

MRS. JONES'S STEP PROGRAM

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

It all started in late May of Duncan Elliot's sixteenth year just finishing his sophomore year of high school. He was a slim boy with collar length brown hair living in suburbia with his parents. He was the only child of Harold and Maud Elliot who both worked full time to maintain a middle class life style. Harold was employed as a refrigeration mechanic and Maud an office manager. An average conservative white Anglo-Saxon protestant hard working family.

As customary during the summer since he was thirteen, Duncan cut the lawns of the nearby neighbors to earn money. Just about all his earnings went into his college savings account and the rest into a car fund. He was really looking forward to this summer now that he was sixteen. He had just gotten his learners permit and by the end of August could finally buy his own car. Then he wouldn't have to borrow his mother's frumpy old sedan to take his girlfriend out or carouse with his friends. It was with those happy thoughts he approached the door of the recently sold house.

This house was pretty much like all the other houses in his subdivision with a large front and smaller back yard. Unlike the others though this one had a box hedge fronting the house. Mr. Rockwall, the previous owner, had paid him an extra twenty to trim it every few months. Duncan hoped the new owner would be just as generous. He wasn't surprised when a middle aged woman opened the door in answer to his knock. All the women in the neighborhood were frumpy looking white middle aged soccer moms. What he didn't expect was that she was Afro-American and wearing a tiny red PVC bikini exposing magnificent breasts and fantastic body. Even more amazing, she was wearing full makeup and it wasn't even noon yet. Like all sixteen year old hormonal challenged boys he had an instant erection.

"Yes, young man, what do you want?" she asked in a sultry voice. As she said that, she bent slightly exposing more of her luscious breasts.

"Ohmyyyygawd! She is sooooo hot!" he thought feeling his face flush.

"Errr, I...I'm Duncan....Duncan Elliot an...and I...live down the..the block. I errr I cut grass an...and do odd jobs. I was...was wondering if..if you or..your husband needed me to..to do that for you," he managed to reply embarrassingly aware of the hard-on he sprouted.

"Sweetie," she replied with a lilting giggle, "I don't have a husband at the moment and yes, I hate yard work," she continued wiggling her fingers in his face.

Her hand no more than a few inches from his face, he could smell an intoxicating perfume. His vision filled with the cantaloupe sized mounds on her chest. Poor Duncan's erection was ready to burst from his shorts.

"Sweetie why don't you come in and we'll discuss doing my yard work. I have some iced tea if you're thirsty. Oh by the way, I'm Candice Jones but you can call me Mrs. Jones," she said stepping out of the doorway flashing a brilliant smile.

Duncan used the opportunity of following her into the kitchen to adjust his bulge into a somewhat more comfortable position. It didn't ease his problems though as Candice's

mostly exposed round ass swayed sexually in front of him.

“Geez, I hope she doesn’t notice but I can’t help myself. She is a fox even if she’s probably as old as my mother,” he thought.

Forty-five minutes later Duncan rushed up into his bathroom to relieve the painful stress in his shorts. *“Mrs. Jones has to be the hottest babe I’ve seen outside one of my porno sites. It sure is going to be different working for her this summer,”* he mused dropping his shorts.

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Duncan received a phone call Friday about two weeks later. “Sweetie I could really use your help. I’m babysitting my friend’s cat and I have to go out. Could you be a dear and come over to watch her for me? I’ll only be gone a couple of hours and would really appreciate it,” Mrs. Jones said.

“Now?” he replied. It was five o’clock and he had a date with his steady, Cindy. “I...I have a date tonight.”

“Oh dear. Look sweetie, I just need you for a few hours and desperate. Could you change your plans just a bit for little ole me?” she plead.

“Well I’m supposed to pick her up at seven. I guess I could call and make it eight,” he answered.

“Great sweetie. You’re a life saver and I promise to make it worth your while. See you in a few,” she gushed.

“Cindy isn’t going to be happy but maybe I can make enough to take her to that new Italian place she has been dying to go to,” he thought hanging up.

When Duncan arrived Candice was wearing a red satin business suit with a tight straight mini-skirt. The double breasted top was close fitting, flaring over the hips and exposed a considerable amount of chocolate cleavage. On top of her close cropped Afro she had a matching pill box hat with a veil fringe. Mrs. Jones towered over him in her six inch pencil heeled red strappy sandals. She was in full war paint with wet looking scarlet lips and the perfume intoxicating.

Opening the door she greeted him with a great big bear hug nestling his face into her cleavage. “Oh sweetie you’re such a dear. Now I won’t be gone that long but Elvira, the cat, needs watching. She already tried to get out twice now. Help yourself to whatever is in the fridge,” she said releasing her hug and stepping out the door.

He watched as she got into her car flashing him the tops of her white nylons as she did. Giving him a big smile, waved and backed out of the driveway.

“Damn! I’ve got another woodie that won’t quit,” he thought adjusting himself as he entered the house.

Duncan had been in her house a couple of times already collecting for his yard work and having a glass of iced tea. Both times she had been scantily dressed in full makeup leaving him with an erection. He knew where the guest bathroom was and made a bee line to it. As he passed through the living room notice a big fat black cat sleeping on the couch.

“Don’t like cats but shit Mrs. Jones’ hug worth it. Now I’ve got to take care of business before I bust a gut,” he mused entering the bathroom.

The first thing that caught his eye was a pair of emerald green high cut nylon panties with a frill of white lace. They were lying near the wash basin. For reasons unknown

he picked them up. It was the first time he had ever felt a pair of panties which were so unlike his boxers. Light as a feather, turning differing shades under the light. He raised his hand to look closer and the intoxicating perfume hit his nose making his penis throb. Duncan quickly dropped his slacks and boxers then sat on the commode. If asked he could never explain what he did next. He could say that when he left the bathroom he had one of the best masturbation sessions ever. Although later he wasn't so sure when Cindy gave him holy hell for being an hour late for their date and refused to go out with him.

Saturday morning was grass cutting day. Duncan put on a pair of cut offs, a blue tee shirt and ratty looking tennis shoes. Grabbing his sweat stained cowboy hat left to do the neighbors yards. He was starting on Mrs. Allen's yard when he notice a group of Latinos pull up and begin cutting the grass across the street.

"Damn Latinos! They're moving in and taking away my business. There's three of them, do the lawns in no time and charge less than me. I can't compete with that. Shit!" he grumbled.

As Mrs. Jones' was the furthest away he did hers last. Like before she was fully made up and wearing a pair of white short shorts with a light weight pink cotton blouse tied off in a bow under her breasts. Letting him into the house told him to go wash up before sitting down to have a glass of iced tea. By this time his tee shirt was plastered to his skin and his face beaded with sweat. Three lawns back he had washed his head under the garden hose and drank some water but he didn't object. He had another embarrassing erection and needed to take care of that.

Like last night there were a pair of panties sitting on the counter near the sink. These were a bright orange but a totally different style. He recognized that they were what the advertisements said were thongs. Again he picked them up and took a sniff while wondering how anyone could wear something like this.

"I know these are called thongs but I can't see why a girl would wear them. Don't think I would care for that thin strip of material stuck up my ass. Gotta be like a constant wedgie but they smell fantastic. Gawd, I've got to stop this but it has a mind of its own. Every time I see her she gives me the biggest hard-ons," he thought dropping his shorts.

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The Fourth of July was coming up and Duncan was looking forward to taking Cindy to the festivities. He hoped by treating her to a whole day of partying he could make up for the time he showed up late. They had had a couple of dates since then but she wasn't acting the same. They stilled kissed but that was as far as she would now let him go.

"Like dad says, women are like elephants. They never forget. Cindy is still upset because I was a little late a few weeks ago and didn't take her to that fancy Italian place. Guess I'll have to take her there like I promised before she'll forgive me. If not, maybe the beers the guys said they might get will do the trick on the Fourth," he thought as his cell rang.

The phone caller ID said it was from Candice Jones. "Now why would she be calling me on a Sunday?" he mumbled answering the call.

"Duncan I think you need to come to my house now. We have something serious to discuss," she said and hung up.

"What the fuck? Guess I'd better go and find out," he said not realizing that for the

first time she called him Duncan rather than Sweetie.

When she opened the door Mrs. Jones was obviously angry about something. Duncan had no idea as to why but again he sprouted an erection. This time she was wearing a champagne satin cami-top and skin tight gold yoga pants. Standing in five inch stiletto strappy sandals she towered above him. Instead of the welcome hug he was used to getting she pointed a finger into the house.

“Get inside! I have something to show you,” she snapped clearly upset.

In the living room she picked up the universal remote and hit play. Duncan couldn’t believe his eyes at what flickered onto the big screen. It was a security video of him and what he had been doing with her panties. Six different scenes of him sniffing and using her panties to masturbate. As the screen went to black, he was shaking and as pale as a ghost.

“Well explain yourself!” she shouted.

“I....errrr....I,” he stammered. *“I can’t explain it to myself so how in hell can I tell her,”* he thought mortified.

“Shut up! You’re a panty sniffing sick pervert! How dare you! I invited you into my house and this is how you respect me! I should call the police right now,” she said furiously.

“Cal....call the police? No...no please.... I’m sorry. Please! I swear I’ll never do it again,” he replied scared to death.

“Ha!” Candice exclaimed placing her balled fists onto her hips and glaring at him. “Yeah, sure, maybe here but I bet you do it at other houses where you cut the grass too. Probably do it with your momma’s panties!”

“No....no...just here,” he gasped.

“Your parents home? I think I should get them over here to see what a sick pervert you are,” she stated.

“No....Please. I’ll do anything! Just don’t call them or the police. I’m not like that,” he begged breaking down in tears of humiliation.

“Not a panty sniffing pervert? You telling me that video is a lie? Of all the nerve! What’s your momma’s phone number,” she said picking up her cell.

“No....I’m begging you! I swear I’ll never do it again. I’ll do anything...I’ll cut your grass for free...I’ll do whatever you want just don’t tell anyone. I’m not a pervert,” he replied crying all the harder.

“You’ll do anything I say and you’re not a pervert, huh? That video tells me different,” she said less harshly.

“Please...,” was all he could say as fresh tears began to flow.

“Stop that damn crying. Maybe....just maybe...I won’t call your momma or cops but....you’ll have to do whatever I demand and be punished. I can’t be responsible for letting a pervert run around the neighborhood. You have to be punished in a way that I know will keep your perversion under control. You like panties so much I think I have an idea. Drop them shorts,” Candice said smiling broadly.

It had taken considerable effort but Duncan finally was composed enough to walk home. He was still shaken to his very core but Mrs. Jones hadn’t called the cops or his parents. It was a big relief when she agreed not to do that but Duncan’s humiliation was ever present. With each step he could feel the narrow strip of orange cloth

rubbing between his ass cheeks. Mrs. Jones insisted that he wear panties all the time beginning with the orange thong he had abused. That strip of cloth was irritating but what he had to do to make them fit right mortifying. Mrs. Jones had to show him how to shove his testicles back up inside his body and his penis back between his legs. Five other pairs of panties were in the brown paper bag he carried.

Her instructions were still ringing in his ears, "From now on you will wear nothing but panties. None of those boy's jockeys or boxers from now on, just panties. Tomorrow morning after your parents leave for work, you bring all your underwear to my house. Even the ones in the laundry. You don't bring every single pair and I'll find out if you don't, then I call the cops. Plus while wearing panties I expect you to keep yourself tucked like I done showed you."

He had tried to argue that he couldn't do that as his mother would find out. "Mom does the laundry. She'll find out you're making me wear panties," he explained.

"First off I'm not making you wear panties. You done brought that on yourself by defiling mine. You don't want your mamma to find out that you're a perverted panty sniffing wanker, then you do the laundry. Your mamma works all the time, so you need to step up and volunteer to do it for her. I'm sure she would be more than happy to let you. Otherwise tell her you decided to go commando," she had snapped back.

Sunday was usually when his mother did the laundry. To say that she was shocked when Duncan offered to learn how to do it almost left her speechless. Yet happy and agreed. She showed him how to sort and do the right washer and drier selections. The only thing she refrained from having him do was her lingerie. Washing lingerie was something no sixteen year old boy should do, much less her own son. She did most of that in the master bathroom anyway.

Monday morning Duncan was too scared not to do as he was told. Just as soon as his parents left, he grabbed a black trash bag and gathered up all his underwear. He was shaking like a leaf as he knocked on Mrs. Jones' door.

As soon as she opened the door Duncan's penis stiffened painfully in its tucked position. She was wearing a scarlet nylon shorty robe that barely covered her groin. The top was open enough to display a good portion of braless breasts. Like always she towered over him in a pair of four inch spike heeled Malibu slippers and wearing full makeup.

"Well just don't stand there gawking, come on in," she said in way of greeting.

The first thing she made him do was drop his shorts so she could see that he was wearing panties and tucked. Then had Duncan empty the garbage bag on the living room floor. As his boxers spilled out on the floor, a small tear formed.

"Take these and get busy," she instructed handing him a pair of scissors. Seeing his blank look added, "Cut them up into dust rags. You'll be needing them later. From now on you will be coming over to my house once your parents leave for work and stay until it's time for them to come home. That way I won't have to worry about letting a pervert run freely around the neighborhood."

"What? Every day? I can't do that! Its summer an...and I have plans," he gasped in surprise.

"You giving be grief already pervert? Maybe I should just call the cops. I thought there was hope for you but guess I was wrong," she replied coldly.

"No! Don't....please....I'm sorry. It's just that...that I wasn't expecting that," he said in a panic.

“You going to be doing a lot you’re not expecting Duncan. Either you do what I say or....you can explain your behavior to the cops and your parents. Now get busy while I go change and think of a suitable punishment for your attitude,” she stated glaring at him.

When she said he was going to be doing a lot of unexpected things, Duncan got exactly that. For the rest of the week after his panty check, Mrs. Jones taught him how to do housework. She was constantly hovering over him barking out instructions like a drill Sargent. Doing his infrequent breaks even had to read articles in “Good Housekeeping” and “Red Book.” It had been a week of hell for him especially telling his best buds he couldn’t join them at the ball park. Saturday he had yards to cut and Sunday left pretty much to himself.

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Duncan had a date setup with Cindy for that Sunday he had really been looking forward too. It was going to be a party out at the lake and she would be wearing that skimpy bikini. Now he had to call and cancel. Going to the lake was totally out of the question after what Mrs. Jones had made him do last week. He wouldn’t need to wear underwear with a bathing suit so panties wasn’t his concern. However showing up with no hair on his legs, chest or underarms impossible.

As punishment for what she called “his bad attitude” she made him shave it all off. He didn’t have that much but what he had was a source of masculine pride at his growing maturity. Mrs. Jones had even made him trim then shave his pubic hair into a neat landing strip. Duncan offered a feeble resistance at that but she insisted.

“You have several thongs and that wild bush you have is exposed. So you have to keep everything trimmed nice and neat,” she explained.

Needless to say Cindy was royally pissed would be an understatement. His best friends Rodger and David were almost as mad. Duncan was supposed to provide the transportation. He spent most of Sunday in his room miserable and scared of what Mrs. Jones might have in store for him on Monday. That night he did something he had only done once before. He sat in a bath and shaved his body smooth again.

