night kiss. During those dates, though, Stan would be the subject of all of Emma's ability at manipulation. She kept extending the time it took her to get ready in order for Stan to get to know Allen better. She was very pleased as it seemed that Stan was forming a bond with her son. She also used every opportunity to insert a wedge between Stan and his son, Lynn. Emma was not obvious in her barbs about Lynn whom she had met on several occasions. She had been surprised at how much he resembled his mother. Her barbs were designed to work on Stan's innermost thoughts about his own son. Knowing that Stan resented Lynn for constantly reminding him of his wife's death made it so much easier to manipulate him.

Each night after one of their dinner dates, Stan would go home and immediately masturbate. After three months of this, he could no longer take it and on bended knee he begged Emma to marry him. He was worried when she did not respond immediately. After a pause that seemed to last a lifetime, she asked him if his proposal included a prenuptial agreement and what would he do to ensure Allen's future. He happily responded that there were no strings attached. Totally against the legal advice he had received, he set up a trust fund for Allen. Other than setting the family estate aside for his son, nothing he did limited Emma in any way. She wasn't happy with the amount of Allen's trust fund, but figuring that she could change that later, she accepted. They set a June 1st wedding date as both children would be out of school and Europe would be nice in early June.

After Stan left, Emma refilled her glass of Merlot and sat down with pad and pen. Several hours later, she had a plan sketched out. *We'll see just how much my Allen will get after I work this out. That Lynn is such a sissy that I shouldn't have any problems. Now I hope this number for Maria is still good.*

Chapter 2: A New Beginning

Lynn looked up from his computer as his dad entered the room. "Son," his dad started, "I...I have asked Emma to marry me and...she has accepted. I hope that you two can get along and become close friends. I know that this is kind of sudden but, well, you do need a mother and I need someone, too. Lynn, it would be really great if I can have your blessing in this. If you...you feel different about this, then please tell me now. I need your support, Lynn. What do you say, pal?"

Lynn was taken aback by his father's request, but while he didn't like Emma, he didn't harbor any hostility towards her either. He had heard about Allen but had never met him so he didn't have any opinion. *Heck, he thought, if it will make him happy, I won't stand in his way.* "Sure, Dad," he said, "whatever you want is fine by me. You have been alone too long and I will be happy for you."

As his father left the room, Lynn sat back from his computer and frowned. Emma was pretty but there was something about her that made the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. She wasn't like most of the women in his dad's circle of friends. Yes she was beautiful and all that, but there was something...something *intangible* about her that defied definition. Something that Lynn feared, yet could not define. *Oh well, if it will make him happy, he thought, what the hell, let him have his fun. I can live with it. I guess, besides having a brother might be fun.*

Lynn was five foot five and weighed one hundred ten pounds; he was small for his age, but smart. He was studious and intelligent, honest and fair in all his dealings, a bit of a bookworm, yet he had an active social life. All in all, he was very proper.

Allen, on the other hand, was big for his age and mean-spirited. At five nine and one-eighty-five—all muscle—he towered over Lynn. He was a star linebacker and lady-killer. He was brought up in the public school system. He did not enjoy

the benefits of the private education afforded Lynn but he relished in the fame his sporting activities gave him. Allen was known for being a bully and jock and was experienced in sexual encounters from an early age.

While just about the same age, the boys were totally different in every other aspect of their lives. Lynn was not sure how life would be when his dad and Emma married. He guessed that it would be a trying time for him, but he did not know just how bad it would be until he met his new stepbrother, Allen.

Chapter 3: The Wedding

Two weeks before the wedding, Emma convinced Stan to retire his long-standing housekeeper, Hazel, and the rest of the staff. "It's a woman thing," she explained to him. She wanted someone new that she could get along with. *Not that Hazel was a bad housekeeper and had served him well for twenty years, but Hazel was set in her ways and not used to another woman's influence*, she justified. It was just that she would feel more comfortable with a person she picked.

Stan reluctantly agreed and hired Maria del Fuego on Emma's request. Maria, a Latin American, was pretty, but portly. She had excellent references and Stan, while not overly enthusiastic about her, did as his darling Emma suggested. Maria seemed overly assertive and domineering. Even so, he hired her on the spot. Hazel left in a huff with the other staff, but their retirement was assured by Stan's generous severance package. Lynn was seriously upset as he had grown up with Hazel and did not want her to go. Their parting was tearful and emotional, but part they did.

With all the activities surrounding the upcoming wedding, the change in household staff went unnoticed. The wedding paid for by Stan was simple yet expensive and required a lot of attention. It was held in the back yard under the gazebos with the lawn covered in white fold-up chairs. A big tent and a band for the reception were set up in the back yard as well. The weather cooperated and the crowd of spectators and well-wishers filled the lawn. Emma wore a beautiful cream-colored silk dress, a pillbox hat with veil, pearl necklace and earrings and looked absolutely wonderful.

Allen was designated head usher and Lynn acted as ring bearer. Allen wore a standard black tuxedo with a plain white shirt and black bow tie and cummerbund. Lynn wore a crème-colored velvet tux with a frilly pale blue shirt and matching cream nylon tie that looked more like a scarf than a tie. Emma had thought the difference appropriate as Allen's tux matched his new father's. Lynn's outfit would match his new mother's and provide a nice contrast as it would be only the three of them standing at the alter.

"The point being," Emma said to Stan after Lynn complained loudly, "is that everyone including the children will know that they are now a family."

Emma made the point every chance she had to tell her new husband or someone standing nearby during the reception how Lynn was being "very delicate"

while proudly boasting of her son's masculinity. Needless to say, Lynn hated every minute of the ceremony. He certainly did not like having to dress so nerdy while his stepbrother was allowed to look so masculine.

Maria had followed Emma's orders to the letter and Lynn did look like a little pansy. His blonde hair was styled in a pageboy and his velvet tux and ruffled shirt made him look very delicate. Oh, he had fought the fight with his father, stepmother-to-be and Maria, but he had lost that battle.

Maria woke him at 7:00 a.m. the morning of the wedding and had him take a scented bath. Another first for him and he hated it. It positively reeked of lavender. He tried to draw a line in the sand when she and the hairstylist marched into his bathroom. At least they knocked first and asked if he was decent before they walked in. Lynn was standing in just his bathrobe as they intruded on his privacy. He turned red in embarrassment, then became mad, but his protests and verbal threats were quickly quashed as Maria grabbed his arm, pulled him over to the commode, and across her lap.

It was his very first spanking and it quickly stopped any further protests. Soon his hair was being washed, rinsed, and doused in something from a dark brown bottle. His hair cleaned, he was led back into his bedroom where he was forced to sit in a chair with a towel draped across his shoulders. The stylist trimmed the back of his neck and, combing hair down over his eyes, cut straight across, just above the eyebrows. Then she took a razor and removed his sideburns. In a final humiliation, she put large steam rollers around the back and some smaller ones in the front. When the stylist was finished, Lynn's hair was several shades lighter, fuller, and curled under in a feminine pageboy.

When the stylist left, Maria handed Lynn a pair of white nylon briefs and a scoop-necked matching undershirt to put on. When he protested again, Maria picked up a hairbrush from the nearby dresser and tapped it in her hand. Lynn quickly stepped into the briefs and undershirt. White almost transparent socks that reached his upper calf and had a wide band of elastic across their tops came next. He was confused and when he questioned her, she told him, "So you underwear no show through your clothing. Now hurry up." Once dressed, she took him to his stepmother's room so he could help her if needed. It was very embarrassing to be seen by her like this and even worse when, as they were leaving for the ceremony, she pinched him hard on the cheeks and, surprising the hell out of him, kissed him full on the lips. As he followed behind the two women, he failed to notice the pink tinge to his cheeks and pink lipstick coating his lips.

Lynn's attire was a sharp contrast to Allen's masculine dress and buzz cut. This was an important difference that Emma wanted to emphasize, not only for Stan's benefit, but for all the guests as well. It was important to make Lynn look like a sissy before the whole world for her plan to work.

They were to honeymoon for the next month in Europe and during that time, Maria was to have full control of the children. Allen would move in that very night and hopefully the children would become good friends. All Stan could think about was the upcoming honeymoon night and he agreed to anything Emma suggested.

regarding Maria's authority. He even signed a temporary Power of Attorney for Maria should an emergency arise while they were away. Emma smiled in pleasure as he signed the papers just before they left.

Chapter 4: Allen Moves In

Once all the guests had gone, Stan and Emma left for their honeymoon. Lynn found himself in a totally different world. Maria escorted both of the boys back into the house after seeing their parents off and instructed them to change. Upon reaching his room, Lynn discovered that all his underwear had been changed. Instead of his regular boxer shorts, he found nothing but the same white nylon briefs Maria had given him for the wedding. They appeared to be men's jockeys except that they had no fly and were made of nylon. His cotton undershirts had been replaced with white nylon ones. Even his socks were made of sheer nylon, had wide elastic bands, and would reach to mid-calf. He was confused and when he broached the subject to Maria, he was told that his stepmother thought that they would be more appropriate than his old dingy-looking cotton undergarments. Lynn decided not to argue, at least until his father returned. He just assumed that Allen wore the same attire.

That next morning at breakfast, Lynn arrived in the kitchen to see Allen eating a plate of eggs, breakfast steak, and hash browns. His mouth watering at the prospect of a similar meal, Lynn sat and was given a half grapefruit and slice of whole wheat toast without butter or jam. A steaming cup of some strange tasting tea sat beside his plate.

"What...Maria, I don't want this! I'll have what Allen is eating, please," he protested.

"You eat what is in front of you," Maria told him. "Senora Emma says that you are getting too fat for your britches. So you eat what I give you or you can eat nada! You understand? Senor Allen is a growing boy and athlete. He needs his food. You just sit at your computer while he has to work out every day. Now you eat or else."

Lynn was about to protest further, but thought better of it. *This crazy Latin just might leave me with nothing to eat*, he thought. *Just wait until Dad gets home.*

Allen wolfed down his breakfast and with a loud burp, left the room, not even acknowledging his new stepbrother. Lynn ate silently and, when he had finished, rose to leave. He did not get three paces from his seat when Maria demanded that he clear the table and help her wash the dishes. He started to protest, but the look he got from Maria made him agree. As he started to remove his plate, Maria stepped behind him and placed a bib apron over his head. Before he could protest, she tied it securely around his waist.

"You don't want to dirty your nice clothes, do you?" was all she said as she turned back to the kitchen sink. "Now you hurry up and clean off the table, okay?"

Lynn stood a moment in stunned silence, and then letting his anger get the best of him, almost yelled, "What do you think you are doing! You are the hired help! Not me! This is my house and I will not do domestic duties! Do you hear? I am not going to do this!" He paused a moment to try and untie the apron's strings without success. Frustrated, he demanded, "And...and...take this...this *thing* off me this minute, you crazy maid!"

To his utter shock, Maria grabbed his earlobe and, pinching it, forced him over to the nearest chair where she pulled him across her ample lap. Taking her right arm, she leveraged it across the back of his neck, holding him down securely on her lap and began spanking his upthrust behind with rapid hard blows.

She spanked him until her hand stung and her arm was tired. Lynn was bawling his eyes out and in considerable pain. She let him slide from her lap and let him lay curled on the floor for a few minutes while she caught her breath. Standing, she nudged him with her shoe and told him to quit his sissy blubbering and get up. Walking over to the kitchen counter, she picked up a large wooden spoon and swung it twice at his thighs. The stinging pain made Lynn jump to his feet and fresh tears overflowed.

"Now my little nina," she said, "get those sissy tears dried up and clear the table like I told you. I need the help around here. Since you were so disrespectful to me, you will help me in all the household chores, comprende! Or would you like me to spank you some more?"

Despite his pain, Lynn in a last attempt at bravado, told her that he was going to contact his father's lawyers and have her removed. At that, she laughed and told him about having complete power of attorney and that if he said one more word he would earn himself another beating. "Go ahead, you little sissy, call your papa's lawyers. When they told you you can do nada, then I will spank you again just like a little child," she told him.

The month went by very slowly for Lynn. Each day he had to help Maria with the dishes and cleaning up while Allen was allowed to do just about anything he pleased. In Lynn's view, he was a bona fide pig. Their relationship was indifferent at best, a compliment to Lynn's resolve. For his father's sake, he wanted to make this relationship work, but it was becoming more difficult by the day. Allen did not help the situation by making snide comments like, "Mommy's little helper", "Little sister" or "fag." Usually Allen would just sneer at him and say nothing. Lynn was not sure what was worse, the name-calling or being totally ignored by Allen.

Most people in their situation would have been fighting like cats and dogs. The fact that Allen could probably beat the living tar out of Lynn was a factor in Lynn's decision not to upset the applecart. In hindsight, Lynn probably would have been a lot better off if he had attempted to stand up for himself. If he had taken his beating like a man, at least he would have gained a measure of respect. Instead, Lynn earned Allen's contempt and was referred to as "that sissy" from then on. Wearing an apron every day did not improve Lynn's standing with his new brother, either.

Chapter 5: Getting Settled

On the day of their parents' return, Maria ushered both boys into the foyer to greet their parents. As she pushed them into position, she told Lynn with a light pat to his behind, "Now you greet your Padre and new Madre with a hug and kiss on the cheek to show proper respect. Understand?"

Allen stood beside him wearing jeans and a tee shirt while Lynn was dressed in a pair of bright white flared shorts and pale pink polo shirt. Maria had insisted that he look his best. Lynn couldn't believe that his stepbrother would show up so disheveled, yet Maria did not say a word to him. Lynn was so glad to see his father that he did exactly as instructed. Allen strode up and grasped Stan's hand in a very masculine hand shake and kissed his mother on the cheek. The obvious differences in the two boys stood out in sharp contrast and the effect was not lost on his father.

Later that night, Emma could not brag enough on how her son seemed so manly while poor Lynn seemed so much more delicate than when they had left. She praised them both, but underlying her praise was an undercurrent of derogatory insinuation of his son's basic character.

"They are such fine gentlemen. My Allen so...so manly and strong. Lynn's such a cutie that I could just hug him to death. Lynn's such a sweet child, don't you think? He really does take after his mother, doesn't he? Lynn is *such* a sweet little boy. It's a shame that he hasn't had a mother around for so long. Oh, I'm sorry darling, am I upsetting you by talking about his mother? No? Well, I don't want to bring up unwanted memories. I can be Lynn's mother now and will give him all the attention he needs."

She paused to kiss him gently on the cheek before continuing, "Now Allen, he is a handful! Must be all those sports, you know. I'm so glad that he has you now to look up to and use as a role model. I was getting worried that he would eventually get into trouble without a strong father figure to curb his aggressiveness. You two have so much in common and get along so well. I want you two to really get to know one another, so darling, please promise me that you will take time out of your schedule to do things with Allen. While you do that, I'll spend time with little Lynn, getting to know him better. Oh, I am going to enjoy being your wife, darling."

A week later she mentioned to Stan that she was disturbed that she found her undergarment drawers in dishevel. "If I didn't know better, I would think someone has been digging through my underwear, darling. It isn't you by chance, is it? You naughty devil, you! Oh, don't look like that! I know you didn't do it, I'm just kidding, darling, but someone has been rifling my frillies. I don't think it was Maria we don't wear the same size, but well...forget it. It is probably just my imagination."

The next week, Emma mentioned that she had accompanied Lynn on a shopping trip to help him buy some new clothes. She wanted some things for herself

as well and when they were in the lingerie department, Lynn was fascinated with all the dainty fabrics. While Lynn didn't say anything, she could tell that he liked them. So, when they were in the boy's department, she bought him some nylon briefs.

"Can you believe that, darling?" she said, "Your son wanting to wear nylon? You don't think that he's...well, never mind. I love him like my own son. He is such a precious darling and there is nothing wrong in liking nylon. Lynn is so...so polite and unassuming. He is a good boy. Sometimes I wish Allen were as well-mannered but he IS," she emphasized the word, "a rough and tumble football player. I guess that makes him a little rougher around the edges. All boy, you know."

Stan absorbed all of Emma's innuendoes and, combined with his own feelings for Lynn, he began to see his own son in a different light. Now that he began thinking about it, his son *was* somewhat of a pansy. Lynn was soft-spoken, shy, and not at all masculine. Not only that, but he was still wearing that fairy hairdo and looked like he has lost weight. Lynn was his son, though, and he would have to take responsibility for him. He might not be a Charles Atlas, but he was his son nonetheless.

As each day passed, Emma used her wiles to further improve her son's image while demeaning Lynn's. Over time, this had a profound effect on Stan. He found himself despising his own son. When Emma confronted him over the continued disarray of her intimate apparel and closets, Stan was at a loss.

"If it is not you, my darling, then, who could it be? Well, no matter. I'll get to the bottom of it sooner or later," she said.

Two days later, Emma approached her husband with two pairs of dainty lace-frilled panties dangling from her hand. "Stan darling, I don't mean to interrupt what you are doing, but I need to talk to you." She handed him the panties and, as he looked down at them confused, she continued. "Maria found these under Lynn's mattress when she changed the sheets this morning. Now we know who has been rifling through my things."

Stan went livid. "I'll teach that little sissy," he started to say, but was stopped by Emma.

"Darling, now don't do anything harsh. I am sure that Lynn is just a very confused little boy. Let me handle it. I have had some courses in psychiatry."

"No," Stan replied, "I'm going to have a talk with him and get this straight."

"Listen to me dear, Lynn will be embarrassed and probably deny the whole thing despite the evidence. If you must talk to him, be gentle. I assure you that I am better able to handle it."

Stan called Lynn into his study to accuse the lad. Of course Lynn denied everything, including the part about asking to buy nylon underwear. He was so shaken by the accusations that he couldn't look his father in the eye and appeared to be telling a lie. "If you can't look someone directly in the eye then you are lying," was Stan's motto, therefore Stan was not convinced by Lynn's denials. After his con-

frontation with his son, he decided to wait and see what would happen next. He did demand that his son become manlier and act his age.

Over the next month, Lynn found himself getting in deeper and deeper. He had complained bitterly to his father about Maria's demand that he help around the house and Stan agreed to look into it. Emma said Lynn wasn't doing anything. "Just remember what happened to my underwear drawer."

"Besides," she continued after giving him a kiss on the cheek, "the exercise may do him some good. He is so delicate I don't believe that he could use Allen's exercise equipment. If Lynn helps Maria, then we will not have to hire a full-time maid. The part-time help will be enough. Anyway, I think he enjoys being around Maria and helping her. It won't hurt him to help out. Allen used to do those same chores when we didn't have you, you know, and look how *he* turned out."

With his fate sealed, Maria had Lynn helping around the house once again, dusting, vacuuming, and preparing the meals while wearing the frilliest of aprons. This did not go unnoticed by Stan. When he questioned his son about it, he was told that Maria made him do it and that he hated doing housework. However, when he confronted Maria, she told him that Lynn had practically begged her to let him wear the pretty aprons. What was a father supposed to do? He took the easy way out and told Emma to handle it.

Chapter 6: The Plot Thickens

Emma looked her husband directly in the eyes and said, "If I take responsibility for Lynn, then whatever I decide must be law. I don't want you coming behind me and challenging what I do for the boy. You know how delicate he is and I just can't have you questioning my intentions. I may have to do something drastic about his situation; you know how he likes my panties. That will have to stop." She paused for a moment, then with a giggle, continued, "I don't mind you getting into my panties, but Lynn *is* another matter. Okay, my darling, I'll do it, but on my terms, is that clear? It is? Well fine then, don't worry your head about it any more, my love.

"While we are talking about the children, why don't you and Allen spend the weekend out on the lake fishing? It would be a good chance for you two to get to know one another better before you have to go back to work Monday. You have spent very little time with him and school will be starting in a couple of weeks. You two might not get another chance to do something together for quite some time. Okay, fine. Now, why don't you go tell Allen the good news?"

Lynn had been kept on a restricted diet consisting mostly of fruits and grains with little protein and even less sugar and starch for almost two months. He couldn't remember the last time that he had sat down to a hearty steak and potatoes dinner. Boneless, skinless chicken breasts were the closest he got to meat and even then, such meals were few and far between. Maria also had him take vitamin supplements and twice-daily foul tasting herbal teas to keep up his

strength. By this time, he had lost what upper body strength he had and muscle tone. The strange part was that his butt and hips seemed to grow and his chest itched. He was feeling weak and emotional. The weakness he knew was from his restricted diet but the emotional part he couldn't understand.

On this particular Friday morning, he sat eating his grapefruit and toast with tears running down his face. His father and Allen had just left for a weekend of fishing, leaving him miserably behind. When he literally begged his father to go with them, he was gruffly turned down.

"Look Lynn," his father said in a commanding voice, "this is my chance to get to know my son better. Besides, you don't even like to fish. So you stay here and get to know your new mother. Now, we've got to be going. You be good and listen to your mother! Understand?"

"She's not my mother and he is not your son, I am!" Lynn said to the closing door and the tears started flowing. Despite his hunger, he couldn't eat so he sat sobbing into his napkin until Emma came in.

"Oh, my dear, what is the matter?" Emma asked with concern in her voice. "You're upset because your father didn't take you on the fishing trip? Well dear, I'm sure that he loves you, but you can't blame him for wanting to spend some time with Allen. After all, they just met. You can understand that, can't you, dear? Now, dry those eyes and go get dressed I have an outing planned for just the two of us."

Lynn fled the kitchen, still crying. He could not take another minute with that woman. Reaching his bedroom, he threw himself on the bed and continued crying. He mumbled in his tears, "I hate them...I hate them...I hate them," over and over. He didn't stop until he felt a hand on the small of his back.

"Lynn, you will stop this crying immediately!" Emma commanded. "I thought I told you to get dressed. We have places to go and people to meet. Now, for the last time, dry those tears and get dressed...or do I have to help you?"

Lynn slowly got up off the bed, drying his tears on the sleeve of his pajamas. "I...I can do it myself," he sniffled.

"Well, see that you do. While you are in the bathroom, I'll pick something appropriate for you to wear. Now get along and put on the clothing on your bed. We have a lot to do today. I will brook no nonsense out of you unless you want me to send Maria up here. No? Alright then, get to it."

When Lynn got back from the bathroom, he found clean nylon underwear, a pair of white nylon socks, flare-legged khaki shorts with the cuffs rolled up, starched white cotton short-sleeved shirt and tan deck shoes. He wasn't pleased with the selection and wondered where the clothes had come from. They weren't his selection; they had simply appeared in his room. He put them on anyway. The shirt was strange as it buttoned funny, but managed to get it on.

Just as he was slipping his foot into the second deck shoe, Emma entered his room without even bothering to knock. "Good, I see you are just about ready," she

said. "Look at that hair. You're not planning on going out looking like that, are you? Turn around and let me brush it out for you."

"Ouch! That hurts! Quit pulling so hard," he demanded as Emma stroked the brush through his collar-length golden blonde hair.

"If you would learn to take better care of your hair and use some crème rinse in it, it wouldn't hurt so much. I think the first thing we are going to do is go to my salon and get it fixed. When was the last time that you got a haircut, anyway? Almost four months? Why, that is entirely too long. Do you want to get it cut or just let it grow scruffy and wild? If you are going to insist on wearing it this length, you are going to have to learn how to care for it. You do want a haircut? All right, I am finished. Let's go."

Sure as her word, Emma's first stop was her exclusive salon. Lynn was not easily talked into going in, but the threat of taking him home to see Maria silenced further objections. Thrusting his hands into the pocket of his shorts, with bowed head, he followed her into her feminine lair. As he put his hands into his pockets, he felt something cylindrical. Pulling it out, he discovered that it was a tube of lipstick. He was holding it in his open palm and looking down at it as they walked through the doors of the salon.

"Lynn, where on earth did you find that? I've been looking for that lipstick for days," Emma said loud enough for all to hear. Taking it from his hand, she quickly opened it and held it up for all to see. "This is one of my favorite shades, Pink Opalescent Pearl. I wondered what had happen to it. If you wanted it, you should have asked, darling. Well, this color *would* look good on you...but you can't have it. I will get you some of your own. Oh, hi Maryland!" she greeted the approaching young lady before Lynn could say anything in his defense. He just stood there, blushing a bright red and staring at his empty palm.

