

# MISS TULLY

## Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Bobby Jones was seventeen going on eighteen as school ended for the summer recess. Unlike most Bobby wasn't looking forward to the summer. This would be his third summer working for Miss. Tully. She was a friend of his widowed mother, Gwen, and owned a boutique. When his father was killed in an auto accident Gwen was devastated to the point she needed therapy. Even with therapy suffered bouts of severe depression. During those times she turned to Miss. Tully who had the power to make her feel so much better. So much better that Gwen decided going to therapy was not worth the effort or expense. They had met at a fashion show/luncheon sponsored by a local charity and became close friends.

Bobby was hurt by his father's death but continued with his life. Unlike his mother wasn't close with his father. His father was as macho as they come. Bobby was a scrawny kid taking more after his mother. As a result they didn't get along. Bobby didn't mind watching sports but playing them held no interest. His failure to "Man up" like his father wanted resulted in many arguments. Life went on until the end of his Sophomore year. That's when he met Miss. Tuttle.

School hadn't been out a week when Bobby opened the back door and entered the kitchen. Instead of grabbing a soda from the fridge, froze. There was his mother sitting knees touching another woman's. The woman was swinging a small golden pocket watch in his mother's face.

"What the fuck," he thought as the woman put the watch down on the kitchen table.

"You must be Bobby," she said softly meeting his eyes. "I'm Miss. Tully and helping to calm your mommy. She's having one of her migraines. Please go to your room. We'll be finished here shortly."

"Migraines? You mean she's depressed again. It's been over a year and she should get over it. Guess that woman hypnotized her. Oh well, if it helps," he thought then nodding his head went to his room.

Turning back to Gwen Miss. Tully noted her eyes were still glazed over and vacant. "Gwen, you only hear my voice and nothing else. Concentrate on what I tell you. Just relax and let yourself go deeper and deeper still. When I say Gwendolyn trust me, you will go into a deep trance. You trust me totally. I'm your one true friend. Trust me. Whatever I tell you is true. You trust me over all others. You will heed my advice. Trusting in me will ease your mind. Doing what I say will bring you peace. Remember you trust me above all others and will do what I say. When I count to three you will wake feeling wonderful, one, two, three."

"I've been doing this for six months and she should be at the point where she will do whatever I tell her. I know Gwen trusts me. She's showed me her financials and her husband's will. I could probably get her to sign over all her assets but that kid saw what I was doing. Plus he gets part of the estate when he goes to college and the rest when he father's a child. I can't let that happen. I want it all but have to take my time. I don't want to raise any suspicions with her other blue nosed friends or family," Miss. Tully thought.

When Miss. Tully returned to the Jones' estate a week later she had a plan. It would take a lot of time but by then no one would question any financial transactions. If nothing else she was confident in her hypnosis abilities. Her father taught her and he had been a renowned stage performer in his day. Unfortunately he was also a compulsive gambler. By the time her parents passed when she was in her twenties there were barely any assets left. She struggled when she tried to follow in her father's shoes because she didn't have stage presents. Miss. Tully used that small inheritance to buy a boutique. It was difficult at first and began using her talents to influence customers. Over time the business was making a reasonable profit but not enough for Miss. Tully. A lot of her customers were very rich and she was jealous of their life style. Meeting Gwen at that ritzy charity event changed everything. Gwen was emotionally distraught and very susceptible to hypnosis. Another thing she had going for her was patience. Her father always told her, "To be a great hypnotist one must be patient. It takes time to fully influence another person."

In the kitchen over coffee Miss. Tully said, "Gwendolyn trust me."

Immediately Gwen's eyes glazed over and in a deep trance. "Gwen you hear only my voice and will concentrate on everything I say. You know it will be true and you trust me. Bobby is old enough to learn a work ethic. If he continues as he is, lazy and knowing he will inherit a lot of money may decide to never work. Your husband was a hard worker and you want the same for Bobby. Since he's fifteen I can't hire Bobby but I can teach him the benefits of hard work. Starting tomorrow you will bring him to my boutique. He will probably argue and fight you on this but you must insist. Tell him it's only for the summer and do whatever you have to but bring him," she commanded.

Miss. Tully was right about Bobby ranting and raving about going to work at a boutique. It wasn't until his mother said she would cut off his generous allowance that he reluctantly agreed.

"Crap! I don't want to work much less in a damn women's store but I need that allowance. It's the only reason I can hang with the guys. I have to keep up appearances after all. I wonder where she got the crazy idea I need to learn about hard work anyway. So what if dad did? We have more than enough money so neither of us have to ever work for it," he thought.

##

The Belle Mode Boutique was a high-end store as Bobby recognized some of the designer labels. They walked through a large area of women's lingerie which made Bobby uncomfortable to get to the office.

"This is definitely not a place for me to be much less have to work here. She probably has a real shitty job for me too. Like mopping floors and lifting heavy boxes," he thought.

Miss. Tully got up from her chair to give Gwen a hug and air kiss. "I see you managed to get Bobby here. From the look on his face I'm sure he doesn't want to be here. Nevertheless I think given some time he will enjoy working for me. Please have a seat. I'll have Nora bring us some coffee before I get into his job description. I assume you want a cola Bobby, okay," she said.

"Mom can't you see I don't belong in here. This is a woman's shop. She'll have me doing janitorial work and if my friends find out....I don't even want to think how they will react. It's hard enough for me to get along as it is. Please, forget this and let's go home," he begged.

"Your father when he was your age loaded and unloaded soda cases all day. Mopping

the floor certainly won't hurt you and perhaps teach you the values in working hard. No, Miss. Tuttle was nice enough to offer you this opportunity and you will do it," Gwen curtly replied.

"Damn, when she takes that tone there's no arguing with her. Maybe if I do a crappy enough job, Miss. Tuttle will fire me," he thought.

While that conversation was going on Miss. Tuttle was helping Nora. "Nora trust me," she said. Seeing that Nora was in the expected trance, continued, "Make sure after you give him this glass of cola you spill the can into his lap, one, two, three."

"There's not that much left in the can but enough. The tranquilizer I put into his drink will make hypnotizing that much easier," she thought.

Bobby was naturally indignant when cola stained his jeans. Before he could vocalize Miss. Tully spoke sharply, "Accidents do happen Bobby! I'm sure Nora is embarrassed enough without you adding to it. Besides it's a small stain. Drink your cola. We'll take care of that wet spot in a little bit."

By the time Gwen left Bobby was feeling very mellow. "Bobby bring your chair around here next to me. I want to show you something," Miss. Tully instructed.

With their knees touching Miss. Tully began slowly swinging the small gold watch. "Bobby you are feeling so relaxed. Let your mind drift while listening to me," she softly said beginning his conditioning.

Bobby looked up then rubbed his eyes, "Shit! I must have dozed off. According to that clock I've been here almost two hours," he thought just as Miss. Tully walked back into the room.

"Had a nice nap did we," she sarcastically said. "Well you're on my time now. Get up and we'll see about getting you something to wear besides those stained jeans. Here, try these on," she added handing him a pair of powder pink skinny jeans. Rainbow embroidered butterflies were on the back pockets. He held them briefly with a puzzled look but quickly removed his damp jeans and started to step into them.

"Hold on a second. You're wearing boxers and they will bunch up uncomfortably. Put these on," she said handing him a pair of white silk full cut panties.

As with the jeans he quickly gave them a once over. The leg holes had delicate scalloped lace frills and a small pink satin bow centered on the waistband. The puzzled look on his face changed to one of pleasant surprise as he pulled the panties to his waist. If it wasn't for the feeling of the elastic leg holes and the soft caress on his genitals, Bobby thought he wasn't wearing anything. The jeans felt weird as he put them on. They hugged his legs, butt and crotch tightly. Not uncomfortably but tight. He didn't give a single thought about standing naked next to a woman.

As he was dressing Miss. Tully smiled broadly. "Almost as good a subject as his mother. Of course it will take some more time before what I want really takes hold. He'll relapse overnight and refuse to wear that tomorrow but I set a trigger word. He'll go under a lot easier then," she thought.

When Gwen came to pick up Bobby, Miss. Tully met her near the entrance. "Gwendolyn trust me. Remember cola got spilled on his jeans. I replaced them from my inventory. So don't be surprised when you see him wearing pink jeans and girly panties. Actually you will find him very cute and will insist he keep them on until bed time, one, two, three," she said.

When Bobby woke up the next morning was surprised to see a pair of feminine panties

and girl's jeans folded neatly on the nearby chair. "Where did? How did that get in here? Oh shit! I remember. I can't believe I actually agreed to wear that. What's the matter with me? Well one thing is for certain I'm not wearing that again today," he thought going to the bathroom.

Bobby was nervously standing outside the Belle Mode after his mother dropped him off. The doors were locked but the lights on and he didn't see anyone inside. "They must be in the back. The store doesn't open for another ten minutes and I'm stuck out here where everybody can see me. I just hope no one I know comes by until I can get in. Mom's gotten real stubborn too. I can usually talk her out of making me do something I don't want. I complained until I was blue in the face this morning about not coming back here. A lot of good that did me," he thought.

Turning to face the glass doors to bang on them again, Bobby saw Miss. Tully approaching. "Thank gawd she's finally here," he mumbled.

"Robert Thomas trust me," she said in greeting. No one but his mother called him by his real name. She only did that when she was really upset with him. Upon hearing it, his eyes glazed over. He spent his day like before in the loading storage area. He couldn't remember where his morning went but was more than ready to go home. Bobby didn't offer up any objections just before bed when his mother showed him how to hand wash and neatly hang his panties over the shower rod. The next morning when he saw the panties, he neatly folded them and placed them in his dresser. Bobby wondered why he did that. He didn't plan on wearing them again but they were like liquid water in his hand. "So soft and sexy," he thought then shook his head trying to discard it.

##

Sunday, his day off and didn't have to go to the boutique. He worked six full days at that place and glad to get away. His mother had given him his allowance last night and he was going to get with his friends. Most of his allowance went into his car savings account. In a few more months he would have enough to get that hot BMW sports car he wanted so badly. That car would definitely impress his friends. He would be sixteen then and getting his driver's license a major priority. Bobby had already signed up for driver's education. Those classes would be starting in two weeks and a blessing. It would get him his license plus he wouldn't have to go to the shop.