Monday morning promptly at eight a.m. he knocked on Mrs. Jones’ door. It was going to be a hot late June day but he was wearing jeans and long sleeved shirt. Under his jeans he wore a purple nylon bikini with his boy parts tucked. As much as he tried not to, his penis throbbed when she answered the door. She was wearing a thin white tee that clearly showed the button imprints of her nipples with a low rounded collar. The hem of the tee didn’t reach her navel which sported a bright red ruby crystal. A pair of red Daisy Dukes and four inch white strappy sandals completed her attire.

“Did you bring all your dirty panties like I asked,” she said as he walked in.

“Yes Mrs. Jones I have them here,” he answered holding up the small brown bag.

“Good as you’ll be learning how to do the laundry today and iron. Come on and follow me into the laundry room,” she ordered.

“Mom showed me how yesterday,” he said with a blush.

“Well that’s good to hear. Did she show you how to wash her lingerie? No, now that you’re wearing panties you need to learn,” she replied smiling broadly.

Duncan spent the morning learning how to hand wash both his and her lingerie. As he washed the lingerie Candice explained the different styles and uses for bras, garter belts, panties and other items. She made sure that by the time they finished he knew

the function and when to wear each item of under apparel. He was embarrassed having to do this feminine task and confused as to why he had to know so much about them. Still he did his best to remember why and when a woman would wear a racer back bra or a strapless one.

Later after a light lunch that left him still hungry Mrs. Jones grabbed her purse. "Come on perv, we have some shopping to do," she said heading to the door.

"Please Mrs. Jones stop calling me that?" he asked following her.

"Calling you what? A pervert? You are a panty sniffing wanking pervert aren't you? Didn't I get video of you doing just that? Well aren't you?" she demanded stopping and turning back to face him.

"Errrr....I guess," he managed to reply blushing. *"I might have done that a couple of times but I'm not what she says I am. At least I don't think so but she has that damn video,"* he thought.

"Well tell me you're a panty sniffing wanker and I'll think about what you asked," she demanded. "Once you admit you have a problem then maybe we can fix it," she added tapping her foot on the floor.

Gulping and turning red faced Duncan managed to stammer, "I...I'm a pan...panty snif..sniffing wanker."

"That's a good first step Sweetie. Admitting you have a problem is good for the soul. My punishments are designed to help you. Sort of like Alcohol Anonymous' step program. First you admit to yourself that you're a panty sniffing wanker, reveal it in public then on to the next step. Now come along," she said smiling broadly.

"Cure me? Step program? Out in public? Oh shit, what is she planning?" he thought as his anxiety level rose.

The drive wasn't long but the destination had him wondering. Mrs. Jones pulled into a parking spot in front of a lingerie shop. It was located in a shopping center just off the interstate.

"What are we doing here?" he tentatively asked.

"After what I taught you this morning about the different styles and uses for panties do you honestly think those seven pair I gave you are enough? Besides they are too large and using a safety pin to hold them up just won't do. You're more of a size five. Sweetie, we can do this the easy way or a very embarrassing way. I went out of my way to bring you here where no one could possibly know you. I could have just drove the four blocks to Wal-mart and can still take you there. When we go in here, I want you to act happy and excited to be getting your very own panties. If anyone asks, you will tell them they are for you, understand? It's either that or I tell everyone you're a panty sniffing wanker and they will probably call the cops. Now which will it be?" she stated.

"Oh gawd! I'm so totally screwed. I just hope no one I know is in there like she said," he thought getting out of the car.

It took every ounce of mental strength Duncan had to maintain a smile on his face as Mrs. Jones told him to pick out two dozen pairs of nylon and satin panties. He immediately noticed three pack prepackaged brief styled panties in white but she made him put those back.

"Sweetie a panty sniffer like you only wants the frilliest most colorful panties. You go through that pile of panties on display and look for a size five. Check the fit by holding

a pair up against your waist. If they seem too big get a size four. Remember keep smiling and I'll be off to the side watching. I'll give you a nod if I approve your selection. This is step two and it must look like you're doing this all on your own," she whispered as she put the package back.

It was a humiliating hour before he took twelve pairs of dainty panties to the checkout. It seemed like Mrs. Jones made him put back every other pair he selected for something with more bows, lace frills or feminine print. Holding a pair of bright yellow nylon hip huggers imprinted with colorful giraffes against his groin to check the size almost made him lose it. He was able to keep the smile on his face but his stomach was flip-flopping with each passing minute. Duncan knew he was being watched by everyone in the store and even heard a few giggles which didn't help his composure.

Making his final selection Mrs. Jones handed him some cash and told him to check out. Approaching the sales clerk he could tell it took all her effort not to laugh as he placed the panties on the counter top.

"These are some pretty panties young man. Are you buying all these pretty panties for your girlfriend?" she asked trying not to giggle.

Mrs. Jones was standing off to side examining a panty girdle and could hear what was said. With no choice, he haltingly replied, "N..no..no miss, they're for me."

"Oh my, then I bet you would just love to join our panty and bra club. That way you get every tenth purchase free, a five percent discount on all other purchases and out monthly newsletter. I don't see any bras. Would you like me to show you some of our cute training bras?" she replied but this time couldn't hold back a giggle.

Flushing bright red, Duncan pushed the cash to her and said "No." If she didn't ring him up quickly, he knew he was going to vomit all over the floor. He barely made it back to the side of the car when his lunch came up and splattered the asphalt. Mrs. Jones came out of the store and had a frown on her face.

"Sweetie or should I say perv?" She started angrily. "That wasn't a very nice way to behave in front of that young woman. Very impolite of you. Now go back in there and apologize then ask to fill out that panty and bra club membership. Perhaps you would feel better if I called your momma to come here to help. No? Well then you deserve another punishment for that bad attitude. Here's some money, fill out that card correctly and say you would just love to get your very own training bras."

When he came back out of the store, his face beet red carrying another bag, Mrs. Jones was standing beside the car with her hand out.

"Let me see your card," she said taking the pink plastic card from his trembling hand. "You used my address I see. I'll let that slip for now but you earned another punishment. Are you wearing your training bra? Good, now let me see what you have in the bag."

"Please Mrs. Jones I...I can't take anymore an...and yes, I'm wearing one. Haven't you humiliated me enough?" he replied as tears formed and handed her the bag.

"Sweetie you're an admitted perverted panty sniffing wanker. That was the first step in controlling your evil impulses. Buying your own panties and admitting they were for your use another step. However your behavior today tells me you're not feeling any remorse for being a pervert. What you call humiliation is more like guilt over your perverted nature being out in the open. Recognizing that is the second step in your rehabilitation. Now get in the car," she said examining the two lace embellished satin training bras inside the bag.

Once inside the house Mrs. Jones had Duncan open his shirt so she could examine the training bra. It was a simple matte pink with small white polka dotted molded AA cup satin bra. Running her fingers under the soft seamless cups noticed the slight fiber filling.

“That sales girl selected your bras? Why didn’t you tell her you didn’t want these fiber filled ones? After what I taught you this morning about bras, you should have known what you were getting,” she commented.

“Sh....she didn’t give me any choice an....and I wa...was too embarrassed. Al...all I wanted was to get out of there,” he stammered then quickly added, “Can I take it off now?”

“Take it off? You just got it Sweetie. No, it’s called a training bra for a reason. Just consider wearing a bra all the time to be another step in your rehabilitation. It’s getting late and I need to teach you how to iron,” she replied much to his dismay.

“All the time? I...I can’t do that,” he said shocked.

“Of course you can Sweetie. Just make sure you don’t run around without wearing a shirt if you don’t want anyone to know,” she smugly answered.

Another week of pure hell for Duncan followed. He not only had a rudimentary skill at ironing but becoming proficient in house hold chores. By the end of the week the bra wasn’t as bothersome as it initially had been. The occasional strap slipping or tightness around his chest from the band weren’t too disconcerting. However seeing the red indentions the bra left behind when he showered still brought a tear to his eyes. Not only that but he was getting a lot of shit from his friends for not showing up. They only backed off when he promised to see them Sunday at the ball park. Saturday was spent doing yard work but Sunday was a day he had for himself.

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Sunday after he did the family wash, Duncan stood at his bureau trying to decide on what to wear. *“Going to finally get to play some ball with my buds but all I have are panties. I can’t accidentally let them see my underwear. Maybe I should go commando....ahhh I still have my jock strap from PE. I’ll wear that,”* he thought dropping the aqua thong back into the drawer.

Dressed in his jeans, tee shirt and cleats Duncan headed out of the house carrying his mitt and bat. He wasn’t more than half a block when his cell buzzed. Looking down he saw that the call was from Mrs. Jones.

“Oh shit! What does she want now?” he mumbled opening the call.

“Sweetie I see you on the sidewalk. Stop by before you go wherever. I just need to see you for a second,” she said and hung up.

“Crap! I’m running late as it is. Hope this won’t take long,” he thought.

“What the hell is the meaning of this you little pervert! And why aren’t you wearing your panties and bra?” Mrs. Jones screamed.

“I...its Sunday...an...and I’m meet....meeting my friends to...to play some ball,” he stuttered going pale.

“What did I tell you about wearing panties and bra all the time? Being Sunday has nothing to do with that. You take two steps forward and as soon as I turn my back....you do something stupid like this. I’m beginning to think you don’t want to

stop being a sick pervert. Maybe I should just give up, call the cops and your parents. Once I show them that video maybe they can help you,” she angrily spat.

“No! No! Don’t do that! Please don’t tell anyone. I’m sorry, it won’t ever happen again. I promise,” he said with knees shaking and tears beginning to flood. *“If she shows that video I’ll be put in jail and my parents will disown me. I can’t let that happen. It would be so much worse than what she’s making me do,”* he thought.

“Hah! You promise! You done promised to do what I tell you plenty of times before yet you still oppose me pervert,” she replied picking up her cell phone.

“No! Don’t! Please, I’ll do whatever you want just don’t call anyone. This time I really really mean it,” he gasped.

“Okay but this is your absolute last chance. Only this time we are going to be taking much bigger steps. From now on you will always have a smile on your face and do exactly what I demand with enthusiasm. It’s either that or else,” Mrs. Jones conceded.

“Yes Mrs. Jones. Whatever you say,” Duncan responded relieved.

“Now get your sorry white ass home and dress properly then report back to me. Go on get before I change my mind!” she snapped.

In his rush to get home Duncan didn’t see Mrs. Jones do a little hop and say, “Gotcha.”

Running through his back door Duncan almost collided with his mother. “What’s the rush dear? Forget something?” she asked.

“No mom...errr something just came up and I have to go see Mrs. Jones,” he answered.

“More important than your ballgame. That’s all you talked about when you did the laundry this morning,” she added frowning slightly.

“Errr yeah...it’s...it’s about her yard,” he said over his shoulder headed to his room.

“The guys are going to kill me for missing the game today but what choice do I have,” he thought kicking off his cleats and grabbing a pair of pink tiered lace thongs. He took a moment to examine his three bras, the bright white, sunflower yellow and pink polka dotted, selecting it. *“Guess they should match.”*

He quickly put on the thong and bra then his jeans and a long sleeved shirt. As he was heading out the back door, his mother noticed and said, “Honey it’s hot out today. Why are you still wearing jeans and that long sleeved shirt?”

“It’s not that hot mom. See you later,” he replied hurrying out the door. *“That’s all I need now is for mom to start asking questions,”* he thought running down the sidewalk.

“You’re sweating and smell like a pig,” was the first thing Mrs. Jones said as he entered the house.

“I...I was in a hurry to get back and show you I’ve done what you wanted,” he replied afraid he was making her angry again.

“Well come with me,” she said turning on her high heels and walking to the guest bathroom.

There she said, “Strip. I’m going to teach you how to take a proper bath.”

Duncan was reluctant to strip naked but she had seen him that way before when she showed him how to shave and trim his pubic hair. Still it didn’t stop him from blushing scarlet. As he was stripping she was taking items out of the linen closet.

“Sweetie just look at your bra and panties they’re stained with your sweat. You don’t treat delicate lingerie like that. Put them in the sink with some Woolite. They can soak while you take your bath. From now on if you’re going to exert yourself you need to wear a sports panty and bra. We can get you some this afternoon,” she stated.

He was still blushing as he got into Mrs. Jones’ car. Over the past hour plus Duncan learned more about bathing than he cared too. You just didn’t fill a tub with hot water. You had to add floral scented bath beads and oils to ease the stress and leave the skin moisturized. You just didn’t use bath soap as shampoo. No he had to use another floral scented lotion for that and a conditioning agent as well. Out of the tub you didn’t rub a towel to get dry. No he had to pat himself dry then apply a floral scented body lotion. By the time he was finished, he thought he smelled like a florist shop but actually not nearly as strongly as he thought. Another thing he was taught was not to rub his hair dry with a towel. He had to pat it then use a blow dryer and bristle brush. He used the same dryer to get his wet bra and panties fit to wear again.

They pulled up in front of the same lingerie store as before. “I’m going to the store over there and see about getting some shoes. While I do that, you get two sets of sports briefs and bras. Might as well pick out six more bras that way you can get your discount and have a clean bra every day. That should be enough,” she instructed handing him some twenties.

***“I can’t believe I’m doing this again. I think I remember what a sports bra is but have no idea what kind of panty. Damn! I hate this,”* he thought getting out of the car.**

Fortunately or unfortunately, depending on view point, the same sales girl was behind the counter when he walked in. She immediately recognized him and shouted out, “Hey Duncan back for more pretty panties and bras so soon.”

Hastily he looked around the shop and saw only one older woman off in a back corner looking at full slips. “Please not so loud,” he blushingly responded as she approached.

“It’s just old Mrs. Jenkins browsing. So what can I help you with today?” she replied. “More pretty panties? Bras?”

It didn’t take him nearly as long to make his purchases this time but despite all his efforts wound up with six new soft cupped training bras. The sales girl, Mindy, refused to sell him the unpadded cotton ones saying they weren’t for a boy like him. If Mrs. Jenkins wasn’t standing nearby he might have put up more of a fuss. He also quickly found out what a sport panty was. It was a skin tight confining cotton/spandex affair similar to a panty girdle. The same material made up the sports bras. About the only good thing he could say for them were the colors, black and white.

When he left the shop Duncan didn’t see Mrs. Jones in the car or standing nearby. Guessing she was still in the shoe store made the mistake of going in to find her. All he wanted to do was go home and, if he could, hurry her up all the better.

“Oh there you are Sweetie. Come over here I want you to try something on,” she greeted.

They left the shoe store with Duncan wearing a pair of white strappy two inch wedged heeled sandals. A pair of fuchsia patent leather three inch spike heeled pumps were in a bag along with his trainers. When he had asked why the girlie heels was told they would teach him to walk slowly.

“Sweetie you must learn to walk correctly and not run or take long strides. Doing that in this heat will only make you sweat and we can’t have that. Besides I don’t want to

have to wait for you to do your housework because you have to take another bath. Now leave the sandals on and we can go back to the house,” she had said.

