

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Ned Baxter was a fairly normal kid, living a normal life with his mom and dad in a nice house. The house was a four-bedroom, three bath ranch style in a nice suburban area. The home owners' association made sure the communal areas were kept up and decorated extensively during the holidays. Many of the home owners vied with one another during the holidays to see who could put out the best decorations as well. The association sponsored a little league baseball team. Ned, when little played though not often, loved the game. His dad was an assistant coach for a time also. Their love of the game enhanced their close relationship. It was a great neighborhood to grow up in.

Ned was seventeen, five six and weighed one hundred twenty-five pounds with below the shoulder light brown hair when they moved into a new neighborhood. He usually had his hair tied into a low pony tail like his father's. His dad was thirty-one, five nine and weighed one sixty-five with below the shoulder dark brown hair. Neither of them worked out but in good health. They enjoyed watching sports, fishing and the outdoors.

With his mother's death neither had much desire to do anything other than watch sports. Occasionally, they went out to eat or see a movie but that was about it. Jim owned a small computer business that he operated out of a store front. He could easily have worked from home but the home owners' association prohibited home based businesses.

Ned and his father's life changed when his mother got sick and passed on during his sophomore year. Everything around the house and neighborhood were painful reminders of their loss. They both agreed that moving would help them get over the pain. During the summer before the start of Ned's junior year, they moved from the suburbs. They settled into an older much smaller three-bedroom two bath house. The houses were built closer together. It was an old area of the city built in the fifties but very well maintained. The residents were either elderly or up and coming professionals. Unlike his old neighborhood, the residents here tended to mind their own business and rarely socialized. This neighborhood was exactly what they needed as it was the complete opposite from what they were used to. The only thing Ned didn't like was that there weren't any kids living in the area.

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They were busy unpacking when the doorbell chimed. "Hi, I'm Daphne and live in the house next door. I saw you and your daughter moving in and thought you might like some fresh homemade cookies and spot of tea," she said to his dad, Jim.

Daphne appeared to be in her early sixties, wearing a blue and white checked gingham dress, salt and pepper hair cut in a short bob style, sparkling blue eyes, plump but not fat. Jim just wanted to finish unpacking but bowed to convention and invited her in. "Got a ton of unpacking still to do and I have to be at the shop tomorrow," he thought then said, "Thank you, I'm Jim Baxter and this is my son, Ned, please come on in." "Oh, I'm sorry, the long hair fooled me. I thought you had a daughter.

It's a shame, it would be nice to have a young girl moving into the neighborhood," she said as she walked into the kitchen making her self right at home.

"Gracie use to live here with her two girls and we were great friends. I looked after the girls until they were into their late teens while she went to work. Practically raised them myself, oh well, it's nice to have new neighbors though," she continued as Jim dug into some boxes trying to find cups and saucers. Over cookies and tea Daphne wiggled out Jim and Ned's life story and by the time she went home, was asked to watch over Ned. Ned didn't like the idea and despite all his arguing after she left, his dad wouldn't change his mind.

"Look son I can see your point but you know my hectic schedule. Schools out and it seems like everyone either wants their computer fixed, up graded or a new one. Plus, Quantum Engineering wants me to re-do their web site. With your mother gone, I have to have someone keep an eye on you. Daphne seems like a nice woman, knows the neighborhood and lives right next door. It's not like she's moving in. Now come on, help me hook up the entertainment center so we can watch the ballgame tonight," Jim said ending the dispute.

"Ned has a point and I do trust him. Don't know why I agreed to let Daphne check up on him. Oh well, it's not like she'll be over here all that much," he thought.

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Monday morning after Jim left for work, Ned was busy setting up his computer when Daphne walked in. "Good morning Ned. I just stopped by to see if everything was alright."

"Jeez, don't you ever knock?" he said startled. Realizing he was only wearing his boxers and tee, grabbed his jeans off the floor blushing.

"Sorry dear, I didn't mean to startle you. I still have Gracie's keys and your father did ask me to keep an eye on you," she said as he was stumbling around trying to get his jean on.

"I don't need someone to check on me. I'm old enough to take care of myself," he yelled.

"Now don't take that tone with me missy! I've raised enough girls to know what I'm doing," she snapped.

"I'm not some silly girl. I'm a guy and you don't need to check on me. I can take care of myself," he shouted back angrily.

"Well you could have fooled me with that long hair and it's obvious that you don't know how to properly care for it either. Come with me and I'll teach you how to properly care for it," she stated.

"Fuck you lady! I don't have to do what you say. Now get out of my room and leave me the fuck alone!" he shouted defiantly. He was steamed and embarrassed by her intrusion. Calling him a missy and catching him nearly naked, let his temper control his tongue.

Daphne walked over to where he was standing with his hands curled up into fists. "Such a foul mouth on such a cute head, we'll have to correct that, now won't we," she calmly replied.

Before he could react, she reached out, grabbed his right earlobe between thumb and forefinger. With a firm hold on his ear, she pulled. With a yelp of pain, Ned was forced to follow her into the bathroom. He slapped at her arm trying to make her let go of his

ear but that only made her pull the harder. She was much stronger and his struggles only made the pain emanating from his ear all the more. She shoved him away as she shut and locked the bathroom door with a key she had taken from the white cotton bib apron she wore. She turned back to face him. Her eyes blazing in fury making him take a step back. "Now missy we need to come to an understanding. I'm in charge and you will do as I say. The first thing I'm going to do is wash those filthy words out of your mouth; then, we are going to tend to that mop of hair.

You will learn to obey me or else," she seethed in anger. Ned was bending over the commode, spittle and vomit spinning around in the bowl. Daphne had thoroughly washed his mouth out with soap and he was paying the price for it. The taste of soap was still strong as she bent his head over the tub and soaked his hair under the shower spray. With his hair wet, she moved him over to the sink and began shampooing his hair. She used a small bottle of strawberry scented shampoo taken from her apron pocket to saturate his long hair. There was enough to wash his hair twice before using another bottle of conditioner. When she had finished, she wrapped his wet hair in a turban, grabbed his earlobe and led him from the bathroom into the kitchen. On the table was a pink

case she had brought over and removed a blow drier and bristle brush. Thirty minutes later his hair was dry and brushed such that the ends tucked under slightly above his shoulders.

"Now that looks much better. I expect you to take care of it just like this from now on. Put your shoes on and we'll go over to my house. I have everything you will need there," she said. Ned did what she demanded. After the mouth washing he wasn't going to

object. "I'll tell dad as soon as he comes home and that bitch will be history," he mumbled as he put on his flip flops.

Daphne's house had the same design as theirs but furnished and decorated in an ultra-feminine style. The walls were painted in soft pinks and lilacs with beige carpet or with floral wall paper and hardwood flooring.

The furniture was delicate with plush upholstery and lace doilies. The house reeked of flowers and sweet perfume. Porcelain figurines and crystal knick-knacks lined the shelves. The only thing remotely masculine was a placard on the wall that said something about thirty years of service from some nut house. He was led into one of the guests rooms.

"This is the room Gracie's girls used when they stayed over. Never had the heart to remove any of their things once they moved on," she explained as he stood wide eyed gazing around the feminine room. If anything, this room was more girlie than the rest of the house. The walls were painted in a soft pinkish egg shell color with a floral boarder. The furniture was delicate, painted in white enamel with gold piping. There was a lighted vanity with lavender satin skirting and matching bench padded seat, eight drawer dresser, small table and straight-backed chair by the only window. The window had flowing soft pink with orange highlighted curtains in a lustrous material. The queen sized brass bed had a lavender chiffon canopy and matching satin skirting. A white quilted satin comforter decorated with small red rose buds, pink linens and two lace edged pillows covered the bed frame. The bedside table was covered with a white lace drape and had a pink ceramic lamp and alarm clock sitting on it. The walls were decorated with a number of framed prints. None of which a boy would ever want in his room. The most disturbing for Ned was the one of an Olympic swimmer wearing a red, white and blue Speedo that left little to the imagination.