Stepping out of the bathroom in his old blue robe and slippers went to his room to get ready for the day. At his dresser he removed a pair of underwear and then to his closet to get a pair of jeans. It didn't take him long to dress and went downstairs for breakfast.

"I thought you said you wanted me to drop you off at your friend Jimmy's house today. Are you sure you want to go in those jeans? I think they are cute on you but I'm not sure what Jimmy will think," his mother said as he walked into the kitchen.

"Oh my gawd!" Bobby gasped noticing for the first time he was wearing those pink skinny jeans. "What the heck is the matter with me? I can't go anywhere looking like this!" he thought rushing back to his room where he got another shock. He was wearing those panties too.

Bobby did have fun at the pool party at Jimmy's house. Not as much fun as he hoped. He kept getting distracted thinking about how he could have put on those clothes. If his friends even thought he would do such a thing, Bobby would not only be a laughing stock but ostracized as well.

While he was at the party Miss. Tully paid Gwen a visit. "Gwen trust me," she said the

trance inducing phrase. “Gwen you only hear my voice. You will concentrate on everything I say. You trust me absolutely and agree with what I tell you. Bobby is doing nicely at the shop but he doesn’t like going into the store proper. I think if you let his hair grow out and dress a little more feminine it wouldn’t bother him as much. So we’ll let his hair grow out over the summer and I’ll provide some nice jeans and tops to make him feel more comfortable while in the store. You do want him to feel at ease while working in my boutique don’t you?”

“I won’t take it much further than this for the time being. I’ve just barely started conditioning him. I should be able to safely advance him by the Christmas holidays though,” Miss. Tully thought on leaving.

On Monday after his session under deep hypnosis Miss. Tully gave him a pair of white skinny jeans, unadorned white cotton hip hugger panties and a baby blue men’s styled cotton dress shirt to wear. To Bobby they were a bit girly but offered no objections. While he wasn’t happy about the change in his work, stocking the shelves, he managed. He only had to be in the sales area shortly before closing.

Each day after that he was given a similar new outfit to wear. He didn’t mind it so much. There was still that itch in the back of his mind that said something wasn’t right. Even having to work didn’t irritate him so much as it originally had. The one thing that didn’t change was how much he looked forward to Sundays. He didn’t have to work, he got his allowance and could hang with his friends. The only disagreeable task he had to do Sunday morning was hand wash his panties. His mom insisted or he couldn’t go out.

The next week he wore what he had been given. He was uncomfortable restocking inventory but it was more bearable. Bobby figured the odds of anyone he knew coming in were very small. Saturday evening he told Miss. Tully he wouldn’t be in as he had driver’s training starting on Monday.

“Robert Thomas trust me,” Miss. Tully responded immediately putting him into a trance. “You can easily take that course during your Fall semester, can’t you? I thought so. You know how much inventory comes in. I need you here. You’ve waited this long to take that course a couple more months won’t matter. Call and cancel it. Tell them you want to take it in the fall. Trust me on this. You know I’m right.”

Bobby was irritated but what she said sounded reasonable. Yes they did get in a lot of inventory. Yes, he had waited for what seemed like forever. What was a few more months? He couldn’t explain it but he did trust her.

As he was contemplating what she had said, Miss. Tully was thinking, “Looks like I’m going to find out pretty fast whether or not my conditioning will hold. What I told him was logical and within reason but he’s sixteen. Getting a license is very important to him.”

She was greatly relieved when he finally nodded his head then said, “Okay. I don’t like it but September is only a couple of months away.”

“Very good. Thank you Bobby, one, two, three,” she replied. “That was close. I can’t afford to give him a two week break from my conditioning,” she thought.

##

Over the rest of the summer Bobby didn’t seem to change much when he went back to school. His hair was longer just below the collar and covering his ears. He caught some comments about that but he just said he was trying for a rocker look. What did change was that Bobby was always, except on PE days wearing cotton panties.

He no longer worked for Miss. Tully but she visited every Sunday. During that time she reinforced his conditioning. By Christmas break she was ready to start the more difficult part of his conditioning.

“Robert Thomas trust me,” she said when she visited for Christmas. “Bobby you will only hear my voice. You will concentrate on everything I say. You know you can trust me completely. Bobby do you have any boyfriends? Yes, but have you thought about getting intimate with one of them. I know you’re not gay but just think about it. Kissing another boy or giving him a hug is a common practice in other countries. Check out El Mondo or other Spanish channel, you’ll see a lot of men hugging. Even kissing each other on the cheek. They are all very macho. Just consider what I have said. Here, I have your present. You will love them and want to wear them as much as you can, one, two, three.”

“Well I set that train of thought in his mind. Baby steps have to have patience. Can’t rush this part. Just make him begin to think about getting more intimate with another man,” she thought as she handed him the package. It contained a dozen pairs of expensive silk full cut panties with delicate lace applique.

He bought his own Christmas present. It was his precisions BMW sports car. The fact that it was a neon pink didn’t seem to bother him. What bothered him was how his friends reacted to seeing it. He managed to sooth their derogatory comments by saying it was the only one on the lot.

“Look guys, I’ll have it painted red as soon as I save the money,” he told them but knew he wouldn’t. He liked the color pink.

During the Spring term Bobby had a strong urge to embrace his best friend Jimmy. His fear of how Jimmy would react made him hold off until late April. Jimmy had saved his butt when the school bully was giving him hell about the color of his car.

“You’re a fuckin fairy. No guy drives a fuckin pink car unless he’s queer. You know what we do to queers here don’t ya? I think I’m goin to enjoy busting ya face faggot,” the bully snorted.

That’s when Jimmy the star linebacker on the football team intervened. Bobby was so relieved he gave him an embrace and kiss to the cheek. Big mistake. Jimmy jumped back as if scaled.

“What da fuck man! Are you gay?” Jimmy gasped shocked.

“Errr no, Jimmy I was just so relieved when you saved my ass. Latin men do that all the time an...and I’m not gay. I swear,” Bobby explained. “I just wanted to let you know how happy I was for you to step up and help me.”

“Ah forget it. Just make damn sure you don’t ever do that again,” Jimmy retorted.

##

May and another summer break. When Bobby went home after his last class of the year was apprehensive. On the one hand, he hoped that he wouldn’t have to work at Belle Mode again and on the other hoped he would. There was something that made him want too yet there was part of him that dreaded it. He trusted Miss. Tully fully but there were things she asked him to do that sent chills up his spine. Especially that time when he hugged Jimmy. That didn’t go well at all. Jimmy didn’t like it one bit but Bobby had. Another thing that bothered him was his hair. It was a good two inches below his collar, shaggy and more than covered his ears. Towards the end of April asked to get it cut. After talking to Miss. Tully liked it and wanted it even longer.

**"My friends have given me hell all year. First over the color of my car and now my fuckin hair. Jimmy still acts stressed out after I gave him that hug. Mom will probably want me to go work for Miss. Tully again too. Working for her last summer was stressful and I'm not sure if I want to do that again. I have no real reason to trust her but I do. She was a nice enough boss too," he thought leaving his last class.**

**As Bobby was completing his last day of the semester, Miss. Tully was visiting Gwen. "Gwendolyn trust me," she said across the kitchen table. "You will hear only my voice. You will concentrate on everything I say. You trust me and know what I tell you is true. You want Bobby to come back and work for me. I need him to work the front this summer. I'm a sales clerk short. You know how scared his is being in the sales area. He's afraid his masculine appearance won't be accepted by our customers. You saw how cute he looked wearing his skinny jeans and blouses. Bobby seems to like them too. Doesn't he still wear them around the house? Yes, I've seen him and he looked happy. I'm in desperate need of a sales girl! You're my best friend and I need your help. With your encouragement and support, I don't think he would mind posing as a girl for the summer. He does wear pretty panties all the time now so skirts and blouses shouldn't be a problem. His male pride will probably make him put up a token resistance. Just be firm and make him wear his dresses all the time. Soon you will see Bobby relaxed and enjoying his femininity. You know all this to be true because I have told you so. You know Irene, my beautician. Make an appointment for Bobby to get a complete make over and Brazilian wax. The more feminine we can make Bobby appear the greater his confidence. I guarantee you will love the change, one, two, three."**

**When Gwen called Irene's Salon and Day Spa and explained what she needed, Irene was more than happy. Miss. Tully had paid her a visit earlier in the week. "Irene trust me," Miss. Tully said, "You only hear my voice. You will concentrate on what I say. You know what I tell you is true. Gwendolyn Jones will call to make an appointment for her son to get a complete feminine make over and full body with Brazilian wax. You will be very happy to hear that but you don't want to embarrass her son, Bobby. So you will make the appointment on Sunday when you're normally closed. Charge what you need to, Gwen can afford it, one, two, three."**

**"Bobby we need to talk," Gwen said as he walked in from school.**

**"Mom you're not going to tell me I have to go back to work at the boutique again are you?" he asked neither happy or upset over the prospect.**

**"Well yes, that and something else. Miss. Tully needs you to work the sales floor this summer. She's a girl short and needs you to fill in. I've scheduled you for a complete make over and full body waxing at Irene's for this Sunday," she said matter of factually.**

**"Sales girl? You can't be serious mom. You did mean sales man, right?" he retorted confused.**

**"I meant exactly what I said dear. You're going to be a girl for the summer to help my best friend. Wearing dresses, skirts and blouses isn't that much different than those girl's jeans you have been wearing. Just be happy Irene is going out of her way to see you on Sunday. That way you won't be embarrassed," she explained.**

**"But I'm not a girl. I'll look ridiculous. I can't do that!" he snapped.**

**"Bobby I'm your mother! Don't take that tone with me," she responded. "If you look foolish after your make over, I won't force you to do it. Just promise me you will behave and let Irene work her magic, deal?"**

**##**

Early Sunday afternoon they arrived at Irene's. The salon was decorated in a pink, lavender and white motif. Irene was a petite blond in her mid-thirties wearing a white smock and black linen slacks.

"Hi there, you must be Irene and Bobby. I'm so happy to help you guys out. We don't get these kinds of requests but respect your decision. Trust me my staff is very discrete. Now if you would please follow me to our waxing room, Dora can get you started. Dora is a fully licensed aesthetician with over ten years' experience. Gwen, we have coffee and tea over there in our sitting room if you would like. As soon as I introduce Bobby I'll come over and we can chat. This is going to take over an hour," Irene cheerfully said.