"Maryland, it was so thoughtful of you to make room for us on your schedule. Lynn here hasn't had a thing done with his hair in over four months. Do you think that you could perform one of your miracles on such a mess? Great. Lynn have a seat while I discuss some things with Maryland here."

Lynn did not have long to wait before the two women returned. Both were smiling warmly as Maryland told Lynn to follow her. The first stop was the shampoo section. After that, with his hair wrapped in a pink satin turban, he was taken into a back room where he was told to undress down to his underwear. At first, he thought that he hadn't heard her right and stood there with a dumb look on his face. "*What the fuck does having a haircut have to do with stripping?*" he thought as he looked dumbly at the stylist.

Maryland looked sternly at the youth, and said more firmly, "Get undressed now...or would you like me to do it for you? We have a tremendous amount of work to do and I do not have the time to dawdle. Hurry up and get on that table."

Blushing once again, he did as ordered. He lay there slightly chilled as Maryland moved a work tray over to the table. He couldn't see all that was on it or what she was preparing to do to him and it made him scared.

“What are you doing?” he managed to ask. “I thought I was just here for a hair-cut?”

“A special little something your mother decided to treat you to. Just a wax job and facial, dearie. It may hurt a little but you will like the results in the end. Now, lie back down, relax and close your eyes. I am going to put a facial mask on you to start.”

Things were getting stranger by the second, but he complied, not wanting to bring any more attention than necessary to himself. As he lay quietly, she began spreading a cool thick blue paste all over his face. When she got to his eyes, she placed chilled cotton pads over them, effectively blinding him. He was afraid to open his mouth to say anything because of the thick paste.

Next he felt something warm being coated on his legs, chest, and arms. So far, everything, while unlike any of his previous experiences, seemed okay. The facial was relaxing his facial muscles and the warmth coming from whatever was being put on his body was not uncomfortable. It wasn't until that first burst of pain as the cloth strip was pulled off his right leg that he sat bolt upright and almost screamed. He reached up to remove the cotton pads covering his eyes, when hands grabbed his and pulled them down to his sides.

“Oh no you don't!” commanded the stern voice of Maryland. “Now, you just lay back down and learn to grin and bear it. This won't take long if you cooperate. Otherwise I'll call your mother in here and let you explain why you are disobeying her orders to me.”

“She's not my mother,” was all Lynn said as he laid



back down on the table. She was right, he shouldn't have said anything. Whatever that paste was on his face, it tasted awful. The pain became a dull throb, then disappeared until the next strip was pulled off. Lynn gritted his teeth and bore it stoically. He didn't say anything else until he felt Maryland pulling his shorts down to just above his privates. "Er, what...what are you doing?"

"Just getting this last bit of hair trimmed up nice and neat. We're almost finished. Lie still and I'll be finished in a minute. Don't worry, I'm not going to make a pass at you. This is my job and I am a professional." With that said, Maryland pulled the strip of cloth away from his groin. It hurt worse than the other times and he involuntarily jumped, but kept his mouth closed.

"Now, that wasn't so bad, was it? I'm all finished and no more unsightly hair. I have some slippers I am going to put on your feet. Okay, get up and I'll put this smock on you and we can get to work on that mop of yours. That facial mask needs more time to do its job. Here, take my hand and I will lead you to the chair."

Once in the chair, she removed the turban and began combing out his hair. As the comb flowed smoothly through his locks, Lynn felt someone else take his hand and put it into some kind of lotion. When he tried to draw it back, he was told that it was just a manicure and to hold still. Again he complied. While he couldn't see, he could tell by the volume of noise that he was in a common room and did not want to bring attention to his plight.

Lynn almost dozed off as Maryland worked on his hair and someone else worked on his hands. Under the right circumstances, it might have even been pleasant. A constant pulling to his head aroused him into awareness. Maryland was putting something tight and pointy into his hair. He started to question what was going on, but was hushed by Maryland. Next he felt something being daubed on his hair. Finally, was told to get up and follow her.

The heat from the hair dryer was intense and he felt that his scalp was on fire when the hood was finally lifted and he was pulled from the chair. "Come along, dearie," a voice said as he felt a hand grab his and begin leading him away. His hair was washed again and he was placed back under the dryer. Lynn had never experienced anything like this before and he was becoming very worried. He lost track of everything that was being done to him. The strangeness of it all and the multitude of sensations he was feeling were totally foreign. His great fear of making an embarrassing situation worse kept him quiet and docile.

At last he felt Maryland removing the facial mask. As the last bit was scoured away, he tried to rise from his reclining position to see what had been done. Maryland firmly pushed him back down, saying that she wasn't quite finished with him. She began applying something to his face and gently messaging it in. This completed, she rubbed her finger across an eyebrow and began applying that warm stuff to it. Shortly thereafter, she pulled it away. Lynn was expecting it, but he still groaned audibly as the cloth strip was yanked.

"Are you done now?" he managed to ask almost civilly. "I feel like I have been bashed about as much as I can stand. Can I get up now, please?"

“No dearie, not just yet. Let me do just a little bit more. Then I’ll be finished and you can join your mother. Now sit quietly and keep your eyes closed.”

He felt something being drawn across his eyebrows, then something moist and floral-scented being applied to his face, and finally something creamy put on his lips. He was at a loss to explain what he was feeling and was getting very scared. When he dared to squint through his closed lids, Maryland threatened to smack him. She finished up with a dusting of a slightly floral-scented powder with a smooth brush.

As he was told to get up, he came face to face with Emma, a very pleased expression on her face. “Come along, Lynn. Time to get dressed.” She took his hand and led him to where he had originally changed his clothing. He was dazed and didn’t get a look at himself as she propelled him into the room. It was there that he got his first glimpse of the smock he was wearing. It was full-cut with three-quarter sleeves and covered his upper thighs and had a big Peter Pan collar all in a very bright pink nylon. He couldn’t wait to get it over his head and off his body.

He grabbed the hem and started to lift the offending garment off his body when Emma stopped him. “Darling, you will ruin your lovely hairdo. Let me get that for you.” Carefully, she pulled it over his head. “Let me help you get dressed. We still have things to do and I don’t want you messing with your hair. You’ll get to see it in a moment.”

Lynn dressed so fast that he didn’t notice what else had been done to his body. Quickly, he followed his stepmother out of the changing room. He didn’t get more than ten feet down the hall when he froze in his tracks. Staring back at him from the full-length mirror was a young woman wearing the same clothing that he had on. Her hair was done in a Buster Brown style; the bangs hung evenly across the entire forehead reaching to the eyebrows and kind of bubbled all about the head, tucking under as it reached to just above the shoulders. It wasn’t his original mousy brown color but a bright golden blonde. He raised his hand to his mouth as he realized that the girl in the mirror was his own reflection. Then he noticed the neatly filed oval fingernails painted in glossy light pink enamel and the frosted pink lips.

Lucky for him that Emma was standing beside him when he fainted, otherwise he would have fallen to the floor. Maryland saw what was happening and rushed over to help support Lynn. They managed to drag him over to a nearby chair and put him down.

Emma was the first to speak, “You don’t think that we overdid it a bit, do you, Maryland? I do believe that my precious little Lynn fainted from pure enjoyment. Why don’t you give us a few minutes?”

As Maryland left them, Lynn’s eyes began to flutter and slowly he became aware of his surroundings. “Eeeeerrrr, wha...what happened?” He asked. “Oooohhhh what have you done to me? Why?”

“Listen my darling, what I did was for your own good. I think that the results came out just beautifully. Don’t you? I guess we may have gotten a bit carried away with the makeup, but you did have my lipstick in your pocket. Now I want

you to get up and put on a very happy face and tell Miss Maryland how pleased you are with the results. No, don't say anything or I will march you straight home and let Maria deal with you. It is not polite to insult Maryland. She only did what I told her to and you must show the proper respect for her skill. Besides, if you make an issue of it, all these nice ladies in the salon will hear you and, well, you can guess the rest, can't you?"

Lynn was dumbfounded and he couldn't believe his ears. He was supposed to thank that woman for destroying his hair and making him look like a flat-chested girl? It was outrageous to even begin to think like that. Why, he would be a laughing stock wherever he went until he could get a proper haircut and rid of the make up. "Emma...how could you?" he demanded. "Look what you've done to me. I look like a stupid girl! Now, I want a proper haircut and this makeup off immediately!"

"Lynn, that is enough!" Emma hissed at him while reaching up and grabbing his ear lobe. "I—no—we have gone through a lot of trouble to make you look decent and I will not have you acting so...so ungrateful. If you do not put on a happy face, I will leave you sitting here and you can find your own way home. Understood? Now what will it be, a happy face or a sad face? Make up your mind or I'm outta here!"

"You wouldn't leave me like this. You can't!"

"Oh, yes I can and will unless you do exactly as I say from this moment on. Now, what will it be?"

Lynn thought about his alternatives and realized there was no way he could get home alone looking like this. He didn't have any money or any identification as he had left his wallet at home.

"I'll tell you what," Emma broke into his thoughts, "you do exactly as I say for the rest of the day and I will not only help you remove your makeup, but wash your hair as well and no one will know that you are not the pretty girl you currently appear to be. That's my deal, take it or leave it. You have ten seconds to decide."

She released his ear and started to move away when Lynn, seeing no way out, agreed to her terms. Emma turned back to look him straight in the eyes and said, "You agree to what, little man? I want to hear it so that there can be no misunderstanding."

"I...I will put on a smiley face and do exactly as you say for the rest of the day. Can we please go home now?"

"I am glad to hear that you have reached your senses, but that was very adolescent of you. As punishment, we're are going to do a little shopping. I want to see a smile the entire time and I demand that you cooperate fully or I will reveal that you are really a boy and when we get home, I'll have Maria give you further lessons. Are my rules understood? Okay, now stand up and say you're sorry for being so unappreciative of what we have done for you."

He was so stunned that he rose to his feet and apologized for his behavior. Then remembering to smile prettily, he followed Emma out to the entrance of the salon where he thanked Maryland for doing such a beautiful job. They were soon back in the car. Lynn, very conscious of his surroundings as he was afraid that someone would point him out, slumped as far down as he could go in the seat.

"Lynn, sit up straight!" Emma said, "Smile, remember to smile all the time. That way, believe it or not, no one will notice how flat-chested you are."

Lynn moaned. "Everyone will notice and I'll be ruined positively ruined!"

"Well, if you like, dear, we can fix that little problem when we get to the mall. All you have to do is ask."

"The mall? We're going to the mall? I can't go there! What if somebody recognizes me? Oh no, please, not the mall."

"Remember your promise to do what ever I said. You may recall, as punishment I said I would take you shopping. If you want me to help you in your disguise, all you have to do is ask nicely. Remember, smile."

Reluctantly, Lynn did his best to smile and asked softly, "Emma please help me?"

"Help you what, dear?"

"Hel...help me look like a girl."

"Very well, if you insist, but I think you should start calling me Mommy from now on. I think that if I am going out of my way to help you like this, the least you could do is show me a little respect and devotion. Now, let me hear you politely ask me to get you a bra and nylons so that no one will recognize you in the mall."

Lynn was again dumbfounded. He just could not believe that this woman was doing this to him. As far as he knew he had never done anything to her to make her this vicious and mean. However, he realized that no matter what the reason, she was going to take him out in a very public place looking like a freak unless she helped him. As they pulled up into the mall parking lot, he knew that he was defeated. "Mommy. That sounds so juvenile. Can't I please call you Mother or Mom?"

"Well dear, it may sound a bit juvenile, but for the time being, I think that I would prefer Mommy. Maybe after you have shown me the proper respect and a little more maturity, I'll let you call me Mother. Now, don't you have something to ask me?"

"Mommy, would...would you please get me a bra and nylons?" he said, blushing a bright pink.

"Why, of course, my darling, anything your heart desires."

Chapter 7: The Mall

A very numb and nervous Lynn closely followed his stepmother into the mall. He kept his head down and just prayed that no one noticed him. They turned into a shop that he didn't even notice until Emma stopped walking. When he looked up, he blushed, recognizing Victoria Secrets. A pretty sales girl came over to them and asked if she could be of service. Emma asked her where the lingerie section was and that she needed to purchase some bras and nylons.

As the sales girl turned to lead them, Emma said in a loud voice, "Lynn come along now and we'll get you that first bra that you want so badly." Lynn wanted the floor to open up and swallow him. Blushing almost scarlet, he allowed her to take his hand and lead him into the lingerie section.

Once there, the sales girl asked Emma what she was looking for in a first bra for her daughter. "Perhaps since this is her first, you would like to examine our figure-enhancing models."

"Oh yes, Lynn is somewhat of a late bloomer and all her friends are...well, you know how it is and how young girls can be. Please show me what you have. Can you measure my darling so that we can get a proper fit."

Lynn was forced to endure a most emotionally painful and embarrassing experience as he was measured, then fitted with numerous different bra styles. Emma finally settled on a push-up gel-filled model. To his surprise, she purchased four in differing colors – two white, one black, one candle glow, and one lavender. Getting the nylons was not quite as traumatic until Emma realized that Lynn would need a garter belt to hold them up so it was back to the fitting room where he tried on several styles. She finally settled on a high waist lace, ribbon-trimmed style. She purchased four in his bras' matching colors.

When he asked her why so many, she glared at him for a moment, then said, "You did want me to help keep you from being embarrassed and inconspicuous while we were in the mall, didn't you? Remember, we are shopping for your first bra and no young lady would settle for just one bra. Now, if you really want all this, say so or we'll put it back and continue our little trek through the mall. You want it? Well, all right, but just remember, you asked for this."

Satisfied with his answer and her selections, she pulled out a bra, garter belt in candle glow and beige nylons from the stack and told Lynn to put them on. She had to help him, but soon he was wearing all three garments. It was when he pulled off his shorts that he got his first look at his smooth hairless legs; a soft moan of total despair escaped his lips. Only Emma's steadying voice and hand kept him from losing it.

Seeing him standing there in his new undies, she exclaimed that it simply wouldn't do and hurried from the changing room. Soon she was back, holding a handful of brightly-colored material. "Lynn, those underpants are disgusting. Put these on and let's see how they fit," she ordered as she handed him a dainty pair of candle glow satin brief-style panties.

Still in shock, Lynn did as he was told, turning his back to her as he pulled the briefs up his nylon-encased legs. Again he was dumbfounded when he saw what was left of his pubic hair. His once proud disorganized clump of hair was now just a dainty little triangle.

"That is so much better. How do they feel, darling? They look just precious on you," she said as she smoothed the backside of his panties with her hand. "Although I do think that your shorts would fit much better if you tucked your little man back between your legs, dear."

Lynn didn't know just how he felt. The clothing certainly felt strange, but not totally repulsive as he thought they would. He was certain that no man would ever humiliate himself so, but unless he cooperated, his embarrassment would be much worse.

Once I get home, things will be different, but why did she get me four of everything? he thought. As soon as he was back in his room, these offensive garments would be tatters and in the trash.

Looking at his reflection in the dressing room mirrors, he couldn't believe that the person standing there was he. The reflection was that of a young woman in her undies. The flesh of her bosom soft mounds moved as she breathed, the garter belt nipped in the waist, making the hips look bigger. It was all so astonishing. Lynn was at a loss for words and tears began to trickle out of his eyes. In the past he would have been angry and put up a fight or at least yelled out in fury, but now he cried just like a silly girl, a blubbering girl.

"Now now my dear, dry those tears. You don't want to ruin your eyeliner and mascara. Having a good cry is nothing to be ashamed of; we girls do it all the time. We cry when we are happy, we cry when we are sad, and we cry when we're angry. It's the hormones, but this is not the time to discuss this. Here, take this tissue and dry those eyes. Those are tears of joy, aren't they? I asked you a question, Lynn. Aren't they tears of joy? If so, let's see a great big happy smile, and I want you to tell the sales girl just that or else."

It took a few minutes but Lynn managed to dry his tears and, with extreme effort, managed a smile. When they left the changing room, he felt the strange sensations of clothing pulling at his body in a most disturbing manner. Lynn smiled sweetly to the clerk and told her how happy he was for all she did for him.

"Oh, it has been my pleasure. I still remember getting my first bra," said the clerk, "Oh, by the way, we are having a special sale on our body and bath lotions. Would you be interested? They are simply wonderful for your skin and going through puberty can be really hard on your skin."

"Oh that sounds nice," Emma replied. "What say we pick some up while we are here, Lynn? Would you like your skin to be pampered? A girl should be very conscious of her skin's condition. I know while you are young it seems to take care of itself, but as you get older like me, darling, believe me, I wish I had taken better care of it. Well what do you say, it's my treat?"

By now Lynn was ready to do anything to get out of the store and back home, so he smilingly agreed. When they tallied up all the purchases: four bras, four garter belts, twelve pairs of panties, six pairs of nylons, moisturizers, emollients, crèmes, shampoos, conditioners and perfume, the bill surprised Lynn. It was over \$900. What scared Lynn was not so much the price, but the quantity of his purchases.

His smile was almost real as they exited the store, but it soon turned into a frown as Emma led him into a shoe store. "I couldn't help but notice that you need some new shoes," she said, "This will only take a moment or two, so put your happy face back on. I hope that I don't have to remind you again about that." Emma purchased two pair of slides with slightly elevated heels, two pair of girl's sports shoes, and one pair of pale pink slippers with a raised heel. They left the store with Lynn's arms full of packages and him wearing a pair of his new sports shoes. As he passed the shop window, he couldn't help but look at his reflection. There in the glass was reflected a pretty young woman. It was both a relief and incarceration for him.

"Come along, darling, we'll put the packages in the trunk and then go have a bite to eat. I'm famished," she said as she headed out the door.

They ate in the food court. Both had chicken salads. While they were eating, Emma kept pointing out various women and girls walking in the mall. "Lynn, have you noticed that all the young women I have pointed out to you are wearing dresses. Very pretty dresses, I might add. Would you like to fit in better and let me buy you a nice dress? No, well that's a shame. With those legs of yours, you would make the boys go nuts."

It was bad enough sitting in the open court eating a salad; with each forkful, he couldn't help but notice his expanded chest. The white shirt he was wearing didn't hide the fact that he was wearing a bra. As a matter of fact, he could just make out the lines of the bra through the shirt. It made him blush. Here he was, a man on exhibition for all to see, wearing a bra. That bothered him. To make matters worse, with each mouthful, his arm brushed against a protruding breast...and it was *his* breast. He was wearing a B cup and not all of it was padding. The sales girl had told him that the bra enhanced the breast by one full cup size. That meant that he had real A cup breasts! How could a boy have an A cup breast, he wondered. Emma's comments about dresses broke his thought, and he quickly denied any thought of purchasing a dress.

"Oh well, I was only trying to be helpful," she said.

After they finished eating, Emma took Lynn by the hand and they did some window-shopping. As they walked, Emma kept up a dialog, "Darling, take shorter strides. People will notice." "Sugar, a young woman always looks into the windows and not down at her feet, some one will notice," "Lynn, back straight, chest out, look happy and proud or people will notice," "Dear, a lady walks with her upper arms at her sides and flexes her elbows. You don't want people to notice, do you?"

Very self-conscious, Lynn did his best to do what Emma suggested. As they walked along, he couldn't help but be aware of his clothing. The bra straps dug

into his shoulders and tugged at his chest, the garter belt tabs moved with each stride and the clasp of his nylons massaged his legs. It was a confusing and disconcerting feeling, something he had never experienced before. At long last, the trip to the mall was over and a very relieved Lynn got into the car. *Man, I can't wait to get home and out of this ridiculous outfit*, he thought.

Chapter 8: Home

As soon as Emma pulled to a stop in the garage, Lynn jumped out and headed for the back door. "Lynn, hold on there!" Emma ordered. "You have to get your packages out of the car and take them to your room."

"What? I don't need those things. I'm going to my room and take this shit off right this minute."

"Maria!" Emma called out. "Please come here, I need your help."

In seconds, Maria appeared at the door, effectively blocking Lynn. "Si Senora, what can I do?"

"It seems my beloved stepson doesn't want the nice things he asked me to buy him. Do you think that you can persuade him to be more cooperative? He has been so nice until now, but I think that he needs a reminder. Once you have taken care of that, please get his beautiful new clothing out of the trunk and bring it to his room for me. Gracias Maria."

"Oh si, senora, I will be more than happy to help. Come alone nina, it seems we have not learned our lessons yet," Maria said as she reached out and grabbed him by his tender underarm flesh.

"Ouch! That hurts, stop it!" he demanded as he was pulled through the doorway and up into his room. Maria pulled the protesting lad across her ample hips and began pounding his backside with the hairbrush that had been lying on the dresser. "So, you do not like the nice things your new madre purchased for you; then, why did you let her buy them in the first place?" she asked as she continued spanking him. "Now, when she gets here, I want you to apologize and tell her that you would just love to wear your new clothing. Do I hear a yes? No? I can keep this up all day you know. It isn't hurting my hand."

Lynn stubbornly refused to give in to the punishment Maria was dealing out to him. He was hurting something awful, but he was determined not to give up. It wasn't until Maria reached under him and unfastened his shorts and pulled them down to his knees, that he started to waiver in his determination. As the backside of the brush landed solidly on his panty-covered bottom, the stinging slap of the brush started to really hurt. When she pulled down his panties and started using the bristle side of the brush, he knew he could not last any longer. The pain was too great for him to bear and, tears flowing freely down his face, he finally sobbed out that he would do as she said.

“Okay sissy boy, let me hear you say it. Let me hear you ask to wear all your nice new clothes and that you won’t argue with Senora Emma ever again. Come, do it!” Maria said as she landed one more solid hit to his flaming rear end.

Between sobs, Lynn managed to ask Maria to let him wear his new clothes and he said that he would not disobey Emma again. With that, he was shoved off her lap and onto the carpeted floor. “Now dry those tears, go wash your face and be very polite and helpful when Senora Emma and I get back.”

He was just coming out of the bath when Emma and Maria walked in carrying all the packages from the car. As the packages were placed on the bed, Emma looked sternly at him and asked if he’d learned his lesson. “Yes Emm...” he started to answer when she cut him off.

“Didn’t I tell you to call me Mommy? That reminds me. Didn’t I hear you use a cuss word earlier? Didn’t you say ‘Shit’? I will not tolerate any offensive language coming from such a sweet little sissy. Maria, please escort Lynn back into the bath and have him wash his mouth out with soap. Perhaps that will teach him not to use foul language in my presence again.”

Oh this is terrible, Lynn thought as Maria marched him back into the bath. I’ve got to get away from these freaks until dad gets home. I can’t let them do this to me, but I can’t overpower either of them. What can I do?

His thoughts were interrupted as Maria handed him a bar of soap. “Go ahead and do as your Mommy says,” Maria said. “I don’t mind getting the hair brush, my hand doesn’t hurt. Go ahead and start washing.”

The soap was almost as bad as the spanking had been. His butt still hurt like the dickens and it felt very hot, but the nauseating fumes from the fragrant soap were making him very sick in the stomach. He hadn’t been scrubbing very long when his stomach betrayed him and he threw up into the sink. What little lunch he had managed to eat came up and left him weak-kneed and woozy. Maria had to grab his arm to keep him from falling.

“There. I hope you have learned another good lesson. Next time you had better think before you say anything. Now clean up this mess and get back into your room just as soon as you have finished.”

When he got back to his room, all his purchases were spread out on the bed. Emma gave him a pair of pinking shears and instructed him to remove all the labels and when finished to call her and she would show him how to fold and put them away. Tears still trickled down his cheeks as he carefully walked over to the bed. As he took the shears from Emma’s hand, he noticed his shorts and panties lying on the floor and realized that he was naked from the waist down except for the garter belt and nylons.

Blushing furiously, he reached down, picked up the panties and put them on, followed by his shorts. As the panties covered his butt, they felt cool. Quickly, he bent and pulled up his shorts being a little more careful as their tightness irritated his stinging behind. He did not look up from his task to see if the two women were watching. As he started to sit on the bed, the pressure renewed his

pain. Finally, he found a position that was not too painful and started cutting off labels and tags.