Back at the house she had Duncan do some light dusting so he could get use to wearing the high heels. Almost as soon as they walked into the door, Mrs. Jones had him put on the three inch pumps. After showing him how to take very short steps, placing one foot almost directly in front of the other, his chest out and back straight he managed to walk. With each step Duncan thought his ankles would twist and he'd do a face plant but he only fell once. That happened when he crossed over from the wooden flooring onto the carpet. After she helped him up gave him a lecture about wearing heels.

“Sweetie when wearing heels you have to be mindful of where you're walking. As you just discovered moving from hard floors to carpets makes the footing different. The same if walking on concrete or asphalt. You got to be much more careful on that. Now remember keep your elbows in, back straight and small steps planting toes first like I showed you,” she instructed.

He was very happy when Mrs. Jones said he could go home. She let him put on his trainers for that but told him to wear the sandals when he came back over in the morning.

“How am I going to explain these bags when I get home? All I need is for mom or dad to see what's in them. I hope they're in the den watching TV like usual,” he thought going to his back door.

Duncan was lucky his parents were in the den as he snuck in the back door. Safely in his room hid the white strappy sandals in the back of his closet then his new underwear in his bureau. As he did with all his lingerie put them in the bottom drawer of the bureau and covered them with a couple of tee shirts.

“Mom never looks in my bottom drawer but if she does....,” he didn't want to finish that thought.

With his new purchases hidden away Duncan went to his bathroom. To his mind he still smelled strongly of flowers and needed to take a shower. By now his body odor only had a slight floral fragrance but he couldn't take any chances. His mother had already questioned him about not going to the ball park and what he had on. His jeans and long sleeved shirt weren't as comfortable as his shorts and tees but did conceal his hairless legs and his bras.

Later that night he tried to come up with a satisfactory explanation for why he didn't meet the guys at the ball park. Several texts later he knew he had failed. His team lost and his best buds blamed him for it. They were very specific in their responses using a number of profane words. Adding to his problems Cindy had refused to answer his texts. Duncan was supposed to take her for pizza after the game.

To Be Continued...

MRS. JONES STEP PROGRAM

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Duncan was anxious as he waited for his parents to leave for work Monday morning. Today he had to wear those two inch wedge heeled sandals over to Mrs. Jones' house

almost two blocks away. It was already hot and he had forgotten to shave his body last night. Now his legs felt itchy as the denim of his jeans rubbed against them. As he slowly walked down the sidewalk he was beginning to sweat. The sweat wasn't entirely due to the heat.

"Damn, it's bad enough she has me wearing panties and bras but I can pretty much hide those. How am I going to hide these shoes? Even if somebody doesn't look at my feet they'll hear me and look down. My trainers never make a sound but these click-clack with every step. I could try going bare foot but the sidewalk is rough and the grass will stain them. Shit! I just have to avoid seeing anyone," he thought.

He was lucky as only Mrs. Adams was out in her yard working in the garden. She waved but didn't really look at him or comment as he passed by. Duncan still wasn't comfortable wearing heels and forced to take small steps. It took most of his concentration as Mrs. Jones was right about walking on concrete. His relief when he knocked on her door was almost calming but he now had to face Mrs. Jones. He was scared of what she might have in store for him and embarrassed as his dick would always get erect. Today was no exception.

Mrs. Jones was wearing a bright yellow satin tribal imprinted above the knee sleep shirt and Malibu slippers. Its rounded neckline exposed a good portion of her bare breasts. Looking down she saw that he was wearing the sandals. Smiling she gave him a bear hug nestling his face into her ample cleavage. She knew full well what her body did to the hormone filled young man.

"Sweetie you're making progress," she said stepping back, "Drop the jeans and open your shirt. You know I shouldn't have to be doing this every day but until I can fully trust you, drop em."

"Tsk, ts Sweetie that bulge is still in your panties. Even being tucked you can't seem to control yourself can you? You must really love wearing your panties and bras as every time I check, you have that little stiffy. And what's that? Is that stubble? What did I tell you about keeping your body shaved? Damn it! Every time I think you're making progress you find ways to disappoint me. Go take a bath like I showed you and there's a razor and lotion in the linen closet. When you finish don't put your jeans and shirt back on. I'm going to check you done it right. Go on get!" she ordered.

There was a slight blush on his cheeks when he stepped out of the bathroom. Besides the sandals only had on his yellow panties with the colorful giraffe design and sunflower yellow training bra. Despite his best efforts not to look at her as her fingers swept across his leg, he got hard.

Duncan jumped when Mrs. Jones' scarlet painted nail poked his bulge. "What a pervert! No real man would get stiff like that from wearing panties," she smirked. "Come on and tell me what you are perv? Tell me how much of a panty sniffing wanker you are," she demanded jerking his panties down to his ankles. His penis freed, sprang up like a flagpole as Duncan's face flushed red.

Duncan was too petrified to do or say anything. He could only watch in horror as she removed her panties and pulled the gusset over his nose. "Go on take a big sniff panty boy!" she said loudly taking his shaft in hand covering it with his panties began rubbing it.

"Go on let me hear you take big sniffs and tell me you're a panty sniffing wanker!" she demanded jerking his penis painfully.

Mrs. Jones moved behind him, pressing her breasts into his back while gripping his penis. With her left hand she began pinching and pulling on his nipple through the

bra's soft padding. Duncan was in tears of humiliation but he remained ramrod stiff in her warm hand. The sensations from her actions bursting like bottle rockets in his mind.

"Come on tell me what you are. I know from how that pathetic little worm of yours is acting but you need to tell me. Remember it's the first step. You need to admit what you are," she harshly whispered into his ear as she continued to stroke him. Her hot breath in his ear sent chills racing up and down his spine. His mind in a whirlwind of confusion and conflicting emotions.

Only Cindy had touched him there and that was one brief time and never like this. Tears were flooding down his cheeks but he couldn't help himself. He was hard as a rock. Between the strong feminine odor coming from the panties and Mrs. Jones' breasts pressing into his back Duncan was helpless. In the back of his mind he didn't think he was a pervert but his body was proving otherwise. The stimulation was too overpowering and his dick began pulsing.

"I...I'm a panty...panty sniffing wanker," he gasped loudly as he filled the nylon of his panties. The strength left his legs and he slumped held upright by Mrs. Jones.

"Very good Sweetie. Confession is the first step. I know it is a difficult step but one you must repeat daily. Now put your panties back on. You have chores to do," she happily said taking her panties back.

Duncan looked glassy eyed at the cum stained panties and hesitantly stepped into them. The cool wetness made him shiver as the waist band snapped around his waist. What she said next almost made him sick.

"Sweetie, I know it won't be quite the same as using my panties but tonight when you go to bed put your dirty panties over your face. All panty wankers love the smell of used panties no matter who wore them. Now that you have admitted to being one, I can't think of any reason for you not to do it every night. Take a picture with your cell when you go to bed, at midnight and again in the morning and email them to me. Here put this apron on and start vacuuming the living room. It's too hot to be wearing jeans," she admonished.

The last thing Duncan wanted to do as he was getting into bed was putting those panties over his face. As the gusset touched his nose, he quivered in disgust but had no choice. To prove he wore them all night he had to take three pictures. He was still awake by midnight. The pungent smell of the panties wasn't as annoying by then as he took the second picture. Finally falling asleep vivid dreams of what had happened made for a restless night. He was very surprised and confused in the morning when he noticed he had had a wet dream leaving a damp patch on his pajama bottoms.

Tuesday morning things didn't go any better for him nor did each weekday after that. Once Mrs. Jones inspected him she made him take a perfumed bubble bath. When he finished, she had him take the panties he wore that morning and masturbate in them while wearing her used panties over his face. As he ejaculated, had him say, "I'm a panty sniffing wanker." She always made sure to give him another big hug and tell him it was good to admit the truth.

He spent the rest of the day wearing a frilly apron over his bra and panties cleaning Mrs. Jones' house. Wearing the three inch spike heeled pumps that left his toes, ankles and calves sore and flaming didn't make them any easier. Seeing Mrs. Jones scantily dressed and getting an occasional hug kept his penis stiff. Each night he had to wear his used panties over his face when he went to bed and take pictures. To his growing annoyance he had a wet dream featuring Mrs. Jones most nights. Worse he

began noticing that the crotch of those panties were wet as well.

“Ohmyygawwd! I’ve started sucking on them like I do with hers,” his mind screamed in disbelief. *“I really must be a panty sniffing wanker!”*

##

It was the Fourth of July weekend but now he wasn’t happy about it. As a matter of fact, he was feeling ill from the stress. He had been wearing panties and bras full time and keeping his body hair free. Picking up Cindy and joining his friends would be impossibly embarrassing. He was already in deep shit with his friends for not playing ball and avoiding them for over a month. His girlfriend Cindy had made it clear that she would be dating other boys. Boys she could count on she had told him if he screwed up this weekend.

“My ass is grass if I don’t meet up with Cindy and my bros today. Cindy threatened to start dating other guys and Rodger told me to fuck off when I didn’t show for the game Friday. All the guys are going back to the lake after the parade and I can’t do that. There’s no way I could explain shaved legs and pits much less this new tan line. Mrs. Jones had me working in her backyard garden most of yesterday and I have bra lines on my back and shoulders. I’m so fucked!” he moaned as his stomach did another flip-flop.

His hopes that everyone would accept the excuse that he had a stomach ache and couldn’t go would work, failed miserably. The text he got back from Rodger just said, “FU!!!” He called Cindy but didn’t get out his whole excuse before she hung up after calling him an A-hole. So instead of going to what would have been the best party of the summer, Duncan donned his black sports panty and bra deciding to cut grass most of the day. Since it was likely nobody would be around to see him, decided to wear his cut offs and a black tee shirt. His parents had already left for the festivities. The sports bra fit much tighter and flatter than the training bras and decided to take a chance. It was over a hundred degrees outside today and he couldn’t do it in jeans and long sleeved shirt. As he checked out his reflection to see if anything showed figured he would be okay.

“My ass looks bigger and this sports panty is digging into my crotch and ass. Still I don’t think anyone will notice,” he thought.

It took him most of the late morning and early afternoon with frequent water breaks to get to Mrs. Jones’ yard. Before he could start his mower, Mrs. Jones came out the front door. He instantly sprang a boner seeing her wearing nothing but a purple string bikini and top that hardly covered her nipples. His erection was painful trapped in the tight elasticized shorts but noticeable.

“Sweetie I thought you had major plans for today. Guess I heard wrong. You look exhausted Sweetie why don’t you leave that old lawnmower there and have some iced tea,” she said smiling and staring at his crotch.

As he got nearer Duncan noticed where she was looking and blushed. “Sweetie you’re soaked and dripping with sweat. Go around back and meet me on the patio. I’ll bring the tea and you can take off that tee shirt to let it dry out,” she said.

“Yeah sure Mrs. Jones but I don’t want to remove my shirt,” he replied trying not to look directly at her near naked form.

“Nonsense Sweetie the neighbors can’s see over the fence. Just do it and I’ll meet you there,” she snapped.

Duncan draped the shirt over the back of a chair and pulled at the bra band adjusting

it. He wasn't comfortable wearing just a bra outside but knew he couldn't argue. Sitting down in the shade under the umbrella as Mrs. Jones came out with two glasses of iced tea but she wasn't alone. A tall thin black man was right behind her carrying a pitcher in one hand and an I-pod in the other. Duncan jumped up and made a grasp for his sweat soaked tee.

"Don't you dare Sweetie!" she barked stopping him. "No need to be modest. Your sports bra covers up more than what my top does," she added with a giggle then continued, "This is Jerome my nephew and harmless. Jerome say hi to Sweetie here."

Jerome was six feet tall, thin with six pack abs, large hands and feet. His head was clean shaven. He had a thin mustache and goatee which highlighted thick lips. He was eighteen, a high school junior and played wide receiver on the school's team. He was wearing forest green nylon basketball shorts and black muscle shirt. His feet clad in black flip-flops.

"Hey," he said looking from Duncan's face down to his flat groin then back up to his chest before sprawling in a nearby chair.

"You'll have to forgive my nephew. Seems he cares more about his rap than being sociable. So why are you doing the lawns today? Thought you had other plans for the Fourth?" she asked.

"You...you know why," he mumbled glancing over at Jerome who seemed to be ignoring them. Still he couldn't shake the feeling that he was being watched.

"You're not trying to blame me are you Sweetie? I have absolutely nothing to do with you either going out or not. So drink your tea and relax. Don't gulp dear, take small sips. There's no need to rush. You look totally exhausted. Relax," she answered then in a whisper added leaning closer, "He thinks you're a girl. So chill."

"A...a girl? I'm not a girl," he whispered back shocked.

"No Sweetie, you know what you are. Now chill," she said louder than Duncan liked.

After about an hour Mrs. Jones gave him a look and said, "Sweetie you're as pale as a ghost. You need some color. Go sit over there in the sun and catch some rays. Here you can take my Cosmo."

"I'm fine," he started to object but her glare made him go no further.

"Well if you don't want to do that you can go sit by Jerome. Maybe having a young lady sit next to him might get his attention away from that rap music," she stated.

Two hours later shortly after Jerome left, Duncan's skin was a softly glowing pink and ready to leave. As he was putting on his tee Mrs. Jones grabbed his elbow.

"Sweetie I know you're wearing your sports panties and probably reeking so here's the bottoms to my bikini. I expect to see some pretty pictures in the morning and bring back my bottoms," she told him as she pressed them into his hand. She was only wearing the top and a thin cotton cover-up that just did cover her groin.

Back at his house he took a shower and was dismayed to see the clear white skin outlining his sports bra. "Shit! Shit!" he gasped picking up a jar of Alovera lotion. His exposed skin was still glowing from being out in the sun. Back in his room he pulled on a pair panties and bra out of sheer habit. It was still early so he put on a clean pair of jeans and long sleeved shirt.

As the sun was starting to go down Duncan considered taking his mom's car and catch the fireworks display. *"I can get away with wearing my jeans tonight. It's still hot but maybe I can patch things up with Cindy or at least the guys,"* he thought.

He found a spot to park at the fairgrounds and checked to make sure his bra didn't show. "It's dark. No one can see anything. Well here goes nothing," he said getting out of the car.

He found the guys but not Cindy. When Billy slapped him on the back in welcome Duncan jumped like a scared rabbit.

"Hey man what's the matter with you?" Billy asked seeing his reaction.

"Errrr....sunburn," he stammered. *"Oh gawd did he feel my bra when he did that. Damn I knew I shouldn't have come,"* he thought.

The rest of the evening didn't go any better. He had to fight to keep from jumping every time someone touched him. He was scared to death they would find out what he was wearing under his clothing. Making matters worse as the show ended, saw Cindy wrapped up in the arms of another boy.

"Shit! My life sucks," he thought getting into the car.

Sunday was usually a day he didn't have to go to Mrs. Jones'. Under normal conditions his dad would have some minor chores for him, he had the family laundry to do and then the afternoon watching baseball. Today he had to return Mrs. Jones' bikini bottoms. Last night they had given him fits smelling strongly of sun block, perfume and her personal scent. His dreams were filled with how she had looked in that same bikini, he breathed deeply the cloying scent and in his sleep erupted. In the morning berated himself for what he had done.

"I had another wet dream. My panties are soaked. I really must be a panty sniffing wanker like Mrs. Jones says," he thought pulling the bikini bottoms off his head.