Luckily Miss. Tully had made her usual Sunday morning visit. Otherwise Bobby's waxing would have been mortifying instead of embarrassing. Having a strange woman fondling then ripping the hairs off his groin would have been more than Bobby would allow without her conditioning. By the time Dora waxed his brows into high neat arches, he barely felt it. As Bobby put on the cotton spa robe and saw his hairless body, liked the look.

"That hurt; especially when she ripped out my pubes. I know I shouldn't like it but I do," he thought.

His hair was just touching his shoulders and hadn't been cut in over a year. While he had brushed it at least one hundred times every night, there were a lot of split ends. The stylist decided with his facial structure, thin frame and split ends to create a nice pixie style for Bobby. A style that required little maintenance.

A message with fragrant oils and facial treatment were very relaxing and the most enjoyable treatments. Getting nail extensions and having them varnished a shocking red not so relaxing. The foot bath and message delightful but getting the toe nails painted in a matching varnish, not so much.

Finally a cosmetologist went to work on his face. As she worked told him exactly what she was doing. Often pausing so he could do what she had on one side of his face. When she was finished neither Gwen nor Bobby could believe their eyes. Bobby was beautiful and from the neck up was a very pretty teenaged girl. Only the flat chest and bulge in his skinny jeans gave him away.

"You need to do something with that," Irene whispered to Gwen who noticed where she was looking.

"Yes, most definitely as well as the other," Gwen whispered back.

"You might want to take Bobby to Imelda's prosthetics tomorrow. She's very discrete," Irene recommended.

"Thank you so much Irene. You and your staff did a fantastic job. I'll give Imelda's a call. Thank you," Gwen said paying the substantial bill.

Driving home Gwen asked, "Sweetheart was that so bad?"

"Yes and no mom. Like I don't think what they did was right, I'm a guy and shouldn't look this good. Still I liked most of what they did," he answered despite a nagging voice of outrage coming from the back of his mind.

"Now that you're going to be a young lady for the summer, I have some new rules. First, young ladies don't call their mother, mom. From now on I'm either your 'momma' or 'mother.' More importantly you will need to learn a new morning and evening toilet. Girls just don't jump out of bed and throw on some clothing like you have been doing.

No more showers either. You will take a scented bubble bath. I expect you to wear full makeup at all times. I will help you as needed but you will soon have to do it yourself. At night before you go to bed, you need to remove your makeup and moisturize. Of course all this takes time, so you will get up an hour earlier and go to bed sooner. Do you understand me?" Gwen stated.

"You mean I have to be a girl even when I'm not working for Miss. Tully? I can't do that. What will my friends say? I won't be able to go out any more," he complained.

"Bobby just look in the visor mirror. You're only going to see a pretty girl but there is so much more than looking like one. Unless you want everyone to know you're a boy dressed as a girl, you can't switch back and forth. You have a lot to learn dear.

Starting right after supper I'm going to teach you feminine mannerisms, poise and behavior. This may be very difficult for you now but in time will become second nature. After a few weeks, if you work hard, you can go anywhere you want without fear of discovery. As far as your friends are concerned, just tell them you're going to summer camp or whatever," she explained.

"Mom," he began.

"That's mother!" she interrupted. "Look, I'm going to have to be very strict with you. You're not so old I can't give you a good spanking. You have a lot to learn in a short period of time. I don't want to punish you but I will if you don't do your best," she replied angrily.

"Wow, I didn't expect this. It was bad enough having to dress like a girl working for Miss. Tully but all the time? She's serious too. Mom...err..Mother hasn't spanked me in years. I don't know anything about being a girl and it sounds complicated. Guess I haven't any choice either. She's serious," he thought then said, "Yes, mother."

"That's much better dear," she said with a smile. "Miss. Tully was right as usual. I think I'm going to really enjoy having a daughter," she thought.

To Be continued....

## MISS TULLY

### Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Monday morning was the official start of Bobby's life as a girl. He didn't have much of a wardrobe yet, just his skinny jeans, men's styled blouses and nylon panties. He felt ridiculous standing before his full-length mirror. His mother had assisted him in applying full makeup. His head looked very feminine but his flat chest and slightly bulging crotch shouted otherwise.

"Mother, I can't be seen like this. I'm a freak and look ridiculous," he complained.

"Don't worry dear. We'll take care of your lack of bumps and that other bump you have this morning. I called Miss. Tully and she's giving you the morning off," she said with a grin.

"You're not taking me to some plastic surgeon!" he shouted afraid of what she was suggesting.

"Calm down dear. No, not a surgeon but to get the appropriate prosthetics. Irene told

me of a place. I called them and made you an appointment for this morning. After we stop there and get you fitted, I'll drop you off at the boutique, okay," she responded.

"Gee she had me going there for a moment. I thought she was going to make me get real boobs. I can put up with falsies for a while I guess. Don't know why I can't just say no and stop all this. I don't want to be a girl even if it's only for the summer," he thought.

Bobby was very nervous as his mother parked the car at Imelda's Prosthetics. "This is going to be so embarrassing Mother. Do we really have to do this?" he plead.

"Yes dear, very much so if you don't want anyone to know your secret. A good prosthetic will be so much easier and natural compared to a padded bra or using tissues to fill you out. We're the only car in the parking lot so I doubt anyone else will see you besides the technician," she replied.

Imelda's at one time had been a house and converted into a store. As they entered a matronly looking woman greeted them. "Hi I'm Betty are you the Jones'?"

"Yes, I called earlier. I'm Gwen and this is...Bobby, my daughter for the summer," she replied.

"Right on time. Let's go into my consulting room and find the right prosthetics you called about. Bobby I've done this sort of thing for other young men, so please relax. Mrs. Jones did you remember to bring a bra?" Betty said with a friendly smile leading the way.

"Please call me Gwen and no, I didn't think about that," she replied.

"No matter, I have a compression bra which is better as it will help the adhesive set," Betty answered.

"She's done this before? Wow! Other guys get falsies. Never thought about that. I have to wear a bra? Adhesive? They're going to be stuck on me. Crud! I'll definitely have to wear dresses like that. Still this is going to be embarrassing," he considered frowning.

In the privacy of the consulting room Joan had Bobby remove his blouse. Grabbing a large ring of colored plastic tiles began touching them to his chest. It didn't take her long to find the one that matched his skin tone.

Looking at Gwen asked, "Have you given any consideration to the cup size you want? Based on his build I suggest either a B or C."

"Well I'm a full D and it probably won't hurt for him to learn what fuller figure women put up with. Let's go with a C," she responded.

Betty left the room to get the prosthetics. "Mom..Mother I don't think I want this. She said they would be glued on. How long till I can get them off?" he said almost in a whisper.

"Yes dear, it's the best way if you're going to be my daughter for the summer. I've seen you looking at and just where you were looking when we passed some young lady. Now you'll have a pair of your own to play with anytime you want. How long? I have no idea. We'll ask though," she replied with a giggle.

"Mother!" he gasped just as Betty walked in.

Bobby shivered when Betty used an alcohol soaked pad to cleans his chest then a pen marking it using a ruler across his nipples. He couldn't take his eyes off two very realistic silicon/gel breast forms. They even wiggled as she coated the base with

adhesive.

“Hold very still for me Bobby while I press this into place. This breast form is the very best simulation of the real thing on the market. Besides cosmetically accurate there is a recess that your nipple fits into with filaments. When the breast is stimulated you will actually feel it. I understand others who have been fitted enjoy the sensations. There now you cup it while I put the other on. I know it’s cold now but will warm quickly.

“Oh my gawd! These things are huge and heavy,” he thought when she stepped back.

“Here slip this on,” Betty instructed handing him a white sports bra. “I see from your expression you’re surprised. Like I said, they have the same weight and feel like the real thing. I’m sure you will get used to them soon, maybe even enjoy them. Leave that compression bra on for at least the next hour. That way the bonding will hold for at least three months. Okay, now I need you to strip off the rest of your clothing so I can attach the other prosthetists.”

“What other prosthetist? I thought I was just getting falsies?” Bobby asked worried.

“Just something to cover up that bump you have in your jeans dear. Now do as she says,” his mother stated.

“Oh good you have a Brazilian,” Betty stated as he lay on the examination table with his legs in stirrups. “Since it looks fresh, I think this artificial vagina will hold for three months as well. You’ll be happy with this prosthetist, like the breasts is the most comfortable and realistic on the market using gel and silicon. Gwen you’ll notice this sleeve. It serves to tuck the penis so the head points down and urination takes place just like the real thing. There is also the added benefit that should Bobby decide to have intercourse, he will derive some pleasure from it. There all done. You can get up and dressed now Bobby. While you’re doing that your mother and I will be outside.”

“He certainly wasn’t expecting that. Put up quite a fuss until he talked to someone on the phone. After that he was no trouble at all. Curious?” Betty thought.

When the women left, Bobby sat up on the table. Looking between his legs was shocked and frightened at what he saw. “Oh my gawd! I’ve got a pussy! She stuck a pussy on me. Why did I let that happen? What am I going to do now?” he gasped.

As Bobby was beginning to understand his situation, the women were talking. “Gwen, you told me your son wanted to experience his feminine side over the summer. I’m a bit concerned from the way he acted that it might not be what he wanted,” Betty said.

“Yes, he was very nervous and embarrassed. I guess such realistic prosthetics was more than he expected. That’s why I called Miss. Tully and had him talk to her. She calmed him down and assured him it was the right thing to do,” Gwen replied.

“Miss. Tully? Oh, she must be his gender therapist. I understand now. Look, if you want him to fully experience womanhood over the summer, I have a suggestion. That prosthetic vagina is capable of simulating a period. I have these,” she said reaching under the counter. “It’s like a small IV bag containing artificial blood. Snip off the tip and it will slowly create a discharge requiring either a tampon or pad. It will have to be replaced about every six hours,” Betty responded.

“What a novel idea. Too bad it can’t replicate the cramping and other complications we have to endure. I’ll take them. I’m sure his..I mean her, gender therapist would approve,” Gwen replied with a giggle.