All the while he sat snipping carefully so as not to cut into the fabric, tears flowed freely down his face. He sat feeling so very miserable that it seemed like his entire world was collapsing on top of his head. *What have I ever done to deserve such awful treatment?*, he thought. *I'm not a sissy and I don't want to wear these kinds of clothes. I hope dad will stop all this, but...but I don't know any more. Maybe he hates me now for some reason. I'm so sorry that I told him it was all right to get married to that bit...woman. If I had only known, I would have put up a better argument for him to stay single.*

Finished with his task, Lynn sat there for the longest time, absently fingering the silky material of a pair of lavender-colored panties. He did not want to call Emma but knew that he must; instead he continued to sit on the bed pondering his fate. Realizing what he was doing, he flung the panties across the bed as fresh tears began flowing down his cheeks.

He was lying on the bed asleep when Emma came in. She stood beside the bed, looking down on her sissified stepson and smiled a truly wicked smile. *Judging by your figure and emotional state I would have to say that Maria's hormones and herbal teas are making real progress. With a little surgery and nip and tuck here and there, I think you would make a very pretty, if not beautiful, young lady, she thought as she gazed down upon him. Well, it doesn't matter whether or not you're beautiful. It is time to move your transition up a notch or two.*

Reaching down, she began shaking his shoulder, "Time to get up, sleepy head. It's almost time for dinner and you have things to do."

Lynn sat up, still feeling a slight pain in his rear and rubbed the sleep from his eyes. They felt sticky and his nose was clogged.

"Go wash your face quickly now and hurry back. I want to show you the proper way to care for your new things."

Back in his room, Lynn found his old underpants stacked off to one side. Seeing his glance, she informed him that he wouldn't need them anymore as he had his very own panties to wear from now on. Feeling a little sick, he walked over to the bed and watched as Emma started folding a pair of panties, a bra, then a garter belt, and finally a pair of hose. Picking them up, she fluffed them out and tossed them back onto the bed. "Now you fold them just the way I showed you," she demanded.

It wasn't very difficult and he quickly had his task completed. Marching him over to his dresser, she opened the top drawer and told him that from now on, this would be his panty, garter belt and bra drawer. The second drawer would be for his undershirts, and the bottom one for his socks and nylons.

"That will do until you acquire more pretties in the future. I expect these drawers to be neat and tidy at all times. Here is a little special treat I am sure you're gong to love," she said as she produced three small, cloth-covered packets reeking

of floral perfume. “These are called sachets and they will make your pretties smell oh so nice. Now come along, you have to help Maria with dinner.”

In the kitchen, Maria helped him into a very pretty white nylon pinafore-style apron and started him dicing potatoes for the evening meal. While she put the finishing touches on a roast, Lynn made a large salad. Just being around the aroma of the roast made Lynn's mouth water. It had been so long since he had a piece of real beef that he gave consideration to just walking over to it and ravishing it like a dog. His better judgment saved him untold horrors that would be his reward for such a deed. With the hope that he would be served a piece, he carefully carried out the dishes and placed them on the table.

With the table set and Emma at its head, Lynn and Maria took their places across from each other. Emma sliced the roast; as she cut into it, the aroma was almost too much for Lynn. He let out an audible sigh and licked drool from his lips. Emma stared at him from the corner of her eye and, smiling, finished slicing the roast.

“Maria, would you be so kind as to pass me your plate?” she said. “I’m sure that you are ravenous after working so hard today. Help yourself to the mashed potatoes and whatever else you wish. Lynn, would you like some of this roast? You had a traumatic day and I want to reward you for your behavior.... Oooohhhh! I must be getting forgetful in my old age. Now that I think about it, you were very unruly today and had to be spanked because of it. I’m sorry, but no meat for you tonight. You may help yourself to all the salad you desire.”

Lynn couldn't believe his ears. He just sat there staring at the large juicy slice of roast beef being placed on Maria's plate with his mouth watering. When Emma's words penetrated his brain, he let out a moaning drawn out "nnnnnnnnnnnooooooooooooooooooooo."

Sinking in his seat and beginning to cry once more, he looked at Emma and in a soft choking voice began begging her to reconsider. He was so hungry and desperate that he said he would do anything to make up for his bad behavior and would do anything that Emma wanted him to do if only she'd give him some of that roast.

Emma looked down on the squirming youth and, smiling in triumph, said, "Why my darling? Everything that happened today was of your own volition. Didn't you ask me to make you pass as a girl when we left the salon? Didn't you ask for the bras and garter belts, and for everything else we purchased today? As a matter of fact, weren't you the one who asked for a haircut? All I did was help you and all I receive in turn is disobedience and fits of temper. If, and I say if, I give you some of this fine roast, will you suddenly become a cooperative and willing child? Will you do as either Maria or I ask without question? Yes? Well, you will forgive me if I don't quite buy that. How can a mere slice of beef make you change your ways when a spanking didn't?"

“Please Emm, er, Mommy, please. I am so hungry and...and I...I will do whatever you ask from now on. I promise. Just please let me eat a whole meal for once. I’m starved and...I will do whatever you say, please?” he begged.

“Well, you sound sincere, but I want to hear you tell me with enthusiasm that you will wear and use all the nice things we purchased today. Also you will remember to call me Mommy and as for Maria, I think you should call her Miss Maria from now on. If she tells you something, it will be the same as if I told you personally. I expect...no, I demand, that from now on you act the nice demure obedient child that you are. Understood? Now, let me hear you say it and it had better be sincere and truthful or else.”

“Yes Mommy, I promise to wear and use everything that you bought for me today...and...and thank you for getting me all those pretty new things to wear,” he replied with down cast head.

“Well, since you are being so nice, you may have a slice of beef and a spoonful of the potatoes, but no gravy, and all the salad you wish. Now what do you say, darling?”

“Thank you, Mommy,” he said as he reached out his plate to receive two thin slices of roast and a spoonful of potatoes. He did not have to be told to cut his meat into small bites and chew each mouthful slowly and daintily. While it wasn’t much, he savored each tiny morsel with great relish. It wasn’t until he was lying in bed that he realized what he had agreed to and its cost? Just two slices of beef. *Damn, that was stupid*, he thought as he dozed off.

After dinner, he was allowed to watch some television with Emma. It was some variety show that didn’t interest him, but it beat doing the dishes. When the show was over, Emma switched over to the women’s channel and they watched some women discussing rights and such. Lynn paid it very little attention. After that, Emma suggested that it had been a tiring day and that he ought to be getting to bed, but first he would have to remove his makeup. Calling Maria, she instructed her to take Lynn to his room and instruct him in the proper facial care before retiring.

He followed Maria to his room and was surprised to see a new piece of furniture in his room. It was a vanity set against the near wall. It had a bright yellow ruffled satin drape, cushioned stool and lighted mirror.

“I moved it from the cellar where your father had it stored. It was your mother’s and I thought that you could use it now that you are wearing make up and all,” Maria informed him. On its top was arranged all the facial products he had purchased earlier at the store. “Come, sit and I will show you what you need to know about taking care of your skin.”

After he had used cleansing crème to remove what remained of his make up, Maria taught him how to moisturize and care for his skin using all the unguents and crèmes he had. As he finished wiping away the excess on his face with a tissue, Maria handed him a bright pink hair net to place over his head. He wanted to protest but managed to keep silent. Finally, Maria handed him a midnight black silk shortie pajama set while telling him to keep his panties and bra on. “The Senora purchased them for you as a surprise. I trust you will tell her just how much you like them in the morning. Now get to bed. We have a lot to do in the morning,” Maria commanded.

Chapter 9: A Miserable Learning Weekend

Maria awakened Lynn just as the sun was coming up. "Rise and shine, my pretty little nina," she said. "We have a lot to do today. Come on, get up. I have filled the tub and it is waiting for you. Here, put this on, you must be modest when you leave your bedroom," she finished, handing him a semitransparent black nylon negligee with a ruffled collar, three-quarter length sleeves, a tie wrap and his new slippers.

The tub was filled with floral-scented water and lots of bubbles. He quickly undressed, thankful to get the bra off his chest. He did his toilet and settled into the tub of warm fragrant water. He almost drifted off to sleep as he lay in the soothing water, but Maria barged right in without bothering to knock and, kneeling beside the tub, she took sponge in hand and began scrubbing his embarrassed flesh.

Soon she had him out of the tub, standing with his hands at his sides while she used a thick fluffy pink towel to pat him dry. "Oh, your skin looks marvelous without that awful hair. Don't you think so, my nina? An embarrassed Lynn looked down at his denuded body and for the first time realized just how much Maryland had changed it. There was not a stitch of hair that he could see except for a very tiny triangle at his groin.

Once he was dried, Maria handed him a round box with an orange fluffy applicator attached. "I want you to powder every square inch of your body with this talc and then meet me back in your room. Just wear your negligee, no need for these others. I will get you fresh undies to wear," she ordered.

Lynn felt like an idiot wearing just the negligee back to his room. He could only imagine what would happen if his stepbrother or his dad saw him dress so indecently. *For crying out loud*, he thought, *you can see right through this thing and I'm not wearing any underwear*.

Back in his room, Maria had him sit at the vanity and instructed him in what was to become his daily morning facial care routine. Using the moisturizers, toners, and other assorted feminine products, he felt very uncomfortable by the time he had finished. *I smell like a darn girl*, he thought as he got up to put on the clothing Maria had selected for him. This morning it was the pale lavender panties, bra, and garter belt with black nylons. A pair of black Capri-style pants he hadn't seen before that zipped up the side and a bright blue shirt that buttoned up the wrong side were laid out for him. On the floor were his new sport shoes with the blue lacing and blue stripe. Sitting at the vanity, Maria quickly brushed out his hair and told him to meet her in the kitchen, as it was time to get breakfast ready.

As she departed, she handed him a tube of lipstick and recommended that he put it on if he knew what was good for him. It was the same tube that he had found in his pocket only yesterday. With a sigh, he did as instructed and with a

woeful glance into the mirror he headed to the kitchen. The lipstick was a little smeared, but not bad for a first attempt.

With breakfast over, Emma told him that she was going out shopping and that he was to do whatever Maria asked. What Maria asked was that he begin by cleaning all the bathrooms in the house and then make all the beds and vacuum. She pulled another beribboned and ruffled apron over his head and attached it with a big bow in back. Next, she pulled out a piece of white cloth and, putting it on his head, tucked the ends of his hair up into it. "This dust cap will keep your hair nice and clean. Don't forget to use your rubber gloves when you clean out the bathrooms and toilet bowls."

It was a miserable Saturday and he toiled until late afternoon when Maria decided to give him a break. "Why don't you go and take a nice warm bath and relax for a while? The Senora will be home soon and I am sure she will want to spend some time with you. Don't forget to use the bath beads and body lotion that you got yesterday."

Mumbling under his breath, he went to do her bidding. As the water gushed from the faucet, he poured a capful of lavender-scented bath oil into the tub and then added a handful of bath beads. Immediately, the bubbles started to form and the scent of lavender filled the air. "Ugh!" he said as he wrinkled his nose. As the tub filled, he decided to use the toilet. Grabbing a "Hot Rod" magazine, he glanced through it until he had finished his business. He had to admit to himself that the hot bath felt good to his aching muscles.

It was a good thing that he had done as told. Emma walked into the bathroom unannounced and put a large package on the counter. "Oh darling, I am so glad that you remembered to use your new toiletries. Doesn't it make you feel so relaxed and the room sweet smelling?" she said, sniffing the air. "I can't tell you how walking into this sweet smelling room is so much better than when I walk in on Allen and I detect a slight hint of something else. How one body can make a whole room smell like a dirty puppy dog is beyond me. It must be one of the mysteries of life, I guess, but then again, he is so macho. I guess he can't help himself. Well hurry up, I have so many nice things to show you when you are finished. I'll be in your bedroom, so just let me know when you are finished and I'll show you what I bought for you."

Stepping out of the tub, he dried himself using a large pink towel. Next he grabbed the bottle of body lotion and made sure that his legs and arms were well covered. He finished with the bath talc patting wherever he could reach. Grabbing his negligee, he put it on and stepped into his slippers. He went to his bedroom where Emma was unloading several large shopping bags.

"Oh, hi darling," she said as he walked into the room. "Look at all the nice things I bought for you today. You know after yesterday's little excursion, I just couldn't help myself. I saw so many darling things that I know you would just love. Here, what do you think of this?" she asked, holding up a pair of shimmering lime green flare-legged shorts. "Aren't they just precious? This color will go so great with your complexion. I just couldn't resist. Oh, don't look that way; it could

have been a dress, you know. You have such to-die-for legs that a short skirt would really enhance your looks. Look. I managed to find the perfect top for these. See, isn't it dreamy?" Emma was now holding up a crème-colored polyester blouse with billowing sleeves with a three-inch satin cuff and a frilly puffed lace cravat attached to the high-collared neck. "The color is called crème café a latte, isn't it divine?"

Lynn was thunderstruck. He didn't know what to say or how to react. Under normal conditions, he would have raised the roof in protest, but now with a still somewhat tender posterior, he didn't know what to do. Finally, as Emma stared at him, he managed to say, "Mommy, you shouldn't have. I...I really don't think that's me." He was thinking much quicker now and trying his best to figure a way out of having to accept her little gifts like a girl would. "You know I, er, I think the shorts are a little loud, don't you?"

"Nonsense my darling, but let me finish showing you what I have for my precious child." With that said, she held up pair of slacks. These were flare-legged with wide cuffs but made of a black crepe. A polyester blouse in white was the matching top. Another pair of slacks, this time in khaki with straight legs combined with a white starched shirt. Another pair, again straight-legged in navy, followed by a pale blue cotton long-sleeved shirt.

The last two pairs of matching clothing Lynn thought he could accept as reasonable wear, but the first two filled him with trepidation. *She wouldn't really make me wear such sissy clothing, would she?* he thought.

Out of the next bag came several pairs of shorts and polo-style shirts. Not so bad until Lynn looked closer. The shirts were all rounded collar in soft pastel colors and the shorts just looked strange. Two pair, one in white and the other in a pale yellow, had full cuffs and no pockets, one pair in khaki had long full-cut legs and what looked like two watch pockets outlined in white thread. The final pair was cutoff denim jeans with a white lace fringe around the legs.

The last bag he recognized by its bright pink color and the VS signature. "While I was at the mall I thought I had better get you a few more useful items for your lingerie drawer." She quickly made a pile of soft colorful nylon on the bed as she spoke. "Now let's go back into the bathroom and I'll show you all the neat things I got for you. Now that you have all these nice clothes, you'll have to take better care of your hygiene."

Back in the bathroom, Emma began unloading a large brown bag. "I stopped off at the drugstore and picked up a number of items everyone should have in their bath. Now this is your deodorant, I want you to use it faithfully. No more puppy dog smells for you, my dear. Aaaahh, this is an ample supply of depilatory. You must use this at least once a week all over your body except your face and head. Understand? I will be checking up on you. Now this jar is just for your lower face. I want you to use this daily from now on, every morning and evening before you go to bed and don't get it in your eyes. You let both of these lotions sit for at least ten minutes before you remove it. It would be best if you put it on before get-

ting into your bath. Now this item,” she said as she removed a large box from the bag, “is a bulb syringe.”

Emma opened the box and removed a large pink rubber ball that looked something like a large Tangelo orange. She then removed a long white plastic nozzle with ridges running almost its entire length and he noticed that one end was much wider than the other. She inserted the nozzle into the ball and squeezed it and Lynn heard a slight whistling sound as air escaped from the nozzle.

“This, my darling Lynn, may be a bit embarrassing to use at first, but you will get use to it. It is designed to keep you clean on the inside; no more of those awful tire tracks in your beautiful panties. Don’t worry, after a few days you’ll get used to it and I expect you to use it daily from now on. This package,” she paused to pull another box out of the bag, “contains your tampons. I know what you’re going to say but don’t. These will keep any excess water from when you use your syringe from staining your pretty panties. Like I said, your new panties and other lingerie are too expensive and pretty to be either stained or filled with tire tracks. I know how you boys like to fart and this will stop that awful habit as well.”

She placed the items on the counter next to all the other bottles and jars. “To keep those nails nice and neat, I bought you some clear nail polish and hardener, polish remover, emery boards, and cotton balls. For your hair, a scrumptious hair bonnet, steamrollers, bobby pins, and a very good bristle brush, pick comb, and hair dryer. Finally, I took the liberty of purchasing some nice perfume that you can also use with your syringe and an eyelash-curling wand. Well, what do you say, my darling? With the proper use of all these, you will feel much fresher and clean. Now come over here to the counter, I am going to show you how to prepare and use your syringe and tampons.”

“Er Mommy, I...I don’t think that I want to use any of those things. I...I appreciate that you took the time and money to do all this but...but I am a boy and boys don’t do that sort of thing.” Lynn was trying his best to avoid any punishment and reason with Emma. From the look on her face, it wasn’t working.

“Lynn, didn’t you ask me to buy you those nice panties and other lingerie? Didn’t I do my best to comply with those requests and didn’t you promise me that you would wear them if I did? Well! You simply cannot pull such delicate fabrics over your body without making sure that you are absolutely clean all over. Sweat stains and unclean bottoms simply ruin such fine delicates. Why do you think that they call them delicates? Now get over here! Watch and learn!”

Reluctantly, he did as he was told. He watched her fill the basin with warm sudsy water and add a small amount of perfume. The smell of lavender again filled the room. She inserted the nozzle into the mixture while squeezing the pink ball, then released it. Raising it out of the water, she held it upright, squeezed it until a small amount of water squirted out of the tube and stuck it back into the water. “Now it is completely filled. You don’t want any air in it if you can help it, causes the flutters. Flutters? Oh, that’s what us girls call farts. Now, with the bulb filled, all you have to do is insert it into your anus, working it in and out while you slowly squeeze the bag until all the water has been injected into your

bottom. Wait until you can't hold it anymore and release. See, it is very simple. Now why don't you try it?"

As if on cue, Maria walked into the bathroom. "Senora, do you need any help?"

Emma looked at Lynn and seeing him blush and shake his head no, told Maria that it would not be necessary, but to stand by if she did need any help. Lynn let out a soft sigh as Maria walked out. It would be humiliating enough with just Emma there; he certainly didn't want Maria to watch it happening or, worse yet, doing it for him.

Emma emptied the syringe into the basin and took it apart. Once it was drained, she had Lynn come over and start from scratch. He was shaking as he began filling the bulb with the warm solution. Taking it over to the commode, he lifted his negligee and sat. It took him a few moments to gather his strength before he placed the rounded end of the syringe against his rectum and slowly worked it in. To his great embarrassment, he soon sported a huge erection. Blushing furiously as he continued to work the nozzle and squeezing the bag, his erection became even bigger and he did his best to hide it with his hands. Not too successfully, as Emma made the comment that he certainly appeared to enjoy the task. "Looks like a labor of love, doesn't it my dear? From the look of things, I don't think I will have to worry whether or not you will continue doing this."

Emma stood, smiling approval as he did as he was instructed. Inside, she was jumping up and down with joy at seeing her despised stepson being so humiliated. *When his father finds out about this and everything else that I am planning on doing to his sissy son, he will surely disown him*, she thought as Lynn grimaced in both embarrassment and some pain.

Sitting weak after the most embarrassing climax he'd ever had, and ashamed to the core of his being as the water worked its way out of his body, he didn't see Emma pick up a tampon. Getting his attention, she showed him how to peel off the wrapper and grasp the pink plastic tube for insertion. Telling him to make sure that it went completely in and that only the string was hanging out, she handed the tube to him.

"Once it is in," she instructed, "pull gently on the string to make sure it is seated properly, but make sure it doesn't come out. You will need to replace your tampon on a regular basis, at least three times a day, so make sure that you have some handy at all times. Now my darling, let's clean up and put every thing away, then we can go back to your room and try on all those lovely new clothes that I got for you."

Back in his bedroom, he had to first remove all the tags and labels from his new clothing. When he got to his new lingerie, he found six nylon camisoles in shades matching his panties and bras. They were clingy, covered in lace and little bows and there were seven satin pieces of cloth that he couldn't begin to figure out. He held up one, white satin with lace covering the outside small triangle of cloth and with a white flexible plastic inner lining. It also had a small pink bow sewn into the front panel. Seeing the confusion on his face, Emma told him that it was a cache sex that she found in a specialty store. Seeing that he was still uncer-

tain as to its purpose, she told him that it was designed to hold his organs out of the way so that his new panties would fit better and there would be no inappropriate bulges.

Taking it from his hands, she showed him how it was supposed to go on. "I hear that it is a little uncomfortable at first, but after you have worn them awhile, you won't even notice. Just make sure the straps are pulled as tight as they can be and that they don't interfere with your going to the toilet," she said, handing the garment back to him. "Now, why don't you put that one on and let's see how it looks on you," she ordered.

Stepping into the garment, Lynn started to turn his back on Emma trying to preserve some decorum, but she told him to stand where he was so she could see if the fit was right. "Lynn, I have seen naked little boys before. Don't forget Allen. So you have nothing to hide from me dear. Come on now, I want to see how it fits. You will need to tuck your little thingy back under into that plastic-lined pouch. According to the instructions, you're supposed to press the flat of your palm against your testicles, pushing them back up into the canal that they came out of. If you are careful, it shouldn't hurt all that much. Would you like me to call Maria in to help if you don't think you can do it?"

Shaking his head no, Lynn drew the cache sex up to his groin, and then with the palm of his hand, did as Emma said. *Just a little pain my ass! Ouch that smarts! If it hurts this much when I do it how bad would it be if Maria had a shot at me? I think I would rather be dead,* he thought as his testicles popped back into their canals.

"Oh darling," Emma said as she examined the fit, making sure the straps did not cover his anus and the tip of his penis protruded enough so that he could pee while sitting down. "Why, you can't even tell that there is anything down there, can you? Uncomfortable? I expect you to get use to it in no time. You will wear a cache sex all the time except when you bathe. You can perform your body functions without removing it. Of course you will have to do that sitting down. Please be a dear and follow my instructions, otherwise I will have to ask Maria to check you periodically. Who knows, I just may have her do it anyway, so don't get caught without it," she ordered him.

"Your panties," she continued, "will look so much better now that you have on your cache sex. I can't wait to see you model your slacks and shorts. You will look so neat and lovely. Let's fold the rest of them up and put them in your panty drawer. The camisoles can go in the second drawer."

Still in a little pain and feeling very uncomfortable, Lynn started folding the remaining six pairs of cache sex. Each was more feminine than the last; besides the white lace one that he was wearing, there was one decorated to look like a frilled tux shirt, another decorated in embroidered pink and blue flowers on a crème background, still another looking like a French maids uniform, all of them very fem and all with a plastic inner lining.

While he was putting away his new lingerie, Emma had him pick out a clean pair of white panties and bra. Once he had his undies on, she had him try on

each ensemble that she had purchased. By the time that they were through modeling all the new clothes, Lynn was physically and emotionally drained. He would welcome sleep tonight if for no other reason than to escape the real life nightmare he was now living.

“Dear, I think you look a little exhausted from all this fun we have been having. I can’t wait to tell your father just how much fun we had today. Now, why don’t you put on that cute pajama set I got for you and prepare for bed. Don’t forget to pamper your face and be sure to use your new sleep bonnet. Oh, leave all your undies on except for your garter belt and nylons. It will help you get used to them much sooner. I’ll come back in a little while to tuck you in, sweetie,” she said as he finished putting away the last of his new clothes.

True to her word, she came back into his room as he was waiting for his sleep mask to harden enough so he could climb into bed without it rubbing off on the pillow cases. “Oh, you look simply divine sitting there, Lynn. You know, I just thought of a great way for us to spend our Sunday morning. Why don’t we spend it making ourselves look wonderful for our men? We can put our hair up; give each other facials and manicures, pedicures, the whole works. Doesn’t that sound just yummy? Is your mask set yet, let me look? I think it has, come on, get up and get into bed. You look like you are ready to fall asleep on your feet.”

He was exhausted, but found it hard to get to sleep. Everything that had happened to him since Friday was so...so unbelievable, yet so real. *How am I going to explain this to my father? I’m having a hard enough time trying to explain it to myself*, he thought. Questions, so many questions, rumbling around in his head. *Why is she doing this to me? More importantly, why am I letting her do this to me? No self-respecting man would ever allow something like this to happen to him. Why did I ask her to make me more feminine when all I had to do was suck it up and walk into the mall with this ridiculous hair do? Why didn’t I tell Emma and that sales clerk to take a flying leap instead of meekly complying?* So many questions, most without answers, kept him up for several hours before exhaustion overcame his active mind.