At breakfast he was surprised when his father asked him why his college savings fund showed fewer deposits than last year. Thinking fast, replied, "Those Latinos are moving in an...and taking jobs away from me."

That seemed to satisfy his dad much to Duncan's relief. There was no way he could tell his dad that the money was spent on repaying Mrs. Jones for all his new underwear and shoes. Women's clothing wasn't cheap and he could have bought three pair of boxers for the price of one pair of his new panties.

"Okay son. I've seen them in the neighborhood but they work quick and somewhat sloppy. You keep exerting yourself, instead of blowing the clippings onto the street you bag them. I'm sure your customers appreciate that. Today I want you to wash both cars then we can catch the afternoon games. While I'm thinking of it, get a haircut Monday. It's getting shabby," his dad replied.

"Yeah, sure dad but I need to make a quick stop at Mrs. Jones'. I left my work gloves over there," he answered.

Duncan was hoping to get away with a quick inspection and back to his place but that didn't happen. She kept glancing from the three photos he had emailed back to him frowning. The bikini bottoms dangling from her hand as she did so.

"Sweetie there is something wrong with these pictures. I don't believe I see you wearing your bra under your pajama top. Why is that? Didn't I tell you to wear one all the time?" she finally asked.

"Uh I didn't think I had too," he replied surprised.

"You're a panty sniffing wanker and must wear a bra to acknowledge that fact! I'll let that go this time but if I ever catch you without a bra you will regret it. Here's my panties from last night. You know what to do, get busy," she ordered.

After he did the humiliating deed she told him he could go but to be back early Monday morning. When he told her he had to get a haircut first thing Mrs. Jones screwed up her face.

“Sweetie no more haircuts for you,” she spat angrily.

“Bu...but my dad hates long hair on guys. He’s a former Marine and I’m lucky to have it this long. If I don’t get it cut he’ll have my ass,” Duncan anxiously replied.

“Well from now on you will come to me and I’ll take care of it. You just be here first thing. I have a lot of things we need to get done,” she snapped.

##

Monday morning Duncan put on his least feminine pair of panties. They were an aqua green tap panty and the closest thing to boxers he possessed. The training bra was a close match but the floral lace overlay on the cups his most feminine. His jeans and long sleeved shirt hid them from view but the strappy sandals made him nervous. Those couldn’t be hidden.

On his way over to Mrs. Jones’ house he encountered the McAllen kids playing under the sprinkler. They were five and six and enjoying the spraying water too much to pay him any attention. Still he felt his heart beat rise as he made his way down the sidewalk.

Mrs. Jones was wearing a Dallas Cowboy Cheerleader styled pair of gold shorts, a vibrant blue satin cap sleeved blouse tied off in a bow just under her magnificent breasts and four inch blue stilettos. Giving him a bear hug as he walked into the house had the usual result of Duncan getting an instant boner. Seeing the black satin hip hugger panties dangling from her fingers made him blush but his dick pulsed.

“I’m really a panty sniffing wanker. I can’t imagine any of my friends getting turned on looking at panties. What’s wrong with me?” he thought taking the panties and slipping them over his head. As soon as the gusset settled over his nose Duncan’s penis throbbed.

With his daily confession over and bubble bath completed, Mrs. Jones had him sit on a kitchen chair. Draping a towel over his shoulders began brushing out his still damp hair. She had made him shampoo and condition it twice this morning leaving it smelling of strawberries.

“I’m going to trim off the split ends and taper the back some. Not much but over time we’ll slowly let it get fuller. Slow enough your father may not really notice,” she commented picking up the scissors.

Duncan’s hair hung fairly straight down to his collar but Mrs. Jones trimmed it into a point at the back. She used a razor to remove all the fine hairs on his neck then removed his sideburns. He was surprised when she trimmed the front in such a manner that his hair swooped down over his right eye.

Stepping back, grabbed his chin and turned his face side to side. “I shortened and shaped the back Sweetie and think your daddy will be okay with it. We’ll let the top and sides grow out. Over time I don’t think he’ll really notice as long as we keep the back off your collar,” she said removing the towel.

“Don’t you think it looks a bit girly?” he asked looking into the mirror.

“You said you needed it shorter but I left the fullness there in the back like you wanted. Instead of criticizing you should be thanking me,” she snapped.

“I’m sorry Mrs. Jones, thanks,” he responding not wanting to anger her.

“Better, now go get dressed we have some shopping to do. Wear your sandals,” she ordered.

“Shopping? I don’t want to go shopping. What else can she make me buy? I have more than enough panties and bras to last a fuckin life time,” he thought.

Once dressed Duncan stood in front of Mrs. Jones feeling very uncomfortable wearing the sandals and about to go shopping. **“Afraid of what people might think seeing you like that?”** she asked knowing full well that he was.

“Yes Mrs. Jones. Please let me go home first and get my trainers,” he responded hopefully.

“No I have a better idea. Hold still while I make some adjustments,” she stated kneeling down and rolling the cuffs of his jeans up as high as she could. Then stood and unbuttoning the bottom buttons of his shirt tied it off in a bow just under his breasts. Her final adjustment was to roll up the sleeves into wide cuffs above the elbow.

“There now, I don’t think you have to be afraid when we go out. Just remember to keep a smile on your face and you shouldn’t have any problems,” she stated.

Duncan didn’t like what she had done especially what she did with his shirt. He certainly didn’t want his stomach exposed much less his shirt being tied in a girly bow. He reached up to undo the bow but she slapped his hands away.

“Leave it be!” she snapped. **“Come on we’re running late.”**

“I look like a fruitcake like this. Why is she doing this to me?” he thought as his eyes began to brim.

“Don’t start sniveling on me now. Looking that way no one will bother you about wearing them sandals. Here take this. Now come on,” she demanded handing him a white leather purse with a gold chain strap.

“Whaaa...,” he began to protest.

“Saturday Jerome thought you were a girl and that gave me the idea. You haven’t started shaving yet so with a little apparel change you can pass as a flat chested one. Unless you want people staring at you seeing them sandals, leave it be,” she stated opening the front door.

“Crap! Some choice,” he mumbled.

“Watch your language pervert!” she snapped angrily. Then more softly, **“Look Sweetie I’m only doing what I think best. Now put a smile on that face and let’s go.”**

“Where are we going?” he timidly asked.

“First we’re going to get you some skin care products. I noticed Saturday you sunburned your cheeks and nose plus you have some acne showing up. You need to learn how to take care of your skin so you won’t turn into a prune later in life. Then we need to get you a bathing suit so you can join me on the patio,” she responded.

They stopped at a drug store far enough away from his neighborhood where no one he knew would be. He was daunted by how many jars, bottles and other things she purchased. She had also included a bag of cotton balls and pads, clear nail polish, polish remover and manicure set in a pink leatherette holder. The drug store wasn’t that busy but Duncan was beginning to sweat. His nerves were on edge and had the feeling everyone was looking at him.

The last stop was far more nerve wracking as it was a woman’s wear shop. There he

was led into the swimwear section. “I saw how you couldn’t take your eyes off my bikini and that bump in your shorts. So today we’re going to get you your very own. Don’t be giving me any grief over this, keep that smile plastered on your face. I know a panty sniffing wanker like you was just jealous, so this will be my treat,” she told him.

She didn’t stop at getting him just one but two plus pink flip-flops with a raised heel and sheer pink three quarter length wide sleeved cover-up. The first was a silver cotton lined PVC string bikini. The second concealed a bit more having a fuller cut bottom and larger triangular top. It was a neon pink with a floral lace skirting across the front.

Those purchases weren’t exactly her treat. She did pay for the silver bikini but made him pay for the rest including all the skin care products. Duncan was surprised at how much it all cost. Way more than he made in a month of cutting lawns. He wanted to refuse but by this time too brow beaten to offer any real protest. Duncan just hoped his dad wouldn’t notice.

Back at the house she had him go change into the silver bikini as she removed a number of items out of the drug store bag. While in the bathroom Duncan had a bit of trouble tucking himself enough for the bottoms to fit. He had to tie the bows quickly at each hip to keep everything in place. The top felt no better. The small triangles on his chest didn’t cover much and tying the string behind his neck felt weird. Seeing just how little of his body was covered in the mirror made him blush. He finished stepping into his new flip-flops, slid his arms into his cover-up and embarrassed went back to the kitchen.

As he entered she smiled broadly and told him to open the cover-up so she could see how it looked on him. That made him blush all the harder knowing just how little was left covered.

“Very nice Sweetie. Now aren’t you happy that I made you trim that ratty bird’s nest down there into a cute strip? Come over here and sit beside me. I want to show you something,” she said far too cheerfully for Duncan.

Over the next hour Duncan learned how to use an emery board, cuticle stick and lacquer his nails in the clear varnish. Satisfied with that she handed him a pink sponge toe separator and had him do his toes.

“I noticed that the last time you did the lingerie that some hung up on your nails. You could have really ruined my stocking like that so from now on I want your nails smooth and polished. Now stop shaking your head, that’s a clear coat and no one will notice. Many men get manicures anyway,” she stated.

With his nails dry, he was handed a glass of iced tea and Cosmo. “Let’s get some sun,” she said and headed out the back door. “There’s a great article in there about skin care during the hot summer months,” she added as he got up to follow.

Two hours later after another bubble bath and his body slathered with a floral body moisturizer, Mrs. Jones began his introduction to facial care. She had made sure he read and understood the article in Cosmo so he was somewhat familiar with the various products. When they left the bathroom Duncan was wearing his panties, bra, three inch pumps and a green facial mask.

“We’ll let that mask set for a while but now you have to start cleaning. Get your apron, rubber gloves and start on the master bath,” she ordered.

He spent more time than normal at Mrs. Jones’ and had to rush home as fast as his sandals would allow. He was coming out of the shower as his mother came home.

“She’s home already and I have to remove this polish,” he mumbled heading into his room.

“Duncan is that you dear? I need you to get the groceries out of the car for me,” she shouted.

“In a minute,” he shouted back. In his room he quickly stashed the bags containing his facial and nail care products in his closet. Mrs. Jones insisted he take them and use them daily. He was to cleanse and moisturize his face every morning and use a mud pack in addition at night. She didn’t tell him to leave the polish on when home but a must when he went to her place. He decided to remove it later as his mother was yelling at him to get the groceries.

##

By the start of school in early September Duncan was a proficient housekeeper. There was also no doubt in his mind now that he was a panty sniffing wanker. He had said so every morning for months at Mrs. Jones’ house that he believed it. His lean body was nicely tanned except for very distinct feminine tan lines. Wearing a bra and panties second nature. The slight floral scent his body gave off unnoticed. His hair while fuller and lustrous from brushing it one hundred times a day and frequent shampooing basically unnoticed habit.

Unnoticed that is by him. His dad was giving him sideways looks but hadn’t said anything. His mother also noted his changed grooming habits but not overly concerned. Unlike his father she had noted his manicured fingers, his healthy looking hair and change in body odor. She was a little concerned however about his changing mannerisms. Maud was beginning to think her only child might be gay. He was no longer going out on dates or meeting his friends at the ball park. She also noted that when he walked, his pace was short and had a slight sway to his hips. She dismissed her concerns thinking that he was just going through a phase. Besides her son could not be gay. Not with a former Marine father.

With the start of school Duncan would stop cutting lawns so he could concentrate on his studies. While both his parents worked they couldn’t afford to send him to the prestigious college Duncan hoped to attend. He had to rely on his college fund earnings, hopefully some grants and scholarship awards to achieve his goal. Both he and his dad were disappointed with his summer earnings this year. They were much less than half of the previous year. Duncan’s excuse were the Latinos stealing most of his customers and his dad accepted it. The fact that money was spent on feminine clothing and hygienic care products, was something Duncan dared not share.

As was his custom at the end of summer, Duncan wrote out thank you cards to hand deliver to each of his customers. It was a small gesture his father encouraged as it would help keep them for next summer. As he finished putting Mrs. Jones’ card into the envelop Duncan smiled. It was his first real smile in ages and not the fake one she demanded.

***“Finally I don’t have to go over to her house anymore. This friggin summer is so over. I just hope I can make up with my friends for missing out on all the fun. I may be a panty sniffing wanker but I’m getting some new boxers tomorrow when I pick up my uniform. Oh man, I’ve been waiting for school to start in like forever. Now I have to deliver these cards. Mrs. Adkins gave me a twenty last time as a tip,”* he thought picking up the small stack of cards.**

Mrs. Adkins wasn’t home but Mr. Adkins was and no tip was offered. Finally he reached Mrs. Jones’ house. He was wearing a baby blue thong under his jeans but not

the bra as he knocked on her door. He was a bit anxious about not wearing his bra but the summer was over. Bras and heels would be a thing of the past as far as he was concerned.

Just like every day during the summer when she opened the door Duncan sprouted an instant boner. She was wearing a semi-transparent white chiffon blouse that clearly showed the black satin shelf bra underneath. The top three pearl buttons were unfastened revealing beautiful chocolate mounds. Black crepe de chine flare legged slacks and four inch white stiletto heels completed her dressing. It was early afternoon but as was her custom in full makeup and her exotic perfume filled his nose.

“Sweetie where have you been? I was beginning to worry when you didn’t show up,” she said stepping aside so he could enter.

“School starts Monday and I don’t do any yard work then. My parents want me to spend my time studying so I can get into college. I just...just came over..over to give you this thank you card. I give one to all my customers,” he answered apprehensively.

“Perve what does going to school have anything to do with you being a panty sniffing wanker?” she spat obviously angry. “Remember! I have that video plus a bunch of you running around the house in panties, bra and apron. Maybe your dad would love to see the one I have of you in that precious silver bikini?”

“Wha....what? No! It wa....was sup....supposed to be...be for the summer only,” he gasped taken totally unaware by her angry response.

“Hah! I see you still haven’t accepted just how much of a pervert you really are. I thought making you confess every morning and making you buy your own lingerie would be enough. Well I can see I have my work cut out for me. Just because school is starting is no reason for me to let a known pervert run loose in the community. Unless you want to come clean with your parents and the authorities on your panty sniffing wanking perversion, you will do what I demand! Understood? Now strip, let me see what you’re wearing,” she yelled.

He stood in absolute terror in just his blue thong. The white triangles over his nipples standing out on his tanned heaving chest like beacons. Tears streaming down his cheeks he took the used panties Mrs. Jones held out to him and removed his own. By the time he completed his mantra, “I’m a panty sniffing wanker” and soiled his panties, Duncan was broken.

“Once you get home from school you will come directly to my house. You are in absolute need of rehabilitation based on your actions today. I’ll make sure you have plenty to do to keep you off the streets. Now get dressed and get out of my sight. Make damn sure you put on your bra when you get there. I expect to see a picture sent to my email as soon as you do. Be here promptly tomorrow morning once your parents leave for work, properly groomed and dressed,” she demanded.

“I...I hav..have to pick up my school uniforms tomorrow,” he gushed still frightened.

“Uniforms? Yes, you do need some new clothing for school. Be here and I will take you to do some shopping and get your precious uniforms,” she stated.

To Be Continued...