##

**“Robert Thomas trust me,” Miss. Tuttle said as soon as he walked into the boutique. Instantly he went into a trace. “Follow me into my office. We need to talk.**

**“Strip completely. I want to see just how good that Imelda’s is,” she continued shutting the office door.**

**“My oh my, they even feel real, warm to the touch too,” she thought. “And that vagina is the same. If I didn’t know they were fake I never would have guessed. Better get on with his conditioning.”**

**“Robert Thomas trust me. You do trust me and know that what I tell you is true. Relax and let yourself float listening only to my voice and concentrating on what I say. You didn’t like your prosthetics at first but the more you look at them, the more you will love them. You will love how your lingerie and dresses will look when wearing your prosthetics. You are a girly-girl at heart and you love how you now look. You didn’t understand that until you saw how wonderful you look wearing your prosthetics. You’re a girly-girl and love all things feminine. You have always been a girly-girl who loves being pretty, wearing makeup and pretty dresses. Now that you have breasts and a vagina, you desperately want to be as feminine as possible. Your mother has much to teach you and you will do whatever she tells you. Robert Thomas trust me on this. You know what I have told you to be true, one, two, three,” she instructed.**

**“I may be pushing this some but daily reinforcement should set the conditioning in permanently. By the end of this summer, there will be no going back for him or his mother. He’ll never father a child and Gwen will make me trustee of her fortune. I’ll have it all,” she thought smiling.**

**“Oh Miss. Tully I must have dozed off. Can you ever forgive me?” Bobby said then saw he had no clothing on, “I’m naked!”**

**“Of course you are. I needed to get your measurements for your new wardrobe dear girl. Your mother told me to get everything from delicate panties, pretty dresses to frilly nighties, shoes and accessories. Being a girly-girl you will love everything,” she calmly replied.**

**“Girl? She just called me a girl. I’m not...no, I guess I am a girly-girl now,” he thought seeing his nude reflection in the full-length mirror on the back of the office door.**

**Bobby now that you’re seventeen, I’ll hire you as a sales associate. You’ll have to fill out these employment forms. I discussed this with your mother and we agreed, now that you’re a girly-girl, you need a new name. She decided on Melissa Maye. So all the forms list you as Malissa Maye Jones. You can fill them out once you’re dressed. While I see about getting something for you to wear, keep looking at your reflection. I’ll be back shortly,” she instructed.**

**“When Gwen comes to pick him up this evening, I’ll have a little chat with her,” Miss. Tully thought. “I think she will love the new name I picked out for her daughter.”**

**“I didn’t expect this. Change my name? I like being Bobby but I’m a girly-girl now. Melissa Maye sounds girly-girl though and makes sense. Wearing makeup and with this hair style my face looks girly-girl and so does my body now. I shouldn’t like this but the more I look, the better I like it,” he thought staring at his nude reflection.**

**Miss. Tully took her time selecting Melissa’s clothing. “I’ll give him an hour or so to just stare at his reflection. That should cement my conditioning and won’t object to my clothing selections. He’s not going to like wearing a corset or mini-skirts I have in mind otherwise,” she thought.**

**“Melissa I’ve got some pretty things for you to put on,” Miss. Tully said coming back**

into the room and placing a pile of clothing on the desk.

“Thank you Miss. Tully, I’m a little chilled and embarrassed like this,” he replied with one arm covering his chest and his other hand the groin.

“No need to be embarrassed Melissa. It’s just us girls here. I will have to help you put this on,” she said taking an under bust pink satin boned corset from the pile. “I expect you to wear a corset from now on. It will help train your figure.”

He took it from her and looked at it. The corset was almost a neon pink in luster with delicate white lace detailing. There was underwire support for the breasts and wire boning running up and down the garment spaced about an inch apart. It had an hour glass shape with hook and eye closure in the front and pink laces at the back.

“This doesn’t look like something I’m going to like wearing,” he thought.

Once he was dressed had no doubt that he didn’t like wearing a corset. His breathing was restricted and pinched in his waist painfully. Bending was almost impossible.

“Miss. Tully ho...how long do I have to wear a corset? It’s very uncomfortable,” he asked.

“Why all the time Melissa until your waist narrows. I want your measurements to be thirty-four, twenty-two and thirty-four before the summer ends. That’s the perfect size for a girly-girl like you. Now sit down and let’s get these employment forms completed. It’s late and Nora needs help out on the floor,” she responded.

“She wants my waist down to twenty-two, damn, that’s six inches. No wonder it hurts,” he thought.

When Gwen came to pick up Bobby that evening, Miss. Tully took her into the office. “Gwendolyn trust me,” putting her into a trance. “You do trust me and know what I tell you is true. Relax and let yourself float listening only to my voice and concentrating on what I say. You absolutely love what Bobby has become. You know deep down that you always wanted a daughter. Now what you have desired has come true. Every time you look at her, you will know I am right. Bobby should never had been a boy. Bobby was a girl trapped in a boy’s body. That has been corrected with those prosthetics. You know that is true because I said so. Now that you have the daughter you always wanted, she needs a proper name. Melissa Maye is a beautiful name don’t you agree. Forget Bobby ever existed. You only see your daughter Melissa. Gwendolyn trust me when I say you have the daughter of your dreams and her name is Melissa Maye one, two, three.”

##

It took four trips before all of Melissa’s new wardrobe were inside. “Melissa, I just don’t understand how I could have let you go so long in your tomboy phase. Such a shame but you’ve made me so happy today. Now let’s toss all these boyish things in the trash,” Gwen gushed throwing his boy clothing out of his closet.

Later she mindlessly went through all the old photos of Bobby and tossed them in the trash. Anything in the house that would show a boy ever lived there was removed. Once it had all been deposited into the garbage, Gwen came out of her trance. She had no idea of what she had done.

“I don’t know why mother is calling me Melissa now that we’re home. I’m still Bobby then again when I was Bobby, I wasn’t a girly-girl. Guess I probably should be called Melissa all the time looking like this. Still I’m not sure about letting her throw all my stuff away. What’s she talking about my ‘tomboy’ phase? She’s starting to act weird.

**This was only supposed to be for the summer, wasn't it?" he thought.**

**"Mother, please let me change out of these clothes before we unpack. This corset Miss. Tully laced me in is killing me," he complained.**

**"Why that's a lovely outfit she picked out. That gray pleated flare skirt and creme chiffon blouse look great on you. Keep it on until bed time dear. Besides your body needs to get used to wearing foundations. Your waist line is a bit thick and more importantly it keeps your back straight. Your posture and mannerisms are atrocious for a young lady. Beginning right after supper I'm going to teach you some long-neglected lessons," she answered.**

**"Young lady? I guess she's just getting into character. Said that to keep my secret, we had to act like we had been mother and daughter forever. Now that we've gotten rid of all my boy clothes, I guess I don't have much choice. Especially since I had these prosthetics attached this morning and there's no way I can pass as a boy. I didn't like them at first but I'm sorta getting used to them. They do make me feel feminine and I like how my blouses fit so much better. What lessons is she talking about? Guess I'll find out soon enough," he thought.**

**It had been an exasperating evening for both mother and son. Bobby had been wearing a pair of crème kitten heels all day. For his deportment and mannerisms lessons, wore a pair of silver two inch spiked heels. It took over an hour before he felt comfortable walking in them. Learning how to walk required his complete attention. It was totally different than how he had walked for his entire life. Breaking that habit was making both frustrated. Sitting and stooping like a girl was easier but by then Bobby was near the breaking point. His feet, ankles and legs were in pain. The corset unbearable.**

**"Mother please! No more! I'm exhausted and hurt all over," he plead.**

**"Okay, I'm tired too. Let's go to your room and I'll help you undress then take a nice bubble bath," she answered to his relief.**

**"A bubble bath?" he said surprised.**

**"Of course dear. All young ladies take them for several reasons: They are relaxing, the oils moisturize the skin, you won't get your hair wet and you will smell nice. Once you're undressed, I'll show you how to prepare it. While we're at it, I'll teach you a good night time beauty regimen," Gwen replied smiling.**

**"I never had to do all that before going to bed before. What a pain but mother insisted I follow my routine all the time. Being a girl isn't fun and it takes a lot of work. I'll sure be glad when summer is over," he thought dropping his new purple nylon and lavender chiffon nightie over his head.**

**Over the week Bobby spent two hours every morning with Miss. Tully as she kept up her conditioning. When she finished he was a bit more Malissa Maye and a little less Bobby. Over all she was happy with his progress but still had too many boyish mannerisms. Early Friday a young woman approached her in the boutique.**

**"Hi, my name is Darla Jean and would appreciate it if I could leave this flyer with you. The YWCA is sponsoring a charm school for young ladies between fourteen and eighteen every Tuesday And Thursday. It's free and the course lasts six weeks. Your help will be appreciated," the young woman said.**

**"When are your classes dear?" Miss. Tully asked.**

**"From 9 until noon each day, ma'am," she replied.**

**“How convenient,” Miss. Tully thought. “Just what I need for Melissa.”**

**“Sure you can leave some and I have a candidate for your course. Melissa come here dear,” she replied.**

**“Mother, Miss. Tully had me sign up for a charm school at the YWCA. I can’t do that. You have to talk to her,” he demanded when she came to pick him up.**

**Until he got his new driver’s license in Melissa’s name couldn’t drive his precious BMW. That was something else that bothered him but getting stopped worried him more. When he filled out the employment forms there was another requesting a legal name change. That still hadn’t been approved yet.**

**“That course is exactly what you need dear. Lord knows I’ve been trying to teach you every night and you have so much to learn. No, that charm school is perfect,” she responded.**

**“But Mother, I’m still a guy under all this,” he said getting frustrated.**

**“Melissa Maye from all physical appearances you are just another pretty young girl. You’re my daughter now, don’t forget that. You’re going to that class Tuesday morning. I don’t want to hear any more about it,” she answered sternly.**

**“But mother as soon as I open my mouth they’ll all know I’m not a girl. I don’t know anything about being a girl,” he plead.**

**“Well you do have a point. Your voice is a high tenor which with a little practice you can raise a bit. Some girls have that lower register. You’ve worked at the boutique and know the inventory. You should have no trouble talking about fashions, you’re a novice with makeup but can discuss that as well. What you need to catch up on is Hollywood gossip and the latest teen girl music. Tomorrow we’ll stop and get some magazines for you to read. That should help get you by in class. Now let me hear you say something. Remember girls speak softly, tighten your vocal cords. Go ahead dear,” his mother answered.**

**After about half an hour Gwen said, “Okay darling that sounds more like a young lady. Keep talking like that always. We’ll work on your vocabulary while you catch up with the latest gossip and trends.”**

**##**

**The next morning when Gwen dropped Melissa off at the shop Miss. Tully invited her to have some coffee. As soon as they were secluded in her office she put Gwen under. “Now Gwendolyn tell me what you and Melissa have been doing at home? Isn’t she the daughter you’ve always wanted?”**

**“Miss. Tully I can’t begin to tell you just how thrilled I am. Melissa is wonderful. Why she even does everything I tell her without complaint unlike before. I’m a little worried though about this upcoming charm school. She really doesn’t know much about being a girl yet. There are times when she lapses and says she’s a boy. I’m giving her mannerisms and poise lessons but it’s frustrating at times. I’ve got her working on her voice but she doesn’t speak like a girl, if you know what I mean. She has some knowledge about fashions and rudimentary cosmetic skills but nothing else that girls generally talk about. I’m stopping at the drug store on the way home to get some teen magazines. That should help but in so short of time? I want her to be accepted by others her age and have doubts at the moment,” she replied.**

**“Gwendolyn don’t fret. I think I can help. By all means get those magazines and “Play Girl” too. She needs to know about female/male relationships too. Later this summer**

you'll want her to date some nice boy. We can't have her cooped up here or home all the time. Keep up your instruction to make Melissa the girly-girl of your dreams, one, two, three," Miss. Tully stated.