True to her word, they spent most of Sunday morning making each other beautiful. First, she helped give him a hot oil shampoo, describing exactly what she was doing so that he could do the same for her. After this had been done, she rolled his hair with the biggest steam rollers in the set and smaller ones for his bangs. With his hair up and wrapped in a pink hair net, she had him do hers. Then it was a facial scour to remove all the dead cells and a facial pack again they did to each other. With those tasks finished, Emma gave him a pedicure and manicure, painting the nails in a pale pink. During the four hours that it took performing these tasks, Emma would read aloud from one of the many magazines she subscribed to. She read articles out of “Cosmopolitan” “Vogue” and “Seventeen.”

While she treated Lynn, she kept up an ongoing chatter, discussing everything from the particular tasks at hand and why they were doing them, to comments regarding the articles she had read, demanding that he respond. Needless to say, Lynn was not happy or very interested in what they were doing or Emma’s conver-

sation, but he had to pay attention. *Now why on earth does she think that I give a hoot about "Fall Make Up Colors" "Simple Fashions for the Fall" or "How to Get and Keep Your Man's Interest" or worse yet, "Proper Dating for Teens"?* he thought, but he managed to answer her questions without being badly scolded.

After lunch she fixed him a bubble bath and told him to take a good long soak while she went and did the same. Before she left, she told him that the menfolk would be getting back in about two hours and that he should change his tampon when he finished his bath. At least he did not have to listen to Emma talking while he lay back in the soothing water. It was the most enjoyable experience for him so far and his skin was wrinkled by the time he forced himself to get out of the tub. He finished his tasks and, pulling on his negligee, went into his room where he found his clothing laid out on his bed.

The khaki slacks, narrow snakeskin brown belt, and a pale pink camisole and polo shirt were spread out on the bed along with a clean cache sex, pink satin panties, matching bra, garter belt and ecru hose and his brown loafers were sitting on the floor. "Geeze," he said as he saw what was laid out for him. "Well, at least it isn't that damn pair of green shorts."

In the kitchen, Maria handed him a soft pink nylon bib apron and told him to start helping her fix dinner. He was finishing up when his father and stepbrother walked through the door. At first sight, Lynn was happy to see his father, but when he saw how his father had his arm across Allen's shoulders and a big shit-eating grin on his face. Lynn's jealousy perked up at their obvious closeness. As the joy drained out of him, all he could say was "Hello, Daddy." That was something else that irked him, having to call his father "Daddy" instead of Dad. It was another of Emma's demands.

His dad looked up and the smile that had been on his face seemed to evaporate for a moment and then reappeared, but looked forced. "Oh, hi...errr..son. Have a good time with your Mother? Speaking of your Mother, where is she? Up in the room? Okay, see you later." Then, turning to face his stepson, he said, "Allen, give the fish to Maria so we can have them for dinner and then you'd better go get cleaned up. It looks like the ladies will have dinner ready pretty quickly. It doesn't take long to bake fish."

That hurt Lynn more than Maria's spankings. His father virtually ignored him and even included him with the "girls". Plus, seeing how close his father now seemed to be with Allen was just too much. As the two men left the room, Lynn started crying and couldn't stop even when Maria threatened him. It wasn't until Emma came into the kitchen that she was able to get him to dry his tears. Sunday night was very upsetting for Lynn. Not only had it appeared that he lost his father, but at dinner Emma destroyed what was left of his world.

She destroyed it by talking about school. "School will be starting in two weeks," she said conversationally. "Stan, my dear, I have been thinking about it and Allen has to remain in public school. After all, he is the starting linebacker this year and co-captain as well, so moving him out of Polk is out of the question. It wouldn't be fair for him to have to start all over again at Deermont with Lynn. I

have been thinking that it would be better for Lynn to transfer over to Polk. It wouldn't hurt Lynn to get some real life exposure. Deermont, while an excellent school, is so uppity, if you know what I mean. Besides, wouldn't it be nice to have both our children staying at home?"

When Lynn heard his mother's suggestion, he immediately interrupted, saying that he wanted to stay in Deermont. "I have friends there," he said, "and the curriculum that I need to get into college. Why should I have to be the one to transfer? If Allen likes Polk so much, let him stay there. I don't want to leave!"

"Darling," Emma said in a saccharine sweet voice, "it would be too inconvenient to have you two in different schools. Besides, this way I will have my two darling children staying here at home with me. I want to be a nurturing parent and I simply cannot do that if you are away in boarding school."

Lynn started to object further when his father told him to keep quite and that what his mother said made perfect sense. That ended the discussion and the conversation shifted over to what Stan and Allen did over the weekend. As hungry as Lynn was, he had no appetite left and asked to be excused. He cried himself to sleep that night.

Chapter 10: Orientation Class

Lynn had been under the influence of his stepmother and Maria for over three months and their effect on him by the time school started was both diabolical and working. His skin was much too soft and fair for a boy and, with his wardrobe and changing body configuration, he was much too feminine to be considered a macho male. Two days before official registration took place, she sent Lynn to a one-day student orientation program at Polk.

Lynn had no intention of going to the orientation program or the school. He begged his father at breakfast and again that night to please let him go to Deermont. He would do anything that his father and stepmother said if he was allowed to do so. Stan said that Emma's desire for him to attend public school was best. When Lynn tried to protest further, he was told that if he did not attend Polk or tried to skip out, his bottom would be so sore that he wouldn't be able to sit for a year. With the decision made, Lynn skipped dinner and fled to his room in tears.

"Good grief!" Stan almost shouted to the fleeing youth's back. "I swear that...that so-called son of mine is acting more and more like a swishy faggot everyday. Maybe I ought to have him see a shrink or something. It's not right for a man to be acting that way. Emma, are you sure that letting him get away with acting and dressing like that is the right thing to do?"

"Oh, my darling," Emma said, "He is such a shy and gentle child. I can only think that Deermont was just too protective of his gentle nature. I believe that Polk will be able to bring out his inner self and expand his horizons so much better. The students and teachers there are not quite so forgiving and maybe that is all he needs to be the son you remember. If it doesn't bring back the son you re-

member, well, it probably is for the best to find out now that he is...is a...err...more delicate creature. Let me continue helping him and perhaps everything will work itself out. Just don't be surprised if he becomes a bit more feminine in the meantime. Maybe if I force him to act and dress just like a young lady with all the frou-frou and rituals, he'll decide that such a complex life is not for him? That's what my psychiatric classes taught me anyway."

Stan thought carefully over what Emma said and nodded his agreement. He was terribly disappointed in how the flesh of his blood was turning out—like some flaming sissy. Yes, he thought, *if Lynn continues on this path, I don't think that I could...could still think of him as my son. I should have paid much closer attention to him these past few years. Oh, well, if anyone can help it will be Emma.* "Okay Emma do whatever you think is best. I will support you 100 percent," he finally said.

That next morning after his bath and toilet, Lynn entered his room to discover what Emma had laid out for him to wear for his orientation program. On his bed were his new khaki full-cut shorts with stitched-in pockets, soft yellow pullover shirt with rounded collar, a matching set of pale yellow satin panties and bra, beige pantyhose, and yellow satin cache sex with chiffon netting overlay. On the floor were his brown slides with elevated heel. "Nooooo waaaaaay," he screamed as he began tossing the clothing off the bed. "I am not going to wear this sissy stuff to school. I want my own clothes and I want them now!" He continued to rant and rave until Maria and Emma walked into his room.

Emma just stared at him with a hint of cold blue steel in her eyes. She looked around the room, seeing where he had tossed his clothing. As she looked around, Lynn was sitting on the bed moaning and mumbling that he wasn't going to school looking like that. Emma gave Maria the nod and in short order, Lynn was over her lap receiving another severe spanking. When he finally gave in and was dumped to the floor, Emma said, "Lynn, I can't believe your behavior. These are perfectly good clothes and you did pick them out yourself."

"Buttttt...I...I will look like a flaming sissy! I'll be the laughing stock of the entire school. I can't go dressed like that!" Lynn protested amid flowing tears.

"First, you have lost over twelve pounds this summer and I don't think what you have will fit. Second, you will still have to wear your bra and panties and I think your boy clothing will not hide them. So that doesn't leave you much choice. In any case, you *are* going to wear those clothes and all the others you had me buy this summer. However, I believe that we can reach a compromise. If I understand you correctly, you are afraid that the students will make fun of you dressed like that. Well then, if that is your problem, we can solve it by helping you express your feminine self. I was only going to let you wear the clothing, but I think now that I was wrong and you will need to be able to pass in public. If you are so afraid of being called a sissy, then I would suggest that you try your best to show your feminine side. You can go as a coed. How does that sound, my darling? Your problem is solved."

“Wha...what you want me to go to classes disguised as a girl? I’m not a girl and if I am found out, I’m as good as dead!” he wailed. “I...I couldn’t possibly do that! I want my jeans and other boy clothing back, please. OH, please let me have my boy things back?”

“Lynn, if you want my help, then you will do as I say. Otherwise, it’s off to school wearing whatever I or Maria picks out for you from your summer wardrobe. When the weather gets a bit cooler, we will see about getting you something more appropriate. However, until then, you will either go to school dressed as we decide or naked, but to school you will go! Now what will it be? As a coed or a sissy?”

Lynn didn’t see any way out and, with tears flowing, he managed to say that he would rather go as a coed. *Maybe when it gets cooler she will let me have my boy clothing back* he thought as he began gathering his clothing. “What about registration? How? How can....”

Smiling with victory, Emma said for him not to worry and that she would handle everything while he was attending orientation. “Just remember,” she said, “do just as you are told and no one will discover your true identity. However, should you disobey either myself or Maria, you will be on your own.” With that, she left the room, leaving Maria in charge.

“Okay nina, let’s get you dressed for your big day. First, let me inspect you. We don’t want any nasty hairs showing, do we?” Maria ordered as she watched him gather up the last of the tossed garments.

As Lynn looked into the full-length mirror, he couldn’t believe his eyes. There standing before him was a very good-looking young lady. His lips were shining brightly in a soft frosted pink lipstick, matching eye shadow, and a slight pinkish blush on his cheeks. The polo shirt clearly showed a feminine bust and the shorts with their flaring legs almost looked like a very short skirt. The soft shimmer of his legs and elevated shoes shouted “girl” to anyone looking that way. In addition to this clothing and make up, Emma had added several clanky bracelets, a lady’s watch, and some dainty rings for his fingers. A brown shoulder bag containing his makeup, several tampons, change purse, tissues, and other incidentals like his brush and comb, finished off the outfit. The only distraction was a tiny tear forming at the corner of the pretty girl’s eyes.

Emma parked the car outside of the administration building and told Lynn to go along to the auditorium. “I have your old school records here and will get you enrolled and registered. I will be back at noon to pick you up. Please be on time. We still have a lot to do yet. Now, give Mommy a kiss like a good girl.”

As Lynn made his way to the auditorium, he kept his head down and tried focusing on putting one foot in front of the other. *How humiliating*, he thought. *I can’t believe this is happening. I look like a dumb girl and I am going to orientation as a dumb girl. Damn! If I had some place to run, I’d be outta here so fast, but I don’t have anyplace to go. Oh well, maybe after today they’ll let me wear something more manly. Just get through the next few hours and everything will be okay. Gotta keep that thought in my mind, Just get through the next few hours.*

Several young girls joined him as he put his foot up on the first step. "Hi," a sweet voice said. "I'm Jill. You're new here, huh?"

Lynn looked up and saw a very pretty brunette smiling at him. "Errr...yeah. It...it's my first time at Polk. My name is Lynn," he replied, trying to keep his voice soft and feminine.

"You'll like it here. My sister is a senior, so I know all about Polk, but I wanted to get a head start checking out the guys, if you know what I mean," Jill said with a little high-pitched giggle. "You have a boyfriend? I'm between boyfriends right now. Jeffrey, the boy I was dating, proved to be a real loser, if you know what I mean and I dumped him right after we got back from the beach. He took me to Fort Walton, but man, he was a shit the whole time. You know? Like, Lynn why don't you join me and Karen in the auditorium?"

Lynn figured he couldn't logically excuse himself, so he agreed to join them. Jill introduced him to Karen, a bleached blonde on the heavy side, but with a very pretty face. Lynn did his best to keep his conversation to a minimum and it wasn't very hard to do as Jill kept up constant scatterbrained banter. Betsy, a mousy girl wearing glasses who was the studious type, joined them as they found their seats. She did not have much to say provided she could get a word in edgewise with Jill's constant prattle. Of the three girls, Betsy proved to be the most disconcerting to Lynn. She kept looking at him and was bold enough to stare right into his eyes when he turned and looked at her. There was something about her that scared him.

The program started and Lynn turned his attention to the principal as she began her lecture to the student body.

The two-hour program took what seemed like three days for Lynn. Between Jill poking him in the ribs and pointing out some guy she thought was good-looking and the sheer boredom of the presentation and Betsy's scrutiny, he was more than ready to go home.

As they left the auditorium, all the girls decided to stop at the restroom. Lynn was forced to join them standing in the queue while trying to evade personal questions as best he could. Talking about fashions and makeup were subjects he could at least hold his own in thanks to Emma's instance that he read all those icky woman's magazines. It was Betsy who kept after him regarding his personal affairs, but he felt like he evaded them successfully. That is until they were standing before the makeup mirror repairing their lipsticks when Betsy simply announced in a whisper, "You're a boy, aren't you?"

Lynn was lucky that he did not smear his lipstick clear across his face when he heard what Betsy had said. "Errr...aaaahhhh...what makes you think that?" he finally managed to mumble.

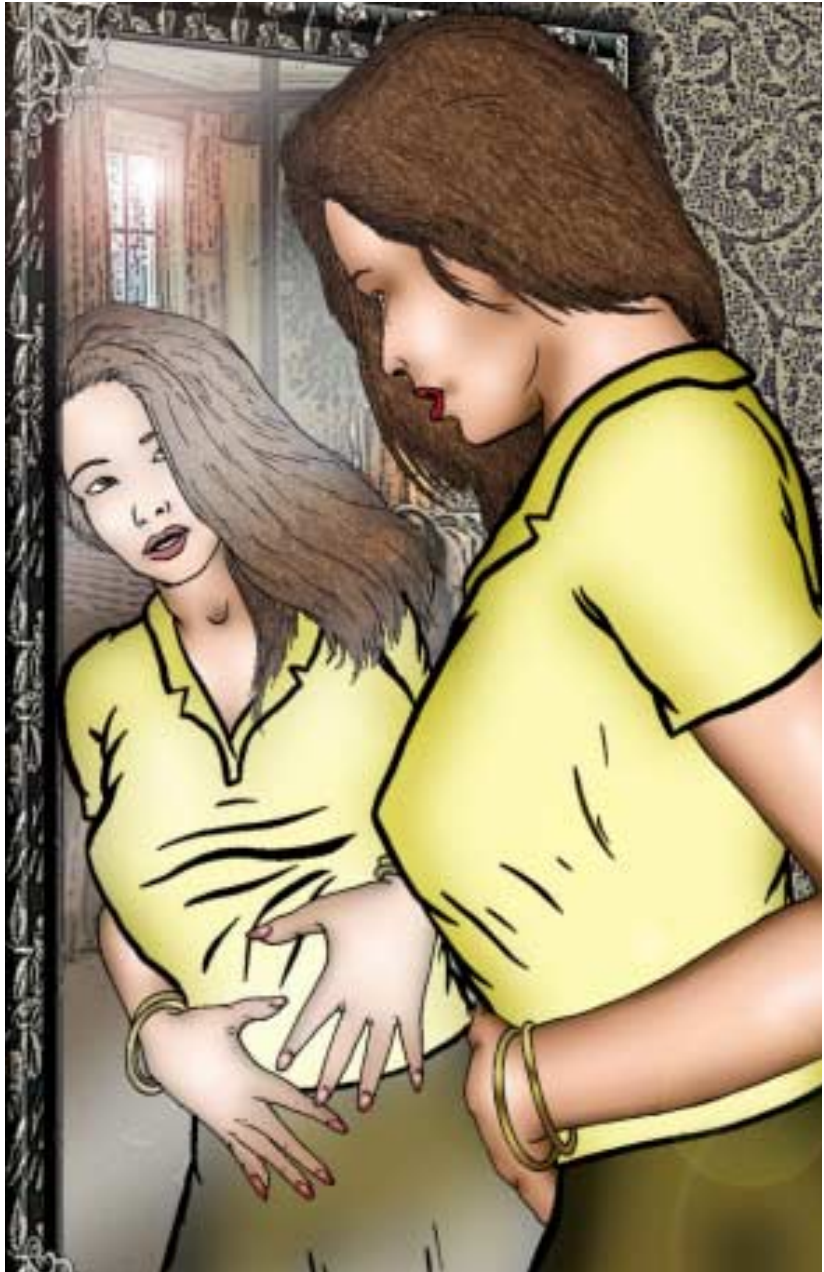
"Your Adam's apple for one, but let's not talk here unless you want everyone to know. Meet me outside. I'll tell the girls that I want to take you over to administration and introduce you around. Okay?"

He had no choice and nodded his head in agreement.

While Lynn was attending orientation, Emma went into the office and met with Tracy the school's secretary. "Tracy darling, how have you been?" Emma asked as she entered the office. "My tan certainly looks good on you."

They lapsed into a general conversation about Emma's wedding and new home life as well as Tracy's summer adventures. They had been friends for two years, having met at one of the school's football games, a game in which Allen had been injured. Tracy had helped her fill out the school's insurance paperwork. Tracy was single and enjoyed the party scene to the fullest when not working. She was a little kinky, but Emma liked her for her dominant persona and self-assuredness. It was rumored around the school that she was a dyke, but Emma could care less.

When Emma left the office, she was smiling from ear to ear. Lynn's records were altered to indicate that he was female and he was now registered as such. Not only that but Tracy was very helpful in scheduling Lynn's classes. It was a course of studies which assured that he would not go on to college, but force him into a vocational education curriculum. Emma couldn't wait to see Lynn's face when he found out that he was going to be a secretary/receptionist or maybe at best a business administration assistant.



Chapter 11: Discovery

As the students exited the auditorium, Betsy grabbed Lynn's arm and told the others that they were going to the administration building and that they would get back together later. Lynn just followed along as they walked side-by-side. Lynn examined Betsy closely as they walked down the sidewalk. She had short mousy brown hair cut in a simple bob, chubby cheeks with wide clear eyes sparkling with intelligence. She wore a plain white starched blouse, pleated brown skirt, ankle socks and brown skimmers. Betsy wore little makeup and there was a faint hint of perfume around her. Stocky in build bordering on being fat, she carried herself with confidence. Lynn knew that she was smart, as she had discovered his charade while no one else had. Once out of earshot of the other students, Betsy veered Lynn over to a bench sitting under a large oak tree.

"Okay, you want to tell me about it?" Betsy asked.

Lynn decided to tell her the truth and went into lengthy detail about everything that had happened to him since June. By the time he was finished he was in tears, but he felt like a ton of bricks had been lifted from his shoulders. Betsy handed him a tissue to dry his eyes, but didn't say anything until Lynn had cried himself out.

"Sorry for losing it there, but that's another strange thing." Lynn finally said as he dropped his hands into his lap. "I never use to cry like that. Never. Now I find myself going through emotional highs and lows like I was on a roller coaster. I guess it's just the strain I've been under, you know. Betsy, I know you won't tell anyone my secret, but if anyone were to find out...I'd just die."

"Oh you poor kid," Betsy said softly as she reached over and put an arm around his shoulders. "It must be horrible for you! Don't you worry none, cause I'm your friend and I'll do whatever I can to protect you. Look, here's my number. Call me anytime day or night. Okay? Is that your stepmother over there? The one standing by that Mercedes? It is? I guess you have to go, but call me anytime even if it is to just chat and don't you worry, let me think about this some. Who knows, maybe we can figure a way out of this mess. Bye." Lynn stuffed the piece of paper with Betsy's number into his purse and, after telling her that he would call, he walked down to meet his stepmother. Just before he got into the car, he turned to face Betsy and waved good-bye.

"Well, who was that? A new friend?" Emma asked as he opened the car door. "Never mind, here is your class schedule. Everything is arranged like I said it would be, but since you did not pre-register, I had to take what classes they had left."

Lynn took the offered envelope and opened it as Emma backed out of the lot. "Oh my gosh!" he exclaimed as he began reading over his schedule. "I...I can't take these courses. I'll never graduate, much less get into college with these classes. This...this was the best you could get for me?"

"Like I said, you wanted to register as a coed and that is exactly what I have done," Emma replied coldly. "Those were the best classes left for a coed. That is

unless you wanted to take Home and Family Living or Women's Studies. Those courses were still open. If you don't like what I picked out, then go see Tracy when you go back to school and discuss it with her. She's the registrar and I had to use all my influence to get you what I thought was best. Next year, you can pre-register and get the courses you want to take, but for now this is all there is so get used to it."

Lynn sat silent staring down at the piece of paper with his schedule on it. 7:30 – 8:00 Home Room; 8:00 – 9:00 Business Math; 9:00 – 10:00 Business English; 10:00 – 11:00 History; 11:00 – 12:00 Voice; 12:00 – 1:00 Lunch; 1:00 –2:00 Home Economics; 2:00-3:00 Feminine Health (in lieu of Physical Education).

I need chemistry, algebra, biology, and information technology classes. I don't see anything that I need to get into college here at all. She can't be serious about me taking these courses. Can she? he thought. After a few more moments, he said, "Mommy, why? Wasn't there any other choice? There must have been some computer classes available at the school.

"Like I said, these were the best available. Unless you want fashion design or voc-ed studies like pre-nursing. I am sure that once you reported to the hospital to begin training in pre-nursing, the medical personnel would soon discover your secret. Do you want that? I thought not. Well, go see Tracy, but I doubt that you will do any better. I will pick both you and Allen up after his practice. His practice ends around 4:30, so you might want to consider joining one of the social clubs when you go see Tracy to finalize your schedule.

"We have to go shopping and get you a proper wardrobe now that you are going to be a coed. So pull yourself together and put a happy smile on your face. Remember what I told you about always having a happy face? Don't make me remind you again. Now, lets go shopping. I so love to shop, don't you my darling?"

Chapter 12: School

After dinner that night as Emma and Stan were preparing for bed, Stan suddenly sat on the bed. "Emma, my darling," he said, covering his face with his hands, "I...I can't believe that was my...er...my son down there tonight. He looked just like his mother so many years ago. I...I don't know if I can accept this. You sure he actually asked to dress like this? To...er...to be like that! I don't know if I can take it. Oh, don't get me wrong, my darling, I love you so very much. It's just that...."

Emma walked over to him and placed her hands on his shoulders. Smiling down at him, she shushed him with a quick kiss and pressed his face into her crotch. "My dearest, I know that you love me and that just when you thought that you put her memory away, it comes back to haunt you, hurt you even, but Lynn is...well..he is what he is. Give it some more time, and if later you find it in your heart that you cannot bear his presence...well, maybe it would be best if we sent him off to school somewhere. I hear that there is a great school in Switzerland

known for dealing with such students. He'll be old enough by next year and then if you feel it is necessary, set him free. Just try to ignore him for now. When you must look at him, picture a substitution image. Something I studied in school, if you mentally picture something to replace that sight which bothers you, the problem will soon disappear. May I suggest that every time you see Lynn just picture Allen in your mind."

She paused while she caressed his cheek, then continued on a slightly different track, "Oh my darling, I just can't stand to see you hurting like this. Maybe if you really can't take it, we may have to consider just sending him away. Out of our lives forever, but I would hate for that to come about. He is your son, after all, but while I am very liberal-minded his...his lifestyle is just too painful for you. I...I hate to suggest it, but sometimes when I talk to Lynn, I get this feeling...I probably shouldn't even say this, but seeing the anguish on your face...err...I get a feeling that he is doing this on purpose. I mean I think that on a subconscious level, he is recreating his mother out of jealousy. I don't think that he is doing this to hurt you on purpose, but then again, I am not an expert. Now, come on, get in bed, your baby needs some loving."

Having planted a new seed in her husband's mind, Emma gave a great performance in bed that night. Stan, while sated, slept very poorly that night. Emma's belief that Lynn was doing this to hurt him and break up his marriage kept a restless sleep far away.