She told him to go and sit on the vanity bench while she gathered what he would need. Ned was on edge as he sat down. This was the most girlish room he had ever seen and it made him feel like he was an invader. It was a feminine sanctuary that boys should never be found in. He was very uncomfortable sitting there as Daphne took the pink case she had brought over and told him she would be right back. When she came back she placed the case on the vanity and began pulling items from the drawers. Besides the drier and brush he saw several bottles of shampoo, condition and others he couldn't identify. The brush, comb and drier he could understand but when she began putting in large bristle rollers, hair pins, hair nets and setting gel into the case he was confused. She looked at him, then opening another drawer put several jars into the case.

"You're developing acne and these ointments will keep your face nice and pretty," she said as she closed the case.

"I don't want to look pretty and what the hell is all that stuff she put into that case. She can't be expecting me to actually use any of that," he thought as they headed back over to his house. On the way out, Daphne grabbed a pink and white striped bib apron from behind her kitchen door. Back at the house she emptied the case into various drawers in what was his bathroom. When everything was put away except for three jars, she grabbed his chin, twisted it back and forth. "Yep, if you don't start taking care of your skin properly you will scar that pretty face with acne. I'll show you how to stop that from happening," she stated. She opened the first jar and began rubbing the pink ointment onto his face with a cotton pad. As she covered his lower face, she told him that he needed to apply this cream twice a day. "Once in the morning and before going to bed, leave it on for fifteen minutes then wash it off," she instructed. What she didn't tell him was that this lotion was a depilatory and over time would destroy the hair follicles on his face.

The other lotion was a cleanser and the last a moisturizer. He had several friends that suffered from bad acne so he didn't complain.

When she was satisfied that he knew what to do, she spent the rest of the afternoon instructing and helping him clean the house. He had balked at having to don the apron and doing what he called women's work. When she asked how he expected the house to clean itself grumpily did as told. He frowned as she looped the apron over his head and tied a floppy bow in the back. They cleaned until it was time for his father to come home. Daphne took him into the kitchen and taught him how to make supper. It was simple, baked chicken breasts in cream of mushroom soup, broccoli and boiled new potatoes. As his dad drove into the garage, she sent Ned to clean up.

"Jim, I hope you don't mind but I had to punish Ned this morning. When I came by to check on him, he used some very vulgar words and told me to get out. I washed his mouth out with soap. Young men should not be allowed to use that kind of language around polite society. If you have a problem with that, you can find someone else to look after him," she said distraughtly.

"What? I'm sorry Daphne that Ned was so disrespectful. I'll have a talk with him and while I don't like physical punishment, I guess what you did is alright. He was brought up better than that. However, please, just tell me if he upsets you in the future and I'll take care of it when I get home," Jim replied a bit shocked.

"I'll be going now. I showed Ned how to cook supper tonight and it will be ready in a minute or two. I think we need to talk some more about me watching over Ned privately. Would you mind coming over after you have had supper.

"I'll have a pot of tea waiting," she replied.

Jim wasn't happy about what had happened while he was at work or that she punished his boy but he needed someone to watch the kid. As they ate supper, he gave Ned the riot act and told him that he expected better from him in the future. After the meal, he went to see Daphne. He didn't even notice that Ned's hair shined and was not in his usual low pony tail.

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Daphne greeted him warmly and led him into her kitchen. There she served him a cup of tea and some cookies. Jim didn't particularly like tea preferring coffee but the cookies were very good. As they talked he kept nibbling at the cookies and drank several cups of her strange bitter sweet tea. He was surprised when he got home to notice that it was almost ten o'clock. "Where did the time go," he thought as he went to get ready for bed. He had an early appointment in the morning and he was surprisingly tired but relaxed.

The next morning, she showed up with a small plate of cookies which she let Ned have with a glass of milk. With nothing but crumbs on the plate she took him into the bathroom. There she pulled out the bristle curlers and began putting them in his hair wrapping them tightly to his scalp. She did half his head then had him do the other half. With his hair rolled, she placed a pink hairnet over them and tied it at the back. "Ned, you want your hair to look nice, don't you? To make it look nice you will have to do this every night before you go to bed then brush it out in the morning. Understand?

"Yes, Ma'am," he replied.

"Good, let's see if we can get some work done today, shall we?" she said as he stared blankly into the mirror.

He spent the rest of the morning cleaning both bathrooms and vacuuming the small living room. At lunch, given a glass of Daphne's special tea. The ice dulled the bitterness and he didn't mind drinking it. By the time he finished his lunch, his eyes were glazed over.

"Ned, you hate the very idea of getting acne. You will follow the facial cleansing routing I have shown you in the morning and evenings. You also love how your hair shines and will brush it 100 times in the morning and at bed time. You love the curls even more and will roll your hair each night before bedtime. You want your hair to look well kept as it makes you feel pretty. You also enjoy doing all the household chores," she repeated three times. His mind soaking up every word.

That evening she taught him how to make a simple beef stew with rice and side veggies. Daphne left just before Jim got home.

"I must leave now Ned but tell your father to come over to my place once he has had his supper," she instructed.

When Jim entered, smelled the stew and his stomach growled. "I have my doubts about Daphne but if I can come home to this; then, I don't mind so much. I'm sick and tired of take out," he thought.

The meal proved more than satisfying but not all that happy about going over to speak with Daphne. "All I want to do is sit, relax and watch some television. Instead she

wants to talk. Dang, I work hard all day and not up to talking. My Marge was the same way though. Wanted to know all about my day. Guess all women are the same. Might as well get it over with. I just hope she doesn't serve me any of that horrible tea," he thought leaving the house.

Daphne met him with a broad smile and ushered him into the kitchen. Sure enough, there was the tea pot sitting on the table. While she chatted about how much better-behaved Ned had been, he forced himself to drink the cup. The brew was powerful and by the time he finished, his eyes were glazing over.

"Jim, you trust me in all things. You know that what I say is the truth. You will therefore obey me at all times. You know that it will be for your own good as you trust me. What I tell you is for your own good and your son's," she repeated three times then said, "Jim, you are very relaxed and will remember that I'm your dearest friend. When you leave here, you will feel very relaxed, and confident that having me watch over Ned the best decision you ever made and ready for bed."

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Over the month nothing much changed in the Baxter household. Daphne came over every day except Sunday, checked to see that he had followed her facial and hair regiment then helped Ned keep the house clean. Ned proved to be difficult as he deeply resented her presence.

"I'm not some little kid and don't need you treating me like one. The house is clean and I don't want to spend all my time stuck in the house," he exclaimed during that first week of her visits.

"I'm not treating you like a child Ned. I'm teaching you how to be a responsible adult. Once you are out on your own, you will need to know how to take care of yourself and living quarters. Have some cookies and milk; then, I'll show you how to wash the linens," she calmly replied.

"I'm not a little kid and don't want your cookies and milk!" he snapped.

"Ned! Enough! I got up extra early just to make these for you. I did it as a reward for your efforts. My cookies have nothing to do with treating you like a child. Although you are acting like one instead of a responsible adult. I'm only trying to help out your father and you. I'm sacrificing my time and efforts and this is the thanks I get. The least you could do is eat the cookies. In any case, I promised your father I would look out for you when he's at work. Until I'm satisfied with your conduct and behavior, you're not going anywhere without my supervision. If you think I'm treating you like a child, it's because I'm so much older than you. It's not intentional and I'll try to do better," she replied wiping away a tear.

"She's crying? I didn't mean to do that. I just want her to go away and leave me alone. I should be mad at dad for this not her. She's doing what she thinks are things I need to know. She's also an old lady and doesn't realize how things are today. Grandma probably did the same with dad. Guess I'll do what she says for now. I really don't have any place to go and dad has the car. Besides, dad and I go out most Sundays. Probably won't be more than another week before she's satisfied anyway," he thought.

"Okay. I didn't mean to make you upset. It's...it's just," he started to reply.

"It's alright dearie. I'll try to do better. Now eat your cookies," she interrupted. "Got *him*," she thought.

Once his eyes glazed over began her instructions. "You don't want to upset an old

woman like me. Upsetting an older woman like me makes you feel sick in your stomach. You will do what you are told without complaint and eat your cookies. You love my cookies. You don't want to upset older women. It makes your stomach cramp when you do."

"He's proving to be a bit difficult. His resentment of me being here is disrupting my conditioning. I'm going to have to take this a bit slower but will have him where I want him soon enough," she thought.