After Gwen left she called Melissa into the office and quickly put her under. After repeating all she had told her last time, she continued, "Melissa when you go to charm school you will be calm and relaxed. You will feel like you have been socializing with girls your age all your life. When you talk always use a soft slightly higher pitch like you are now. Never use the word 'like' or 'nice' to describe something. Always use words such as 'love', 'darling' and 'precious.' If you are given a compliment by another girl always find something she has or wears to return that compliment."

"Your mother is getting you some magazines to read. You will read them and remember all that you read. Whoever is the latest teen idol will be yours as well. Learn all you can about him. You will spend one hour every night watching You Tube videos of girly-girls your age. Pay close attention to how they talk, what they talk about and their mannerisms. You want to be just like them."

"You're a girly-girl. Forget you were ever a boy. All girly-girls are infatuated with boys. Talking about boys is an everyday subject for girls. You are a girly-girl so will be able to tell others what you love about a boy. If one of your new friends asks you if you have a boyfriend, tell them your mother hasn't let you date yet. Act like you can't wait to date a handsome boy. You will do what your mother tells you. You will do the very best you can to learn what she is teaching you. You are Melissa Maye, a girly-girl. Never forget that, one, two, three."

Bobby had never been a voracious reader but Melissa devoured all the magazines Gwen bought him. After reading several articles in "Teen Idol" she decided Justin Bieber was her favorite.

"I'm not sure why I chose this one. He's a guy after all. Maybe because he's more my age, oh I don't know really. Mother told me I'm old enough to decide what kind of boy I would like to go out with. She told me that my father's sapphire blue eyes were the first thing that attracted her. I don't know why she's telling me this. I know all girly-girls are boy crazy but I'm a guy. I'm so confused," he thought.

Melissa concentrated on every lesson his mother and You Tube videos were teaching with intensity. Many of the lessons were becoming natural like sitting with his knees pressed together. Walking gracefully in three-inch spike heels still required concentration. From watching the videos his vocabulary and tonal inflections became more feminine. He also learned what topics interested them as well.

Melissa flinched when Gwen started him on his first menstrual cycle. "Why do I have to do this? I don't want to do this," he thought. "Says being a girl is more than just looking pretty. It's gross but I have to do what mother tells me."

The biggest thing that bothered him were all the magazine articles his mother made him read about girl/boy relationships. "I don't understand why I have to know fifteen ways to flirt much less practice them. Mother says I need to know this. So I must do it but don't know why," he thought.

##

Tuesday was warm and sunny. It was also Melissa's first charm school class. At first he wasn't looking forward to attending but was calm and relaxed now. Since it was such a pretty day, decided to wear the white cotton with colorful pansy imprinted sundress. White satin uplift bra, matching panties and half-slip completed the ensemble. Melissa was very pleased not having to wear the corset or hosiery on such

a warm day. His makeup was minimal unlike his normal glamor look for work. A pair of silver strappy three-inch wedge sandals, some metal bangles for the right wrist and several rings completed her look.

Miss. Tully was surprised at how relaxed she felt entering a classroom with twenty other girls. "I still can't believe I'm doing this. I should be scared to death but I feel so calm. Almost like I've been doing this all my life," he thought.

By this time Miss. Tully's conditioning was to the point where Bobby thought he was female. After a full year under her hypnosis there was little he could do to stop the changes. Bobby's real sense of self had been pushed back into the recesses of his mind. The way his mother treated him and nothing to remind him of who he really was supplemented that conditioning. His protesting voice could still be heard in Melissa's mind but mostly ignored.

By the time he left class Melissa had made two new friends, Mandy and Karen. They were the only two girls in class his age. Mandy had pale lavender colored hair in flowing waves with brown doe like eyes. Karen was tall and slender, model like, with blond hair in a cute bob with deep blue eyes. Both were outgoing and Melissa quickly liked them. There were a few awkward moments like when asked what school she went to. His mother had prepared him and answered home schooled. Again his mother's suggestion that he wasn't allowed to date helped. Still listening to them talk frankly about their boyfriends made him uncomfortable. When the conversation moved on to fashion and music, Melissa held her own. Telling them he worked at the Belle Mode Boutique got squeals of delight.

"Oh my gawd! That's one of the trendiest boutiques in the city," Karen said.

"You're so lucky Melissa. I wish I could afford to shop there," Mandy replied.

"I guess so Mandy. I trust Miss. Tully, the owner and she's helped me a lot," he replied. "We're having our Spring sale beginning this Friday. We have some really nice outfits at half off now that summer is here. Why don't you come by and check it out?"

Over the course of the next six weeks, Melissa became more confident in her femininity. Miss. Tully's daily conditioning ensured that Melissa not only looked but acted like a girly-girl. Other events like getting her new driver's license as Melissa Maye Jones, female, confirmed the conditioning. Going out with her girlfriends, Mandy and Karen further entrenched it. For several weeks Bobby resisted becoming romantically attracted to boys. Between Miss. Tully, his mother and girlfriends encouraging Melissa to date boys, that protest was now muted.

"Robert Thomas trust me," Miss. Tully repeated every day during those six weeks.

"What are you?"

"A girly-girl" he responded softly under the trance.

"What is your name?"

"Melissa Maye Jones."

"Is that a male or female name?"

"Female."

"Now tell me who and what you are?"

"I'm Melissa Maye Jones and I'm a girly-girl."

"That's right Melissa and besides dressing and looking pretty what do girly-girls like

most of all?"

"Bo...boys I guess,"

"Robert Thomas trust me. You have admitted that you are a young lady named Melissa Maye Jones and a girly-girl. You wouldn't lie to me would you?"

"No Miss. Tully, never."

"So you're not lying; then if you are who you say you are, shouldn't you desire to have a relationship with a man? All girly-girls want to be intimate with a man."

"Yes Miss. Tully."

"Tell me what you desire?"

"I want to be intimate with a man."

"Very good Melissa Maye. All girly-girls want to have intimate relations with a man. You can't stop thinking about men and how to please them. You want to please a man sexually. Sexually pleasing a man will make him like you. You want men to really like you. All girly-girls want men to like them. You are a girly-girl. You want to date and have sex with a man. One, two, three."

##

With all the conditioning for over a year Bobby had no chance. Talking about sex and relationships with his girlfriends, became much easier for him. Like boy's learning about sex on the playground, Melissa learned from her friends how to please a boy. By the end of June she was ready to date. The only problem was Melissa hadn't been with any boys since school let out. Melissa would love to go out with Bobby's best friend James but knew better. Her dilemma was resolved by Karen who arranged a blind date.

"Melissa I'm having a pool party at my place next Sunday. My boyfriend's cousin, Justin, is visiting and needs a date. He's really cute and I think you will like him. I'll set it up, okay?" Karen said.

When Melissa told Miss. Tully about the pool party and he had a blind date, she took him over to the swim wear section. There she quickly selected an eggplant colored halter top bikini and told her to try it on. Melissa wasn't sure the suit was appropriate as the top was styled such that it enhanced her breasts. Tying behind the neck and with underwire support it added another cup size. The bottoms were just small triangles held together by satin strings.

"I can't wear this Miss. Tully. I'm practically naked in this," he complained walking out of the changing room.

"Robert Thomas trust me," she said. "You are a girly-girl and you know what I tell you is true. As a girly-girl you are boy crazy. You want to be intimate with men. To be intimate you must attract a man. Wearing revealing and sexy clothing will attract a man. If you see a bulge in his pants then you will know for sure he likes you too. If your date likes you then you need to reward him. Take him to a secluded spot and suck his cock. Girly-girls love to suck cock and swallow with a smile. You know this is true. You are a girly-girl and want a man's attention, one, two, three.

"If Melissa goes through with my suggestion, then I can advance my plans. He turns eighteen in a few weeks," Miss. Tully thought.

Sunday Melissa put on the bikini and liked how it looked on her. "My girlfriends say showing off your girls will always get a boy's attention. If this top doesn't do it I don't

know what will. My legs and butt look good too. I just hope my date, Justin, is cute," she thought.

Melissa packed a spare set of clothing, makeup and other essentials. Her makeup was limited to three blended shades of purple, lavender and lilac eyeshadow. Black waterproof mascara and eggplant colored lipstick finished off her look. Stepping into a pair of denim cut-off short shorts, semi-sheer poly blouse and pink flip flops was ready to leave. On the way out grabbed her purse and keys.

As Melissa walked out to the pink BMW his mother shook her head, "If I had worn something as skimpy as that at her age I would be so grounded. That reminds me, I haven't had that mother/daughter talk about the birds and bees. I have to get her on birth control real soon," she thought. By this point in Gwen's conditioning she never had a son, she only saw her lovely daughter.

Melissa was greeted warmly by Karen and shown where she could change. Melissa dropped her bag and undid her short shorts then took off her blouse.

"Wow girlfriend you look hot," Karen exclaimed.

"Do you think Justin will like?" Melissa shyly asked.

"Melissa you're going to knock his socks off," she replied. "Come on, let's get down to the pool and you can find out for yourself."

Justin's eyes never left Melissa's chest while they were being introduced. The same could be said of the other five boys there. Their four girlfriends didn't miss where they were staring either and not happy. The only other person wearing a string bikini was Mandy and she was a bit jealous.