The next day Lynn spent trying on his new dresses, skirts, blouses, and learning how to behave as a lady. During the infrequent breaks, he was given a number of women's magazines and told to read the selected articles and write summaries of them. He was also given pamphlets on menstruation and breast self-examination so he could relate to his new girl friends. It was something all young girls his age were well aware of and the subject was bound to come up. When he mentioned that he thought his Adam's apple was too noticeable, she told him how to cover it up with scarves or chokers and makeup.

The first day of school came all too suddenly. He was awakened at 5:00 AM by Maria and told to get ready. It took a teenage girl a lot longer to get ready than any boy. Groggily, Lynn performed his douche and like every other day, it caused him to have an erection and climax. He was greatly humiliated, but he couldn't help it and, in a way, it relaxed him. By the time he had performed his morning beauty regime and dressed, it was almost time to go.

He felt weird as he examined his feminine reflection in the mirror. He wore a pleated green and black plaid skirt and white ruffled poly blouse with billowing sleeves that was thin enough to see his lacy camisole through. On his feet were a pair of black patent leather block two-inch heels and he held a matching purse. Around his neck he wore a green velvet choker with a cameo broach. He looked just like the typical high school teenage female. His bright pink lips were in a frown as he looked at the reflection, but he replaced it with a happy face as he stepped out of his room. He still had to help Maria prepare breakfast.

Allen sneered at him as they got into the car for the trip to school. Emma noticed and admonished him to “take care of your stepbrother and if you don’t do everything in your power to protect his secret.... If I find out that you didn’t do your best to protect Lynn, it will go very badly for you.... Perhaps no football! Do we understand one another?” Allen’s mouth fell open in surprise, but he nodded his head that he understood. “Also,” she continued, “make sure that you treat him just like an older brother would treat his sister!”

Lynn had a hard time believing his ears as Emma instructed Allen. In all their time together he had never heard her raise her voice much less threaten Allen for anything. In a way he was grateful, but on the other hand he resented her for putting him in this place to begin with.

Lynn sat with his ankles crossed and his hands neatly folded in his lap as this exchange took place. Keeping his eyes lowered, he could not avoid looking at the very feminine bulges tenting out his blouse nor the bright pink nail polish on his long finger nails. He was all too aware of the sensations bombarding his mind. The pulling of bra straps across his shoulders and around his chest. The tightness of his cache sex and panty girdle and the messaging action of his hose, the smell of perfume and, worse yet, the constant slick sweetness of his lipstick.

Lynn was seated next to Betsy in their homeroom class. Betsy smiled at him and told him that he looked lovely. Then in a whisper she added, “For a boy, you look beautiful and you will have all the boys fighting over a chance to get a date with you. I wish that I was half as pretty as you are.”

He didn’t know what to think at her comments. Lynn smiled and told her that she was really good-looking and that he would be very happy if he could date her. What he stopped himself from saying was, “But what kind of woman would want to date a freak like me?”

At lunch they met up again and had a chance to talk in private. “Lynn, I really do want to help you if I can. I think what your stepmother is doing to you is positively disgusting. I have an idea that just might get you out of this fix. I have a small recorder not much bigger than a cigarette case and it’s voice-activated. Get your stepmother to say that she is making you do this against your will and anything else that will prove she is doing this to hurt you. I think then we can get the authorities involved. Do you want me to bring it to school tomorrow? Okay, I will. Although I must say you do make a beautiful girl and I wouldn’t mind being with you, no matter what you wore. I like you. Why don’t you see if your stepmother will let you spend Friday night over at my place? We can have a slumber party.”

If it hadn’t been for Betsy, his first day of school would have been a total loss. His classes were uninspiring and uninteresting. What did he care about fashion or secretarial duties or women’s studies? With these courses, he’d never get into college. At least Betsy offered him a ray of hope and she was proving to be a very good friend. Something he was severely lacking at the moment. The other girls he saw and chatted briefly with during the day treated him like any other another coed. Their conversations revolved around boys, cosmetics, and clothing.

By the time school was over for the day, Lynn's mind and emotions were frazzled and he was exhausted. Trying to keep up the pretense of being a typical teenage girl took more out of him than he ever thought possible. As the last bell sounded, all he wanted to do was go home and go to bed, but that was impossible, as he had to wait for Allen to complete football practice.

The first game of the season was only one week away. So there he sat, knees pressed tightly together, in the bleachers watching the team at practice. He just sat watching and fending off the advances of a junior boy who kept pestering him. At last, Lynn quit trying to ignore the young man. *Maybe, he thought, if I pay him a little attention, he'll leave me alone.* The boy's name was Tim and he had a brother who was on the football team and two sisters. He was a junior, and he wanted a date with Lynn. The last thing Lynn needed was a date with another boy. Lynn, politely as he could tell, Tim that he didn't think his Mommy would allow him to date. That seemed to settle Tim down, but he still sat next to Lynn during the rest of practice making small talk. *Will this day ever end?*, Lynn thought.

Even at home, Lynn was uncomfortable and exhausted. The way his father refused to acknowledge his presence was particularly nerve-wracking. Having to clean up after dinner while his father and Allen went to watch television hurt even more. Once the kitchen was cleaned and Maria left for the night, Emma would send him to his room. There she sat with him and made him tell her everything that happened during the day. She was reluctant at first to let him spend the night with Betsy, but when Lynn said it was a slumber party, she agreed.

"Lynn, darling," she said, "I'm not sure about this Betsy. I certainly don't want it rumored that you are a lesbian. I will not tolerate lesbian activities in this house. You are a young woman and need to be thinking about boys if you want to succeed in your chosen gender. Otherwise people just might get the wrong impression and if your secret gets out...well, you know what could happen."

Lynn interrupted her by yelling out that he was a boy and not some fairy.

"Lynn, just look at yourself. How can you honestly look me or anyone else in the eye and say that you look like a boy? Honestly! It is time for you to fully realize just what you have agreed to. Now, if you want to change your mind and go back to classes dressed like a girl but as your boy self, that's just fine with me. All right, if you intend to pass yourself off as a coed, then you have to accept certain rules of behavior. Otherwise you will either be found out or labeled a lesbian."

Lynn reluctantly nodded his head in agreement. A sigh of resignation left his lips. *How am I ever going to get out of this mess?* he thought as Emma went back to the original topic of conversation.

"However, young girls do have slumber parties so I'll agree this time, but if you do this, you will get a date for the first game and sock hop. Understood! Tomorrow after school I will expect to see the names of at least three boys, some of their personal history, and why you think that they are cute and worth dating in writing. I will choose one of them for you to pursue further. I expect you to get the lucky young man to ask you to the game and sock hop. Understood! Now do your homework, fill in your diary, and make sure you do your nightly beauty ritual."

Lynn was appalled at what his stepmother demanded, but knew that he had to comply. Reluctantly, he picked up the pink leather-bound daily diary and began in a feminine script to write out the day's events. He made sure to mention the annoying junior's advances as well as make notes about just how cute he was. The only thing he left out was Betsy's idea about using the recorder. He finished his homework, then began preparing for bed. At 10:00, as he was waiting for his beauty mask to harden, Emma came in, reviewed his diary entry and, air-kissing his forehead, turned out the light. It had been a long day for Lynn.

At lunch the next day, he got the recorder from Betsy and managed to obtain the names of three boys, including the one from yesterday. He noted their names, number of siblings, ages, and at least two physical characteristics that made them "cute." He had help from Betsy in defining what was "cute" about each boy. Emma was satisfied with the results and decided that the annoying junior with the cute buns would be Lynn's target for the game and sock hop. He would have been Lynn's last choice as he was way too forward for his liking. Perhaps he shouldn't have told Emma that, maybe she would have chosen a less imposing person for Lynn to date.

Unknown to Lynn, Emma had talked to Allen just before school started, asking him if he knew any boys who might be attracted to his stepbrother. Allen had stared at her for a few minutes with a shocked expression on his face.

"Mom, what makes you think I would know any faggots?" he stated with some disgust.

"Allen precious, I didn't mean to imply that you would. I am just suggesting that, with your contacts in school, that you would have heard or know of some young man that would be willing to date a girlie-boy. If you don't, that is fine, but it would behoove you to help your poor sissy brother find someone to date. It could be a lot of money down the road for you. We've talked about this before."

"Yeah, yeah I know," came his sullen reply. "Let me ask around. Man, if this gets me in trouble with the guys, I'll never live it down. If I do this, you're not going to make me socialize with him at school, are you? I don't want to get anywhere near him!"

"Of course you wont, dear. Just remember, precious, be discreet and if anyone questions, you just say your Mother asked you to do a favor for one of her friends. Don't let anyone know it's for your stepbrother. I just need some names and I'll take it from there. Don't take too long. We must do all we can to help him," she finished with a giggle.

Two days later, Allen had a list of three students he promised would fit the bill. Not openly gay or swishy, but boys who preferred feminine boys. One had surprised him when he discovered his sexual preferences. He was a brother of his tight end and a junior at Polk who you would never in a thousand years suspect. When asked by his mother if the boy could be trusted, Allen answered positively. Emma got the boy's name and phone number before leaving Allen to do his homework. Later, Emma called the young man and, after a lengthy conversation, hung

up with a very pleased expression on her face. *I'll meet with him tomorrow and if it works out like I think it will, this will be perfect.*

Absolutely perfect in every way, she thought as she left the room. Now I need to prepare Stan for this eventuality. Poor Lynn, going out with a boy just to get his father's attention and drive a wedge between our happy family. Oh, well, one must do what one must do.

As soon as Emma saw the boy's name on Lynn's list, she smiled inwardly and indicated that he was her choice for his first date. Lynn did not look pleased with her suggestion, but nodded agreement. Before she left him, Emma gave Lynn a modern book on adolescent dating, instructing him to read it carefully. Emma had searched through a lot of books to find this particular one. It wasn't the conservative "don't kiss and don't have sex" type, but one dealing with how to have safe sex whether boy/girl, boy/boy, or girl/girl.

Emma had highlighted the chapters on boy/girl and boy/boy relationships and inserted a number of latex safety devices. Lynn was horrified when he opened the book, scanned the table of contents and saw the highlighted areas and insertions.

Later when he questioned her about the highlighted chapters, she told him that she expected him to read the book from the girl's perspective. "I will not have a lesbian in this family, but I expect you to behave like a lady. Since you are expected to act like a young lady, you will need to know how to please another boy. After you have studied those chapters, I will give you a test and you had better pass it with flying colors or else." Lynn was appalled at the very thought of doing anything sexual with another boy.

Chapter 13: Betsy's House

Friday night, Lynn rang Betsy's doorbell. Betsy, who was wearing a pair of jeans and what appeared to be one of her father's white dress shirts, greeted him. He was a little embarrassed as his stepmother had him wear one of his better dresses, including stockings and heels. "I'll not have a daughter of mine looking like a tramp when she meets one of his friend's mother for the first time," she told him when he complained about getting so dressed up.

Betsy's mother, Anne, was impressed when she met Lynn. "My, my don't you look beautiful, Lynn!" she said. "I wish to heaven that Betsy would be so conscious of her appearance. She has told me so much about you and I am happy to have you over. Betsy doesn't have that many close friends. Well, you two run along and have fun. Dinner will be ready in about an hour."

Like most mothers of teenagers, Anne managed to embarrass both teens and they were only too happy to go to Betsy's room. Once safely in her bedroom, Lynn dropped his overnight bag on the floor and gave her a hug. Betsy asked if he had anything to change into and when he said no except for his nightie and clean underwear for later, she went to her closet and pulled out a simple dress and a pair of flats. "Here, put these on and get comfortable," she instructed him. "You can

change in here. After all, it's just us girls," she finished with a little giggle. Lynn asked if she could loan him a pair of jeans, but she shook her head no and told him they wouldn't fit. Unzipping his dress, he turned away from Betsy as he dropped it to the floor and quickly stepped into Betsy's dress. He did not want Betsy to see him in just his slip and panty girdle, but she saw it anyway.

"Are you wearing a panty girdle? You are, aren't you! Oh my, I haven't worn one of those in ages. Does she make you wear it all the time? You can take it off if you want to, it can't be comfortable," she said.

"Augh, come on Betsy, don't make fun of me. I have to wear it. Mommy said that I was not to take it off for any reason. It's okay, I'm used to it by now," he replied.

"I'm not making fun of you," Betsy told him. "It's just that...oh well, forget it. Lynn, I will never make fun of you. I really like you, you know. Just the way you are. That is a pretty dress and slip. I don't think that I have a slip that lacy, but it looks really smashing on you. Oh, I'm sorry I didn't mean it that way.... I didn't mean to cause you any embarrassment, it's just that is a lovely slip and...and.. Well it looks simply fab on you. Come on, sit on the bed with me and let's chat," she finished, patting the bed spread beside her.

The hour went fast. They sat side-by-side, talking mostly about Lynn's situation, but when Lynn told Betsy about having to get a date with Tim Brandon, the conversation shifted over to boys and dating in general. Before he knew it, they were called down for dinner.

To her surprise, Betsy felt herself somewhat jealous of Tim. After spending a week with Lynn, she was finding herself falling for him. What shocked her most was that she was falling for the feminine Lynn, not the boy he could be. *Darn*, she thought *I don't even know what the boy Lynn is like. I might not even like him as a boy.*

She had spent most of the week leading up to their slumber party daydreaming about Lynn, not as a boy, but as a girl lover. Betsy was intelligent and sharp about many things and one of the things that had always bothered her was her lesbian tendency. She wanted to be a regular girl, mother, wife, and lover when the time was right, but she had never really enjoyed the company of guys. They just didn't turn her on, but Lynn posed an alternative. Maybe she could have her cake and eat it too. So it was with mixed emotions that she met Lynn at the door Friday night.

The dinner was pleasant and Lynn did not feel too uncomfortable. The conversation was general and sparse during the meal and Betsy's family went out of the way to make him feel comfortable. They had no idea that Lynn was anything other than the pretty teenager that he pretended to be.

Lynn helped clean up the dishes after the meal and tidied up the kitchen along with Betsy and her mom. Mrs. Reynolds, Becky's mother, asked him about himself and whether or not he liked school. Not inquisitive enough to worry him but probing enough to determine whether or not she wanted her daughter to have Lynn as a friend. With the cleanup done, Betsy and Lynn went back to her room.

Back in Betsy's room, they talked some more about how Lynn could get out of his fix. Getting proof that his stepmother was really forcing him would be difficult, they agreed. Betsy was now having second thoughts, as she really liked Lynn as a girl. With that topic pretty much run into the ground, they decided to change into their nighties.

Betsy stood in the center of the room and quickly stripped down to her panties and bra, totally unconcerned that Lynn was really a boy. Lynn stood open-mouthed and turned away from her. Betsy just giggled and told him to get undressed. "After all," she told him, "it's just us girls." Embarrassed, he kept his back to her and stripped off his clothing except for his panty girdle and bra. Taking his baby doll nightie with its bloomer-like panties and lace frills, he quickly dressed, but not before Betsy had a good look at him.

"Lynn," she asked slightly shocked, "are those...those real?"

Lynn didn't know what she was talking about until she pointed to his chest. The thin nylon of his red nightie top with its white polka dots did not hide the bra and the flesh underneath. The soft mounds wiggled and moved as he moved and breathed and that movement did not go unnoticed by Betsy. Blushing almost as red as his nightie, Lynn quickly pulled on the matching robe and tied the sash tight around his waist.

"Come here and take that off!" she demanded as she went over to him and opened the robe and pulled it off. "I want to see." With his robe dangling from his limp arms, Betsy pulled the top up and over his head and gently probed his flesh with her fingertips. "Oh my, they are real, aren't they? Here, hold still, let me see," she said as she unfastened the bra. As the bra joined his robe at his elbows, small yet firm mounds with reddish nipples about the size of erasers came into view. "You have a beautiful pair of breasts, Lynn. I would guess almost a B cup and this bra is way too small for you. See those marks? Gee, they are almost as big as mine. Are you sure you're not a girl?"

Shocked by her statement, he said that it was probably due to wearing tight bras day and night for the past three or four months. Then Lynn broke down and began to sob. It took a few minutes to calm him down until Betsy convinced him that everything was okay.

"You are probably right," she told him. "Wearing bras all the time like you said. I know when I've been wearing mine all day it leaves definite marks around my chest. See?" she said as she traced the reddish indentations on his chest with her fingertip. Reaching down, she grabbed his hand and pulled it to her chest and put his finger in a similar groove. "See. It does the same to me, but yours go much deeper which means your bra is too small. I'll get you one of mine and you can feel the difference."

She went over to her bureau and pulled out one of her red satin bras. "Here, put this on if you want to wear a bra to bed, I usually don't, but it will be more comfortable than the one you are wearing." As she handed him the bra, Betsy was shaking like a leaf. Touching his breast and tracing his bra line with her fingertips

had sent lightening flashing up her spine. She didn't understand her feelings, but the feminized youth standing before her simply fascinated her.

Reluctantly, he pulled the bra around his chest and quickly fastened it. His face crimson, he put the rest of his bedtime attire back into place. Just as he finished dressing, he heard the doorbell ring. "A little late for company?" he asked, trying to regain some of his dignity.

"Oh! It's got to be the other girls. I told them to come over at 9 so that we would have time to talk. Who? Oh, guess I forgot to tell you. Just Jill and Karen, that's all. Besides, how can you have a slumber party with just two girls? Where's the fun in that? Come on, let's go get them."

"What...dressed like this?" he managed to stammer out.

"Of course silly, its just my mom and dad downstairs. Besides, we're dressed. We can go in the kitchen and grab some sodas. Now come on!" she said, grabbing his hand and pulling him reluctantly out the door.

Jill and Karen burst into instant chattering as Betsy and Lynn joined them in the kitchen. They all air-kissed in greeting and, with sodas in hand and popcorn popping in the microwave, they sat at the table. As usual, Jill carried on a continuous chatter, jumping from one topic to another in rapid order. The others just smiled and nodded their heads at appropriate intervals. They knew that eventually she would wear herself down and they would be able to get a word in edgewise. Finally, the popcorn was done and they all retreated to the secrecy of Betsy's room.

Lynn sat on the edge of Betsy's bed as both Jill and Karen began stripping down to their panties and bras. He tried not to look but couldn't help staring at the nubile young ladies standing not four feet from him. Jill was wearing a pair of peach-colored thong bikinis and a matching bra. As she bent over to remove her tennis shoes, she presented Lynn with a view of her firm behind that left him openmouthed.

The posterior presented for his viewing pleasure was a perfect heart shape, round and oh-so-kissable with the thong barely covering her assets. As Jill was bent over, Karen was pulling her white bra from her shoulders, letting her D-cup breasts go free. They swung before Lynn's eyes and the sight of all this femininity left him again openmouthed.

That is until Betsy, noticing his stare, punched him in the ribs. Leaning over, she whispered into his ear, "Stop that this instant! Do you want them to think that you are a lesbian! You are one of us and we don't stare fish-mouthed when we see each other in our undies."

Lynn quickly shut his mouth, but the sight of the two girls was still overwhelming. It wasn't until later that night that he gave any thought to the fact that his manhood never reared itself during that daring display of feline beauty.

It was about that same time that Betsy realized she was extremely jealous of Lynn. The thought that he might like Jill or Karen more than her was more painful than thinking about him being with Tim. The fact that Jill and Karen was to-

tally boy crazy made Betsy start seriously thinking that maybe everything would be better off if Lynn stayed Lynn. What if Lynn returned to being a boy? Then what? Would Jill or Karen like him then? She couldn't stand that thought and let her mind drift to other aspects of her and Lynn's relationship. Or was it even a relationship? It certainly wasn't a normal one. Oh so many questions!

After the two other girls had gotten into their sleepwear, they spent the evening talking, putting each others hair up in rollers, applying mud packs, pedicures, manicures, and discussing all kinds of things, mostly boys. Lynn was doing his best to stay out of the conversations dealing with boys, but finally had to admit that he had to get a date with Tim Brandon.

"Tim Brandon!" Jill squealed. "Oh, he has the cutest butt, but I think he may be gay. You know, like he hardly ever goes out on a date. Why, I tried two years ago to get him to take me out, but, well, he wouldn't and then Johnny came along so, like you know, but he does have a cute butt."

Karen managed to cut in with, "Yeah, his butt is kinda cute, but I like his deep blue eyes. He wouldn't go out with me either. Jill's right, you know, I don't remember him ever going out on a real date, but then again, boys his age, what do they know 'cept cars, video games and such? How dull can you get? Maybe it just took our little Lynn here to catch his eye."

"I think it would be great if Lynn could latch on to Tim. Why he's already asked her out, hasn't he, Lynn? She met him while waiting for her stepbrother to finish practice the other day," Betsy interjected.

Much to Lynn's embarrassment, for the next hour, the girls discussed Lynn and Tim getting together and how best to make sure it happened. Jill said that she would tell Tim's brother that Lynn liked him and then he would tell Tim and then Tim would know that Lynn wanted to go out with him. Karen said she would tell Tim's sisters Amy and Susan and on and on it went. Finally in exasperation, Lynn demanded that they change the subject.

Betsy had been strangely silent during the entire discourse. She had been reflecting on what was bothering her about this whole thing and why she was feeling a little upset. She was glad to change the subject. Soon all the girls, including Lynn, were discussing the upcoming sock hop.

In the morning, Lynn changed back into the clothing that he had worn the previous evening. Jill and Karen kidded him about all the finery, but air-kissed him good-bye after being introduced to Emma. Telling Betsy he would see her soon, he left with his stepmother. She grilled him all the way home, demanding all the details, especially of their conversations about Tim. Needless to say, he spent most of Saturday morning writing all the details into his pink diary.

CHAPTER 14: THE SOCK HOP

On Monday morning, Emma, after inspecting Lynn to make sure he met her high standards of dress and makeup, instructed him to do whatever it took to land that nice Tim Brandon. If he did not manage to get a date for the sock hop, she assured him that he would face dire consequences that he would live to regret. With that admonishment, he left for school feeling both pressure and fear. Stress over how to get Tim to ask him out and a real palatable fear that (1) he would succeed, (2) what would happen during the date? and (3) what would his stepmother do to him if he failed? His third fear was the strongest and by the time Emma dropped them off at school, Lynn was determined to get Tim to ask him out.

As it turned out, getting Tim to ask him out was the easiest thing he had to do since Emma married his dad. Sitting in the bleachers watching the football practice, Tim came over to Lynn and sat down. They sat in silence for a few moments as Tim fidgeted with his book sack. Picking up his courage, Tim, looking straight at Lynn with a confident expression on his face, simply stated, "You're going with me to the dance Friday. I'll pick you up at 6:00 for the game, then we can go directly to the dance, okay? Just let me know what color dress you are going to wear so I can get you your Mum."

His directness surprised Lynn who for a moment didn't believe his ears. Tim sounded so sure of himself. For a moment or two, Lynn seriously thought that he should refuse Tim's advances, but the fear of what his stepmother would do stopped all that. "Yeah, sure," was all Lynn could say.

With Lynn's agreement, Tim slid over closer to him and casually placed his arm around Lynn's shoulders. Lynn wanted desperately to jump away from Tim's touch, but realized just in time that that would be totally inappropriate. He had to make sure Tim did not discover his secret and if he jumped away from his touch, that would be a dead give away. So Lynn sat there, pretending to watch the practice, as Tim's fingers caressed his upper arm. As the practice ended, Lynn, to his astonishment, was kissed not once but twice. Once on the cheek and just briefly on the lips when he turned to face Tim in shock over the kiss to his cheek. Blushing brightly, Lynn jumped up, saying he had to meet his brother and left the stands.

That night Emma made sure that the incident with Tim was written in the diary with amplification regarding Lynn's emotions and acceptance of the kisses. A tiny tear fell from Lynn's eyes, as he reread that day's entry.

"Darling diary, today I got my very first kiss and date. My Timmy asked me to the sock hop, then tenderly kissed me on the cheek. I was so happy that I let him kiss me right on the lips. My very first real kiss! Oh diary, you do not know how that makes me feel. I felt all jumpy inside and just wanted to die right then and there. My Timmy has the cutest buns and bluest eyes and I'm going to the sock hop with him! I could just die! He even asked me what color dress I am going to wear so he can get me a Mum. All the girls will be so jealous! I could just die. Well, that was the best thing to happen to me today. I'll write more tomorrow."