Every evening she would invite Jim over to discuss the day's events over her cookies and tea. Jim for his part, didn't want to do that but felt obligated. She hadn't asked for any payment for her services. Coming home to a prepared meal and the house clean as a whistle was more than satisfying. He had to thank her efforts for that. When Ned began cleaning up the supper dishes, he went to see Daphne. He was always a bit surprised how late the hour when he returned home but very relaxed and ready for bed.

Spending three hours every night being conditioned by Daphne was making him more pliable and compliant. At first there was an itch in the back of his mind that things weren't quite right but not bad enough for him to object. Those misgivings dissipated by the end of the first month. He trusted Daphne absolutely and whatever she suggested he agreed with.

Ned was kept busy enough so that he didn't have time to go out into the neighborhood exploring. The only time he and his dad did anything was on Sundays. They enjoyed getting out and doing things. Usually that involved going to catch a ball game or to a movie.

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Beginning with the second month Daphne brought her best friend Olivia into the picture. She lived across the street and was in her early sixties, overly plump with gray hair in a tight bun at the back of her head. The only makeup that she wore was a bright red slash of lipstick and pink blush on her cheeks. She had a large nose and wore thick black rimmed glasses and smelled of liniment and baby powder. When she visited, they would sit and watch the soaps while Ned did the housework. Ned didn't like Olivia as she was always pinching his cheeks, calling him a "doll" and telling him what pretty hair he had.

"Back before I retired I was a pretty darn good beautician doll. I met a lot of women that would just die to have such body. What say you let me work on it a bit? I could do wonders with hair like yours," she would tease.

"If she wasn't an old woman I would tell her to go home. She's coming over every day and now I'm doing all the house work. I know she's Miss. Daphne's best friend and only doing what they always did. Guess I can't tell her to leave even if she's such a pain. Wearing this pink and white striped apron was one thing but Miss. Olivia gave me this. I think she called it a pinafore and way too girlie and big. It makes me look like I'm wearing a dress with all the ruffles too," he thought when she first began coming over.

It wasn't until the second week of July that Ned began having serious doubts about Miss. Olivia. She had brought over a small suitcase and told him she just had to do something with his long hair. He did his best to object but Miss. Daphne demanded that he let her do it. Against his better judgement, complied. He didn't know why he agreed but Miss. Daphne demanded he do it. Lately when she suggested something he did whatever without complaint. The first time she didn't do much. His light brown

hair now had auburn highlights and a fringe of feathered bangs. A week later she gave him a soft perm. When she began sectioning and rolling old fashioned bristle rollers tightly against his scalp wanted to object. Again Miss. Daphne said to cooperate and that he would love how pretty his hair would look.

“Miss. Olivia is giving me a perm. Guys don’t get their hair permed much less these red highlights. I don’t want any of this but for some reason I’m just sitting here letting them do all this. What’s the matter with me? Why can’t I just say no?” he thought.

As Ned was being changed Jim was undergoing even more. At the beginning of July when he went over to Mistress Daphne’s house, Olivia was also present. He wasn’t sure when he began thinking of Mistress Daphne as his superior much less his Mistress. Now when they visited he felt very submissive and obedient. Seeing Olivia there for the first time, wasn’t sure how to respond. Whenever he visited Jim called her Mistress but never when anyone else was around. This was new and wasn’t prepared.

“Bertha Lou, say hello to my best friend Mistress Olivia and give her a polite curtsy,” Daphne said.

Hearing her say Bertha Lou, Jim immediately reacted. “Hello Mistress Olivia. It’s a pleasure to meet you,” he said and dropped into a clumsy curtsy.

“Daphne has told me a lot about you Bertha Lou and I’m pleased to meet you.”

“Thank you, Mistress Olivia,” Jim responded with another clumsy curtsy.

“Alright Bertha Lou, drink your tea then have a seat next to me,” Daphne ordered.

Jim already had a slightly glazed look in his eyes as he drank the tea. Daphne had used “Bertha Lou” as a key to put him under her spell but it wasn’t strong enough. The tea containing the drugs would put him completely under.

“Who are you and what do you do?” Daphne asked once his eyes were completely glazed.

“I’m Bertha Lou and your servant Mistress Daphne,” he responded.

“Very good Bertha Lou. As of today, you are also Mistress Olivia’s servant and will do whatever she demands as well. You know that we are superior and far above a mere maid’s like yourself. You also know that becoming our servant is what you have always desired. Doing as you are told happily has always brought you thrills of pleasure. Not having to worry about your business or your child has relieved all your stress. Leaving you with nothing but pleasurable feelings. You love not having to make any decisions and serving us. Your sole reason in life is to make sure we are all that matters to you.”

“Now I want you to go into the corner of the living room and repeat softly until I tell you to stop, “I’m Bertha Lou. I’m a lowly maid who desperately desires to please my mistresses. I’m nothing more than a humble lowly maid. As such, it is my duty to do everything in my power to please and pleasure them,” Daphne instructed.

Once he left the kitchen, Daphne looked at her friend. “So, what do you think?”

“Damn Daphne I’m really impressed. I can’t wait to see what you’ve done with that boy of his,” she answered truly awed.

“After working my ass off at the institute for thirty years, I learned a lot about manipulating the mind. When they moved in next door, I was curious and just playing around with them for something to do. I’m so sick and tired of us just sitting around all day with nothing to do other than watch the soaps and reality shows. Seeing how they

reacted and danced to whatever tune I was playing, gave me some great ideas of how we could benefit. After tonight, I don't think we'll be bored anytime soon," she replied smiling from ear to ear.

"Tell me what you're planning beside the obvious of making that man our maid?" She asked returning the smile.

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At the beginning of August things began to change drastically at the Baxter house. The most notable was Jim. He was spending a lot of time over at Daphne's, coming home very late and going straight to bed. Only now he was looking older and more stressed. His hair a bit longer now had a lot of gray running through it. There were wrinkles and bags under his eyes where none had been before. He was looking a lot older than his thirty-one years. The biggest change though was his attitude. It seemed that whenever Daphne suggested something he did it no matter how strange the request was. Ned was surprised one Sunday as they were watching a ball game on television. His dad was in a pair of khaki shorts and his legs were shaven clean of any hair.

"Dad, what did you do? It looks like you shaved your legs. What's going on?" Ned asked. "Oh, that, nothing...Daphne suggested it. Said I would feel more comfortable if I didn't have all this body hair while it's so hot out. I thought it a bit silly at first but Olivia urged me to go ahead and try it. No big deal. It will grow back but I do feel a lot cooler now.

Heck, you might even want to try it yourself," he replied dismissively.

"No way dad," was all Ned could reply.

What Ned didn't know was that by the end of July, Daphne had Jim under her complete control. She had been giving him psychotropic drugs infused into her tea that made him highly susceptible to her suggestions. The more of the drugs he took the stronger her hold over him. He also didn't know what his father was doing over at Daphne's house. All Ned knew was that his father left the house as soon as supper was over and didn't come back until midnight. As Bertha Lou, Jim spent most of that time cleaning both Daphne and Olivia's houses. After working a full eight hours at his shop then doing all that extra work left him exhausted. That exhaustion was now showing in his physical form. Olivia adding gray streaks into his hair made him look older and the tiredness made him feel old. To get energy, began eating a lot of high calorie junk take out food while at work. The added weight didn't help his aged appearance.

Changes were also happening to Ned. When Daphne noted that his hands were red from his daily chores, she had him using a hand cream several times a day. She had insisted since he was using the cream, that he rub it onto his elbows and heels nightly to prevent chaffing. She also insisted that he keep his nails looking nice. She taught him how to use an emery board, cuticle stick and apply clear coat which he had to do frequently. To further protect his hands, he now wore pink rubber gloves. He had been shampooing and conditioning his hair every other day for so long it had become an automatic function. His nightly use of the depilatory and moisturizer had made his face smooth and delicate. Wearing the bristle rollers to bed at night, at first irritating, no longer bothered him.

Daphne was a hard taskmaster but often rewarded him with fresh baked cookies in the afternoon. His belligerent attitude softened over those two months. He often got very upset whenever she gave him a new chore and stopped helping around the house but now he accepted what she demanded. He was doing all the house work including the

ironing. When she started bringing over her own laundry for him to wash and iron, he only grumbled under his breath. By the time Olivia brought over her laundry accepted the additional work without complaint. He was really embarrassed when he had to hand wash their delicates; then, hang them to dry on the outside line.