"So much for my plans to have all the boy's attention. Melissa if you're smart, stick with Justin or the other girls just might scratch your eyes out," Mandy thought.

Justin was indeed cute. He was six foot weighing two hundred pounds of solid muscle. His hair was a curly mop hanging to the shoulders. In a way he resembled Rambo to Melissa's eyes. It didn't take her long to look down at his crotch.

"Oh he really likes me," Melissa thought.

The party ended at eight but Melissa didn't get home until after nine. She volunteered to take Justin to his cousin's house. On the way Justin convinced Melissa to pull over. It didn't take much and almost immediately Melissa had Justin's jeans undone.

"Oh my, he really likes me," Melissa thought as she revealed his seven-inch semi-erect penis. Lowering her head tentatively stuck out her tongue giving the tip a slow lick. "I've never done this before but Karen told me all about it. I shouldn't be doing this on a first date though. Karen said it would give me a rep of being 'easy'. I don't want that but I can't stop myself. Miss. Tully says that I'm a girly-girl and I have to do this."

As Melissa took the head of Justin's penis between her lips a pained scream was heard in the back of her mind. As she rolled her tongue around the shaft and pulled back, she heard it again and, again, ignored it.

"I can't stop now. I must finish this. Miss. Tully says all girly-girls love the taste of a man's discharge. Oh my, here it comes...ooooowwee..icky but I do like it," she thought.

To Be Continued...

PART THREE

By Cheryl Lynn

**“Gwendolyn trust me,” Miss. Tully said putting Melissa’s mother into a deep trance. “I need your daughter Melissa to continue working for me. As your best and most trusted friend, you will help me. Melissa is a girly-girl and eighteen now. Obviously, you cannot send her back to her old school where Bobby once went. Drop Bobby out. Once you have done that Robert ‘Bobby’ Thomas will no longer exist. You will only have your beautiful daughter. The daughter you have always wanted.”**

**“Listen to me carefully Gwendolyn and trust what I tell you is true. Melissa desperately wants her own real breasts. Her prosthetics are very good but not like the real thing. As she is working for me, Melissa has full medical benefits. Don’t you think you should make her happy? Get her breast implants at least a cup size bigger. You want your daughter to have nice full breasts as you do. When I count to three you will wake feeling wonderful but not remember, one, two, three.”**

**As Gwen left, Miss. Tully thought, “Now I can begin my final conditioning on Bobby. With him out of school we’ll avoid so many complications now that he’s Melissa. He dated a boy all during July and told me he provided oral sex. So my conditioning has reset his sexual orientation. Getting him D-cup or larger implants will enhance his new sexual desires. All I must do now is make him fall for the right man. I’ve got to make sure he never becomes a problem in the future.”**

**Melissa was disappointed to hear that his mother dropped him out of school. “But mother I haven’t seen or talked to my friends all summer. They think I went to summer camp. What am I gonna tell them now?”**

**“Darling forget them. You have a new life now, new girlfriends and full time job at the boutique. Besides I have a special treat for you next week. You’re getting real breasts. Miss. Tully and I have arranged it. Won’t that be delightful?” Gwen replied.**

**“Real breasts? I don’t know if I want that. I think I was supposed to be Melissa for the summer but I’m a girly-girly. Guess I’m just confused. I don’t know what I was supposed to be once summer was over anyway. I do what mother tells me because she’s my mother. I know she only wants what’s best for me. If she thinks getting implants is a good thing, then I won’t object. When Justin played with my boobies, I didn’t get the same feelings the girls said they had. So getting real breasts will be better than these gel ones,” he thought then said, “Okay mother, that does sound fantastic.”**

**Before going to the plastic surgeon they stopped at Imelda’s Prosthetics. There his false breasts were removed. His artificial vagina was removed along with what pubic hair had grown back. After letting his skin air out the vagina was reattached.**

**As the women left to settle the bill and Melissa dressed, Betty asked, “If you don’t mind me asking, why didn’t she want the breasts reattached?”**

**“Oh, Melissa has decided to get implants. We’re going tomorrow morning to have it done,” Gwen replied with a broad smile.**

**“That’s a big decision. I’m assuming her gender specialist has approved this step in her transition. Has she decided to go through with SRS?” the technician inquired.**

**"I don't know. I haven't discussed that issue with Miss. Tully yet," Gwen answered. Gwen had no idea what SRS was and decided that was the best way to respond.**

**Melissa and Gwen arrived at the clinic Miss. Tully recommended at seven the next morning. Dr. Joanna Green, who would be performing the day surgery was a regular customer at the boutique. She only asked about Melissa's general health before admitting her. A couple of hours later Gwen was at her daughter's side in the recovery room. By early afternoon they were ready to go home.**

**They were both surprised when Dr. Green told them, "Melissa now has perfect DD-cup breasts to be proud of. I also enhanced her undersized nipples which I think the both of you will like. You have all the post-op instructions and if anything comes up my cell number."**

**On hearing that Melissa wanted to protest but still too sedated. "Double D's? It was supposed to be what I had before, a C-cup. Didn't that woman who put on my prosthetic breasts say I shouldn't be more than that?" he thought.**

**"What do you mean by enhancing Melissa's nipples doctor?" his mother asked.**

**"I did a little extra as a favor for Miss. Tully. There wasn't a lot of nerve tissue but I managed to concentrate what was there on the nipples. I also plumped them up to be anatomically correct for the cup size," she explained.**

**The next morning Miss. Tully paid them a visit and brought a gift for Melissa.**

**"Gwendolyn trust me," she said. "You absolutely love your daughter's new breasts. You will encourage her to be proud of them. You will tell her all girly-girls love big breasts as men like them. It looks like you've been up all night. Why don't you go have a nap while I visit Melissa?"**

**"Good morning Melissa. How are you feeling today?" she asked entering the room.**

**"Okay, I guess. Mother gave me some pain pills a little while ago," he responded.**

**"How do like what Dr. Green did yesterday?"**

**"I..I haven't seen them yet but they're big. Too big. The...they were supposed to be th..the same as before," he replied getting teary eyed.**

**"Robert Thomas trust me," she snapped. "I'm your best friend and know what I tell you is true. You are a girly-girl and all girly-girls want big boobies, narrow waists and nice round butt. You want to be the best girly-girl you can be to attract a man. Not a boy but a man is what you desire. A man old enough to appreciate a girly-girl like you. As a girly-girl you are attracted to and desire a man at least thirty years old. To get that kind of man to want you, big breasts are a major advantage. You are a girly-girl and want to be with older men. You love your big breasts. When I count to three you will wake refreshed and very happy to have big breasts, one, two, three."**

**"Hello Miss. Tully, I'm sorry I must have dozed off," Melissa said coming out of the trance.**

**"No problem dear. Here I brought you something. Go ahead and open it," Miss. Tully responded.**

**Inside the box Melissa found Wacoal bras from their Embrace Lace collection. These were not cheap bras and beautiful. The first bra was blue ashes in color with soft pink Wacoal signature lace detailing on the upper cups and band. The next was a frost gray with primrose detailing and the third a tango red with coral blush lace. They were all 34-DD just what he now needed. Under the bras were the matching pairs of high-cut briefs.**

**“Miss. Tully, you shouldn’t have. These are very expensive and so beautiful,” Melissa replied gleefully.**

**“Yes, they are special bras you should only wear when you date an older man. They appreciate girly-girls who wear pretty lingerie. Boys and young men only care about the sex and could care less how the package comes wrapped.” she answered.**

**“The seed is planted and now all I have to do is wait for it to blossom. I’ll just come back every couple of days to firm up the conditioning,” Miss. Tully thought as she left.**

**##**

**Two weeks later Melissa was back at the boutique. She was wearing a black wool blend straight skirt, baby blue chiffon blouse with the top three buttons undone. The blouse was semi-sheer and her blue satin bra could be seen along with a good amount of cleavage. It was obviously too small for her ample bosom.**

**“Good morning Nora,” Melissa greeted her co-worker. “Do you mind if I take a few moments to get a new blouse? I couldn’t fasten the top buttons on this one now that I had that breast augmentation. None of my blouses or dresses fit right anymore. I’m going to have to get a whole new wardrobe before I leave today. Heck, I’m still getting use to my new girls. In a way I’m sorry I got them this big but worth it. As I was coming in from the parking lot some guy actually walked into a parked car staring at me.”**

**“Those headlights you’re sporting will blind most guys. Yeah, take your time Melissa. I can handle things here,” Nora responded.**

**After Melissa’s morning conditioning session, a man wearing bib overalls and carrying a tool case entered the shop. “I’m Rick and here to fix a dripping faucet,” he said approaching Melissa.**

**For some strange reason Melissa found the man very appealing. “He’s gorgeous,” she thought. “I don’t know why I’m so interested. He’s got to be almost twice my age, has a receding hairline and bad teeth. Still he has a charming smile and from that bulge, a really nice package.”**

**“Hi, I’m Melissa. I’m not sure where it is. Follow me. Miss. Tully probably called you,” she replied smiling broadly.**

**Miss. Tully stood when they entered her office and said, “Richard Alva Eckles trust me,” then added, “Robert Thomas trust me.”**

**“Richard Alva Eckles trust me and listen carefully to what I say. You know whatever I tell you to be true. Richard, Melissa here is a beautiful and young woman. You love younger women. Like many things of beauty she does have a flaw but you will ignore it. You want her to be with you always. Melissa will be your trophy to show off to your friends and her body to use as you wish. You desire her so much, you will ask her to marry you in one month. When I count to three you will wake and feel the desire to be with Melissa grow, one, two, three.”**

**“Hi Miss. Tully, you called about a dripping faucet. Mom said to say hello,” he said coming out of his trance.**

**“Ricky that’s very nice. Be sure to tell Margaret I said hello as well. I hope she is feeling better,” Miss. Tully answered.**

**“Oh yes. Ever since you have been coming over she’s feeling better about dad running off. Where’s the faucet?” Rick replied not comfortable talking about his father running off with his secretary.**

Richard Alva was living with his mother barely making ends meet as a general fix-it man. Miss. Tully had met him a few months ago when he came to her house to do some work. Putting him under hypnosis to find out if she could trust him not to steal anything. As she questioned him, Miss. Tully became intrigued by what a loser he was. Thirty-one years old, never married, living with his divorced fifty-three-year-old mother and nowhere job. She decided soon after that he would make the perfect match for Melissa.