Part Three

By Cheryl Lynn

Duncan made sure his body was clean shaven and his small pubic strip trimmed before getting dressed. He was scared of Mrs. Jones more now after her rant yesterday. He had thought his therapy would end once school started but now realized it was just beginning. He knew she was going to check his underwear, so spent an extra moment selecting his most feminine ones. A hip hugger styled pink nylon with white floral lace trim along the legs and waist. To match he picked the pink with white polka dotted training bra. Dressed in jeans, long sleeved shirt and his strappy sandals headed to Mrs. Jones' house. Walking on the sometimes broken and uneven sidewalk was far easier now than before in the two inch wedges. Still he made sure to take small hip swaying steps with his elbows tucked to his sides.

This morning Mrs. Jones was wearing a tight red mini-dress, champagne nylon cami-top and red spike heeled open toed pumps. Her thick lips coated in a ruby red glistening lipstick and her erotic perfume hung like a cloud. His reaction was the same, Duncan sprang a boner. Despite being tucked when she gave him a big hug it stiffened even more.

"Good you're here. Come in and show me what you're wearing. You should know the routine by now Sweetie," she greeted far more joyfully than their last meeting.

After almost an entire summer Duncan was still humiliated by what he had to do. He took Mrs. Jones' dirty purple thong and placed the gusset over his nose. Then used his own panties to masturbate until he spilled his seed while announcing, "I'm a panty sniffing wanker."

"Very good Sweetie," she said giving him another hug. "Confession is good for the soul. Now get dressed we have to pick up your uniforms."

##

At the school uniform store they picked up five pairs of tan khaki pants and five white cotton dress shirts with the school logo on the left breast pocket. A navy blue sports jacket completed the uniform. His mom had sent his measurements and paid when she submitted the order on line.

As they left that store Duncan was hoping they were done but disappointed when she stopped at a tailor's shop. "Get your khakis," she directed.

Inside he had to put on a pair so the tailor could measure the fit. Duncan was confused as he knew his mother had recently done that but not about to argue. When the elderly oriental woman finished, Mrs. Jones asked how soon they could pick up his pants.

"Give me three hours. They should be ready then," she replied with a twisted grin.

"With the new school year you need new lingerie. I presume you have your panty and bra club card with you. Good as I want you to purchase ten new pair of pretty panties, you know the kind I expect. You also need ten new bras. Make sure you tell that sales girl you want a full A-cup. No more training bras for you. Remember smile as I'll be

watching,” she said pulling in front of the same lingerie store they had been to before.

“An A-cup....,” he gasped.

“Yes a Full A-cup!” she replied stressing the word “Full.”

“People will notice....,” he began.

“Keep complaining pervert and it will be full B-cups or larger. After your behavior yesterday, consider it another step in your recovery. Besides if you’re careful, no one will notice,” she said glaring at him.

“*Damn!*” he thought getting out of the car.

Duncan was hoping to see that same sales girl, Mindy, when he entered the store figuring it wouldn’t be as humiliating. Instead he saw an older woman behind the counter. The store hadn’t been open long and there was no one else there as he walked over to the displays of panties and bra sets. He did his best to smile but it was very difficult especially when the woman walked over to him.

“Is there anything I can assist you with young man?” she asked frostily.

“*Oh great,*” he thought. “*She just had to come over here and I can tell she’s not happy seeing me paw through these.*”

“No.....errr...no ma’am, I thin..think I know what I...I’m looking for,” he managed forcing a tight smile. “I...I have a..a club membership...n...and I need some new pant...panties an...n...A-cup bras,” he lamely finished handing her his pink card.

“Well I never....,” she sputtered. “You’ll find the A-cup sets over on the next rack,” she added turning and going back to the check out.

“*She’s clearly not happy with me being here but I hope she doesn’t call the cops,*” he thought as he saw her scowl and throw his card down beside the cash register.

Duncan went as fast as he could selecting ten sets of panties and bras. Unlike the last time these weren’t just piled up on tables. Instead they were on individual plastic hangers which made choosing what Mrs. Jones would approve easier. However he gasped when the older woman rang up his purchases. He had to use an “emergency” check on his car savings account to pay for it along with what cash he had in his pocket.

“*Dad is going to kill me if he finds out I took over five hundred dollars out of my car fund. Shit! I really wanted to buy a car this year. I can forget that now,*” he thought walking out of the store.

Mrs. Jones followed him out soon after smiling from ear to ear. “Those were some nice lingerie sets you got Sweetie. Now let’s see about some new shoes,” she commented.

“What? New shoes? I can’t afford to buy anything else now. I spent all my cash,” he moaned.

“Didn’t I see you use a check Sweetie? You do have more checks don’t you?” she asked still with that shit eating grin on her face.

“Yeah but they’re for emergencies only,” he replied without thinking.

“Considering the shape your other shoes are in, I think it can be called an emergency. Besides, they’re having a two for one sale. Come along Sweetie,” she said.

Leaving that store more than an hour and half later, Duncan was another two hundred plus dollars poorer. Instead of money going for a car he now had six pairs of shoes, a

black leather purse, two dozen packets of pantyhose and as many knee high nylons. He was more worried about what his father would do if he found out how much he had spent than the look the salesman gave him on checking out.

“Look on the bright side Sweetie. Just think about all the money you saved today. Now let me see that big smile,” she said as they got back into the car.

The last stop was back at the tailor’s shop. When he tried on his altered uniform khakis they felt totally different. First he noticed that they now had cuffs which weren’t there before and the belt loops looked thinner. The fit was what he noticed the most. They were tight in the groin, loosening up only at mid-thigh and the back seam was digging into his ass.

“What did you do? These don’t feel right and too tight,” he said as he stood before the two women.

“I think they look perfect Sweetie. Now go change back and I’ll take you home,” Mrs. Jones answered.

When he went back into the changing room the oriental woman looked at Mrs. Jones. “I thought you said he wanted them altered that way. He didn’t seem all that happy,” she commented.

“Oh he did. You know how gay boys can be about their clothing. He just needs to get used to them that’s all,” she replied.

“Yeah, that’s the truth,” the tailor responded.

Back at Mrs. Jones’ house Duncan couldn’t hold back any longer. “Look Mrs. Jones I’ve done everything you have asked. I even spent a good chunk out of my car fund today. Please....I can’t take all this girly stuff to my house. There’s no way I can hide all this. I don’t even want to think about what dad will do if he sees me in my uniform. I...I jus..just can’t do this anymore. My parents are going to find out and kill me,” he stammered as tears began falling down his cheeks.

“Oh you poor little pervert,” she gushed in mock sympathy giving him a bear hug pulling his face into her cleavage. “Tell you what. You can start storing your dainties and other things in the guest bedroom. Your parents leave for work by seven. So it should be no trouble for you to come here in the morning, change into your uniform and be at the bus stop in time to get to school. Let’s go to your new room and remove all those tags but first I think you need to say your mantra,” she cooed reaching under her skirt to remove her soaked panties.

The guest bedroom had a thick plush beige carpet, the walls were decorated in floral wallpaper and the single window treatment was done in powder pink satin drapes. A twin bed covered with a neon lavender satin quilted comforter and bedside stand in one corner. A white vanity with triple lighted mirrors and bench seat against another wall. A maple eight drawer dresser, small table with wooden chair completed the furnishings. The smell of flowers hung heavy in the air. There was a single framed picture of Mrs. Jones hung on the wall.

Duncan sat on the bed removing the bra and panty sets from their hangers. Then he carefully removed the tags with a pair of pinking shears and put them into the dresser. The drawers in the dresser had two small pink pillowed perfumed sachets. He wrinkled his nose smelling the floral scent. The pantyhose and knee highs he left in their packaging and put them in the next drawer. They were two for one on sale and Mrs. Jones insisted he buy them for reasons he didn’t understand. Then he took the paper stuffing out of his new purse which looked similar to a computer bag except in faux

leather. Finally he took out his new shoes. As he placed them in the closet, a shiver ran up his spine. None of the shoes with one exception had less than a three inch spike heel. An open toed pump had a one and half inch platform sole and five inch pencil heel. They hurt his feet by just looking at them. The lone exception was a pair of pink ballet flats. When he had finished she told him he could go home.

##

The first day of school and Duncan was on pins and needles. He thought his parents weren't ever going to leave for work. As soon as he heard the last car drive off scurried over to Mrs. Jones' as fast as his sandals allowed. When she opened the door his jaw dropped. She was wearing a semi-shear pearlescent baby doll nightie with a flared hem that barely covered her groin. Even at this early hour she was wearing full makeup and wearing her Malibu slippers. His reaction was so fierce that his penis jumped out of the rose colored thong hard as a steel beam. Her warm embrace only made his situation worse.

"Come in Sweetie you know what you have to do," she said flashing her white teeth in a happy smile.

As soon as he filled his thong with his discharge she sent him to take a bubble bath. "Really Sweetie you should take a bubble bath every morning before you come over. It will save a lot of time. Meet me in your new room when you finish. Go on and hurry up. You still have to get dressed for school," she told him.

"Like I can take a bubble bath at home. Mom will notice the smell and give me all kinds of grief. She's asking too many questions as it is," he said.

"It was only a suggestion Sweetie," she replied.

When he entered the guest bedroom Mrs. Jones had his school uniform laid out on the bed. What caught his attention was beside his uniform. It was one of his new white satin molded A-cup bras and matching hip hugger lace panties. Their small bright pink satin bows stood out like headlights. This was the first time he would wear one of his new bras and it petrified him. Duncan was sure he wouldn't be able to hide them under his starched white shirt.

"Come along Sweetie, get out of those soiled panties and toss the training bra into the trash. Like I said, you no longer will wear a training bra. You can put your soiled panties into your purse for later," she stated.

Duncan made it to the bus stop just in time. His brow was beaded with sweat as he got on. Walking down the aisle to find a seat, heads turned and stared as he passed. A hint of flowers flowed in his wake. Blushing he found a seat near the back next to a girl. He placed his backpack on the floor and the purse in his lap. He looked down to make sure the ecru knee highs weren't showing.

"Hi what's your name? I'm Sally," the girl next to him said.

Duncan dared not look into her eyes as he answered. He did notice that she was fat with a round oval face and wearing thick glasses.

"I'm a junior, what grade are you in Duncan?" she asked continuing a conversation he didn't want to participate in.

"Junior," he mumbled removing his class schedule from the purse.

"I like your Murse," she commented.

“Murse? What’s that?” he asked.

“Well that’s what they call a man’s purse. Most guys call it a satchel but that looks more like a Murse to me. I have one sorta like it at home,” she commented.

“Yeah, err thanks I guess,” he replied blushing. *“Gawd! Is this how it’s going to be all friggin day?”* he asked himself.

While no one bullied him at school Duncan caught some derogatory whispers and heard a lot of giggling as he moved throughout the day. He was acutely aware of how his new bra clung to his chest and the irritation of his khaki’s digging into his groin and ass. There weren’t any other boys wearing pants like his and they did catch undo attention. He saw Rodger, Billy and some of his other friends in the cafeteria but steered clear. As long as he had his sport jacket on figured his secret was safe but couldn’t take chances. Billy was a back patter and Rodger an arm puncher when they got together. It wasn’t until his last period class when someone bumped into him and spat, “Out of the way faggot” that he came close to tears.

When he got back to Mrs. Jones’ he begged her to get him some new pants. “Sweetie don’t be silly those pants look just fine for a panty sniffing wanker. However you can’t be wearing your school uniform all the time. Come on get your purse. We’ll find you some everyday wear for when you’re here with me,” she said.

“It’s not a purse. It’s a murse and I need to get my jacket,” he petulantly replied.

“Whatever you say Sweetie but get it and let’s go. Forget the jacket you look just fine. You do want to get home before your parents, don’t you?” she curtly replied. Her implied threat not missed as he picked up his purse.

Mrs. Jones drove to a Target store some miles from where they lived. “Sweetie, I went out of my way again so no one who might know you will see you. So smile and act happy while we find you something more appropriate for every day,” she commented getting out of the car.

As he got out of the car Duncan looked down seeing only a slight bulging on his chest. Though small they looked like mountains to his eyes. “Mrs. Jones I...I can’t... please. Everyone will see I’m wearing a bra,” he lamented.

“Hell, if that’s bothering you so much here, hold still,” she said digging into her purse.

She pinched his cheeks, making him pucker his lips and quickly applied her red lipstick. “Now you can pretend you’re a rather flat chested girl!” she snapped.

“You’ve done it before.”

Inside the store she had him grab one of those big red carts and followed her to the women’s department. He wanted to protest but didn’t dare, afraid it would draw unwanted attention. They were only in Target for an hour but the bill was almost two hundred of his hard earned car savings. He was now the proud possessor of three flare skater skirts, six polyester lace frilled blouses, a pair of chartreuse short-shorts and several girlie tees. He said the tees were much too large as they hung to mid-thigh. She had him put one on over his dress shirt and tied it into a knot on his left hip.

“There! Satisfied,” she hissed. “Smile like you’re having a great time or people will begin to wonder about you.”

He barely had time to remove the sales tags, hang his new clothing and get home before his parents. His mother noted he was being unusually quiet at supper and asked him if everything was okay.

“Honey are you alright? Did something go wrong at school today?” she queried.

“Uh no mom. It’s just been a tough day. Errr...new classes and all that. I’m not really all that hungry. Mind if I go and get started on my homework?” he managed to answer.

“Yeah, sure dear, you do that,” she responded.

His father let out a dissatisfied grunt adding, “What did you do all afternoon. You should have finished your homework by now.”

“Ahhh...Mrs. Miller needed me to move some stuff,” he said thinking fast.

As he headed to his room heard his father say, “What’s wrong with that boy? Hasn’t been the same all summer.”

##

The next day Duncan was cornered by Rodger and Billy between classes. He knew that he couldn’t avoid them forever and dreaded it. “Duncan what’s going on? You weren’t around all summer and now you act like you’re trying to avoid us,” Billy said.

“Yeah man and what’s with those pants? You going fruit on us?” Rodger almost snarled.

Rodger was Duncan’s best friend but didn’t look like it now. His expression was more like someone who had been betrayed than anger. “Man everybody is talking and it aint good. I saw you in the cafeteria yesterday but didn’t recognize you at first. Figured it was some new gay guy. We don’t hang with that kind and you know it. So what the fuck?” Rodger added pushing Duncan in the chest back up against the lockers.

When he did that Rodger’s eyes bugged out, his frown became a sneer and his face turning purple in anger. For his part Duncan went pale and began to shake. Duncan was petrified. There was a ringing in his ears. His vision blurred out everything but the look on his friend’s face. Rodger was someone you just didn’t mess with.

***“I’m dead!”* flashed through Duncan’s mind as Rodger’s hands balled into fists.**

The bell rang and kids began rushing to classes. Rodger starring daggers at Duncan, let out a breath and pushed Billy. “Come on, we don’t associate with his kind,” he said.

***“Saved by the bell. Now I know what that really means. So much for friends,”* he thought.**

The confrontation in the hallway was both terrifying and humiliating but fifth period PE almost as bad. He had physical education every Tuesday and Thursday and dreaded it. The coach expected all his boys to shower after class but Duncan couldn’t take the chance. He caught some ribbing about his hairless legs but if they saw him nude. He had been smart enough to take off his bra in a bathroom stall but showering would reveal too much. Plus some guys were already giving him weird looks. He couldn’t take the chance, dressed and left the locker room.