Shortly after Ned had noticed his father's shaved legs, she noticed large sweat stains on his tee shirt and hauled him into the bathroom. "Ned you reek of sweat and ruined your shirt. From now on, I want your body hairless. You don't want to smell like some filthy animal, do you? No, I didn't think so. With all that hair gone, you won't sweat as much or ruin your clothing. You will use this depilatory cream daily. You don't want to stink or sweat, so you will do this, understand?" she told him.

He mumbled a "yes" and nodded his head. His eyes had a glazed over look as he stripped. She then covered his body in a cream that soon began foaming and smelling like rotten eggs. He stood passively until it began to burn his skin. He wanted to protest but decided the pain was worth it if it removed his ugly body hair. As he applied a soothing moisturizer to his denuded skin, he felt like something was wrong but continued his task without complaint.

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About mid-August things took an even more strange twist. Jim always wore a coat and tie to the office but now began wearing flare legged slacks

and pastel colored poly long sleeved light weight shirts with an open collar. He kept his long hair loose which now seemed to have a lot more curl than before. He was also gaining a lot of weight thanks to a high caloric diet Daphne convinced him to go on. Ned on the other hand was losing weight. Over his objections, Daphne had placed him on a strict vegan diet back in July. She made sure there was nothing else to eat in the house. Jim began taking all his meals over at Daphne's or Olivia's place. Ned complained bitterly about it with his dad but it didn't do any good. Jim made it very clear that Ned would do whatever Daphne told him to do.

Since they moved Ned had no contact with the outside world except on Sundays when he and his dad did something. His only contact was through his computer with his old friends. He spent every night after cleaning up the kitchen, e-mailing or surfing the net. Like most teenage boys, he spent a lot of time looking at porn sites. He was sexually frustrated as he spent so much time alone and with all his chores unable to get out and meet any girls. As time went on, he spent even more of his private time looking at porn and finding self-relief.

By August he was still in contact with a few of his friends but that number was dwindling and the e-mails short and terse. There just wasn't very much he could talk about with them. He wasn't about to tell them he learned an easier way to iron pleats. He was sitting at the computer in his pajamas one evening while his dad was with Daphne. His pajama bottoms around his ankles, his hand pumping vigorously on his rock hard dick and the beautiful blonde on the screen screaming "I'm coming!" when Olivia entered unseen into his room. "What the hell are you doing you pervert!" she screamed making him fall off the chair. His dick quickly shriveled in fear and embarrassment as he tried to pull his pajama bottoms up. As he was scrambling to do that Olivia marched over to him, grabbed him

by the upper arm and easily pulled him over the chair's seat. With his bare butt exposed, she began spanking him. She didn't stop until it was cherry red and his wails of protest subsided into flowing tears. She then grabbed his wrist and pulled him to his feet. "You're coming with me. I have something that will stop that perversion of

yours in its tracks at the house," she said dragging him, pajama bottoms around his ankles from the room. Approaching the front door Ned lost his pajama bottoms and he tried to pull away from her. With his weight loss he was no match for the large woman as she dragged him out the door, across the street and into her house. Once outside Ned stopped struggling as he didn't want anyone else seeing him. It would be mortifying if anyone saw him naked from the

waist down and an old woman manhandling him like he was just a toddler.

He was taken into her bedroom and pushed into a corner.

"You keep that nose pressed into that corner," she ordered giving his bottom a hard slap. Ned was terrified. He had never been spanked before and his poor ass was throbbing. His tears had slowed down to a trickle but were replaced by a growing panic. *"What is this old woman planning on doing to me? Wasn't that spanking bad enough? I can't believe she caught me doing that."*

"Shit, I've never been so humiliated. Scared the crap out of me when she barged in like that," he thought. "Alright pervert get over here," Olivia barked.

She was sitting on the bed with an evil grin on her face. "This was my husband's years ago. Almost threw it away when he died but glad I didn't. Spread those legs and keep your hands at your sides," she said as he stood before her. Ned's eyes got as big as saucers when she reached out and grabbed his penis. Seeing what she had in her hand, he wanted to run but she had a firm hold on his most private parts. He watched on in horror as she slid the stainless-steel tube over his penis, pressed his balls back up inside his groin before covering it with a stainless-steel plate. With the device in place she brought the thin pink coated metal straps connected to the chastity to the middle of his back. He heard several clicking sounds as the straps were drawn tight against his skin. Standing up, she took him by his shoulders and marched him over to the full-length mirror. Gazing into it, Ned saw that his penis was pulled down between his legs. He reached down and tried to get it off but it didn't budge.

"That will cure you of your filthy habit. I had my late husband in that for thirty years and he could never get it off try as he might. You can use the bathroom with that but you are going to have to sit to pee. The only way that's coming off is if I take it off," she said with a giggle.

"Yo....you can....can't do this to me! I'll tell my dad! He'll....he'll...." Ned began to protest.

"He'll do nothing of the sort pervert! He's been in one just like it for over a month now," she snarled.

"You....you're lying. My....my dad would never let...let anyone do that to him," he stammered in defiance.

"Fine by me pervert, let's go ask him right now," she replied grinning.

"Wha...what? I can't go out looking like this. I'm practically naked," he gasped.

"I can fix that," she said walking over to her dresser and pulling out a pair of white granny panties. They were probably big enough to fit three of Ned but she pulled them up his legs anyway. "You just hold on to them until we get over to Daphne's," she said grabbing his wrist.

Ned was beet red by the time they arrived at Daphne's house. It was bad enough having to walk out in the open clutching the panties but having his father seeing him like this would be devastating. All thoughts of his predicament were forgotten as soon as they entered the house. Standing in the kitchen was his father. Daphne was sitting at the table sipping a glass of wine. Ned stood frozen, the granny panties sliding down to the floor as he stared in disbelief. He probably would have slunk to the floor if Olivia wasn't holding his hand.

His father was dressed in a black cotton with white collar and cuffs knee length maid's dress. His legs covered in opaque black support hose and black three-inch pumps were on his feet. His hair was in a bun with a white lace ruffled maid's cap with long black streamers fastened to it.

Pink rubber gloves were on his hands and the plate he had been washing dropped, as if in slow motion, to shatter on the floor.

As if from afar Ned heard Olivia say, "I caught this pervert wanking off to some bimbo on his computer. Took care of him just like we did his father but he didn't believe me so I brought him over to see for himself."

"Bertha Lou, show your son what we do to perverts around here then clean up that mess you just made," Daphne demanded.

Slowly his father raised his skirt and white cotton petticoats to reveal white cotton granny panties. Blushing fiercely, he pulled the panties down to reveal his imprisoned groin. Putting everything back in place, he curtsied, said "Yes Mistress," and began cleaning up the glass shards.

Ned regained his focus when Daphne grabbed his other hand and was being marched into the guest room. "Wh...What have you done to my dad? Wha...what are you gonna do with me?" he croaked.

Despite his strong desire to fight back and somehow put a stop to all that transpired, couldn't. He hadn't been under the intense programming like his father but still it was enough. He was angry enough to protest but that was the extent of it.

"We didn't do anything that your father didn't want. We just encouraged and brought out his true calling. As for you, you'll have to wait and see. Don't want to spoil the surprise now do we?" Daphne replied as he was shoved into the room.

Ned looked around wondering why she had brought him here. It was the girl's room he had been in long ago. His curiosity was answered when Daphne said, "You will be staying here until your father has a chance to make some changes at your house and sell his business. Now to see if we can find something more appropriate for you to wear."

"I don't want to stay in this sissy room. I want to go home to my own room," his protest came out more like a whine. While he wasn't given nearly as much of the psychotropic drugs his ability to disobey was very weak. His actions were more like a petulant little girl than anything else. In the recesses of his mind he was fully aware of what was happening but, try as he might, couldn't fight what was being done. He could only look on as if a bystander in horror at the changes he was undergoing. The best thing Ned could do was glare at the two women that controlled his life. With Olivia he could be a little more belligerent as she wasn't the one implanting suggestions into his mind.