It won't take a lot of conditioning to get him to do what I want. Other than being handy with tools is dumb as a brick. It won't take much to convince him that Melissa's vagina is real. Living with his mother has an added advantage too. I'll have to meet her. Nothing like a demanding mother-in-law to make Melissa's new life perfect. Bobby had a golden spoon in his mouth all his life, so it's time Melissa lived in the real world," she thought at the time.

"The leak is in the utility closet Rick. Out the door and to your left. Can't miss it," she said.

Once he had gone, Miss. Tully turned her attention to the entranced Melissa. "Robert Thomas trust me," she repeated. "You are a girly-girl and girly-girls love older men. You know this to be true. Rick is an older man. You love older men; therefore, Richard Alva Eckles is the love of your life. He is perfect for you. You want to be his wife the more you see him. You know what I tell you is true. You care for him so much that you will do whatever he tells you. Remember when I told you this morning that an older man would enter your life. That man is Rick. When I count to three you will wake feeling refreshed and infatuated with Rick, one, two, three."

It didn't take long for Rick to fix the leaking faucet. On his way out of the boutique stopped and asked Melissa for a date. "Melissa? Right?" he said, "Errr would you go out with me this Saturday?" he asked not quite sure why he was doing so.

He had never been this forward before and this pretty girl was young enough to be the daughter he never had. "Crap! I'm robbing the friggin cradle. She's darn pretty though. The kind of girl I'd like to have around," he thought.

Melissa was very attracted to Rick and while she hoped he would ask her out didn't expect it so soon. Blushing pink replied, "Rick I would be honored. What time should I expect you?"

"I shouldn't be attracted to such an older man but I am. He's no Justin but I think I love him anyway and we just met. Something has to be wrong with me but I can't help it," Melissa thought.

"Wow! She said yes. She's so hot," he thought then replied, "How about seven but I don't know where you live."

Melissa couldn't wait for her date. During the entire week all she could think about was Rick. She was even writing, Mrs. Richard Alva Eckles and Mrs. Melissa Maye Eckles over and over on a note pad. The more she wrote the names, the more Melissa loved what she saw. In morning conditioning sessions, Miss. Tully reiterated how much Melissa wanted Rick and would do anything he asked. After a few of those sessions, Melissa had no doubts about dating an older man much less about marrying one.

In the middle of the week Miss. Tully took the afternoon off from the boutique. She had to make another visit to Richard's mother. "Margaret trust me," she said as soon as she was in the house. "You trust me completely and know what I tell you is the truth. Richard has found a young woman, Melissa Maye Jones who is in love with him. She is fourteen years younger than your son but he wants and needs her. Obviously, a girl

that young must be a slut but you care about Richard's feelings. You will allow their marriage and encourage them to have an active sex life. Melissa may dress and look like a nice girly-girl when you meet. However, you will know the truth. Since she must be a slut; then, you will have to keep a tight rein on her. When she is around the house make her dress like her true self. Have some of your older trusted male friends over and make her suck their cocks. They are not to have intercourse with Melissa or see her naked below the bust. That is strictly for your son. If she's a slut, she should act like one except when going out in public. You don't want Richard's reputation ruined. You know what I've said is true. When I count to three, you will wake feeling greatly relieved that your son will have a wife but one you will control, one, two, three."

A couple of hours later when Rick walked into the house, Miss. Tully was waiting. "Richard Alva Eckles trust me," she said. "You trust me completely and know what I tell you is the truth. The girl you will marry is a slut. The only way a girl as young as Melissa is could marry such an older man must be a slut. When out in public she looks and acts like a girly-girl but you know better. Since she is a slut you will treat her like one when in the privacy of your home. You love having a slut for a wife. It's your biggest erotic dream come true. Watching her suck the cocks of your mother's older men friends, will give you the biggest erections. When in public treat her as a girly-girl. You don't want your reputation ruined. Until you are married, you won't realize Melissa is a slut. Now when I count to three, you will wake feeling great and can't wait for Saturday night to get here, one, two, three."

##

"I need to wear something sexy but not over the top for my date tonight," Melissa thought as she looked through her closet.

After thirty minutes removed what she decided was the perfect dress. It was a dark blue velvet mid-thigh length sheath dress with a rounded neckline and bell short sleeves. It was cut low enough to expose cleavage but not too much.

It hadn't taken Melissa as long to select and put on her special occasion lingerie. She chose the Wacoal tango red bra and matching panties. Melissa didn't want to cover up such pretty panties with pantyhose. Selecting a red high waist garter belt detailed in crystal beads and floral embroidery. The six garter tabs had small red satin ribbons. Sheer black nylons completed her lingerie.

For accessories added her "fuck me" red patent leather four inch spiked heeled pumps, red block beaded necklace and matching bracelet. The final touch were the red garnet and diamond studs. Gazing into the floor length mirror a final time was pleased at what she saw. Melissa had spent over an hour perfecting her glamour makeup. She loved how the MAC deep blue red lipstick called Sin made her lips look so kissable. Despite all the time Melissa spent pampering and dressing for the date, had almost an hour to wait. That was the hard part.

"Gosh, I'm so nervous," Melissa thought tugging at the bodice of the dress. "Am I showing too much or too little with this dress. I sure hope he likes it. Mother says every girl should have a dress like this. Oh gawd, did I over dress? My Rick didn't say where we were going."

Meanwhile Rick was having a similar problem. At first, he put on a pair of his nicest jeans and a pullover shirt. His intension was to take her to his local watering hole but changed his mind.

"My first date with a beautiful young girl who's not even twenty-one and I'm thinking of taking her to a fuckin bar. Stupid, stupid. Better change into my suit and take her out

to eat. Chinese is cheap. I'll take her to Hunan's, it's nice and I can afford it," he thought taking his forest green polyester suit out of the closet.

When Gwen opened the door to admit Rick she wasn't that pleased. He was far older than she thought and not at all handsome. Still Melissa for some reason was totally infatuated with this man. He was all she talked about the entire week. Forcing her slight frown into a smile welcomed him.

"Please come in and have a seat in the living room. I'll tell Melissa you're here," she pleasantly said.

"What's gotten into that girl's mind? I know Miss. Tully said an older man would be good for Melissa but this old? Oh well, as long as she's happy I guess I shouldn't object," she thought heading to Melissa's room.

When Melissa entered the room as Rick stood paused. "He's wearing a cheap green suit with a red tie? What have I done?" she heard in the back of her mind. Then smiling broadly thought, "It doesn't matter how he dresses. I love him."

Hunan's wasn't quite half full but when they entered they were the center of attention. Walking to their table Melissa overheard, "What an odd couple," "Is that a father/daughter?" The worst though was the one suggesting she was a high-class hooker. It didn't matter what people said, Melissa was with the man she loved.

In the lady's room refreshing her lipstick the woman standing next to Melissa asked, "Who is that man you're with? It doesn't look like he could afford your kind."

"He's my boyfriend. I'm going to marry him and I'm not that kind!" she snapped back. "Now why did I say I was going to marry him. This is just our first date but he's so yummy. Maybe I will," she thought leaving the restroom.

Back in his older model pickup truck Rick wasn't sure what to do next. "What am I going to do now? I can't take her to a club or the bar. I don't want to take her home this early either. Gawd! She's drop dead gorgeous. I'll never get another girl this damn good looking again," he thought.

As he turned his head to say something to Melissa, she reached out cupping his cheeks and kissed him. The kiss quickly turned into a tongue tag match and when it broke left them panting.

"I've wanted to do that since we first met," Melissa gasped.

"Me too," was all Rick could respond reaching down to maneuver his erection into a more comfortable place.

Melissa couldn't help noticing where his hand went. Looking out the windshield noticed it was very dark out and only a sliver of a moon. Without further thought, reached out and began unfastening Rick's pants.

"Oh baby let me help you out," Melissa purred. "Golly, I haven't sucked a cock since Justin. Doing it here in a restaurant parking lot maybe that woman was right about me. I don't mind if someone sees us either. I've got to make Rick happy and I want to taste his sweet rod," she thought sliding her knees off the seat.

Melissa took the mushroom head between her lips, sucked then flicked her tongue into its little slit. Hearing him moan in pleasure slid her lips further down the thick shaft then pulled back slowly, twirling her tongue. Another louder moan encouraged Melissa and she began sucking vigorously. Bobbing her head up and down his seven-inch staff leaving traces of her lipstick behind. Hearing him shout he was coming, sealed her lips around the head and began gulping down the hot liquid.

**“I’ve never had a blow job like that! I think I’m really in love. Got to have more of this. I don’t care what mom says or thinks, I’m taking her to my room,” Rick thought as he recuperated.**

**“Wow! That was so cool the way his eyes rolled back. I still don’t like the taste but if it makes him happy worth it. I just wish we could do more,” Melissa thought getting back up on the seat.**

**Back in the seat Melissa’s skirt had bunched up over her hips exposing her panties. As she started to pull the skirt down noticed where Rick was staring intently.**

**“He likes my pretty panties,” she thought pulling her hands away from the skirt. “Think I’ll let him enjoy them as much as I do.”**

**With shaking hands Rick put the truck into gear and headed to his mother’s house. “Melissa, I’ve just got to have more time with you. The only place is my mom’s house, if you don’t mind. I live there with her,” he said embarrassed.**

**“I don’t care if she doesn’t mind,” Melissa replied. “As long as your mother is okay with it so am I. I don’t want this night to end either.”**

**Margaret wasn’t all that thrilled having her son bring a slut into the house but accepted it. “Damn hussy, listen to them in there banging the headboard like no tomorrow. I should have kicked that slut out of my house but Rick is happy. I can’t remember when he’s had a date. I don’t think he even had one for his senior prom. He needs a woman even if she’s a slut. I’ll just have to make damn sure she doesn’t hurt my baby,” she thought.**

**Melissa for her part only had one worry. “I hope this prosthetic works like Betty said it would. I could never forgive myself if Rick winds up hating me. At least the boobs are real,” she thought slipping off the dress.**

**Before she could drape the dress over the back of a chair Rick was naked. His body was no more desirable than his looks. A pot hairy belly and little muscle definition. When he turned to get into bed, Melissa noted he had an equally hairy back and not much of an ass.**

**“He’s already rock hard but I want to cuddle a bit. I’ll leave my lingerie on. It should slow him down some,” she thought getting into bed.**

**The artificial vagina worked to perfection. The only problem with it Melissa had no muscle control and tighten the canal. Apparently Rick didn’t notice anything out of the ordinary. He was disappointed that Melissa was so loose and hence not a virgin. When he plunged into it, Melissa was pleasantly surprised at the tingling sensations she was getting. His hardness was rubbing against her hidden gland. Later after using some petroleum jelly, Rick took her virgin bottom, Melissa screamed. It was painful but endured and in the end climaxed. Rick was more than pleased that Melissa was at least a virgin in that spot. It was hot, tight and the anal ring’s contractions felt wonderful.**

**With Rick sleeping the sleep of the dead, Melissa got out of the bed, cum leaking out both her holes. Wearing nothing but her garter belt and laddered hose gingerly stepped across the hall to the bathroom. Margaret watched stone faced as the slut entered the bathroom.**

**“Damn slut didn’t even have the decency to put on a cover-up. I don’t like having her in my house but Rick is happy. Well she can put on airs of being a rich girly-girl but I know better. I’ll just make damn sure she doesn’t pull that stunt while in my house. She’s a slut and should look and act like one when she’s here,” she thought.**

Over the course of the month Melissa went out with Rick every Saturday. She always wore her special occasion lingerie and wound up in Rick's bed. By their third date he stopped using Melissa's ersatz pussy. He concentrated his attention on her plump nipples and back passage. Melissa didn't like that kind of penetration as it hurt. She did enjoy the pleasant sensations coming from his breast play though.