With classes over Duncan began fretting over what Mrs. Jones had in store for him. His concerns were justified when he entered the guest bedroom after taking another bubble bath. Mrs. Jones had been very upset with him when he entered the house smelling like a wet dog. She had no sympathy when he broke down in tears explaining what a horrible day he had.

“What did you expect? You should be happy they think you’re gay. Unlike panty sniffing wankers, gays are accepted in society today. If you don’t like being thought of as gay, then tell the truth. The next time you have PE make damn sure you have a

shower before you step into my house. You reek, go take a bath. Don't bother putting your clothing back on, just wrap a towel around your chest. I laid out what you will wear today on the bed," she told him.

The hot bath did have a calming effect but his heart skipped a beat when he saw what was on the bed. The dark cherry red panties and bra were expected but not the rest. A gray box pleated skater skirt, white translucent poly capped sleeved blouse with rows of lace running down the front, tan pantyhose and three inch white stiletto pumps. Reluctantly he began to dress. Hooking the bra behind his back and adjusting the straps was done without thought. The blouse gave him some trouble until he figured out the buttons were on the wrong side. Pantyhose though were an entirely different matter. He had no idea of how to put them on but enough that you didn't stuff your feet into them. Duncan was holding them up by the waistband looking perplexed when she entered.

"Thought you'd need help with those. Give them to me and I'll show you how," she said grinning.

As she was rolling the legs into donuts Duncan asked, "Why? Why are you making me dress this way? I'm not a girl even if I'm wearing panties and bras."

"Consider it another step in your rehabilitation. I know how much you love sniffing panties and wanking off if for no other reason than that bump you're always sporting. You also told me you didn't want people thinking you're gay. So I figured having you dress like a girl would solve two problems. One wearing dresses and skirts, you'd pass as a flat chested girl and not some gay boy. Secondly, you still have that little boner dressed then we'll both know you need more therapy. Here, slide your toes in then slowly sooth them up your legs," she replied handing him the rolled up hosiery.

Wearing pantyhose was even stranger than having a skirt flutter around his legs. The support top held his groin in a vice tight grip while the legs did the same. With each step as his thighs rubbed a soft zip like sound could be heard. As the day wore on they also became hot and more uncomfortable. He did a lot of walking, sitting and stooping as he learned skirt management. Unless he wanted to expose his panties to the world lessons Duncan needed.

As the school week progressed things didn't get any easier for him. From the looks he received from his old friends, apparently Rodger had ratted him out. Duncan had a hard time concentrating on his school work and was dreading Thursday when he had PE. It turned out not quite as humiliating as his imagination told him. Duncan waited until the last minute to enter the shower. He kept his face to the tiled wall and the wash cloth covering his groin as much as possible. What got him noticed was after the shower when he patted himself dry then wrapped the towel around his chest.

"*They're watching me, shit!*" he thought heading to a stall to get dressed not realizing just why they were staring.

##

School was finally letting out for the summer and Duncan was disappointed with his grades. He had mostly B's and one C, down from his usual straight A's. Grades that would hurt his chances to get into that college and scholarships he wanted. Though not up to his expectations much better than he thought they would be. Mrs. Jones was making him read and write essays of what he had read for her. The magazines she had him study were suitable for teenaged girls like "Seventeen" and "Teen Idol." Others were designed for an older audience like "Cosmopolitan" and "Play Girl." She also

gave him “Ebony” to read in order to give him a better understanding of black people. The articles on relationships bothered him but those on fashions, hair styles and boy bands not nearly as much. Given a choice he would never read, much less look at one of those magazine. Although he might glance through “Cosmo” just to see the hot scantily clad models. If his essays weren’t good enough and failed to accurately summarize the article, she made him do them over until she was satisfied. Doing that took important time away from his school studies.

In addition to his reading Mrs. Jones had him spending more time performing a beauty ritual. She had given him a large white jar with a silver top. She had covered the label with a wide strip of adhesive tape. In black marker Mrs. Jones wrote: “Cover lower face completely paying attention to the upper lip, chin and neck. Leave until completely absorbed.” This addition took an extra half hour. After brushing his hair one hundred times, had to apply his facial mask and finally perform his nightly mantra.

Another change was his personal life. Once fairly popular Duncan was more or less a loner. As much as he wanted to ask a girl out, he didn’t dare. He avoided attending after school functions again too afraid. The only guys that talked to him were gay and he tried to avoid them. The only girl was fat Sally and only then because he sat beside her on the school bus. Other changes that he didn’t notice were his mannerisms. He walked with short hip swaying steps, sat on the edge of his seat, legs pressed together and back straight. When he had to talk or answer a teacher’s question, did so in a soft modulated voice.

A bigger change was his home life. Once warm and friendly was now cooler with him spending most of his time in his room. Watching sports with his dad on Sunday now a thing of the past. His dad seemed to be getting more upset and frustrated with him each passing day. His mom on the other hand seemed to become more worried, asking if he was alright or wanted to talk.

Every day after school he had been dressed fully as a girl always wearing pantyhose and heels. At first during the warm autumn he hated pantyhose but as the weather cooled, grew to appreciate them. Mrs. Jones’ attire and hugs made sure he had a stiffy ensuring he would be in full feminine dress. He did Mrs. Jones’ housework as she constantly harped on his posture and mannerisms. During his breaks she had him reading aloud from romance novels. She insisted he use a soft modulated tone swatting the back of his head when he faltered. The only enjoyment in his life, as weird as it was, was saying his morning and bedtime mantra while masturbating. Still embarrassing, it did provide a moment of relief from the reality that was now his life.

He was of two minds as he left school on that last day. He was happy to be getting away from the stress of school and would be a senior. However he was not looking forward to the summer. Spending three hours every school day afternoon at Mrs. Jones’ was one thing but almost eight hours every day scared him. Duncan knew deep down that she was changing him. Changing him in ways he didn’t want and would surely do more over the upcoming summer.

Part Five

By Cheryl Lynn

Duncan walked into Mrs. Jones' house, dropped his backpack and put his purse on the vanity table. Removing his school uniform hung it in the closet. Taking the sheer wrap, he used with his swim suit, covered his sea blue bra and matching bikini panties. In the bathroom turned on the taps and added floral scented bath beads and oil. As he had been doing for months now began his afternoon beauty regimen. Checking to make sure he didn't need to shave his body, quickly finished his bath then slathered on the lavender scented body lotion after patting his skin dry. At the sink using his pink toothbrush did his teeth, splashed on some Tabu perfume then brushed his hair. He took a moment to examine his face. He wasn't looking for pimples or flaws but hair. He was seventeen now and still no sign of anything but some light peach fuzz. Sighing, he donned the wrap, dropped his bra into the hamper and put his used panties into a pocket went back to his bedroom.

Mrs. Jones was waiting for him like always. Today she was wearing a peasant blouse with scooped neckline that displayed ample cleavage. A hint of her orange satin bra was also visible. Her black nylon flare legged slacks clung to her round ass and crotch like a second skin. As always in full makeup her thick lips glistening in a rich plum lipstick. Duncan felt his penis twitch when he saw her. He went over and took the white nylon boy shorts dangling from her finger and placed the gusset over his nose. Taking the panties he had worn that day from the pocket of his wrap folded it over his stiffing penis. After almost a year it was an automatic response as he began masturbating and repeating, "I'm a panty sniffing wanker" until he climaxed. Each day it seemed to take him longer but was resigned to performing the humiliating act. It was the first step in many to rehabilitate his perversion according to Mrs. Jones. Wearing lingerie and dressing fully as a girl two more steps. Having to perform a feminine beauty ritual wasn't consider another step. It was something she insisted to stop any possibility of developing acne.

Giving him a hug, pressing his face into her cleavage, Mrs. Jones repeated the same thing she said every time, "Confession is good for the soul Sweetie." Until recently when she did that, it left him with a raging hard on. Now it just twitched into semi-hardness. He didn't give it a second thought as everything had become habitual routine. He went over to the bed where she had put out his clothing for the day. A nude colored bra and lace tiered matching thong, suntan pantyhose, extra-large white tee with a big sunflower print, his chartreuse short-shorts, wide gold link belt and white four inch stiletto heeled strappy sandals. He was soon ready to begin another afternoon mincing around her house cleaning. He was surprised when she told him to grab his purse. That meant they were going out, something he hated and indicated she intended something embarrassing for him.

"Sweetie schools out for the summer and you're now over seventeen. You're making progress in your rehabilitation but time for another step. Today I'm taking you to the cosmetics counter at Macy's. There you will ask the technician to give you an evening makeover. When she has finished, you will purchase all the beauty products she used and whatever else she suggests. I know this is a big step but very necessary," she said pulling into the anchor store's parking area.

“Yo...you want..want me to start wearing makeup?” he gasped in surprise. This was totally unexpected and left him stunned.

“Of course. It’s the next logical step in your treatment. You’ve been wearing lingerie and girl’s outer wear for ages now. You’ve said time and again you don’t want people to think you’re a gay boy and have passed as a girl in public. Girls your age wear makeup! So it’s logical for you to begin learning,” she answered.

“I’m not a girl,” he pouted.

“Never the less, you will do what I say! You may not see it now but this is an important step in your treatment,” she stated.

Almost two hours later Duncan walked away from the cosmetics department carrying a large bag filled with cosmetics, other essential makeup paraphernalia and a DVD makeup tutorial. His car fund down more than three hundred dollars. The cosmetologist did a double take when he wrote out the check, signing it Duncan Elliot and gave her his driver’s learning permit.

“She thought I was a real girl,” he thought. “Seeing my reflection with all this gunk on my face guess I would think so too.”

Duncan was quickly developing a knowledge of just how expensive it was to be a girl. Even women’s underarm deodorant was more expensive than men’s. So far he had been lucky and his dad hadn’t found out but Duncan feared it would only be a matter of time. His car fund was down from thousands to less than four hundred now. All of it going to pay for unwanted women’s clothing and hygiene/skin care products. When his father found out, Duncan knew he would be dead meat. Still it was better in his mind than his parents discovering he was a panty sniffing wanker.

When he met up with Mrs. Jones standing not that far away, she smiled broadly. Duncan’s eyelids had three blended earth and copper toned shadows, his lashes curled with ebony mascara, the black liner extended giving the eyes an almond look. A rose blush on his cheeks, skin flawlessly smooth and bright cinnamon painted lips completed his nighttime look.

“Sweetie you look absolutely fabulous!” She gushed giving him a girlie hug and air kiss. “Have to do something with those bushy brows but much too pretty to go home. It’s early yet since you only had a half day at school. Come on let’s do some window shopping.”

“Please can’t we just go back to the house? I don’t want people seeing me like this. My nerves are shot,” he plead knowing it was probably hopeless.

“Nonsense, with those hot pants, long legs and makeup you’re going to have all the men drooling with their tongues hanging out,” she replied giggling.

“What? I don’t want men doing that!” he gasped getting scared at the very idea he could turn men on.

She made him walk around the mall stopping and looking through plate glass windows every so often. The click-clacking of their heels sounding loud to his ears. While Duncan did his best to focus on what was in the windows, he was acutely aware of the looks men were giving him. It creeped him out but managed to keep the smile plastered on his face. Arriving at the VS store, she grabbed his hand and pulled him in.

“Sweetie you’re thin but we need to do something with that waist of yours. It’s still too thick despite that diet I put you on,” she whispered as they stepped through the doorway. “Ask the salesgirl to help you find some waist cinchers and better yet get a

cute corset or two. I'll be watching over by the bras."

Diet. That was another step she had made him take after putting some weight on during the Christmas holidays. Brown bagging yogurt and piece of fruit to school every day and taking diet pills had dropped his weight down. In January Mrs. Jones had given him a large brown plastic bottle filled with purple capsules. Like the jar of face cream, the label was covered in wide adhesive tape telling him to take one every morning and at bed time. Over the school year he had lost enough weight for his dad to comment and his mom ask more embarrassing questions. Still they were easier to evade than when his mom asked him why he wasn't dating or going to prom. Just another reason why his home life was getting more stressful as the days went by.

Leaving the mall Duncan had a bag from Macy's and another larger pink one from VS. Inside the VS bag were five satin waist cinchers in cranberry, black, vivid pink and two white. It also held two corsets. One a balconette style in black satin with wine lace detailing. The other, a below the bust corset was bright white with pink lace detailing. Again the sales clerk looked at him funny when he handed her his check and ID. This purchase cutting his car savings over half its remaining balance.

By the time he had removed his makeup, arranged his cosmetics in the vanity, removed the tags from his VS foundations, Duncan almost didn't make it home before his parents showed up. He was stepping into the shower to get rid of the Tabu perfume scent when his mom shouted that she was home.

"Every time I think she can't do any more to me Mrs. Jones comes up with something more feminine for me to do. How many more of these crazy steps is she going to make me do? I'm a panty sniffing wanker but that doesn't make me want to be a friggin girl," he thought.

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Saturday and it was time for Duncan to start up his lawn care business once again. He was not looking forward to doing that. Mrs. Jones insisted he wear his A-cup bra and panties and one of his new waist cinchers as well. With the summer getting hotter so would he. Neither his waist cinchers nor his corsets were comfortable to wear being constrictive and hot. Plus the molded cups of his bra would certainly show if he just wore a sweaty long sleeved shirt. He would have to wear one of his hoodies again. They were loose enough in the chest but warmer than his shirts. His dad had questioned him about wearing jeans and hoodie late last summer. Fortunately Mrs. Jones had given him an acceptable, he hoped, excuse.

"Dad I have to wear this. I've developed an allergy to the grass cuttings plus they protect me from the UV rays," he explained. His dad had snorted but accepted it.

By early afternoon he had completed six yards, soaked with sweat and covered in grass clippings. He removed his large brimmed straw hat and wiped his face with his sleeve. The straw hat was given to him by Mrs. Jones replacing his old cowboy hat. She insisted it would protect his face better and the only thing he actually agreed with. Leaning against Mrs. Adams' house couldn't believe how exhausted he was. It wasn't that hot out, somewhere in the low eighties so that couldn't be the reason. In the past he could do six yards when the temperature was in the upper nineties, humidity high and not feel this weak.

"I feel as weak as a kitten and my gut is queasy. I still have Mrs. McAndrew's' and Mrs. Jones' yards to do," he said reaching up to scratch his left nipple. Over the past couple of months both his nipples had become sensitive and itched.

When he reached Mrs. Jones' yard his legs were shaking and he wanted to vomit. Seeing him told him to strip and wash himself off with the garden hose out back. Duncan sighed in relief as he removed the sodden waist cinch, his bra and panty. The water came out luke warm but felt wonderful. He was much better as he wrapped the beach towel she had given him around his chest. That was another feminine habit he was no longer conscious of performing.

"You're obviously doing too much. As of today you will no longer cut my grass. I'll get those Latinos to do it. Also I want you to drop one other customer," she scolded.

"I can't do that. I have one less customer already and my dad will be furious. I've already drained my car savings. Dad doesn't look at that account but he sure does my college fund," he argued.