"Hold out your arms Ned," she said as she slipped the nylon straps of a yellow with white lace frilled training bra up his arms. When the bra was secured, she handed him

the matching full cut nylon panties. He turned scarlet when she patted his panty covered groin.

"Perfect, from your reaction I can tell you are fully aware of what we are doing but helpless to stop any of it. Let me find a nice nightie for you; then we'll put you to bed," she said. The yellow nightie was a double layered nylon and chiffon with a square cut neckline frilled with white lace and bright satin ribbon at the center. The short sleeves were large puffs with lace fringe secured with yellow satin ribbons. Dressed for the night, she had him sit at the vanity and perform his night time beauty regiment. She smiled brightly as he easily rolled his hair and set it for the night.

"Tomorrow Olivia will give you a nice haircut Ned. Won't that be a nice Treat. Stay in bed and get some sleep," Daphne said as she tucked him in.

"This has to be some kind of horrible nightmare. I am scared, more scared than I have ever been. My dad. I still can't believe what I saw and how compliant he was. This is all so sick, so perverted; yet, I can't seem to do anything about it. I want to get up, find something to fight with but my body refuses to move. What's happened to me?" his mind wailed.

To Be Continued...

MISSY

PartTwo

By Cheryl Lyn

The next morning Ned woke up disorientated and confused until he remembered what happened. He groaned and a tear leaked out of one eye as he sat up in bed. He wanted to be violent. He wanted to rage and throw things but couldn't summon up the will necessary to do it. Daphne came in soon after, had him step into a pair of pink fuzzy bunny slippers and follow her into the kitchen. He was afraid to let his father see him like he was dressed but he wasn't anywhere around.

After breakfast, she took him into the bathroom and showed him how to prepare a bubble bath using lots of scented oils and bath beads. As the bath was filling he coated his body in the depilatory cream. With his body moisturized, powdered with scented talc Daphne showed him how to wrap a towel around his chest. Back in the room, he was given a fresh matched set of lingerie. He struggled a bit with the emerald green training bra with its molded A-cups but with a little help, adjusted the straps and had it hooked. The Bali panties were a full brief cut with white floral lace inserts at the hips. She handed him a container of baby powder and instructed him to sprinkle some into the high waist panty girdle before putting it on. The girdle was a muted forest green with bright green satin front panel and an elaborate floral pattern stitched in silver thread. The girdle reached above his navel and pulled his already thin waist in another two inches. The back seam dug into his bottom, separating and enhancing his cheeks. Dressed in his lingerie, she gave him a pair of pale green nylons and showed him how to knead them up his legs and attach the welts to the girdle's garter tabs.

Stepping into a pair of low heeled white pointed toed pumps he went to the vanity. With the rollers removed his hair fell in gentle waves past his shoulders. Daphne put

black mascara on his lashes and bubble gum pink lipstick on his lips finishing up with a spray of sweet floral perfume. Handing him a sheer pale green nylon wrap led him back into the kitchen where Olivia was waiting.

Throughout the entire process Ned's mind was screaming "No! I don't want this" but couldn't physically resist.

An hour later he was taken back to get dressed for the day. His hair had been bleached to a brassy golden blonde hue then cut into a tight prickly flat top. "That's right Ned. We all know that you don't want to be a girl. You have said so often enough, so we decided that what you really want to be is one big prissy sissy. With that haircut, flat chest and the girl's outdated clothing nobody will recognize you as anything but a big sissy.

Daphne selected a pink angora sweater with a cowl neck and a grey felt poodle skirt that one of the girls had worn ages ago. The embroidered French poodle was pink on the left side of the knee length skirt. In addition, she had him step into three stiff white petticoats with a nylon yoke. For accessories large dark green button earrings, three matching plastic bangles for the left wrist and a charm bracelet for the right. The charm bracelet had been the older sister's, Debbie and decorated with a lot of her cheerleader charms.

Dressed, taken back to the kitchen to have a meager breakfast and large mug of tea. With his eyes glazed over, Daphne began to work her magic. She told him he was a prissy girl and loved to dress and act like one. His deepest desires were to be the best little miss priss he could be. Since that was what he dearly wanted, he had to have a proper name.

"From now on you will answer to the name of Missy. You are Missy, a very proper prissy girl. Miss. Olivia and I will teach you how to walk, talk, hold your hands and arms just like a prissy girl should. You will pay close attention to all we teach you and do your absolute best. Since you're not a real girl and don't want lie about who you are, you will keep your hair like it is now," she instructed.

##

Staying with Daphne had been extremely traumatic for Ned. He spent his days carrying a purse and learning how to move with an exaggerated mincing wiggle, elbows tucked in, wrists limp and speaking in an artificially high lisp. Other than plucking his brows into feminine arches and wearing minimal makeup, his face wasn't dramatically changed.

During the day he wore skin tight short-shorts with frilly feminine blouses covering his training bra, panties and girdle. In the evenings he wore flare skirts with chiffon or satin blouses or vintage dresses. When he wasn't practicing, he had to read romance novels and gay magazines. The gay magazines were a stumbling block for him but a dose of her drug and telling him how much he just loved looking at the pictures and reading the articles solved that problem.

"After all Missy, you aren't a real girl but have all the desires of one. Simple logic says that to fulfil your desires you need a man in your life. As a pretend girl, only a gay man would want to have anything to do with you. That's why you need to read those magazines, gaze at their big manly cocks and learn to please their every need," she informed him.

Ned hadn't seen his father for since that night and when he did was shocked. Jim's hair was in a tight bun at the back of the head, completely gray and wearing a pair of Olivia's thick horn-rimmed glasses. It was obvious that he was having a hard time

seeing anything. His face was heavily powdered with bright pink blush on his cheeks, vivid red lipstick and heavy blue eye shadow. His eyebrows had been plucked out and liquid eyeliner used to draw them back in high thin arches. He had gained another ten pounds and seemed to have aged twenty years.

Jim was wearing a bright yellow cap sleeved cotton blouse that hung untucked over his expanded belly. The top of the blouse stuck out at the top with what appeared to be sagging DD breasts. The hem of a white Playtex girdle could be seen above the belt line of the polyester lime green stretch pants. The pants hugged his lower torso like a glove and he was wearing a pair of black flats. Olivia was standing nearby giving him directions as he clumsily moved around. A strong aroma of liniment and baby powder filled the room.

"OMG! What have you done to my father?" Missy blurted out stunned.

"Missy come on over and meet your new momma Bertha Lou. Thought it'd be more fitting to have your father looking like someone who would have such a prissy girl for a son. You'll have to give her a hand until she gets use to wearing her glasses. Figure another couple of weeks before her eyes completely adjust," Olivia said with a laugh.

##

Missy held Bertha Lou's hand as they walked home. Inside his head Missy knew she was Ned but could only respond to Missy. He guessed his father was in the same fix and couldn't respond to Jim any longer. Ned was frustrated and angry that he couldn't do anything to help either one of them. He had tried with all his will power to remove those horrid glasses that distorted his father's vision. That effort was the cause of his frustration and anger.

"If I can't do something as simple as that, I don't know what I can do. I'm such a failure and now I'm crying just like a girl," he thought.

"Baby, why are you crying? Is something wrong?" he heard his father say.

"Oh, it's nothing momma. I'm just happy to be going home with you," he replied.

When Ned entered his room surprised. It was but wasn't his room. It was decorated pretty much just like that girlie room at Miss. Daphne's. The only difference, the walls were painted in a soft lavender and window treatments in powder pink satin. All his baseball posters were gone. Replaced by posters of muscle men in thongs and one, fronting his bed completely nude with an impressive erection. The smell of roses heavy in the air.

The rest of his day was spent bringing all the clothing that fit him from Miss. Daphne's house. Some of it went into the laundry and the rest put away neatly into the dresser or closet. Until his father's eyes adjusted, pretty much helpless. Ned also brought over all his father's maid's clothing and undergarments. The foundations were mostly Playtex but there were a few other brands, like Ragu. The panties were all cotton granny type in style, mostly in white without adornment. There were a couple of A-line full skirted gingham dresses in a paisley print. About the only thing good Ned could say about the day was that no one saw him as he moved everything from Miss.

Daphne's.