When Melissa asked Rick why he was avoiding fucking her, he responded, "Baby you feel so much better when I do it that way. I just love how hot and tight you are back there."

"I don't like it but if he does, I can't complain. I thought there for a moment he discovered it was fake. That would have been so embarrassing. I guess him doing it this way will keep Rick from finding out," Melissa thought.

After dating for a month Rick proposed. A delighted Melissa quickly accepted. The engagement ring was two very small diamonds. Rick's mother donated her diamond earrings for the setting. The wedding was planned to take place the following month. It would be small as Rick couldn't afford a rental tuxedo or the other groom's expenses in a more formal setting.

##

"Robert Thomas trust me," Miss. Tully said the morning of the wedding. "You only hear my voice and know what I tell you is true. Every husband expects his wife to be a slut in the bedroom, a good cook in the kitchen and maid in the house. You are a girly-girl only when you leave the house otherwise you are a slut. There you will abide by and do whatever his mother, Margaret tells you. Your mother-in-law is almost as important to you as your husband Rick. Whenever she says, 'a slut like you,' you will do whatever she demands. Bobby will come to the forefront of your mind as Rick consummates the marriage but only briefly. Then you will push him back into the recesses of your mind. You know what I tell you is true. When I count to three you will wake feeling wonderful and more than ready to get married, one, two, three."

"One down three to go. Guess I'd better talk to the mother of the bride next," Miss. Tully thought.

"Gwendolyn trust me. You only hear my voice and know what I tell you is true. You will make me the trustee of all your and Bobby's assets as soon as the wedding is over. Once you have done that, you will move leaving everything behind except some clothing. You will tell anyone who asks that you are going to live in New York City. There you will be homeless but have no more responsibilities or worries. You will love living on the streets, meeting lots of homeless men who will provide for you," Miss. Tully instructed.

"Richard Alva Eckles trust me. You only hear my voice and know what I tell you is true. When you consummate your marriage, you will only think about how much pleasure you're having. All that matters to you is your personal pleasure and nothing about satisfying Melissa. After all, she's just a slut. Your biggest sexual turn on will be watching Melissa provide oral sex to your mother's older male friends. When I count to three you will wake feeling refreshed and more than ready to get married."

"Margaret trust me. You will only hear my voice and know what I tell you to be true. You know your daughter-in-law is a slut. You will make her act and dress like one whenever she is in your house. You aren't sure your son knows that, so you will have your older male friends come visit often when Rick is home. To prove to Rick that Melissa is a slut, you will have her perform oral sex on your friends so he can watch. Whenever you say, 'a slut like you' Melissa will do whatever you tell her. You will teach

her how to be a good maid and cook so you can just relax. Letting her do all the work will justify her being married to your son. When I count to three you will wake feeling relaxed and welcome your new daughter-in-law.

“That went extremely well. I get all the money, get Gwen out of the way and can retire to Florida. In a few more hours I’ll finally be free to live the life of luxury I’ve always wanted,” she thought.

##

Melissa was wearing a beautiful used wedding gown. They had gone to a second-hand shop to find it. “Mother why here? We can afford any bridal shop in the city,” Melissa asked confused at going to this shop.

“Your future husband doesn’t make much money and an expensive gown will only humiliate Rick. It’s better to get you a nice wedding dress here,” she replied.

There were a few wedding dresses available in the store. The only one in Melissa’s size was a vintage Fiesta long lace 1970’s gown but styled more like one from the 1870’s. It was made of cream eggshell white chiffon with a sheer chiffon over layer. The illusion neckline was sheer with ivory floral lace detailing ending in a tight lace collar. The long billowing sleeves were sheer, ending in long cuffs of over lapping ivory lace. Ivory lace also cascaded from the bodice forming what appeared to be an apron down to the ankle length hem. The ivory lace had yellowed a bit and there were a few small stains but they bought it.

“Mother that dress is so out of date. Couldn’t we have gone to another shop?” Melissa asked as they were leaving.

“It was only \$95 and nice enough so that you don’t humiliate Rick. He’s probably going to wear that hideous green suit of his anyway. I’ll make one concession though and let you get some nice wedding lingerie. We’ll stop at the boutique to get it,” Gwen replied.

His mother was right as usual, Rick showed up wearing that polyester forest green suit with his red tie. The ceremony took place at the Justice of the Peace’s office in the late afternoon. Nora served as the maid of honor, Miss. Tully was there as a witness along with Gwen and Margaret. The service didn’t take long and as soon as the documents signed they left. Gwen, Nora and Miss. Tully went to a lawyer’s office. Margaret, Rick and Melissa back to their house.

As Margaret drove said, “Rick you do know that your wife is a slut, don’t you? You don’t think so. Well when we get home I’ll prove it to you. I have Norris and Mr. Vickers waiting there. You know Norris, I use to date him off an on. Mr. Vickers is visiting his granddaughter and great-granddaughters next door. He’s a spry ninety years old.”

“Why did you invite them? We having a party to celebrate?” Rick asked confused.

“Oh, it’s going to be a party alright but not for this slut you married,” she thought.

Rick and Melissa were both surprised seeing to very old men completely nude sitting on the living room sofa drinking beer.

“What the hell?” Rick said startled.

“Watch and see son. Melissa go suck their cocks like the slut you are,” Margaret said.

For a moment Melissa stood in shock at the demand but walked over to the men sitting on the couch. Slowly she knelt down carefully pulling up her wedding gown in front of one. She reached out and took his flaccid cock in hand and began to stroke it. With

her other hand took hold of the even older man's. It took a good fifteen minutes before the first man became erect. Melissa never loosening her grip on the other man, leaned forward and took his cock into her mouth. Another thirty minutes later he erupted. Melissa swallowed the meager discharge down and turned her attention to the other. It was semi-erect and her mouth ached by the time he squirted.

As Melissa performed the degrading act, Rick stood transfixed. The suit's pants were bulging at the groin as he absent mindedly rubbed it. "Hot damn, I've got the biggest hard on I've ever had. This is so fuckin hot!" he thought.

Rick didn't wait once the deed was done. He grabbed Melissa's arm, yanked her from the floor and led her to his bedroom. Without preamble bent Melissa over the mattress, lifted the dress and shoved the white thong aside. His passion was so demanding Rick didn't bother using lube. Entering her neither hole forcefully began pumping like there was no tomorrow. Melissa's screams of agony making him plunge all the harder. Cumming Rick collapsed over her, pinning Melissa under him. He was snoring loudly as finally his penis popped out and she could get free. Melissa squeezed her ass cheeks tight but could feel his juices dripping out.

"Darn, I'm going to have to use a pad after I clean up," she thought. "I should be furious after all this but I'm a slut now. I hope he's more considerate about my feelings next time."

In the morning Rick woke with his usual hard on. Seeing Melissa sleeping next to him in her bridal lingerie, woke her. "Baby I need you to take care of this," he said stroking his erection.

Melissa wasn't in the mood and tried to go back to sleep. Rick grabbed her hair and pulled her face to his crotch. "I said take care of this, slut!"

Melissa's day didn't get any better. After breakfast, that she made, Margaret took her to a thrift store. There Melissa could only stand by as her mother -in-law began selecting the sluttiest clothing. Tight spandex gold and silver stirrup pants were pushed into her arms and told to go change. While changing Margaret brought in half a dozen tube tops.

"Put this on and no bra. Sluts like you don't wear bras," she instructed.

When Melissa came out of the changing cubicle wearing the gold pants they looked like they were spray painted on. The distinct camel toe of a woman clearly visible in the tight pants. The bright neon red tube top would be barely legal in public it showed so much cleavage.

"Good, that's a look all sluts should have. Change back to what you had on. While you're doing that, I'll get some more of these stirrup pants and micro-minis for you to wear," she stated.

##

Gwen made it to New York City. She had packed one suit case and only had thirty dollars to her name after paying for the Greyhound ticket. It didn't matter though. Gwen was happy. No more worries or concerns. She was still young enough to get some man to see that she was safe and taken care of. Living on the streets won't be that bad she figured.

Stepping out of Grand Central began slowly walking the streets. After a couple of hours trying to get her bearings spotted three men. From their dress she could tell they were homeless and living on the street. They had a grocery cart filled with trash bags and sharing a drink in a brown paper bag. Gwen decided to see if they could help

her.

It had been a very long time since any of the men had talked to much less approached by a clean smelling nicely dressed woman. After she explained that she was new to living on the street, more than happy to help. Help provided she performed certain sexual favors for them.

With the promise of help and protection Gwen agreed and accompanied them to their private ally. The guys had erected a make shift shelter of discarded cardboard and wooden pallets. She was told to leave her suitcase outside and to go in. As she did that, the three guys played a quick game of rock, paper, scissors. The loser was actually the lucky one. He got to go into the shelter with Gwen first. The other two took the suitcase to pawn and buy the liquor. They were going to have one hell of a party tonight.

The End...