Yes, he thought, I wanted to die, but not the way this makes it sound. I hated it! Positively hated every moment of it. Why can't she just let me be and not make me do this? I wanted to die, but the way she made me write it is totally different than what I wanted to say. My Timmy! Such nonsense. He's not "my" anything. I can't believe I let her make me write that.

Later that night after Lynn had fallen into a fitful sleep, Emma snuck into his room and retrieved the diary. "Stan my darling," she said to her husband, as he was getting ready for bed. "I did something very naughty, but I thought it best that you read some of this. It's Lynn's personal diary. Now don't get me wrong, I...I did what I thought best. Best for you, that is. So please promise me that you won't get angry or mad or anything else. Your blood pressure will probably go up, but this will provide you with a better understanding of where your son is coming from. I'm telling you up front that you will not like it, but it's the truth! You will have to find a way to come to terms with it. He is your son, after all. I need your understanding and help in this. He is so delicate, but after reading this, I will understand if you would rather not deal with him anymore. Promise not to get mad? I know a big macho man like you would never consider writing in a diary, but this is a very personal thing we girls hold very dearly. Okay here it is. Remember, don't get mad and whatever you do, never ever tell Lynn that you read this. Promise!"

As Stan began reading the diary, his eyes got bigger and bigger until when he finished, they seemed to pop out of his skull. At the same time his face got redder and redder until it was almost purple. Finally, he sputtered, "Thi...this is no son of mine! Little faggot! Just a damn faggot! How could he do this...*this* to me...to me, do you hear? If this ever gets out, I'll be ruined, totally ruined. My dear colleagues would have a field day with this shit! Oh, what am I going to do?"

"Now my darling, you promised. Just take a deep breath and try to calm yourself or you will bust a gut. Give it some time. I will do my best to help Lynn as you know, but I can't have you go billowing and fuming around him like a wild ox. If you cannot accept what and who he is now, give it a little time. It just may be a ruse to get your attention and break us up as a family. Deep down, I know that he must be very hurt that you married me and brought Allen into his cozy home. It has to be very traumatic for him and his jealousy may be the root cause of his behavior. He may come out of it and realize what he is doing to you, but then again maybe not. Just give me some more time to work with him, my dearest.

"If in the end when he is eighteen, you cannot accept him, then I guess...I guess that you will have to disinherit him. I don't want you to do anything drastic yet. Wait until the end of this school year and if he doesn't change or you cannot accept him as he is, then do what you must do. Until then, no one knows that he is your son and has successfully passed as a girl even at a slumber party. So I don't think that you have anything to worry about regarding your friends finding out. Besides, you still have Allen who loves you very much. Maybe if you spent more time with Allen, it would help. So there my pet, relax and leave everything in Emma's hands."

As Emma returned the diary to Lynn's vanity drawer, she had the biggest grin on her face. Before she left, she pulled the sheet up over Lynn's exposed shoulders and whispered, "I am so enjoying this."

To Lynn's great regret, each practice session saw Tim sitting close beside him watching the training. Each day Tim took more liberties, beginning with putting his arm possessively around Lynn's shoulders or waist and sneaking quick kisses or blowing in his ear. Lynn wanted to jump up and run screaming away from him, but he knew that was simply not an option. There were too many witnesses sitting in the stands and it would be totally against the rules of boy/girl dating. Tim's actions were just your typical "boyfriend behavior". As Lynn looked around the stadium, he saw several girls allowing more action than Tim attempted. As a matter of fact he spied Jill sitting several yards away, putting a lip lock on her boyfriend of the moment that brought a blush to Lynn's cheeks. So he was forced to just sit there acting nonchalant about the entire business.

Friday was the first game of the year. It seemed like everyone in the school was more than ready and emotions were running high. Everyone except Lynn's. He was almost nauseated over his upcoming date. He would have much rather been going with Betsy than having to go out with a boy. At lunch, Betsy had seemed almost as upset by the coming event than Lynn as she didn't have a date. Jill and Karen sympathized with her and, when Lynn caught her alone for a few minutes before the bell, he told her he would be glad to change places with her. Betsy just frowned at that and said he had all her support during his ordeal and she would be with him in spirit. That all changed when Billy Hamilton, one of the cuter boys in their classes, asked her out just after lunch. He had been out sick all week and apologized for not asking her sooner. Betsy was much happier after that, but still felt herself drawn to Lynn.

"At least I'll see you at the dance," she told him later that afternoon, "and maybe we can all sit together, okay?"

When Lynn got home from school, Maria had a light dinner waiting for him. A boneless skinless breast of chicken and steamed broccoli actually filled his greatly diminished stomach capacity. Months of strict dieting had dropped 30 pounds off his frame but did not seem to pull fat from his hips and breasts. He tried to dismiss his breast growth to having to wear bras 24/7, but he could not disregard his increasing hip size. Standing naked before the full-length mirror in the bathroom, Lynn could no longer dismiss his very feminine figure. He had all the right curves and his skin was clear and smooth as a baby's butt. Slowly, he pulled his hands up to cup his breasts. They felt soft yet firm, solid flesh met his grip. He moved his right hand up, thumb and forefinger gripping the dark reddish-brown nipple and it not only swelled at the touch but sent a shock like electricity through his body. Quickly, he pulled his hand away and stood crying before the mirror. The only maleness reflected was his shriveled male genitals.

"Darling, you don't have time to dawdle," Emma said as she entered the room without knocking. "Your date will be here in less than two hours and you have much to do. Come come, hurry up and finish in here while I pick out something

nice for you to wear. Oh, you did tell your Timmy that you were going to wear pink, didn't you?"

Her sudden appearance made him turn away before she could see his tears. "Yes Mommy," he replied to her question. "I'm almost done."

"You have douched, haven't you? Not that I think that you will do something on your first date, but you never know and you should be prepared for any eventuality. As a matter of fact, it wouldn't hurt to insert one of those glycerin rods like your book recommended. Yes, like the scouts say, 'be prepared.' That's a good motto. I will check you before you dress to make sure your body is clean all over and you didn't miss any stray hairs. So be a good girl and hurry along. You have fifteen minutes," Emma said as she left the room.

Sighing in resignation, Lynn went to the cabinet and pulled out his douche kit and a glycerin rod. As he performed his cleansing toilet, tears flowed freely down his cheeks. After ten minutes, he managed to pull himself together and, donning his negligee, went to see what his stepmother had selected.

On his bed was a pair of pristine white nylon hip-hugger panties with lace accents on the legs and front panel, matching satin panty girdle, white demi-bra, white waistchich, sheer white hose with lace tops, white half-slip with two inches of floral lace trim at the hem, cream-colored pleated mid-thigh skirt, and fluffy three-quarter sleeved pink angora sweater, and white lace fingerless gloves with ruffled wrists. On the floor was a pair of pink patent leather one and one half-inch pumps.

"Come along, dear," Emma instructed. "We have a lot to do yet, so hurry and dress, then I will help you with your makeup. Here, I brought you my favorite perfume to wear tonight. It's called 'Opium' and I think that your Timmy will just love it. Make sure you spray it behind your knees, on the wrists, between your breasts, and behind your ears. I know your father sure does like it. Why, he can't keep his hands off me when I wear it. Ummm, maybe you ought to spay some on your lingerie too. Can't be too careful, now can you?"

An hour later, Lynn was standing in his bedroom in front of the mirror, looking at his reflection. The image of Emma standing behind him and slightly to the left reflected back to him. The image that struck his mind though was his own. His hair had been pulled high on top of his head and brushed till it shined and the cascade was held in place by a bright pink satin ribbon with trailers that hung to his shoulder blades. His face wore heavy nighttime makeup with bright, almost florescent, pink lipstick. Both finger and toenails were painted in that same shade of pink.

Three gold bracelets were on his right wrist and his dainty gold watch was on his left, there were three rings on each hand, golden hoops in his earlobes, a white silk scarf and white clutch purse finished his accessories. Inside his purse were several pink condoms, a panty liner, tampon, his makeup, tissues, and twenty-five cents in case he had to call home. The tight-fitting sweater and slim waistline certainly made him look to be at least an 8 on the babe-o-meter. Lynn blushed at

his reflection and a shiver went down his spine as he thought about the contents of his purse.

Telling him to stay in his room until she called him down to meet her date, Emma left the room. Lynn immediately sat on the vanity stool, his legs seeming unable to keep him upright. *Oh man, what have I gotten myself into?* he thought. *I can't believe I am letting her do this to me. Oh, I wish I were dead!*

It seemed like only seconds before she called for him to come greet his date, but it was almost an hour later. Slowly, Lynn got up, grabbed his scarf and purse and left the room. In the family room, Tim was standing near the sofa with Emma beside him. His father was nowhere to be seen for which he was thankful. *If my father saw me like this...I don't want to even think about that!* he thought as he approached them.

Doing as Emma had instructed, Lynn minced over to Tim and gave him a chaste kiss on the cheek. Stepping back, Tim handed him his Mum. It was white with pink tinges on the edges of the petals and had PHS in gold initials glued to the center of the flower. A large pink satin bow with streamers formed the backdrop of the Mum. On one streamer were the words, "Lynn & Tim" and on the other, "PHS Sock Hop."

"Go ahead and pin it on her, Tim," Emma said. "She won't bite."

Tim stepped forward and, taking the long pin while pressing the flower close to her right breast, he tried to pin it on. His hand, lightly at first, cupped her breast while he held the flower between his thumb and forefinger. It didn't seem to want to cooperate, and as Tim struggled with it, his hand kept pressing into Lynn's breast. Blushing furiously while looking up at the ceiling, Lynn did his best to ignore Tim's hand. Truth be known, it was sending chills up and down his spine. Finally, Emma stepped forward, took the flower from Tim and quickly pinned it firmly to Lynn's sweater.

"There, it looks very pretty on you, Lynn darling. What do you say to this fine young man?" Emma said as she stepped away. "I think he deserves another kiss, don't you?"

After he did as instructed, Lynn allowed Tim to put his arm around his waist and lead him out the door. As they neared the door, Emma handed Lynn a white lamb's wool long-sleeved jacket. "While I am sure Tim will do his best to keep you warm, you might need this. It's supposed to be somewhat chilly tonight."

Somewhat to Lynn's surprise Tim acted the perfect gentleman. He opened the car door for her and did not try anything on the drive to the stadium. Following Emma's instructions, after he got in the car, Lynn slid over and unlocked the driver's side. He did not move back to the passenger side, but like his instruction booklet advised, sat in the middle of the seat, their hips touching.

At the stadium, Lynn left the jacket in the car, afraid to get it dirty in the open-air seating. They quickly found their way to their seats. Carefully brushing his pleated skirt underneath his bottom, Lynn sat. Tim's arm went immediately around his shoulders, announcing to everyone close by that Lynn was his girl.

Just before the game started, Tim left to get them some drinks and nachos. As he handed Lynn his drink, he pulled out a small silver flask and, before Lynn could do anything, poured a golden liquid into it.

“What’s that?” Lynn asked.

“I thought you might be a bit chilled without your jacket. Ain’t nothing but something to keep you warm. Go ahead and take a sip,” Tim said. Lynn carefully took a sip and felt a fiery burning and started to cough.

“Baby, you need to stir it first. Here, let me,” Tim said as he put his index finger into the drink and swirled it around. “Now go ahead and take another sip,” he instructed. This time it was much better and Lynn swallowed deeply. His nerves were shot and the drink seemed to help get his mind off Tim. Lynn had never tasted alcohol before in his life.

The game was a blow out with Polk scoring four touchdowns in the final quarter to win the game 54 to 14. Everyone was in high spirits as they filed out of the stadium. Lynn was a little wobbly on her feet as she attempted to go down the stairs, but Tim’s steadying arm held her upright. Back in the car for the short trip to the gym, Tim pulled Lynn into his arms and kissed him firmly on the lips letting his tongue slide into Lynn’s mouth. Lynn was too surprised to fight. He was feeling a little dizzy and let the kiss linger for several seconds before realizing what was happening pushed him away.

“Tim, please,” Lynn begged, “We’ll be late for the dance. Come on, let’s go.”

Loud music and voices filled the gym as kids danced and enjoyed the victory. Tim had steered Lynn over to a darkened corner of the gym to an almost empty table. “Hey, Tim,” one of the four boys who were sitting at the table said, “we saved you a seat. Who’s the babe?”

Tim made the introductions, then left to get some punch and snacks. Lynn felt a little uncomfortable sitting there with the boys and started looking around to see if he could spot any of his friends. The gym was too crowded and dark for him to see very far and the guys were talking to him. Giving up his search for the time being, Lynn turned his attention back to the table.

Before returning to the table Tim pulled out a pint container of 151 rum and poured a liberal amount into Lynn’s glass. Smiling, he put away the plastic container into his jacket pocket, glad that he switched to the larger flask back at the car. With Tim’s return, the boys began talking about the game and guy things in general. With their attention focused on guy things, Lynn began scanning the gym once again.

Lynn wanted to find her friends, but Tim kept delaying their search until they had finished their drinks. When Lynn gulped down her drink, Tim asked her to dance before they went in search for Jill, Karen, and Betsy. It was a slow number and he held her tightly to his chest, letting his knee slide between Lynn’s knees at every opportunity. Lynn, feeling a little dizzy, grasped tightly to Tim’s neck and laid his head on his shoulder. He did not even realize that Tim’s hands now gripped his feminine bottom as they swayed to the music.



Swaying to the music, Tim began to nibble on Lynn's neck and ears. As the song was ending, Tim placed his lips tightly on Lynn's neck and gave him a bright red hickey as Emma had instructed him to do. It was placed so that Lynn could do nothing to cover it up. By Monday it would be a very conspicuous bruise that everyone would notice. To many onlookers, they were just two people in love.

The song over, Tim gave Lynn another long, lingering kiss. Lynn managed to push him away and break his embrace. After telling him she needed to go to the lady's room, Tim put his arm around her waist and led her back to the table to get her purse. Lynn was a little unsteady on his feet and welcomed the strong supporting arm. As they got back to the table, Tim once again drew Lynn into his arms and gave her another soul kiss. Blushing, Lynn pushed him away and, grabbing her purse, started to leave, but Tim took her hand and went with her.

Once inside, Lynn rushed to a cubicle and threw up. Reversing his position, he pulled his panties down and emptied his full bladder. *Oooh, I feel sick*, Lynn said to himself. *It must have been something I ate. Either that or Tim's kissing. Ugh! I'm surprised that I didn't toss my cookies when he stuck his tongue into my mouth. I should have slapped him silly when he did that the first time. Oh, what am I going to do? Imagine that fool kissing me right in front of his friends. Well, at least everyone is going to think that I am a girl from now on for sure. Maybe I won't have to date anymore after tonight. I'll just tell Emma that I won't do it. Yeah, it's either that or I run away from home. I'll just have to put my foot down.*

After he was feeling better, he made his exit from the stall. At the washbasin, using his cupped hand, Lynn washed out his mouth, then reapplied his lipstick. It was then that he noticed the red hickey. Lynn tried to cover it up with foundation, but no matter how much he applied, the bruise still showed through. *Shit!* he thought as he gave up on trying to cover the blotch on his skin. It was the first cuss word he had used in over three months.

As he was putting everything back into his purse, Betsy, Jill and Karen came in. Lynn was never so relieved in his life. At least now he wouldn't be stuck with Tim and his friends. After the girls did their business in the stalls, they formed up to one side of the restroom and began talking about their dates, the dance, what cute guys were there, and giggled a lot. Lynn tried to stay out of the conversation, but once Jill noticed his hickey, Lynn became the focus of attention. After explanations and denials, Lynn and the girls left to go back to the dance. Tim was waiting patiently and immediately took possession of Lynn as he walked out of the restroom.

"Come on, let's get back to the table," he said as he slid his arm around Lynn's waist. Lynn managed to disengage himself from Tim's grasp and told him she wanted to sit with her friends for a while. Reluctantly he agreed and followed them to their table. For the rest of the evening, Lynn would only dance the fast dances with Tim. He wasn't going to give Tim another opportunity to give him a hickey.

At last Lynn was standing at his front door facing the last ordeal of the night. Having to kiss Tim goodnight. He was determined to keep it chaste and did not let Tim have the first move. As they reached the front door, Lynn turned to face him and quickly gave him a sisterly peck on the lips. As Tim's arms began to encircle his waist, Lynn pirouetted around them and, saying good night, he opened the door and went in. She happily shut the door in his face. Really smiling for the first time that night, Lynn turned around and came face to face with his stepmother.

"My, you're home earlier than I expected. Here, let me take your Mum. I'll put it in the refrigerator to keep it fresh. Go on to your room and I'll meet you there." Emma said.

In his room, Lynn stripped to the buff as his stepmother sat on his bed. He was telling her all about the evening. His stepmother had seen him nude so many times by now that it didn't bother him that much. It wasn't until he was slipping his nightie over his head that she noticed the hickey. As the silky garment floated down his body, Emma had gotten up and, reaching out, she touched the mark on his neck.

"Mmmm, what's this, my dear. A hickey? Oh, you must tell me all the juicy details about this."

It was almost two o'clock in the morning before Lynn had finished writing in his diary and completed his evening toilet. He was too exhausted to let the day's events keep him awake. He was asleep almost as soon as his roller-covered head hit the pillow. He did not see his stepmother take the diary with her when she left. A pile of wadded-up notebook paper filled his wastebasket where he had written the diary's draft texts. The initial draft did not look like anything that filled the

pages of his diary. Not knowing the true events, anyone reading that diary entry would have thought it a typical entry by a lovesick teenager. Stan read that entry with a very heavy heart and Emma's commentary did nothing to alleviate his sadness.

Oh well he thought, I promised her that I wouldn't do anything until he turns eighteen at the end of the year. I can't believe that my own son would turn out to be such a ...I can't bring myself to say it...but after seeing him and reading this diary of his, what can I do? I just can't accept someone like this...if anyone found out, why, I'd be crucified. I couldn't even show my face at the club, or anywhere for that matter. Well, if he doesn't change and change soon, I will be left with no choice. He'll just have to go someplace else and live whatever he calls a life.

Chapter 15: Emma Steps Up Her Plan

Emma entered Lynn's bathroom just as he was finishing up his morning toilet. "Lynn darling," she announced, "since you are now dating and experiencing high school, you'll want to have some fond memories of these glorious days. I have decided that you should not only keep your diary, but also start a scrapbook. I rummaged around and picked up a few items to start your book with. I think once we dry out your Mum, it will be a beautiful addition. You know that you can put just about anything in a scrapbook; we'll go shopping to find just the right one after breakfast. Oh, I also made an appointment for us at the salon. So hurry up and put on the outfit I left on your bed."

Lynn adjusted his cache sex, which Emma insisted that he put on immediately after his bath. It was pink with white lace ruffles and firmly pulled his male equipment tight up into his body, leaving a very flat front. Groaning to himself as he heard what Emma said, he pulled on his negligee and went to his bedroom. There on the bed were a pale pink poly blouse with cap sleeves and a denim miniskirt, white ankle socks with pink lace trim, pink trainers, and a pink shoulder bag. The blouse was transparent enough to clearly show his pink camisole and bra straps.

Opening the purse, he noted that Emma had transferred his makeup and other essentials from the one he had used the night before. Quickly, he rearranged the contents to move the tampons and sanitary pad to the bottom along with the condoms. It still made him blush to have such intimate items in his purse.

They stopped at a large bookstore and quickly purchased two scrapbooks, then went to the salon. There Emma treated Lynn to a new frillier hairdo since his hair was longer and had it bleached almost to a platinum blonde. He got a full body wax, pedicure, and slightly longer extensions varnished a brilliant plum color. Even Lynn had to admit that he made a fine looking fox of a woman; he was much too sexy-looking. He certainly did not want to be a boy magnet. Emma telling him that he had to look good for his Timmy in front of all the staff at the salon did not help curtail his embarrassment or misgivings.

Leaving the salon, Lynn turned to go to the car when Emma took his hand and told him she had a special surprise. She led him off in a different direction. To his great surprise, she led him towards a tattoo parlor next to the salon.

“Now Lynn,” Emma said as they reached the door to the parlor, “I’ve been reading quite a bit about what the young girls are doing to be ‘cool’. Now you will come in here with me and agree to whatever I tell the clerk. It’s for your own good, as I want you to fit into the right crowd at Polk. A high school experience can be devastating if you are not cool. I want you to have the best and associate only with the best. So just do as I say and this won’t have to get ugly. Understand?”

Lynn’s protests did absolutely no good; the fact that he did not want a tattoo of any kind did not matter. He left the tattoo parlor with a small bright pink cat-girl tattooed above his left breast with the words “Sex Kitten” inscribed underneath. He also now sported permanent eyeliner and two new holes, one in each ear and one through his belly button. When the technician started to put the hole into his navel, Lynn almost protested, but seeing the fierce look in his stepmother’s eyes, held silent. Thinking that when he quit wearing the jewelry the holes would heal over, Lynn justified his acceptance of what his stepmother demanded.

The tattoo was another matter and bothered him more than anything else. Thankful that he was able to talk her out of making him get a peacock tattooed in the small of his back made getting the much smaller cat-girl tattoo seem okay. That navel ring with its bright pinkish opalescent stone was bothering the heck out of him, but it was better than the alternative his stepmother offered: a tongue piercing. They went to the mall and did some shopping, as he needed some new bras. Emma made sure that the sales girls in the changing area got a glimpse of Lynn’s new tattoo. Finally, they returned home.

It had been an exhausting day for Lynn, but it was not over. Emma came to his room to help him set up his first scrapbook. Emptying a brown paper bag on his bedspread, she said, “Here, my dear. I saved some things for you to put into your scrapbook that no young lady would leave out. See,” she continued as she handed him an empty bra box quickly followed by an empty tampon and maxi pad wrapper. “I saved your first bra box and intimate needs items. It’s important for a girl to remember her first bra and menstrual time. I think you should title this scrapbook, ‘My Firsts’, don’t you?”

Lynn reluctantly began doing as Emma instructed. After the title page, he carefully flattened the bra box and glued it to the page. He wrote underneath, “My First Bra.” He turned the page and started to glue the tampon wrapper when his stepmother told him to go back and write in the description of his first bra and how great it felt wearing one for the first time. After he had glued the menstrual items on the second page, he had to describe how it felt to become a woman at last.

Finishing that odious task, Emma handed him some more items, saying, “Oh, I took the liberty to empty your purse for little souvenirs as well. I hope that you don’t mind, but it’s the little things that make a great scrapbook. I saved the ticket stub from your first football game, a napkin with your lip imprint with ‘Polk

High School' on it from your first sock hop. You'll need to write in the dates and all, dear. I also saved your panties from your first date. See! I didn't even wash them so you can see the little stains and smell the perfume you wore that night. More importantly, you can see that you did not lose your cherry on your first date. I wouldn't want my little darling thought of as being 'easy'. Maybe on your third or fourth date that will change, but that would be okay. Here is your very first corsage. It should be dry enough to put into your book. Be sure to write your Timmy's name and how thrilled you were to receive it."

Lynn was blushing furiously as he glued the panties into his scrapbook. He couldn't help but notice the glycerin stains in the crotch. The very idea of having sex with another boy was totally ridiculous and repugnant. The flower had to be taped and writing the description of events was worse than writing about his first period. Finished, he shut the book and put it on the top shelf of his closet.

"Lynn, darling," Emma said as she was leaving the room, "you look tired. Finish your toilet and get to bed, dear. By the way, I expect you to go to next Saturday's dance even though the game is out of town. I like your Timmy and I expect you to keep him around. Understand? He's such a gentleman."

Chapter 16: The Dance

By Monday afternoon, Tim had asked Lynn out for another date, which he accepted. He and Betsy talked about getting him out of his predicament, but came to no conclusion as to how to do it. Jill and Karen being in almost constant proximity, kept their conversations short as well. The other girls could only talk about their boyfriends and how excited they were about the upcoming dance. Lynn, to keep up appearances, had to brag about Timmy and how much he was looking forward to the dance. He didn't know that Betsy had a tape recorder going while they talked about boys and the dance.