For the rest of the week Missy had to go with Bertha Lou to clean and cook for Daphne and Olivia. It was during one of those visits to Olivia's that Missy learned what else his momma had to do. Just as Olivia finished eating lunch, turned in her seat, spread her legs wide open and called Bertha Lou over to her.

"Okay Bertha Lou you know what I need. Get that tongue a wagging," she ordered.

Ned was horrified seeing his father quickly pulling down the old woman's granny panties and moving under her skirt. As his head bobbed around, the skirt hem rose exposing him lapping at her gray wiry pussy.

Olivia saw Missy's horrified look and gave her an evil smile. "Sickening, isn't it. As well as it should be girlie. You don't like other girls just men. Don't worry. Daphne is looking for someone who appreciates a prissy girlie like you. No woman would want anything to do with someone like you in any case," she said.

"Miss. Daphne is looking for a man for me? I don't want that!" Ned thought but quickly that thought dissipated as a new one took form. This time Missy took over. "A boyfriend. Miss. Daphne is finding me a boyfriend. I hope he's cute and has a nice big cock."

The next day they were over at Miss. Daphne's to clean her house. Again, after lunch and again before they went home, Bertha Lou performed the same services. Between bouts, Daphne had Missy drink some of her special tea.

"Missy, I think I have found you the perfect boyfriend. He's the son of an old patient of mine. They live about fifty miles from the city and own a small dairy farm. Seems that old saying like father like son is true. They both like prissy girls like you. They're coming by to meet you this Sunday. Make sure you dress up real nice. I think that old peach prom dress of Debbie's would be perfect. You need to make a real good first impression after all. Making them like you means more than anything else to you. So important that you will do anything to please them. You are Missy! A prissy pretend girl who loves more than anything being a prissy girl. As such you must have a man in your life to serve and treat you like one," she instructed.

"I saw that same look in Missy's eyes that Olivia saw. A look that we can't allow. Obviously, it's from a strong desire to help Jim and stop him from doing what we want. Strong enough that in time just might break my hold on her. Can't let that happen and the best way to solve the problem is getting Missy away from him. Those two perverts, Theo and his dad Murphy are perfect. Cut from the same cloth. Murphy was at the institute for raping that school boy on his way home from acting the girls part in his high school play. Unfortunately for the boy he was still in costume. Copped to an insanity plea and wound up under my care for four years. Theo, so far as I know, hasn't done enough to get put in jail but caught twice in a consensual relationship. That boy was wearing makeup and girls' underwear at the time too. Got off because they were juveniles. I think once they meet Missy, they'll be more than happy to take her home," she thought.

##

By the weekend Bertha Lou was managing much better as her eyes adjusted. Missy no longer had to lead her around and could spend her free time with her gay magazines. The only thing the old women needed her to do was prepare all their meals. They didn't quite trust Bertha Lou when it came to accurately reading a recipe. After what had happened earlier in the week, Daphne and Olivia made sure Missy wasn't around when her father serviced them. Daphne made sure to put Missy under her spell and repeated what she had said Tuesday about how much she wants a man and be a prissy girlie.

Miss. Daphne had told Missy to be at her house promptly at three o'clock on Sunday. She wanted to give her some more tea and further reinforce how much Missy wanted a man or in this case men. She was pretty sure ole Murphy would want to spend some personal time with Missy.

Missy stepped out of the bathroom and went to get ready for her date. After spending an intense week of programming, was looking forward to meeting Theo and Murphy too. She spent some time after applying makeup. It wasn't heavy makeup, just some powder, eyebrow pencil, eyeliner, peach and blended with a power pink eyeshadow. Finishing it off with a wet glistening frosted peach lipstick. Some floral scented perfume and she was ready to dress.

Missy's selected powder pink lingerie. Full cut nylon Bali briefs, matching molded cup training bra, embroidered high waist garter belt and nude nylons. Stepping into a pair of peach three-inch spike heeled pumps, was ready to put on the old fashioned full skirted organza and chiffon peach prom dress. The dress had a sweetheart neckline, the bodice enhanced with sequins and fitted to the waist. There it flared out in overlapping layers of ruffled chiffon. Stiff organza built in petticoats made the hem reach just above the knees. With every movement it made a loud frou-frou sound.

"If I could let my hair grow out I think I would make a pretty girl. I feel very over dressed just to meet Theo and Murphy but Miss. Daphne said I should look my best. At least she told me I didn't have to wear a panty girdle. Oh dear, look at the time. I better get over there right now or I'll be late," Missy thought.

"Missy are you leaving now?" Bertha Lou asked.

"Yeah mamma. I'm running late," Missy replied.

"Okay dear. Come give me a hug for luck first. If everything goes well, I'll have your bags packed like Mistress Daphne said. Oh, I'm going to miss you so much but happy for you. You're all grown up now. Eighteen and old enough to experience life on your own. Just try to call me every now and again, promise?"

"Of course, mamma. It's not like I'll be that far away," Missy replied and headed out the door.

##

By the time Missy finished her tea and underwent Daphne's instructions there was very little of Ned left. Here was still present but pushed far back into his mind. He was still a bit glassy eyed when Murphy and Theo showed up.

Murphy was in his mid-forties but looked closer to his late fifties. Theo was twenty-three but with his receding hairline sun seared skin appeared much older as well. Neither could come close to being called handsome or having social graces. Both were wearing well-worn black denim bib overalls, dull white tees and black rubber boots.

Murphy had a full, unkept black and gray beard. His nose was large and eyes piggish. His graying black hair looked oily and unwashed. Theo had similar features except his hair was brown and no beard. They both had pot bellies and smelled of cheap cologne. When they saw Missy, they broke out in wide crooked tooth smiles.

"Well boys what do you think of my Missy here?" Daphne asked.

"She bees mighty fine look'n at first sight but ya sure she be what ya said," Theo replied.

"Twood be nice to have around da house. Ya sur she ken clean up good? Doon really matter that much as long as she kin cook," Murphy answered.

"Yes Theo, he's got all his parts and pieces they're just locked up. I can remove it if that's what you want but I prefer it like it is. Keeps him sexually frustrated so she will be more attentive to what you need," Daphne replied.

“Ken we see?” Murphy interrupted.

“Missy raise your skirts and crinolines. Show these nice men how you’re tucked up,” she ordered.

Slowly Missy did as told blushing slightly.

“Pull down your panties now and spread your legs so they can get a good look,” she added.

“This is so embarrassing and they’re not good looking but I need a man. All prissy girls like me has to have one. Miss. Daphne went out of her way to find me not only one but two. Guess it’s better than not having a man,” she thought.

“Gooollllyy!” exclaimed Theo on seeing the chastity device.

“Settle down boy!” Murphy said giving Theo a thump on the back of the head. **“I done told ya not ta act thata way. Gonna cost us more now numbskull.”**

“The price is the same Murphy. You just have to stick to our agreement. If I find any broken bones or serious bruises, I’ll have your asses. You both can have your way with Missy but absolutely no other physical abuses. A spanking if needed but never a beating. Understood?” Daphne said loudly.

“Of course, not Miss. Daphne. I’m a man of my word. We’ll take him,” Murphy said pulling out a large wad of cash from his front pocket.

“Good! We have an agreement. Now do you want me to remove that chastity?”

“No Miss. Daphne. I doan think so. At least not now,” Murphy replied handing her the cash.

“Missy go with these gentlemen and pick up your luggage. I’m sure they will be glad to help,” she ordered. **“Remember a prissy girl like you must have a man in her life and you have two. That should make you very happy.”**

“Oh, I am very pleased,” Missy answered with a curtsy.

##

Bertha Lou had packed three suitcases and several cardboard boxes with all of Missy’s belongings. With that done placed them outside the front door. He would have liked to meet Missy’s new boy friend but needed at Olivia’s. He locked the front door then crossed the street. Today he was wearing his mint green translucent maid’s uniform with forest green lingerie, black support hose and three-inch block heeled leather pumps.

As he rang Olivia’s doorbell, noticed a beat-up Ford pickup pull up to the house. He wanted to see who was in it but she opened the door.

“Well, just don’t stand there Bertha Lou, get in here. I need some relief right now,” she demanded standing in the doorway in a tattered old terry robe.

“Yes Mistress. I’m sorry Mistress,” he replied performing a perfect curtsy.