"I don't care. Blame it on the Latinos but do it! I'll get you your bikini and you can lounge on the patio until you get your strength back," she snapped going back inside.

"I feel like shit and that's all I need now. New tan lines," he thought hanging his wet clothing on the clothes line.

He didn't mind being nude in her backyard. She had seen him naked and had a ten foot wooden privacy fence. Still he happily tucked and pulled the neon pink bikini bottoms on and then tied the top. The glass of iced tea was even more welcome, the "Play Girl" magazine not.

Sunday morning as he was putting on his bra noticed for the first time that his chest seemed to almost fill the cups. He shook his head in dismissal figuring it was because he had been wearing bras so long. Quickly he put on his customary jeans and long sleeve hoodie. The last thing in the world he wanted was for either of his parents walking in and catching him in his lingerie. He had that "Keep Out" sign on his bedroom door and his parents seemed to respect that but he couldn't be sure. Except for meals Duncan spent the entire day in his room. He had more reading and essays to write now that summer was here. Plus he wouldn't have to come up with answers to any questions.

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Over the next several weeks Duncan spent most of his time practicing makeup application and techniques. The makeup DVD was good but Mrs. Jones had him watching instructional videos on You Tube. That gave her the idea that he should also watch other videos of teenage girls interacting with one another. She began tweezing his eye brows as well. A few hairs at a time so his family wouldn't notice until it was too late. He was still required to practice his feminine mannerisms, skirt management and deportment for an hour daily. Doing his mantra and dressing in full feminine regalia a given, only now he was also wearing makeup. By the end of June he could put on glamour makeup in under an hour. In the early afternoon he put on his bikini and tanned for an hour. He was required to keep his finger nails at least a quarter inch long and filed into ovals. While at her house he had to varnish them in bright feminine colors. His toes had to be polished all the time. When not doing those tasks, cleaned the house and did the laundry.

By the time he was sent home, Duncan was both mentally and physically exhausted. Supper was getting to the point where Duncan preferred to skip it. He was tired and not that hungry to begin with but the way his mom kept looking at him. The way his dad was getting more pissed about his hair, failure to add funds to the college fund and overall appearance nerve rattling. With each passing day Duncan was becoming

more paranoid.

"It's only a matter of time before dad blows a fuse or mom discovers my stash of lingerie and magazines. From the way she looks at me she must have some idea. Probably thinks I'm gay since I haven't gone out on any dates. Dad is probably thinking I'm a fag too. It's been over a month and I haven't deposited hardly anything into my college fund. Most goes to buying more makeup or clothing. I'm afraid of what will happen. Dad will probably kick me out of the house and mom. Well, she's mom and might accept that I'm gay but both would have a stroke if they knew I was a panty sniffing wanker," he thought.

One day in early June as they were finishing their tuna fish salads for lunch, the doorbell chimed. "Get that Sweetie, I'll take care of the dishes since you made the salads," she said taking their plates to the sink. That was a new addition to his daily routine, learning to prepare simple meals.

Duncan was wearing a blue and white checkered A-line dress with puff sleeves and rounded neckline, in full nighttime makeup and four inch pumps. He wasn't happy about answering the door. Not so much at how he was dressed but because he felt overdressed. *"What girl would be wearing full makeup, nylons and heels at this time of day?"* he thought going to the door. Watching all those You Tube videos of girls interacting was beginning to influence Duncan's thought processes.

It was a UPS driver and gave Duncan his pad to sign before handing him a small package. As he scribbled his name, noted that the man was giving him the once over. That same look he had given pretty girls. It made him feel even more uncomfortable.

"Great, it's finally here. I can't wait to give you this Sweetie," she said as he gave her the package.

He was curious as she went over to the refrigerator and pulled out a package of frozen peas. He became more curious following her into his bedroom. *"I wonder what she's up to now. Whatever it is, I don't think I'm going to like it,"* he thought.

Duncan didn't like it, hated it in fact. It was a male chastity device, made of metal and coated with a pink inert substance. When she put it on, the device forced his testicles up into his body and his penis tucked back. He was use to the feeling of his groin being tucked but now would be kept that way and he would have to sit to pee all the time. It wasn't long before he discovered that tiny barbs were on the inside. The first time his penis erected, the pain was strong enough to make him groan. Those barbs made sure that he couldn't have an erection.

"Sweetie you're not going to like this at first but I'm told in time you'll get used to it. Now drop your panties and hold still. No! Don't say anything just hear me out first. This is one of the final steps in your treatment. Probably the most important step. You let me do this and you'll be almost finished with my step program. You do want to be finished with my treatment program don't you?" she told him.

"Of course I want to be finished with this shit. I hate all this. I don't know why she wants to put that thing on me. It's not like I've been doing any girls. Mrs. Jones did say this was a final step. I think I'm making a big mistake but if this will get me out from under her," he thought but the little remaining male ego made him protest.

"Why that? It's not like I'm going out and getting a bunch of girls pregnant. How long do I have to wear it?" he said as he heard the lock engage.

"Sweetie your little thingy is what's making you a panty sniffing wanker. I've tried to avoid using this but you have given me no choice. The first steps were a failure as that

pathetic bump was always there corrupting your mind. That chastity will bring it under control. Something you have to admit you could never do on your own. It has to stay on long enough for you to control yourself. Like I said, it's a very important part of my program. Now spread those legs a bit and let me finish. The sooner we get this done, the sooner you'll be finished," she responded removing the frozen peas from his shrunken groin.

Later he understood he had made the stupidest decision in his life by agreeing. Making everything worse he had to write her a check to pay for it. That check depleted his car fund plus the money he planned to deposit in his college fund. However at the time, the notion that he would soon be free of her domination and feminine attire, sounded like a good idea. Another most frustrating result of wearing chastity was the lack of stimulation. After all the time wanking twice a day the sudden stoppage was very exasperating. That frustration eased over time but it was still there.

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The July Fourth holiday his parents asked him to go to the parade, picnic afterwards and then the fireworks. "Honey come on, go with us. We'll make a family day of it. You haven't gone out all summer. This will be fun. Maybe you'll meet a nice girl," his mom encouraged.

"Like I can meet any girls wearing a bra, panties or do anything with this damn chastity," he thought then replied. "Mom I'd like too but I promised Mrs. Jenkins I'd clean out her garage today. You know how mad dad is at me for not putting much into my savings already. I'd like too but I can't."

"Oh I think he can let that pass for today dear. Mrs. Jenkins can wait a bit longer to clean out her garage," she replied.

"Sorry but I promised," he answered hating to see the look in her eyes at his refusal.

"Let him be Maud. If he doesn't want to go then fine," his father gruffly broke in as he entered the room. The look in his eyes wasn't like his mothers. His was one of both disappointment and disgust.

"Guess he still hasn't gotten over me getting my ears pierced. I can't tell him Mrs. Jones made me get them doubled pierced. Thank goodness Mom stepped in when he first saw them. He was so upset I thought he was going to hit me. Maybe once I get these pink keepers out," he thought as they left the house.

A few days ago Mrs. Jones took Duncan to the mall across town to check out the big holiday sales. Lately she had been taking him out in public more often, usually to the grocery or on other minor errands. They were always fully dressed and wearing full makeup on these excursions. He didn't like being out in public; especially so, when he noticed men and boys giving him the once over. Dressed as they were, more like for going to church than shopping, they always drew attention. Attention not only from men but women as well. The men with looks of lust, the women with both curiosity and disapproval.

For the trip to the mall Duncan was wearing a tight red mini-dress, pink translucent chiffon capped sleeved blouse with lace frilled ascot tie, black nylons and pink patent leather four inch spike heeled pumps. Thankfully the ascot covered much of his red bra exposed by the thin material of the blouse. Mrs. Jones was wearing a navy blue above the knee skirted business suit with crème satin blouse and her navy heels. The blouse's top buttons were undone exposing a tantalizing hint of breasts. A dark blue

sequined pillbox hat was pinning jauntily at the back of her head. There wasn't another woman with the possible exception of those behind makeup counters as dressed or made up as they were. Duncan hated the attention they were drawing but slowly getting used to it the more they ventured out.

Nearing the Piercing Pagoda as they headed to Macy's Mrs. Jones stopped. "Sweetie look. They're having a three for one sale. We can't pass up a sale like this," she said grabbing his elbow and pulling him into the kiosk. "I want you to pick out four sets. Make sure at least one pair are pearl studs, one those large five inch gold hoops and the others whatever you like."

"I can't do that!" he gasped turning pale at the idea and what he thought his father would do if he did.

"Of course you can Sweetie. Consider it another small step. While you do that I'll see if I can find something," she hissed.

The piercings were free but he was still out almost forty dollars by the time they left. He had to give Mrs. Jones ten to pay for the thin gold plated necklace and three gold metal bracelets. His ear lobes throbbed a bit but most of the damage was to his remaining ego.

At Macy's bathing suits were fifty percent off and Duncan added two more bikinis to the pink denim mini-skirt, two blouses, six pair of panties and six lace frilled camisoles he purchased. The Shoe Palace was having a two for one sale and he walked away with a pair of red leather strappy five inch cork wedged sandals and pair of silver platform pumps also with a five inch spiked heel. The savings were good but Duncan had to stop at an ATM to withdraw cash from his college fund to pay for everything.

"My dad is going to kill me when he sees that withdrawal," he complained as they headed to the food court.

"It wasn't that much. I'm sure you can explain it by saying you had to repair that lawnmower of yours or something," she replied.

Taking money out of his college fund left Duncan without an appetite and feeling sick. He took the chicken salad and diet drink and followed Mrs. Jones over to a table. Seated he picked at the salad as Mrs. Jones raved about how cute his ears looked and the great sales going on.

He really wasn't listened until he heard her say, "Sweetie look. Isn't that a handsome young man?"

Duncan looked to where she was nodding. The young black man was muscled, wearing a white undershirt and tight denim shorts. "I guess," he said turning his attention back to picking at the salad.

"Is that the best you can do Sweetie?" she asked.

"Best what?" he answered not knowing what the heck she was talking about.

"Tell me what you think is so handsome about that young man. What else?" she replied sounding exasperated.

"Like I care. What's she up to?" he thought frowning.

"Look at him again but don't stare. I want to know what it is about him you think makes him handsome. I think he's a hunk," she said with a bit of irritation in her voice. A tone he knew he couldn't ignore.

He quickly glanced back to the man, then mumbled, "He's got muscles an...and his

face isn't ugly."

"Oh dear, we're going to have to work on your observation skills Sweetie," she responded dropping the subject.

Finished with their lunch Mrs. Jones led him over to the lady's restroom to freshen up. He had done that a couple of times before but still nervous that some woman would start screaming. Duncan didn't look around and headed for the nearest stall. Putting his purse on the rung on the back of the door began the task of peeing. He didn't like having to sit especially on a toilet seat in a public restroom. Peeing in a public restroom never bothered him before but then all he had to do was unzip and pee. Now he had to make sure his skirt was out of the way, his pantyhose and panties around his knees.

They spent another two hours browsing around in the mall. In one store she had him buy several rings and bangles for his wrists. In another several bottles of gel nail polish. He didn't have to purchase anything else for which he was grateful. They did some more window shopping. The last shop was a bridal shop.

"Sweetie aren't those gowns just gorgeous? Which one do you like the best?" she asked.

"I don't know. They're all nice I guess," he replied not in the least bit interested.

"You can do better. Now tell me which one you like," she demanded forcing him to look.

After a few moments he answered hoping to satisfy her, "The one on the far right."

"And...why that particular one?" she asked making him stop and think about what he had read in his fashion magazines.

"The floral embroidery and fresh water pearl accents on the bodice," he replied.

She wasn't going to let him off that easily, "And!"

"Err the sweetheart neckline an...and the layered full skirt," he responded.

"Better," she pronounced and began moving off.

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After the holiday Mrs. Jones began taking him out to various malls at least two sometimes three times a week. It was mostly window shopping but occasionally she made him try on dresses, skirts and blouses. What was different about these shopping trips was Mrs. Jones would always chose an out of the way table in the food court. Seated, she would pick out some random boy and demand he tell her what made the boy attractive. It didn't matter if the boy was white, black, Asian or something else but they never left the food court until he satisfactorily answered her. At first she had to tell him what to look for.

"Sweetie telling me he has muscles or not or if he's not ugly isn't enough. Look at their face and tell me whether or not he has a cute smile, a strong chin or you like his eyes. Look at his entire booty. Do you like the way he dresses or that he has a great ass or nice bulge. We can sit here all day if that's what it's going to take for you to be observant," she instructed.

The first couple of times they did that, Duncan reluctantly answered her questions. He was still hesitant but was becoming better at what Mrs. Jones wanted from him. She had kept them in the food court so long that first time he barely made it home before

his parents arrived. From that point on he did his best to comply. He knew his mom would smell the distinctive feminine perfume if he didn't take a shower. Another problem was his hair. Mrs. Jones kept it trimmed but it had become very full on the top and sides. She had him back brush and tease it into a very feminine pixie look.

Another change she made to help him become more aware, was put posters of boy bands and major stars like Johnny Depp on his bedroom walls. To help him get a better grasp of what she wanted, had him listening to current teenage girl music and watching chick flicks. The worst was going on You Tube and listening to girls discussing boys. For almost eight hours a day, five days a week he was inundated into an older teen girl's life. He didn't like it but had no choice.

The most traumatic change was when Mrs. Jones invited two of her teenaged nieces over to the house. Domino and Tanisha were sixteen and seventeen. When they visited had to really concentrate with everything he had on maintaining a feminine persona. Their visits always put a ton of pressure on him. Thankfully Mrs. Jones introduced him as Sweetie and neighbor girl. As with most teenaged girls boys were a hot topic. Finding out Duncan didn't have a steady much less dating any boys, the girls felt sorry for him. On their last visit insisted he go with them to another relatives wedding.

"It's going to be so much fun Sweetie. They rented the VFW hall for the reception. You just have to come," Tanisha insisted.

"Besides there are going to be a lot of boys there," Domino jumped in.

Duncan had no intentions of going anywhere with these girls much less to a wedding. He was thinking of a polite way to refuse when Mrs. Jones spoke up.

"What a wonderful idea girls. I know Sweetie would love to go," she said giving him a look daring him to object.

MRS. JONES' STEP PROGRAM

Part Five

By Cheryl Lynn

Duncan was staring into the vanity mirror after taking a shower. Looking intently into it, there was still no sign of facial hair. His face was as smooth as a baby's behind. He didn't even see the fine peach fuzz that was there just a few months ago.

"I'll be eighteen soon and still no signs of any beard. I've got to get Mrs. Jones to stop pulling hairs out of my eye brows. They're too thin and arched for a boy and mom's bound to notice. That is if she hasn't already. She's been giving me looks during supper making me uncomfortable," he thought then turning from the medicine cabinet mirror looked into the full one on the back of the door.