Becky felt guilty about recording Lynn's conversation. Deciding that she liked Lynn as a girl, she would do whatever was needed to keep him in dresses. She wanted him for herself just as he was. Her date with Billy was okay but the same feelings were not there like when she was with Lynn. This way, she could have a lesbian lover and children as well. *Oh, my precious Lynn, she thought, I do love you so. I will be sorry if I hurt you, but in the end you will understand. I do love you but if...no, when you get out from under your stepmother, this tape may help me keep you.*

Friday, Emma took Lynn shopping for a new dress for the dance. She selected a pink sequined tube top and pink satin with white chiffon overlayer full skirt outfit. The tube top would emphasize his breasts, while revealing most of his tattoo, midriff and navel ring. The flaring skirt with two stiff net petticoats would lend a classy elegance to his ensemble. Three-inch spiked heels in white patent leather, pink satin choker ribbon with opalized broach; white clutch and white net wrap would complete the accessories. New pink strapless bra, matching panties with

lacy front panel, pink satin waist cinch with a trim of embroidered flowers, and white sheer stockings completed his undergarments.

With his new clothing, they marched to the cosmetics counter to coordinate his makeup. Then it was off to the jewelry department, where Emma picked out several plastic bangles in white and pink for his wrist and a fiery pink opal ring. Finally, a pair of opal studs for the new holes in his ears and two hoop white and pink plastic ones as well.

Leaving the mall, Emma took Lynn back to the salon to have his hair done for his big date. After the shampoo and rinse, the beautician tinted his platinum blonde hair with a pale pink coloring that would match the color of his dress and put it in rollers for the set. After an hour and a half, they left the salon with Lynn sporting a new hairdo and bright pink nail polish on his newly extended fingernails. As he extended and spread out his fingers palm down as he had been taught, his face was reflected back from the glistening one-inch long nails. A small tear fell from his left eye as he saw himself in the mirror.

Lynn was all smiles and animated during this entire process. Earlier he had protested strongly about having to go shopping and was especially vehement about having to go out with Tim again. Emma didn't say a word during his outburst, but left his room. Shortly after, Maria came in, grabbed his arm and pulled him into the bathroom. There she literally threw him onto the commode, then, with her back to him, she filled an enema bag. When she turned around with the bulging bag, Lynn tried to run away, but again he was snared under the arm and forced to the floor. Bent over in a kneeling position with his ass high in the air, Maria pulled down his panties and cruelly pushed the nozzle deep into his rectum. His stomach bulging, Maria showed him a large pink rubber butt plug. It seemed like it was eight inches long and four inches across, but it was somewhat smaller than that. It hurt like the dickens when she forced it up his rectum.

"Okay, you stupid nina," she said. "You gonna stay like that until you are one very sorry little bitch. You give you Momma any more trouble and you will be sorry. Maria promises you! Now you take you bath."

Seeing himself in the full-length mirror on the bathroom door, Lynn thought that he looked like he was pregnant with his distended stomach. Crying in both pain and embarrassment, he stepped into the tub of scented bubbles. During the next hour, he thought that he was going to die from the pain of the cramps caused by the large amount of liquid churning in his bowels. He didn't dare remove the plug for fear of a much harsher punishment. When Maria finally reappeared and removed the plug, the expulsion of all those fluids created severe cramping and a worse pain than before. He broke out in a cold sweat and thought that he would throw up, but he didn't. After that experience, he was a very docile young lady.

That night as he was getting ready for his date, he didn't offer any argument when Emma told him to insert another glycerin stick. Nor did he complain when she insisted that it was time for him to go steady and she expected him to do whatever necessary to get Tim to ask her. She didn't necessarily care if the rela-

tionship lasted for the entire semester, but she did expect Lynn to become more sexually involved. "It's very important for a girl's self-esteem to know that she is sexually attractive and I expect you to be more confident. Now when Tim comes to pick you up, I expect you to greet him with a big loving kiss and smile of welcome. You know how to do it. You've read all the books. Do not disappoint me. Understand?"

When he went to meet Tim, he did just as he was told. With a big smile on his face, he walked up to Tim and, placing his arms around his neck, pulled his lips down for a lingering French kiss. He let Tim pin a white orchid corsage to his bodice and kissed him again. He did not bat an eye when the back of Tim's fingers lingered over the flesh of his breast a moment or two longer than necessary. They left the house with Tim's arm around his waist their hips brushing as they walked to the car.

Sitting beside him as they drove to the dance, Lynn let the hem of his skirt ride up to bear a lot of thigh. He just sat there with a smile frozen on his face as Tim's hand took advantage of the bare flesh to stroke it and run his fingers up to edge of Lynn's panties. Before Tim could get too far, Lynn reached down and gently slapped it and told him to stop. In the parking lot, they kissed deeply once again and, breaking the kiss, Tim dropped his head and sucked on Lynn's tender neck. Lynn's mind screamed at him, *Darn, he's giving me another hickey!*

Again, Tim led them over to a table in the back occupied by his friends. Shortly, Tim asked Lynn to dance and off they went. During the slow dance, Tim kept whispering how much he desired her and that he wanted Lynn to be his girl. While he talked and danced, Lynn had to constantly pull Tim's hands up off his butt, but kept smiling.

The next two dances were fast ones and Lynn was able to take his mind off Tim's groping and having to answer his requests to be his girl. With the third dance over, Lynn excused himself to go to the lady's. There she met up with the girls and found out where they were sitting. Promising to meet them, she left to go back to the table, but Tim was waiting for her. When she asked him to go over to her friend's table, he resisted, but finally complied.

Lynn, Betsy, Jill, and Karen sat huddled at the table, talking mostly about the other girls there, what they were wearing and making some catty remarks about the dresses, totally ignoring their dates. After about an hour and a half, Karen had to go to the lady's again and they all rose to follow her lead. As Lynn was nearing the bathroom, Emma stepped out from the shadows and, grabbing his elbow, steered him away to an empty area.

"My dear, is this any way to treat your future steady boy friend? I've been watching you and I certainly do not approve of the way you are treating that poor boy. When you finish up in there," she said, indicating the bathroom, "I expect you to take your boyfriend, find a secluded space and do some serious necking. When you get home, we will have a further discussion about your behavior tonight. Understand?"

“But...but how, er... why are you here?” he managed to stammer, fear filling him.

“I’m the chaperone, of course, and I think that, after tonight, I will consider doing my civic duty more often. Now, scoot and remember I’ll be watching.”

Standing at the mirror repairing his make up, Lynn explained that he needed to spend more time alone with Timmy and that he would see them all on Monday. His announcement brought forth some comments that made him blush, but closing his purse, he left. Betsy had a strange look on her face as he walked out of the restroom.



Needless to say, Tim was both pleased and satisfied by the time the dance was over. Lynn was embarrassed and a little disheveled as they walked out to the car. Tim just loved the little cat tattoo and smothered it with kisses for most of the remaining evening. Parked at the curb in front of Lynn’s house, they kissed for a while. Somehow during the process, Lynn’s tube top found itself bunched under Lynn’s breasts and his bra was folded down.

Tim’s lips brushed hungrily at the exposed nipples and sucked greedily on each mound. Sitting back, Tim stared at Lynn’s exposed breasts, “Oh baby, I do love that tattoo! Man, you *are* a sexy kitten. Come here,” Tim said as he unzipped his pants, took Lynn’s hand and placed it on his dick. “Oh, baby, I need some relief. You got me so damn horny that if you don’t do something, I’m going to die.

Man, you gave me the worse case of blue balls that I have ever had. Come on baby! Just rub on it a bit, please, for me.”

Lynn hesitated, but managed to keep a smile on her face. “But Timmy I can’t do that. We’re not even going steady,” he managed to whisper.

‘Shit baby, if that’s all it takes, sure, we can go steady. You make me too damn hot! Here, take my class ring. It’s all yours, just like I am now and you are mine.”

At the door to his house, Lynn made sure to give Timmy a deep soul kiss; he knew that Emma was watching. Inside, he came face to face with his stepmother who was grinning like a Cheshire cat. “Well, my dear, it looks like you took my advice. Come along to your room, we have a lot to discuss and I am sure you want to add to your diary and scrapbook.”

When he was stripped down to his panties and bra, Emma sat on the bed, watching his every move. She carefully noted all the hickeys and rashes covering Lynn’s neck and breasts. As he sat removing his make up, she got up and began tracing the love marks, as she called them, around his neck and on his breast.

“Oh, you have been a mischievous child tonight. I bet you had a wonderful time. No, you don’t have to say anything; those stains on the front of your panties tell me that you enjoyed it. Well, enjoyed it to some degree, anyway, but you still disobeyed my instruction. I will have to think about an appropriate punishment for you. Finish here and then I will want to read your diary entry. Oh, let me see what you have in your purse. Can’t forget something for your scrapbook. Emmm, what have we here? A wet hanky? Were you crying...oooooh...no, this is too sticky to be tears. Why I’ll be darned. You yanked him off, didn’t you? This is just too precious! Saving your boyfriend’s cum-soaked hanky for your scrapbook. Well, it is another first and I won’t hear of it not going into your book. Now, hurry up. It is late and I want to get to bed.”

It was almost two in the morning before Lynn had a diary entry acceptable to Emma. To his great shame, Emma made him write all about the hand job he had given Tim, including a detailed description of his penis. *“My Timmy’s penis is like a long thick hooded snake. Smooth as velvet and when you pull back the hood, a beautiful plum red head reveals itself. It came alive in my little hand and throbbed to my touch.”* The rest of the entry was even more embarrassing to Lynn, but Emma insisted that he complete it. His first draft stated, *“His penis was horrible and creepy. I hated touching it as it felt foul to my touch.”* After Emma slapped his face, she told him to write it like it was not from a male perspective, but from the woman’s. It still took him most of the night to finish it like his stepmother wanted. When he read the final draft, it sounded like he had delighted in the experience; yet, he still cringed at the very thought.

It was closer to sunup before he finally fell asleep. It had been a horrific day and an even worse night. When he was forced to get up by Maria, he had bags under his eyes and looked like he had been rode hard and put up wet.

Fortunately he did not have to face his father, as he and Allen were not scheduled to be home until later that evening. They had gone to the school game and stayed over to see a pro game in that same city. Lynn was both envious of Allen

and at the same time greatly relieved that his father would not see the awful bruising around his neck. The hickeys hurt and his breasts were tender from last night's abuses. The last thing he wanted to do was talk to Tim, but his stepmother made him call and tell him how much he "just loved" last night.

Chapter 17: Punishment

That next week was horrible. He had to be with Tim at every available opportunity and except for their classes, he spoke little with his girl friends. Betsy kept pestering him about what was going on, but Lynn did his best to sidestep her interrogation. He could only smile in sad acceptance when the girls noted the ring he wore around his neck. Emma reminded him that he had a punishment coming, but would not say what it would be. As a result, by Friday his nerves were frazzled. Betsy's calls to his house went unanswered. Emma decided that he should have no more contact with her and told Betsy to stop calling. It wasn't that Emma thought that Betsy knew anything, but that she was a bad influence.

Lynn, forced to continue with his flirtations, received even more hickeys and abuse to his tender breasts at the next ball game and sock hop. Like the books had said, once you let your boy friend have access to your breasts, you couldn't stop letting him have his way with them. While they were in the back of the gym making out, Tim handed Lynn a small purple velvet-covered box. Inside was a small ring with three small opals. Lynn didn't understand at first, and then when Tim said it was a promise ring, he knew that the relationship would have to go up another level. A promise ring!? His first reaction was to toss it back to Tim, but he managed a big smile and nodded acceptance. Emma was watching.

While Lynn managed to keep from giving Tim another hand job, he let him fondle and suckle his breasts that Friday night. Needless to say, Lynn only saw his girlfriends when he went to the restroom, but under Emma's watchful eye, he kept those meetings brief.

Saturday morning, Emma woke Lynn up and told him to wear what she would put out and be ready in forty-five minutes. On his bed, Lynn found a pair of white flared shorts, a pink v-cut sleeveless ribbed cotton top, and pink high cut nylon panties, matching bra, white knee-highs and white kids with pink lacing.

Right after breakfast, Emma took Lynn back to the tattoo parlor. There, he had his tongue pierced and two rose garland tattoos done around both his ankles. Interwoven in the flower garland around his right ankle were the letters, T, I, M, M, Y. By the time it was all over, Lynn was in tears and not all of them from the pain.

The silver bar bell inserted into his tongue bothered the heck out of him. Not only did it hurt, but also it made him sound like a stuttering bimbo. He just couldn't pronounce his words clearly and the constant bumping from the bar bell to the roof of his mouth was aggravating. When he complained about it to the technician who put it in, she just smiled and whispered so only he could hear, "Darling, your boy friend will just love it! Believe me."

Monday morning, Betsy managed to corner Lynn in the restroom. "Alright, Lynn, you're going to have to tell me what the hell is going on. Your stepmother won't let me talk to you and you don't seem to want to talk either. We're too close to shut each other out of our lives. I love you and I think that you love me. So please let me help you!" Betsy said frantically while holding Lynn by the shoulders.

"Betsy, please, if Emma finds out that I've been talking to you there is no telling what she'll do. Look," Lynn replied while pulling his blouse open to reveal the cat tattoo and sticking out his leg, he pointed to his ankle. "See what she's done to me? An dis," he said, sticking out his tongue. "She's mutilating me as punishment for not doing what she wants me to do. I...I...look, I've got to go before someone else comes in here and blabs to my stepmother. If you can find some way to get me out of this, you had better do it real quick. Bye...an..and I love you, too."

Betsy stood frozen in disbelief. *How can anyone debase someone like that?* She thought, *Sex Kitten, indeed! I have got to find someway to stop all this before Lynn is turned into a complete freak.* As Betsy left the restroom, she remembered a movie where the main character kept calling these girls and telling them that he knew what they did. It drove the girls crazy. Maybe it would work on Emma.

On Tuesday night, Emma received a phone call, "I know what you are doing and I have proof," the strange voice said, then hung up. Emma just shrugged off that first call, but after getting more of them, she began to worry. Still, she thought if someone knew anything, they would offer some kind of proof or at least demand something. She just did not see where she could have gone wrong in her planning so she paid the annoying calls little conscious attention, but subconsciously they bothered her.

By accident on Thursday, Betsy overheard a conversation between two girls in the restroom while she was in a stall. "Oh Veronica, you've got to be kidding. Allen must have been just teasing you about his sister actually being his faggot brother. Like we wouldn't know a real girl from a swishy faggot. Hehehehe. We all know that Lynn is dating Tim and we've seen how they act at the dances. 'sides, there's no way Lynn could be a guy. Just look at her, like I mean, she's a she, you know. Like, she's got real tits. I saw them when she was adjusting her bra the other day. And did you see that rad tattoo?"

"Yeah, you're probably right, Tory. Lynn's a little too femmie for my tastes, but she seems to, like, you know, have all the right equipment. I've seen her at VS coming out of the changing room half-dressed. She's on the small side, but they were the real things. I guess he was just teasing me. We still have time to go to the snack bar before our next class? Okay let's do it."

After the other girls left, Betsy came out and, as she was washing her hands, came to a decision. If she could get Allen to talk while she taped the conversation, maybe, just maybe, she could get Lynn out of this fix. *But Allen would never talk to me much less notice if I were living or dead. It will have to be someone else that I can trust and at the same time attract his interest. Hmm, I wonder if Jill would help.*

She's got the looks and Allen did try to date her last year. I'm going to have to think about this some more, she thought as she left the restroom.

Chapter 18: Disastrous Date

Friday night was the last home game until after the holidays and it was Homecoming. Lynn's name had been on the ballot for the queen and her court, but fortunately, he did not win. Jill won a spot in the court and Lynn was happy for her, but still glad he wasn't chosen. He finished just out of the running. Emma had taken him shopping for a new prom gown the previous Saturday and a number of the girls saw him changing into different outfits. When he turned before the mirrors in the showroom in a daring low-cut strapless evening gown, with his slim waist, curved hips, and obvious mounds, there could be no doubt in anyone's mind that Lynn was a very pretty young lady, bordering on beautiful. If nothing else, that display killed off any rumors of him being anything but all girl.

That same evening Betsy and Jill spent the evening discussing Lynn's predicament. At first, Betsy was leery about telling Jill his secret, but in the end if her plan was to work, she desperately needed Jill's help. It took her almost an hour to convince her that Lynn was a boy and that he was being forced to pretend by his wicked stepmother. Betsy had to use all their years of friendship and call in every one of her debts before Jill would agree to help. At first, Jill was extremely upset that Lynn would pull such a prank and even felt somewhat violated, however, Betsy's reasoning and the fact that it was not Lynn's fault helped her decide. For the rest of the evening, the two young women sat huddled on Betsy's bed planning just how to get Allen to admit to everything. They both agreed that getting Allen to ask Jill out would be no problem.

Emma had Lynn start preparations for his prom date shortly after he woke up that morning. They spent most of the morning at the salon where Lynn received the full beauty regiment. His hair was put up in a Gibson girl style to go with his new gown. Full body wax, pedicure and manicure, and makeup followed. He was more than a little nervous as the technician waxed his pubic area, but thanks to his gaff, she apparently didn't notice anything out of the ordinary. When she finished, the only hair on his body was a tiny triangle at his groin.

While Lynn was soaking in the bath, she said, "Now Lynn, I happen to know that Tim rented a limo and a suite at the hotel for this evening. Since you are going steady and he gave you a promise ring, I think this is an appropriate time for you to show him just how much you love him. So you won't have a curfew tonight, if you understand my meaning. Oh, look at you shivering. Is it too cold in the room? Want me to turn up the heat? No, well to help you make the right decision; I've asked Maria to stay over for the next week. I've given her the spare bedroom next to your room. Won't that be nice? So if you decide to make an early evening of it, she will be here to help you. I think it is time for you to get out of the tub and start getting ready, my dear. Mustn't turn into a prune. Come on, get out."

By the time he was sitting at his vanity in just a black satin high-cut brief with a feminine fuchsia floral lace overlay covering the front panel, matching silk organza bustier, and sheer black peignoir, he was almost resigned to the fact that his stepmother was going to do her best to turn him into a sex goddess. Emma was adding a touch of hair spray to his platinum blonde hair, being careful not to spay the long black velvet ribbon streamers woven into his Gibson style. His long-lasting makeup applied at the salon was still perfect. All he had to do was add some more lip-gloss and spray on his perfume.

On the bed were the rest of his clothes packed in a plastic travel bag: black sheer hose, garter belt matching his bustier and panties, a pair of four-inch black patent leather spiked heels and his dress. A black velvet top and chiffon tulip hemmed skirt, a little bit of nothing designed to highlight his feminine form. It would cling to his upper body, revealing enough of his breasts to be decorous yet inviting and it flared out at the waist. He would change into his formal wear at the gym after the ball game.

When Lynn first tried it on he was horrified to see that his sex kitten tattoo was exposed. He had complained as strongly as he could, but Emma would hear none of it and said that the dress was “really made for her.” It did not lessen the embarrassment, but he had to admit to himself as he looked at his reflection in the mirror that the dress did make him look very sexy.

After putting on the white angora sweater and black pencil skirt that he was wearing to the game, he put on his opal jewelry and Tim’s promise ring on his fingers along with a dainty watch and slipped his feet into a pair of skimmers. Tim’s class ring hung from a golden chain about his neck. Next, he picked up his black sequined clutch purse and began transferring the contents from his other purse. When he hesitated putting in the two tampons, Emma told him that he would need them for later.

When Lynn looked at her questioningly, she added, “Tomorrow when you get back home, I expect you to be wearing one of those. When you remove it, I want to see your lover’s seed drip out. Do we understand one another, my dear, or should I just go get Maria now? No? All right then, I think that while you are waiting for me to call you to greet your date, you might refresh your memory by reading that section on sexual intimacy.”

As his stepmother left the room, Lynn was very near tears. The very thought of letting Tim do anything like Emma was suggesting was totally revolting but the alternative would be much worse. Maria had threatened some dire punishments if he did not do exactly what Emma had told him. As he sat twisting a tissue into smaller and smaller pieces, he decided that he was more afraid of what Maria would do than Tim.

After what seemed an eternity, Emma told him his date was there. Picking up the travel bag, he left the room to meet his future. Forcing a smile, Lynn walked up to Tim and, placing both hands around his neck, gave him a big kiss. Tim handed Lynn a clear plastic box containing a beautiful bouquet of orchids. Lynn

thanked him with another kiss and carefully placed it into the travel bag that she then handed to Tim to carry.

The limo dropped them off at the gym where Lynn quickly put the traveling bag into one of the lockers provided to the girls for that night. The limo driver then took them the short distance to the field and told Tim that he would pick them up at midnight.

The game was close with Leigh High three points ahead at the half. During the half-time, the queen and her court was presented amid wild cheers from the fans. The whole process would be repeated with the king and his court during the dance as most of them were getting ready for the second half of play. Polk High won the game in the fourth quarter with a fifty-three-yard field goal, the longest in school records. All in all, it was a fantastic game for the home team and the students were ready to party in celebration.

Tim walked Lynn back to the gym and told her where he would wait for her to change. Inside the dressing room, Lynn tried to find her friends, but the area was too crowded. He was just finishing dressing when Jill, Karen, and Betsy found him.

"Oh there you are, we've been looking all over for you," Betsy said as the girls bunched around Lynn.

"That dress is fabulous," Karen screamed. "I just wish that I could wear something like that. Lynn, it's positively dreamy."

"Yeah," Jill piped up. "You look lovely and that tattoo is just too cool. I wish my mother would let me get one, but she'd have a kitten herself if I even mentioned it. Ouch!"

Jill was cut off by a pinch to her arm by Betsy. "Lynn," Betsy said while looking daggers at Jill, "Jill should have all the evidence we'll need to get you out of this mess by morning. I've hooked her up with a microphone and recorder and it shouldn't take her long to get Allen to spill all he knows. What are your plans for tonight? Are you going to be able to get away from Tim and join me at my place later?"

"Look Betsy, Emma told me that I was going to have to stay with Tim to-night...All Night! If I don't, well I don't even want to think about it, especially if we don't have any proof yet. I mean, if Jill can't get my stupid stepbrother to talk, then I...I can't think of disobeying Emma. You girls just cannot *imagine* what she'd do to me. She promised me a long trip to the tattoo parlor if I didn't. I'd just rather take my chances with Tim than her. If Jill can get what we need then tomorrow I can take it to my Dad. That is, if he will even talk to me. I haven't seen him or talked to him in over a month now and Allen...well, Allen takes up all his free time."

Lynn started crying. The three girls gathered 'round, gave him a group hug and murmured encouragement. Getting control of himself, Lynn smiled in appreciation and told them that no matter what happened, he would always be their friend.

“Look,” Betsy said, “Where is Tim going to take you? Do you know? Maybe we can meet you there and give you some protection. You know, safety in numbers.”

“Gee, Betsy,” Lynn replied, “I don’t really know. He’s rented a limo for tonight and Emma said something about a suite at the hotel, but that’s it. I really don’t know for sure what his plans are. Maybe Jill can find out from Allen...I just don’t know!”

“Okay, Jill,” Betsy said, “see if you can find out where Tim is taking Lynn tonight after the dance. Somehow find a way to get Allen outside and talking. It’s going to be entirely too noisy in this place to hear anything on that recorder. Maybe we can all hook up later if you can find out where.”

“Getting Allen outside won’t be any problem at all,” Jill replied. “Like, how could he refuse the beautiful Jill anything she wants, especially if he thinks he can get me alone, you know. Like duh! Hehehehe.”

“You’re a brazen hussy, you know that, Jill?” Karen joined in. All the girls joined in a group laugh. It relieved a lot of built-up tension and made them all feel good. With that, Lynn finished dressing and checked his makeup in his compact’s mirror. Satisfied that he was presentable, he picked up the box of orchids and surrounded by his friends left the changing area.

Back in the gym, Lynn let Tim pin the corsage to his dress and arm-in-arm, they walked to the back of the dance floor. In a dim corner, Tim found a table and after sitting, pulled out a small flask, took a swig and offered it to Lynn. He refused, but after Tim insisted, he took a small taste. It burned all the way down his throat, putting a fire in his stomach. As Lynn handed the flask back to Tim, he saw Emma staring at him with a cruel smile on her face. Knowing what was expected, Lynn leaned over and gave Tim a kiss in thanks and asked him to dance.