Once he had given her three climaxes, had the courage to ask her something that had been very frustrating for a long time now. His need for relief was at the point where it was very distracting. Bertha Lou didn’t know that Daphne was inducing those thoughts. He wouldn’t like how she and Olivia planned on satisfying those urges though.

“Mistress Olivia may I please have permission to ask a question,” he tentatively asked.

“What? Oh, what the hell. I’m feeling generous at the moment. Go ahead. Tell me

what it is," she responded.

"It...it's jus...just I...I haven't bee..been allow...allowed to...to cum in so...so long Mistress. Please, coul...could you...you release me. Jus...just lon...long enough," he stammered daring not to look her in the eyes.

"Release you! Ha! I tossed that key in the trash ages ago. Don't look so sad Bertha Lou. I have an idea that will do that for you but you probably won't like it. I'll milk you. How does that sound?" she replied.

"Milking Mistress. What do...do you mean?" he asked.

"It's simple. I'm going to use my strap-on dildo to make you cum silly maid. I enjoyed doing my husband that way for years. Let's go into my bedroom and I'll show you," she answered with a giggle.

Bertha Lou recoiled when she showed him the eight inches by two-inch-wide black dildo attached to leather straps. "This is my strap on that my late husband hated at first but once he got use to it, didn't mind," she said slipping out of her robe.

"Fortunately, you got me nice and moist down there and I can fit the smaller one in easily. Get that uniform and your girdle off while I fasten this contraption on," she ordered.

What his Mistress was proposing wasn't like anything he envisioned but began to quickly comply. Voluntarily he never would have consented to such a preposterous proposal. His programing was too integrated into his mind to even consider refusing.

Once Olivia had it securely fastened, pushed him to his knees. "Unless you want this to be really painful, start sucking. The deeper and wetter you get it the less painful it will be," she instructed.

There was still enough of Jim left though very deeply embedding to make chills of disgust run up his spine. He had never done anything like this nor had any desire but the threat of severe pain made him open his mouth. It was hard and tasted of rubber but couldn't get more than a few inches into his mouth. Even that little bit made him want to vomit. It took several long agonizing minutes before he was able to get five inches in.

"Okay Bertha Lou if that's the best you can do, get over to the bed and bend over. I'm not waiting a minute longer. I have needs you know," she said pushing him away.

Bertha Lou could hardly walk by the time Olivia was through with him. As he hobbled off to the bathroom to sooth his burning bottom, Olivia was snoring like a buzz saw. She had told him before she started that there was a tube of ointment that would ease the pain. She had also promised him he would cum. Indeed, he had but not the climax he expected. Instead it just dribbled out of the tube. He felt the release but that was about it.

##

Missy was disappointed seeing the house she was going to be living in. It was an early 1950's ranch design, three-bedroom two bath in a yellow brick. They were more than sixty-five miles from the city limits and in the middle of nowhere. The nearest gas station was a good ten miles back down the two-lane farm road. The house was old but the barn housing the diary cattle seemed relatively new. There were also some out-buildings, silo and a number of tractors. As far as she could see was a vast panorama of grass with the sun glinting off small ponds.

As she was looking around, the men seemed to be arguing back behind the truck.

Walking up to them, Missy saw they were playing a game of rock, scissors and paper.

“Got’cha!” Murphy yelled. “I win first dibs.”

“Come on Missy, we got business ta get done,” he said seeing her walk up and grabbed he hand.

He literally dragged her into the house as she lost her footing and one high heel in the grass. They wound up in his smelly, dirty clothes strewn bedroom where he tossed her onto the bed. As Missy’s face pressed into the unwashed sheets, the smell was worse. Everything was happening so fast her head was spinning. As she rolled over onto her back, saw Murphy stripping out of his overalls, kicking off his rubber boots. By the time she sat up, legs over the edge, he was naked. His cock fully erect.

Murphy didn’t spend any time with the preliminaries. He reached out, grabbed Missy’s hair and pulled her face into his groin. Missy tried to pull back as the strong odor of urine, sweat and musk hit her.

“Suck it slut!” he shouted grabbing his six-inch dick and pressing it to her lips.

“He stinks to high heaven. I don’t want to do this but Miss. Daphne said it was my duty to please my man no matter what. It’s what prissy girls like me do,” she thought opening her mouth.

It didn’t take Murphy long to unload his seed. When he pulled back, Missy was surprised to see that it was still stiff as a board. She was also disappointed as what happened was nothing like what Missy had read in her gay magazines. According to them, she was supposed to love and crave the taste of semen. Running her tongue around her mouth, the taste was not pleasant, the texture worse.

Seeing her look, Murphy smiled, “I doan took a Viagra when we done stopped for gas. Now, turn over n get dat ass propped up.”

Missy hesitated, not sure what to do. She was still fully dressed except for the missing shoe. “I...I need to...get undressed,” she stammered.

“Ya kin do dat later. Rite now I’s got my needs,” he replied reaching out with his strong arms and flipping her over onto the smelly mattress.

Missy felt the bed springs squeak as he hopped on behind her. Rough hands pushed her crinolines and skirts over her back. Her panties were ripped off, making her plump ass bounce; then, pain. A fierce burning pain as he plunged full force into her virgin anal opening. Missy’s scream could be heard all the way to the barn.

“Damn it daddy!” Theo said. “Miss. Daphne said ta take it easy da first time. Damn it! Now I’s gonna half ta wait awhile fore I gits my turn.”

When he finished, slapped Missy’s butt, “Jest like I like em. Nice an tight. Well, ya had your fun girl. Now go clean yerself up den start cleanin da house. Have supper ready bout sundown. I got heifers ta tend to,” he said getting back into his overalls.

“Holding back the tears she asked, “Whe..where are my...my things? I can’t do any... anything dress...dressed like this.”

“Told Theo ta put em in da room across da hall,” he answered leaving the room.

As she stood up, felt something liquid dribbling down her thigh. *“This is all so gross. Miss. Daphne said the first time was the hardest but it still burns down there. Thought he was going to rip me open and oh, it hurt so much. I don’t want to know the damage he would have done if he had one of those cocks I saw in those magazines,”* she thought stuffing her destroyed pantied into her crack.

Missy wrinkled her nose when she entered the bathroom. It stank of stale urine and in desperate need of a good cleaning. Seeing the toilet seat, found a washcloth, soaked it in hot water, added soap and cleaned it.

“Men are such pigs,” she thought sitting down.

While she was doing that the men were hooking the cows up to the milking machines. “Ya know Theo, I be thinkin. Look at them heifers. They all got ear tags an brands. Dey done tell everybody they ours. Ya think we need ta done that to dat prissy girl? What if’n she wander off or somethin? How’d anyone know where ta bring her back ta?” Murphy asked.

“Daddy, ya knows we can’t do dat. Miss. Daphne done said no ta dat kinda thing. We gotta take her back every two months so’s day kin have tea, remember.”

##

Bertha Lou answered the doorbell at Mistress Daphne’s and surprised to see two country hicks standing there. What surprised her was seeing Missy between them.

“Missy!” she screeched stepping forward and giving her a bear hug and kisses to the cheek.

As she was doing that Daphne stepped up. “Alright you two that’s enough for now. Bertha Lou you have your chores and I need to have a talk them. Set the kettle to boiling; then, get back to whatever you were doing,” she ordered.

“Yes, Mistress,” Bertha Lou responded not at all happy as she dipped into a curtsy.

For several minutes she just stared at Missy. Then glaring at the men told them to leave and come back in an hour. “Come with me Missy. I’ll make us some tea and you can tell me what you’ve been doing.” After Missy’s eyes glazed over Daphne gave her the basic instructions that she was a prissy girl, had to have a man in her life and loved pleasing them. Finished with the reinforcement of the conditioning asked what she was doing.

“Missy, now I want to know everything that happened since you left here.”

“Miss. Daphne it’s been horrid. I know I must have a man in my life but it’s not at all like I expected. They both stink and getting them to take a bath almost impossible. Daddy especially. He’s rough too, calls me slut all the time and treats me like a slave. He’s been giving me shots too. Lately, he takes me out to the barn and puts these suction things on my nipples while he takes me up my boy pussy. The first time he done my pussy it hurt something awful but I’m kind of used to it now. Theo, he’s okay I guess. He takes his time and treats me okay. I still don’t like having to service them that way every day, though I do it as any prissy girl should. I’m tired all the time too. I get up before the sun rises and long after it sets. Men are such pigs and between servicing them, cooking and picking up after them, I have no energy left.”