They danced a number of slow dances with Tim groping her the entire time. If he didn’t have his hands firmly planted on her ass cheeks, they were pressed up between their bodies, rubbing her breasts through the dress. All the while Lynn maintained a happy smile on his face while deep down he cried in desperation. As they danced the slow ones, Lynn could feel Tim’s erection growing harder with every move.

At 11:00 o’clock, Tim told Lynn that he was ready to leave for their special evening. Lynn protested that it was still early and that the limo wasn’t due for another hour, but Tim was insistent.

“Look baby, I called the limo on my cell and told him not to bother. I have my car outside and I want to show you my surprise. Come on, let’s get out of here!” Tim demanded.

Soon, Tim was driving into a motel parking lot in a seedy part of town. “What are we doing here?” Lynn asked. “I thought that you booked a suite in the hotel downtown?”

“Shit, baby, there’s going to be a million kids at that hotel and I wanted you all to myself tonight. I have a special evening planned for us and I don’t want any interruptions. Relax, this is going to be fun.”

"I...I don't like the looks of this place, Timmy. I'm scared! Can't we go to the hotel? Please?"

"Lynn, relax. You don't think that I would take you anywhere we might get into trouble, do you? This way we'll have some privacy. It's going to be a real night to remember! So just chill and we'll have a lot of fun," Tim said as he parked the car at the back of the inn.

It was very dark and Lynn felt shivers running up her spine as Tim unlocked the door and switched on a light.

"This is the honeymoon suite, baby," Tim said as he ushered her into the room. The inside of the room was almost completely taken up by a large heart-shaped waterbed covered in red satin. Overhead was a large mirror reflecting the scarlet comforter. Two bedside tables with ceramic lamps shaped like cupids bows and all, a big screen television set and dresser completed the furnishings. An open door off to one side led into a large bathroom containing a Jacuzzi tub. Sitting on the dresser was a plastic container filled with half-melted ice and two bottles of champagne.

"Well? What do you think? Isn't it grand? Beats the snot out of going to that hotel," Tim encouraged.

"I...I guess," Lynn whispered as he set down his travel bag beside the bed.

"Come on, why don't you take off that dress slow and easy like and get comfortable while I pour us some of this French champagne."

Chapter 19: Jill Gets The Goods

After the King and Queen ceremonies and presentation of the Court, Jill was aglow with happiness. Allen stood next to her, smiling as well. The whole school was cheering and applauding them as they stood on stage taking their bows. As they left the stage, Jill asked Allen if he wanted to go outside, as she didn't feel like doing kissy-kissy with all her admirers. "Besides, I really want to have you all to myself right now. I don't think that I could stand seeing all those other girls getting your attention instead of little ole me. So, why don't you get us some more of that special punch the team made and meet me over there," Jill said, indicating a side door to the gym.

Allen was only too happy to oblige. He had already enjoyed the punch and was feeling little pain and the prospect of getting Jill all alone was more than intoxicating in itself. She looked absolutely gorgeous in her outfit. The dress she wore was designed to get a man's attention, with a low-scooped back and draped front that revealed most of her assets.

They found a secluded bench and Jill insisted on sitting on his lap. She draped her arms around his neck and kissed him deeply on the mouth. As she kissed him, she let the glass of punch tip sideways and emptied its contents. After the kiss, Allen pulled back and drained his glass. "Oh, Allen, I seemed to have spilled

my drink. Would you mind getting us another and then hurry back to me. I'm sooooo hot, baby. I need something to cool off."

When Allen returned, Jill got back on his lap and kissed him again and let her drink fall to the ground. "Baby, you make me sooooo hot," she whispered into his ear. "Allen, can I ask you a question? I know it's silly but your stepsister, you know, there is a rumor going around that she isn't really a girl, but that is impossible, isn't it? There's no one who could make a guy look and act that much like a girl. She even has titties. No one is that smart! Come on baby, you can tell me. If you tell, I promise not to say a word to anybody. It'll be our little secret. If'n ya tell me, maybe.... Well maybe we can go steady an...and you know, do stuff," Jill whispered into his ear while pressing her breasts into his face and rubbing them around very suggestively.

"Ha, you don't know the half of it," sneered a slightly drunk Allen. He was letting his dick do his thinking for him. "That faggot got what's coming to him. My mother is smart enough. Shit, she is so damn cool! She even got that old fart of a husband to leave all his money to her and me. Sheeeeeeeet! That old ass hole is soooo fuckin' dumb, he makes a posthole look intelligent. Mom's even got him thinking that I am his real son. Can you believe it! Sheeeet! That fucker believes it! Takes me out, tries to do all that silly father-son routine on me. Like I want that old shit hanging around with me. Come here an' gimme another kiss."

Jill complied and, after letting the kiss linger, she moved to his ear and began nibbling on it. She could feel Allen's penis growing in eagerness and she made sure to wiggle her butt to keep it encouraged. "You know, I've been asked to go steady by Mike. He even said he would fix my car for free if I did, but I kinda like you more. You're so much more...." She stopped long enough to give him another soul kiss.

"Fuck him!" Allen replied. "Once I get that asshole's money, I'll buy you a new car, whatever you want."

"Ooooh, Baby!" Jill replied, "Even a Porsche? But...but what about your sister? Won't she get her daddy's money? After all, she is blood. You know what they say, blood is thicker than water."

"Yeah, I'll get you any car you want," Allen, replied. "Lynn! That faggot will be so long gone! Besides, when my Mom gets finished with him, his old man will kick his faggot ass out of the house and his will. Mom and I will get everything."

"What do you mean 'him?'" Jill asked. "I thought that Lynn was your stepsister; yet, you called her a faggot and a him? What gives, darling?"

"Shit, Mom is turning his sissy ass into a girl. He's such a wimp that he actually let's her do it. I shouldn't say anything, but you can keep a secret and since we are going to be going steady, I think I can trust you. Mom's been sneaking him hormones and beating the snot out of him every time he even thinks about not doing what she says. Between her and Maria, they're gonna make his faggot ass do whatever they want, whenever they want. Shit, I'm just glad I don't have Maria busting my balls. She is one real mean bitch. Some of the things they done to Lynn I don't even want to think about. That Maria is sadistic."

“Allen, I can’t believe that! Are you sure that your Mother and this Maria could be that terrible? Besides, how are you going to get all that money? I think you’re just fooling with me to get into my panties.”

“Fuck, baby, I ain’t kidding. They done exactly what I said. They are making him into a faggot sissy. As far as the money is concerned, Mom had that jack-off give me a trust fund and when we get Lynn kicked out of the house, we’ll get the rest.”

“How are you going to get your trust fund if your step daddy is still alive? I thought that he would have to be dead before you could collect a trust fund?”

“Man, I don’t know. My mom just said not to worry, that she’d take care of everything. Come on, what say we take off and go to the hotel?”

“Oooh, isn’t that where Tim is taking Lynn? I don’t know if we should be in the same place.”

“Nawh! Tim’s taking the faggot to the honeymoon suite in the Love Motel. Betcha didn’t know Tim was a closet faggot too. My Mom figured that out and promised Tim if he would snag Lynn, she’d give him ten grand. Come on, let’s go, baby! I’m hornier than a hoot owl!”

“Ooooh, I can’t wait either baby, but let me get my things first and pay a little visit to the lady’s. While I’m doing that, why don’t you get some more punch?”

Chapter 20: The Evidence Exposed

As soon as Jill got back into the gym, she headed for Betsy and Karen. Smiling broadly, she simply said, “I got it!”

They rushed off to the lady’s, rewound the tape and listened to it. It was clear and very incriminating. “Okay girls, let’s get this to Lynn’s father,” Betsy said.

“But what about Lynn?” Karen asked. “He’s with Tim at the Love Motel. Shouldn’t we help him first?”

“What could we do?” Jill replied. “We’re going to have to get his dad to help and...and maybe even the police.”

With that, they left the bathroom and, making sure that Allen’s mother wasn’t in sight, headed out for the parking lot. “Okay, who has their car here?” Betsy asked.

“Agh strudels!” Betsy said when no one answered her question. “Karen, get back in there and grab your date. Jason has his car here, doesn’t he?”

Soon a bewildered Jason was driving the three girls to Lynn’s house. When they arrived, they told Jason to stay in the car and knocked on the door. Maria answered it. “Que es? What you kids want here this time of night?”

“Err, we...we have a message from Mrs. Odem for Mr. Odem,” Betsy said. “She told us to tell him directly as it was important.”

“Mr. Odem is a very busy man and it is late. You tell me the message and I will tell him, okay?”

They all began shouting at once, “No! We were told to tell him!”

As the girls were almost screaming, Maria’s eyes arched in suspicion. “No, you tell me or you can just go!” Maria said as she started to close the door.

“What’s all this noise?” a deep masculine voice said from behind Maria. Maria was forced to back out of the way as the girls pushed their way into the house.

“Mr. Odem?” Betsy asked and, seeing his nod, advanced upon him, holding out the cassette tape. “You’ve got to hear this immediately, Sir! It’s a matter of life or death!”

Maria, sensing that somehow things were going terribly wrong, tried her best to gather the children up and push them out of the door, saying, “Senor, this ez some kind of prank! Let me get rid of these peons before they can cause trouble.”

There was fear in the eyes of the girl standing in front of him holding out a cassette tape. As he looked closer, he could also see a sense of urgency in her face and the three girls were wearing their prom dresses. He didn’t think that they would be wearing their formals just to play a joke on him, so he decided to hear them out. If it was a prank, then he’d been had, but at least it would take the boredom out of his evening.

“Maria,” he ordered, “Let them be! Come along children, we’ll go into my study and see what this is all about.”

On hearing the tape, Stanley was too shocked to do anything other than just sit in his chair and moan over and over, “Oh my God! What have I done? How could I be so blind? I treated a stranger better than my own son, my poor poor son! Oh, what have I done?”

“Mr. Odem, you’ve got to do something!” Betsy almost screamed. “Call the police! Just don’t sit there, do something!”

Stanley looked up and with a shaking hand dialed 911. “Hello police?” he said.

Maria listening with her ear up against the door, decided that she had heard enough. She quickly ran to her room to pack whatever valuables she could in a small suitcase.

As he put the receiver down, Stanley picked up a revolver from his desk drawer. “Maria! That bitch! Where is she? You children stay here while I get her.” Betsy and the rest paid him no mind but followed behind at a safe distance.

She was almost to the door when Stanley and the children stopped her. Stanley was holding the pistol. When the police arrived, she confirmed everything that was on the tape. With her confession plus what was on the tape, the police were on their way to the Love Motel. Another patrol car left for the Polk High’s gym.

Chapter 21: The Love Motel

Lynn had been at the motel for over an hour when Stanley received the tape and called the police. Tim was wearing just his boxer shorts and they were finishing up the first bottle of champagne. It took some coaxing, but he finally got Lynn to do a slow strip and now he was wearing only his bustier, garter belt, hose, and shoes.

Succumbing to the inevitable, Lynn had drunk deeply from the champagne. He was feeling it now as he sat on the bed, watching Tim uncork the last bottle. Lynn knew that it wouldn't be long and the unthinkable would become tomorrow's bad memory.

After pouring them another glass, Tim sat up and pulled Lynn's face close and kissed him. Probing his tongue deeply into Lynn's mouth as he held the kiss for what seemed like hours to Lynn. Breaking the kiss, Tim left his hand on the back of Lynn's head and began pushing downward. "Come on baby, you know what I need and I need it bad," he demanded.

Lynn had no choice but to comply. It was either this moment in hell or an even worse fate when he got home. Slowly, he let his lips touch the knob of Tim's erection, then closing his eyes tightly, he swallowed all his pride and took it into his mouth. While it seemed to take forever and he almost vomited, Tim actually came quickly. Most of it streamed out of the corners of Lynn's mouth but he had to swallow some of it. Slightly salty and slimy in texture, but it was not as bad as Lynn had envisioned. Still his stomach was doing flip-flops and he wanted to throw up. The deed done, Lynn quickly got off the bed and headed to the bathroom. There he spit out all he could and, picking up a small bottle of mouthwash, he rinsed his mouth. He just barely managed to keep the bile down.

Back in the room, Tim patted the bed beside him and said, "Come here baby, that was pretty good, but you'll get better with practice. So why don't you come over here and pretend that this is just a peppermint stick and start licking. Fortunately for you, I took a *Viagra* and this big boy ain't going down anytime soon and we've got all night."

"Here, baby," he said as he offered Lynn a small pill in the palm of his hand. Try some of this. It will take the edge off and make everything all happy-happy."

Lynn didn't know what it was but if it would take his mind off what he was doing, all the better. He washed down the pill with the rest of the champagne. Everything started to blur and Lynn seemed to stop caring and began following Tim's instructions on how to perform a blowjob. He felt himself being turned over on to his belly and a pillow being placed under him. Then a sudden sharp pain in his butt and the pounding thrusts of something being shoved up his anal passageway filled his mind. It hurt; at the same time Lynn felt disconnected from everything that was going on. Finally the pounding stopped and he felt the object leave his backside. He rolled over and felt lips biting at his nipples and neck, but he didn't care. The drug Tim had given him certainly made him feel disconnected with the horrors of his real world.

After about another hour, Lynn's mind began returning to normal and he discovered just how much his body was abused. His rectum hurt with a throbbing pain and he felt stickiness between his legs. His head was lying on Tim's groin, his lips barely touching the still-erect penis.

He felt Tim's hand on the back of his head, "Come on, bitch! Don't stop now!" Lynn heard Tim order. "I'm just building up for another go at that tight boy pussy of yours and I expect you to do some of the work this time. I want to feel you humping right back or I'm going to just have to beat that pretty butt of yours 'til it's back and blue. Understand?"

Lynn began sucking in earnest, hoping that if he made him cum now, Tim wouldn't be able to do the other. He felt Tim tense and was sure he would get a reprieve for a while at least, but that was not to be as Tim pulled away.

"All right bitch, roll that butt over so I can get a clean shot at it! Yeah, I know your perverted little secret, but I won't tell as long as you do what I tell you and be my bitch. We're going to have some great times together and who knows, maybe I'll keep you. So long as you keep me happy, that is. Now roll that butt over."

Just as Tim was all the way in and starting to hump the helpless Lynn, the motel door slammed open and four policemen charged into the room. Tim was roughly pulled off the sobbing Lynn, thrown into a corner and handcuffed.

Lynn, totally humiliated and crying for all he was worth, sat up, tried his best to cover both his breasts and groin with his hands while at the same time tried to pull a sheet up. Everything seemed to be moving in slow motion as Lynn watched a police officer reach down beside the bed and pick up his prom gown and panties. The officer handed it to him and motioned to the bathroom. Lynn took the garments, wrapped them to cover as much of his body as he could and went into the bathroom.

He wanted more than anything to take a shower to cleanse the filth from his abused body, but knew that he didn't have the time. Instead, using a wet towel, he did the best he could to remove the traces of his affair. While in the bathroom he was hesitant about using the tampon, but, decided that it would keep him from wetting his panties, pushed it home. It hurt, but not as much as facing the police when he exited the bathroom would. It would be humiliating to go back into the motel room. The publicity that would come later would be even worse.

He was doomed and with that thought in his mind, he dressed and cleaned up as best he could. It took a great deal of courage just to open the bathroom door and face all those strangers who knew his awful secret. For a moment, he pictured in his mind what the press photo would show. Him in handcuffs under arrest and the caption, "Polk High School She-Male pervert taken into custody." However even this paled in comparison to what he thought Emma would say and do when he finally got home.

To his great surprise and shame, the first person he saw was his father. Stanley was standing by the bed looking horrified and sad all at the same time. Lynn looked to where his father was staring and saw the same stains on the sheets that

he knew his dad was looking at. Lynn just knew that his father was going to disown him on the spot and happily send him off to jail.

Tears began flooding his eyes, as he stood frozen on the spot. Looking up at his father who was now standing beside him and hugging him tightly, Lynn saw the sad face and the love shining in his eyes as well. Lynn fell into his father's arms, crying loudly and saying over and over, "I'm sorry Daddy. I'm so sorry! I didn't want this to happen." It wasn't until he was surrounded and being hugged by Betsy, Karen, and Jill that he realized that maybe the worst was over.

"Oh Lynn, you have nothing to be sorry for. It was my own fault for being so blind! Can you ever forgive an old man? Lynn, I've caused you great harm and I don't know how I can ever make it up to you. Please say that you can forgive an old foolish dolt? I promise that I will do anything and everything to make it up to you. Please forgive me!" As Stanley said this, they were all crying loudly. The police discreetly slipped out of the room with Tim in handcuffs to give them some privacy.

Allen, much to Emma's concern, appeared to be drunk and when he left the prom with a couple of his football friends, she wondered why he didn't go with his date. Lynn and Tim had left earlier and now Emma had no further reason to stay. As she left the building, she couldn't help but smile with smug self-assurance, thinking that her plan was almost finished. By tomorrow morning, Tim would hopelessly ensnare Lynn and the events penned in Lynn's diary would be his downfall. Surely when Stan read about that torrid affair and saw Lynn dating Tim regularly thereafter, he would completely disown his so-called son. Once Stan had completed his part in her plan, she would find a way to get rid of Stan. Maria had mentioned that she knew of some herbs which administered over time, would simulate a heart attack. Given Stan's hectic work schedule and age, well, who would question a heart attack? Emma's smile broadened as she got into her car and pulled out of the parking lot. She was so preoccupied planning how she was going to spend all of Stan's money that she did not notice the police car fly past her.

Back at the house, she was surprised to see the front door open. "Maria! Stan!" she yelled out. "Confound it! Where is everybody?"

Hearing no reply, she went into Stan's office to see if he was asleep in his lounge chair. Emma was just about to leave when she heard some sounds and spotted the tape recorder on the desk. She heard what sounded like Allen's voice. She listened long enough to understand what was being said and, as the blood drained from her face, she turned on her heels and headed to the master bedroom. There she picked up a suitcase, quickly threw in some clothing and as much jewelry and money as she could get her hands on. Closing the lid, she picked it up and headed back to Stan's office. There she removed a painting and quickly spun the dial on the wall safe. Taking what she wanted from the safe, she dumped it into the suitcase and headed for the door.

Half way to the door, she turned on her heels and went back to Stan's office and removed the stainless steel revolver from the desktop where Stan had left it. "Damn you all to hell!" she screamed as she left the house.

While this was going on, the police raided Allen's hotel room where they found him passed out on the bed. He was arrested and taken to the police station in cuffs.

Chapter 22: Aftermath

Driving away from the house, Emma was both mad and afraid and she wasn't sure which feeling was dominant. She pulled into a liquor store and purchased a bottle of single malt scotch, four bottles of soda, and a sack of ice, paying for it with her platinum credit card. She drove to the outskirts of town near the airport and checked into one of the nicer hotels. The first thing she did once the bell man left was pour herself a very stiff Scotch and soda. Next she put the suitcase on the bed and began sorting out its contents. She had two days of fresh clothing, nothing fancy, about \$31,500 in cash, and her jewelry. Using her practiced eye, she guessed that she could get maybe \$50 to \$60 thousand for her jewelry at a decent pawnshop.

"Not even a lousy hundred grand total!" she fumed. "How in hell am I going to make it on this? It's not even enough to live in the islands, much less Mexico. Shit! Shit! Shit! Oh, if I could just get my hands on Allen! I'd pull that loose tongue right out of his mouth! So stupid! So damn stupid! I can't believe I raised such a stupid child."

She paused in her ranting to fix another drink. "I better do some quick thinking. By now Stan has notified the police and will probably be looking for me. I'd better think about what I am going to do now, but I am going to need more money. I know! I should have thought of this sooner. Where did I put my purse? I'm gonna head for the lobby ATM machine. Ought to be able to pull out another thirty or forty thousand in cash."

Twelve ATM's later, Emma counted out over \$50,000. She had to drive around to nearby hotels and Quickstops to get it all, but it was worth the effort. With cash in hand, she used the remaining credit at the airport and purchased several refundable first-class tickets that she intended to convert to cash as soon as possible. Back in her room, she fixed herself another much-needed drink. She still didn't have enough money to flee the country or live the life she had planned on and it would take the rest of the bottle of booze to ease that pain.

While Emma was gathering her stake, Stan took Lynn home. It had been a very hectic night for both of them and they were exhausted. Tomorrow morning, Stan decided, would be soon enough to talk to Lynn and try to regain his son's forgiveness and love. As soon as they walked into the house, Stan noticed that his office safe was open and he called the police.

While he waited to talk to the police, he said to Lynn, "Son, why don't you go on to bed? I'll take care of everything and...and son, don't worry about anything tonight. I'll make sure nothing happens. Get some sleep and we'll talk in the morning. Lynn, I am truly sorry for...for everything. I'll make it up to you. I promise. Now don't say anything. Just get some rest, we'll talk in the morning."

As soon as Lynn got to his room, he removed all his clothing and headed into the bathroom. There he turned on the shower and scrubbed his body until it was almost raw. Still feeling unclean, he filled the tub and, while it was filling, prepared a douche. After two douches and a hot bath, he was almost feeling clean. In his room he put on his sleep bra and nightie. Out of habit, he filled three pages of his diary, but this time wrote exactly what he meant to say. Finally, he went to bed and slept fretfully, but without the nightmares that would make sleep impossible.

Late that next morning the two did have a tearful conversation. Lynn reaffirmed his love for his father and forgave him. Stan cried almost as much as his son did and promised to spend as much time with him as Lynn wanted. After they both got control of their feelings, they discussed how best to remedy Lynn's situation. Stan placed several phone calls to prominent physicians to get appointments to find out just how much Lynn had been chemically changed and what treatment would be needed to get him back to normal. After some more phone calls to thank Betsy and the other girls, they decided to just spend the day together at the house.

Lynn spent the morning taking another hot bath and trying to find something to wear. He searched high and low but couldn't find any of his old male clothing and what he found of Allen's was far too big, even the sweats. Ruefully, Lynn decided on a pair of white shorts and a pink unadorned T-shirt, the least feminine of his wardrobe. Even without makeup and bra, he looked just like a young girl. Examining himself in the mirror, he decided that he had to wear a bra for obvious reasons. To keep his hair out of his face, he decided to put it up in a ponytail. The shorts would fit better if he put on his cache sex and panties, so he did that as well. As he turned from his vanity, Lynn automatically picked up a tube of pink lipstick and put it on.

Chapter 23: Emma

The empty bottle of scotch was lying on its side as Emma's hand reached out for it. "Damn!" she almost screamed, "it's empty!" She was feeling no pain by now, just a fierce burning hatred. "How could this have happened to me? Damn it! Damn that stupid son! Damn that stupid husband and damn Lynn! I need another fuckin' drink!"

Picking up her purse almost overflowing with cash, she staggered from the room. After driving around for a while, she finally found an open store that sold liquor. It was not in a nice neighborhood, but she had to have another drink. She

knew that the police were probably looking for her and she was smart enough not to park in the well-lighted front but on the dark side of the all-night store. Getting out of her car, she went in and purchased another bottle of scotch, some soda, and a bag of ice. She pulled out a large wad of bills to pay the clerk and, picking up her purchases, headed back to the car. She did not notice the two scruffy men sharing a bottle out of a brown paper bag.

As she opened the back door of her car to put the bag into the back seat, she was pushed from behind. She fell, sprawling face down into the back seat and someone followed her in. A filthy hand covered her mouth and she was told to keep quite or she would be killed. Someone started the car and, as it left the parking lot, she felt the back of her dress being pulled up. She tried to scream, but the large hand covering her mouth muted it into a muffled moan. She started to fight when her panties were pulled down and the man's weight eased off her body.

Breaking free, she tried to lash out with her nails and scream at the same time, but a solid fist into her face stopped both actions. The fist crunched into her nose and mouth, breaking two front teeth and her nose in the process. She slumped back into the seat, barely conscious. She felt blood on her face as her dress was torn from her body.

Later that day, the police found her car parked beside a deserted building. It was an area known to house homeless people. She was found twenty yards away in an abandoned lean-to, naked, bruised and bloodied, huddling in a corner. She had been raped...more than once. Her right nipple was almost chewed off and she was covered in organic matter. She was arrested, taken to a hospital for treatment, and the next morning, she was taken to jail.

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