“Take off your blouse and bra Missy. I want to see what he did,” Daphne said.

“I told those clod hoppers no damage. Her hands are red and calloused which I guessed but injections no way. As far as using her sexually, I don’t care,” she thought as Missy stripped to the waist.

Daphne stared at Missy’s chest. There was a definite puffiness and the nipples extended about the size of half a pencil eraser. *“Whatever drugs or suction machines have done, that is not the chest of a boy. Better get my measuring tape,”* she thought getting up.

Putting the tape on the table, *“A-cups according to that. When I pinched the nipple,*

she flinched, so, sensitive. I'm definitively going to have a talk with that idiot Murphy when they get back. Might as well have her strip, so I can see what else has been done," she thought.

With Missy naked, Daphne had her slowly turn around; then, spread her bottom cheeks. She wasn't that surprised to see a tampon string considering the size of her rosebud. The chastity device was still in place, otherwise no marks or bruises.

"Okay Missy, get dressed. The boys will be back shortly. Go visit with your momma until I call you," she said.

Sitting at the kitchen table Daphne was deep in thought. *"The last thing I wanted was for Missy to look like a real girl. They let her hair grow out. Not nearly long enough yet but given time and some styling. Then she's developing breasts. That's the last thing I wanted. They get much bigger, she could be a very passable girl. If I let things continue as they are, no telling how much Missy will change. I need to talk to Olivia about this but don't have the time now. Guess I'll have to delay changing anything for now until we have a plan."*

When the doorbell rang, Daphne rose and shouted, "Missy get in here. The boys are back."

Too concerned about formulating a plan, she forgot about the shots and suctioning machine. Instead she told them to have Missy back in two weeks. Daphne figured that by then they would be a viable plan of action.

Like her first trip out to the dairy farm, the boys couldn't wait to have their turn with Missy. Theo went first this time and when he finished, daddy dragged her out to the dairy barn. Once inside gave her a shot; then, hooked up the milking machine. He didn't particularly care if Missy had breasts or not. He just wanted a different tasting milk, mother's milk. Murphy figured if those bovine injections created more milk production, maybe Missy could too.

That evening the two old women got together and discussed the situation. Considering everything Daphne said, Olivia cupped her hands under her double chin. "Daphne, I think I have something. You know that Latin man who takes care of our yards? Yeah, well, I've got to know him some and he may be the answer. I found out he's gay and sharing a room with six other people across town. Now, I'm thinking out loud hear so bear with me. What if he and Missy could join up. I think if we offer him a place to stay, like Bertha Lou's place, he just might take us up on it. That way you'll have Missy close by and the extra maid help would take up the slack. Bertha Lou can barely keep up with the work load as it is. I just had an idea. Missy is young and strong, she could be our maid and we could rent her out to clean some of our older residents as a maid. I'm almost positive ole man James down the street would be more than happy. So, what do you think?"

"I hardly know him. Just pay him, Alberto, I think, every time he cuts the grass. I can't think of anything better at the moment. Yes, talk to him and see what he says. The worst is he could refuse but might agree. When will you see him next? As far as renting out Berta Lou, I'll have to give that serious thought," Daphne replied.

"This Friday, I think. In case he refuses, better keep your thinking cap on," Olivia said.

##

It had been over a week since Missy had visited with Miss. Daphne. Daddy as she had to call Murphy, was taking her out to the barn twice a day since they returned. Every other day she received a shot in her butt. Now she was getting worried. The bumps

and nipples on her chest had doubled in size. The nipples bothered her the most. They were the size of pencil erasers in length but twice that around. Plus, they were inflamed, itched and a small hole appeared in the center. The breast tissue was always warm to the touch too. Both Daddy and Theo began kneading and squashing them every time she had to please them. Theo was gentle and the feelings pleasurable for Missy. Daddy was rough and painful when he had his turns.

Another weird thing he began doing while in the barn once a week was injecting her pussy using a large syringe with a long rubber tube and flushing a thick white fluid into her after he finished fucking her. He said it was bull cum and to hold it for as long as possible. Why that she had no idea and tried to refuse. When he said he could have a bull mount her and fuck her pussy instead, didn't mind. Asked why, told her he thought it would strengthen the shots. Missy had no idea of what he was talking about but accepted it as a prissy girl should. If it pleased him, so what. Missy didn't think either man was very sharp as they couldn't learn to pick up their dirty laundry.

##

Friday when Alberto showed up to cut Olivia's yard, she talked to him. At first, he was reluctant. Even after she showed him the room he would be sharing with Missy, he wasn't sold on the idea. There was an 8 x 10 photo of Missy with her buzz cut on the nightstand. Seeing it, he hesitated in his objections.

"Senora Olivia, living amongst so many gringos, they might take offense and I lose customers in the neighborhood. I need that money. My family in Mexico need it," he replied.

Hearing that she came up with an idea to convince him to agree. "Alberto, look I understand your reluctance to live here. I'm willing to reimburse you for any customers you lose because you are living here. Trust me, Missy will do whatever you desire as long as you don't physically abuse her. Do we have a deal?"

Daphne was so thrilled to hear about having to come up with money to pay Alberto but agreed. "Okay, now we have a plan. When is he moving in? I need to prepare Bertha Lou for that."

"He said Monday. It's his only day off. Will that work?"

"That will be fine. Those bumpkins are do here this coming Saturday around noon. I'm going to want you here just in case I need the added muscle. There's gonna be upset that I'm taking her back as we had an agreement. Giving her boobs, I think qualifies as abuse and sufficient reason to take Missy back."

##

To say that Daphne was upset seeing Missy would be an understatement. It had only been two weeks but her breasts were at least a B-cup. She obviously wasn't wearing a bra and large nipples stood out through her blouse. She also appeared exhausted and pale.

"Rode hard and put up wet," flashed through Daphne's mind as she examined Missy. *"I have no idea how Ned grew such big breasts in such a short time. Whatever those hayseeds did, I'm sure gonna find out. I'm so mad I just might let Olivia have at them with her baseball bat,"* she thought.

"Damn it! I specifically told you not to harm or abuse Missy! What the hell did you do to make those monstrosities grow on his friggin chest?" she demanded.

"I did...didn't mean no offense Miss. Daphne. I jest thought if'n she had teats," Murphy

began to explain when she shouted at him.

“I don’t give a damn what you friggin thought! What the hell did you do to Missy?”

“I done give her dat bovine medicine. It makes my heifers give more milk. Das all. I done heard dat mother’s milk done taste really good. I jest wanna taste for myself. I didn’t want ta make ya mad,” he replied.

“You stupid goober! I should have Olivia beat what little brains you have in that thick skull out with her bat. I’m revoking our agreement and taking Missy back. Now get your sorry asses out of my house. If I ever see either of you anywhere near here, I’m going to set Olivia on you. Now, get out!” she screamed.

At that Theo turned and headed to the door but Murphy stood his ground while holding Missy’s arm. “I done paid ya good money fer her. If’n you’re takin her back, I want..,” he began but yelled in pain.

Olivia swung her bat like a pro and caught him just above the knee cap. He collapsed screaming in agony but very lucky the leg wasn’t broken. As she raised the bat, Daphne signaled her to stop.

“Missy get over here. Theo, get your daddy and drag his sorry ass and yours out of here!”

##

Missy was more than happy now. She had a man that was nice to her and she wasn’t at the farm. Cleaning Olivia and Daphne’s houses a cake walk compared to the hard labor she had been subject to. She was back with her momma too. Missy had missed being with momma the most. Having Alberto as her man took some getting used to. After daddy and Theo, he was a welcome change even if a Mexican. More importantly he managed to remove that chastity device. For the first time Missy was able to have pleasure, real personal pleasure and Alberto had a talented tongue.

For now, life was good as far as Missy and Bertha Lou were concerned. That lasted five years until Miss. Daphne passed away. Without her teas and programming, they began to remember who they were; then the horror began.

But that’s another story.

End