"I'm as thin as a rail. Makes my hips and butt look big. No wonder I don't have the strength to do anything strenuous. Just doing four yards leaves me exhausted and dad is jumping on my case to get more. I use to be able to do twice that many without breaking a real sweat. Wearing those waist cinchers and corsets every day has

narrowed my waist. I guess putting on bras for so long has screwed with my chest too. I don't remember seeing guys in PE with protruding nipples like mine are either. Plus those bikini tan lines don't help. Damn! She's had me in this friggin chastity for over a month now and I have a case of blue balls that won't quit. How much longer? She said this was the last step and I have done everything she's told me for well over a year. Now she's making me go to some dumb wedding. So when does it stop?" he thought beginning to cry. It seemed like he was doing that a lot lately along with crazy mood swings.

Back in his room he took his purple "diet" pill. Then took the jar Mrs. Jones had provided covering his lower face and neck as instructed with the cream. Once that had fully absorbed into his skin applied the green nighttime mud mask. Getting into bed he pulled the dirty panties he had worn that day over his head and repeated his mantra. Before she put the chastity on, it gave him some stress relief but now pain as his penis tried to become erect.

"Oh when will this all end," he mumbled. As he went to sleep the gusset of the panties was still pressed to his nose. In his sleep began sucking on them as weird dreams came and went.

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The wedding was scheduled for the second Sunday in August. For the event Mrs. Jones insisted he needed a formal dress. Duncan already had more clothing than he wanted and little cash. Getting a new dress would force him to take out even more from his college savings. He had already caught holy hell for that ATM withdrawal he made earlier in the month. Now she wanted him to buy what was going to be an expensive fancy dress. When his dad found out and he would, Duncan was scared. There would be no acceptable excuse for that.

"Mrs. Jones please....I can wear that navy skirt and crepe-de-chine blouse I have. It's dressy enough. If I have to take more out of my college fund dad will bust a gut and probably kill me," he argued.

"Sweetie that is a nice outfit but this wedding requires something more formal. I'm sure you're over reacting but we'll stop at the Lady's Civic Club across town. You know that store where all the rich ladies donate their designer clothing so us poor folks can get them. Grab your purse and let's see what they have," she admonished dismissing his complaint.

After stopping at an ATM so Duncan could withdraw three hundred dollars, they drove across town to the Lady's Civic Club. It wasn't much, located in an older strip mall. The small store was crammed mostly with wedding, formal and semi-formal dresses. There were other dresses displayed, a few tables containing shoes and purses. A thirtyish, stylish looking woman greeted them as they walked in.

"Hello, I'm Mrs. Farnsworth. Is there anything I can help you ladies with?"

"Yes, Sweetie here needs a nice dress for a wedding," Mrs. Jones spoke up.

"That shouldn't be a problem. I'll be more than happy to assist you. As you can see," she replied sweeping her arm around. There were no other customers to be seen.

"We're not very busy at the moment. Don't get much call for special occasion dresses this time of year."

It was an agonizing hour and half for Duncan as he tried on dress after dress. None of them were acceptable to Mrs. Jones. "We're going to a black wedding and these

gowns are just...just too whitey,” she whispered when he complained.

Three more gowns later Mrs. Jones found one she actually liked. It was made of a metallic gold elastic satin. The dress was a bell sleeved mermaid/trumpet hemline style with a high rounded neck. When he put it on clung like a second skin. Duncan didn't like it because of the tight fit and how much hem floated on the floor. The hem would make walking difficult as he would have to be very careful not to step on it.

He hadn't taken three uncomfortable steps out of the changing room when Mrs. Jones said, “We'll take it.”

“A very good choice. That is a custom made dress that would retail for at least eight hundred dollars new. I think we even have a Dior clutch that will go perfect with it,” Mrs. Farnsworth said.

When he heard her say how much the dress cost, Duncan almost fainted. *“Eight hundred dollars for a single dress? No way am I getting this,”* he thought.

“With it being used and donated of course we don't charge much. One of our goals is to provide young women who normally can't afford a nice formal with one at a nominal price. Here let me look at the tag, this one is only seventy-five,” the woman said.

“Looks a trifle long on her but with the proper heels shouldn't be a problem.”

Duncan was very happy leaving the shop only spending a hundred dollars. The gold sequined designer purse was another twenty-five. He didn't stay happy long as he had to have new shoes and undergarments. A pair of strappy gold sandals with a one inch platform and six inch pencil heel. Black satin gel padded uplift bra, matching panties with floral lace inserts at the hips, floral embroidered high waist garter belt and seamed black nylons with wide lace welts completed his ensemble.

“Mrs. Jones, why must I get these heels and these nylons are very expensive. With that dress no way anyone is going to tell I'm wearing either one,” he complained.

“Sweetie I can see you need to spend more time watching those You Tube videos. You just don't wear that pretty of a dress without the proper undergarments. You need to feel as beautiful on the inside as you look on the outside. As for the heels, you need the additional height because of the length of your dress,” she answered.

“Like I want to feel beautiful much less wear that dress,” he thought.

Arriving back at Mrs. Jones' he had twelve dollars left. Duncan spent the rest of the afternoon breaking in and getting used to his new gold heels. He was used to wearing three inch heels all the time but these offered a new challenge. To help him adjust to his new dress' flowing hem, a half-slip was lowered to mid-thigh further hampering his stride.

“Sweetie while not the same that slip will act somewhat like your new dress' hemline. If you're not careful, you'll step on the hem and do a very unlady like face plant. You need to slide your feet forward rather than stepping to avoid that. If you have to take a step, reach down and pull up the skirt. That should work for a curb or small step although I wouldn't recommend any stairs. A bit of practice and I'm sure you'll do fine by the time of the wedding. Just practice sliding your feet,” she instructed.

“Crap! Like I want to go to this wedding in the first place much less in that dress. Maybe if I'm lucky I'll trip over the hem and break my neck,” he thought taking his first sliding step.

Friday before the wedding Mrs. Jones gave Duncan some unexpected news. “Sweetie I've booked us an appointment at my salon tomorrow to get our hair and nails done for

the wedding.”

“Saturday? You know I have to cut lawns Mrs. Jones,” he replied shocked and worried. “Salon? Get my hair and nails done? I can’t do that. I have all that yard work to do. Dad is going to be pissed off enough when he sees my latest bank statement. If I don’t cut the grass he’s going to be furious.”

“Sweetie it’s already set! Do I have to remind you after all this time how your parents will react when they discover you’re a pervert panty sniffing wanker! Just be here first thing or I come over to your house with that video plus all these other photos I have of you prancing around the house?”

“That video was bad enough but she must have tons of me traipsing around wearing nothing but panties, bra and apron. Then they’re the ones of me in nothing but a bikini too. Shit!” he thought.

Defeated Duncan hung his head and softly replied, “N...no, I’ll be here.”

When he arrived the next morning Mrs. Jones said she was running late and hadn’t had her coffee. She had Duncan join her at the kitchen table once he was suitably dressed and done his makeup. He wasn’t a big coffee drinker but saw it as an opportunity to talk her out of going to the salon or better yet the wedding.

By the time they got into Mrs. Jones’ car Duncan was feeling very mellow and relaxed. When they got to the beauty salon, he was a bit giddy. The fact the salon obviously catered solely to women of color, the staff except the manicurist who was Asian all black didn’t faze him. Much later, coming out of his drug induced euphoria, Duncan realized his life was over. Mrs. Jones had spiked his coffee knowing her threat of exposure wasn’t enough to get his willing participation.

His hair had been thinned, layered and lacquered flat into a plastered pixie cut with pin wheeled bangs. His brows waxed into high feminine arches. The Asian woman had applied one inch nail extensions and painted them in alternating gold and black stripes. As a final touch glued a rhinestone to his right forefinger’s nail.

##

“Where the hell have you been?” his father angrily yelled as Duncan came in the back door.

He was hoping to sneak in while his parents were watching television in the den. That hope fled seeing his dad in the kitchen. Duncan had his hoodie up hiding what had been done to his hair. He quickly thrust the hand he used to open the door into his pocket.

“I...I ha...had something I..I had to do,” was lame but the only thing he thought to reply.

“Just what the hell was so damn important you skipped out of doing your job? You’re not so big I can’t get my belt, so what was so fuckin’ important?” he father demanded coming closer.

“I just had too,” he said near tears and tried to rush past his dad.

He wasn’t quite fast enough as his father reached out, grabbing the top of the hoodie. The resultant tug, pulled the hood off revealing Duncan’s hair and he came to a sudden stop. For several seconds that seemed like hours to Duncan, nothing was said. He could only see the shocked disbelief in his father’s eyes turn into revulsion.

“Get the fuck out of my sight. You’re no son of mine,” his father’s tone was flat, devoid of any emotion but struck him like a physical blow.

Running to his room heard, “Maud get in here!”

He was on his bed crying when his mother knocked on his door then enter, “Honey...,” she began then after a long pause, said, “What on earth have you done? Sit up and let me have a good look at you.”

After another long pause as she looked at her son, gasped, “I thought you might be gay. While I don’t approve you should have come and talked to me. Given some time I might have been able to get your father to understand. I love you honey but...but I think it best if you pack your things and leave in the morning. I’m sorry but you know how your father is.”

Duncan saw both disappointment and tears in his mother’s eyes but she turned and left before he could offer any explanation. His fate was sealed and he was crushed. *“After today I knew they’d be royally pissed but not this. Where am I going to go? What am I going to do now?”* he thought falling back onto the bed and letting the waterworks flow.

Early the next morning, shortly after the sun came up, Duncan walked out the back door with two suitcases. His eyes were puffy and red from crying most of the night and no sleep. For a long time he had heard his parents arguing hoping his mother would get his father to change his mind. It didn’t happen as she didn’t come back to his room. He had no choice but to go to Mrs. Jones’ figuring she would take him in.

“They kicked me out,” he said when Mrs. Jones finally opened the door. She was wearing a neon pink nylon and chiffon baby doll nightie, her slippers and no makeup. If he wasn’t so distraught would have been surprised at that. He had never seen her without full makeup before.

“Come on in. Get settled then take your bubble bath. Make damn sure you don’t get your hair wet. You do and I’ll kick your sorry ass out on to the street as naked as the day you were born. Now scoot,” she ordered.

Back in his room after performing his morning obligations, Duncan began unpacking. The tears were softly flowing, his mind in a turmoil as he unpacked. He was putting some jeans into the dresser when Mrs. Jones entered.

“Oh no you don’t,” she snapped seeing what he was doing. “Sweetie you want to stay here, you toss anything you brought remotely masculine or get out. No jeans, no flannel shirts, no nada.”

“But what am I going to wear?” he gasped.

“You have plenty of nice dresses, skirts and blouses, so it shouldn’t be hard to find something,” she replied smiling broadly.

Duncan wanted to argue but after well over a year under her domination complied. Taking those purple pills twice a day for almost as long, wearing girl’s clothing and makeup, doing as he was told had demolished his ego. Plus being kicked out of his house, rejected by his family made resistance impossible.

“This all started out because I’m a panty sniffing wanker but I can’t even do that anymore. I might be a pervert but I never wanted to be a girl. Now she wants me dressed and wearing makeup all the time,” he wept taking the remnants of his boy world to the trash.

##

The wedding was at three o'clock and Duncan was putting the finishing touches to his makeup, a wet looking cinnamon colored lipstick. He was already fully dressed and all he had to do was put on those gold strappy towering heels. Heels that would test his endurance by the time the day was over. Opening his Dior clutch dropped the lipstick, mascara, compact, some tissues, his ID and what money he had into it.

"Gawd, I don't want to put these shoes on but she's waiting. The few times I've worn them my feet and legs were killing me in no time. This dress is so tight and I'm going to stand out like a sore thumb with this hair. Shit! Why is she making me do all this?" he thought slipping them on.

Mrs. Jones was wearing a somewhat similar dress except in bright lavender satin with a mini-straight skirt. A matching sequined pill box hat with short black veil pinned on the side of her head and white gloves.

"You look fabulous Sweetie but put a great big smile on your face. We're going to a wedding, not a funeral. No one knows who you really are. All my relatives think you're a neighbor girl. If you want to keep it that way, remember your lessons and act like you're having fun," she said picking up her purse.

The service was held in a small Baptist church. Duncan hadn't been to church that often but this service was totally unlike what he was used to. The sermon was loud and animated, the congregation equally loud in responding "amen" and much more singing and clapping. He was uncomfortable being about the only white person there and dressed the way he was. Most of the other women there were wearing similar flashy attire but he was a guy wearing a dress.

Attending the service was awkward but the reception after was unnerving. Everyone accepted him as Sweetie, Mrs. Jones' neighbor girl but having to interact with other people and especially dance with boys frayed his nerves. As soon as they entered the VFW hall, Domino and Tanisha ran up to him, grabbed his hands and began pulling him towards a table.

Domino was a short tubby girl with big boobs and round ass wearing an emerald green knee length satin dress. It had a low rounded neckline exposing most of her assets. Her hair was in tight cornrows, piled and interwoven on top of her head in a big bun. Tanisha was willowy with smaller breasts but the same big butt wearing a red sequined satin mini-sheath dress. The hem of her dress barely covered her crotch. Her hair was in a big hair page boy style lacquered stiffly in place.

"I'm so glad Aunt Candice brought you. Come with us, we have a table saved over here," Domino happily greeted taking his hand.

"I just love what you did with your hair Sweetie and that dress is gorgeous. We're going to have so much fun. Got a great band and all. Mom even said we could have some champagne when they toast the bride and groom," Tanisha added excitedly taking his other hand.

The first two hours weren't too bad. A buffet was served and Duncan could keep up and participate in the conversation. The only thing embarrassing was having Domino tell the other girls that he didn't have a boyfriend. Of course all the girls wanted to help solve that dilemma, pointing out the eligible boys. What became stressful was when the dishes were being picked up. The band began playing. That was when one of the girls got up and came back leading a boy by the hand.

"Sweetie this is my older brother Ashaun. He thinks you're cute and wants to dance,"

she said almost yelling so Duncan could hear over the music.

Ashaun was chunky, wore glasses and about two inches shorter than Duncan wearing his heels. It was a rap song and Duncan had no idea you could even dance to such music. All he could do was watch the other girls and mimic their moves. He was happy when the music ended but didn't take two steps before his arm was grabbed.

"Get lost shit head!" he heard as the person that grabbed his arm shoved Ashaun away. "What's a hot bitch like you dancing with that loser?" he said pulling Duncan into an embrace and kissing him full on the lips.

When the kiss broke, Duncan stepped back gasping. Shocked at being kissed yelled, "Not dancing with you! Now let me go!"

The boy's grip only tightened on his arm making Duncan wince in pain. "I said we gonna dance," he said with a mean look in his eyes.

The boy was big, all muscle with a ton of gold plated necklaces and large fake diamond studs in his ears. The top four front teeth had been capped in gold. There were tribal tattoos on the sides of his glistening bald head. This was definitely someone Duncan didn't want to mess with even in full boy mode. He was about to pee his panties when Jerome walked up.

"DaMarkus that's enough. Let Sweetie go. You don't want Big John seeing you interrupt his wedding day, do you?" Jerome said taking Duncan's free hand and pulling him free.

"DaMarkus is okay when he's sober. Been smoking and drinking most of the day but he won't give you any more trouble. He aint high enough to piss off Big John," Jerome said as they walked back to the tables.

"Who's Big John an...and thanks by the way," Duncan replied greatly relieved.

"Big John, let's just say he's Aunt Candice's big brother and my uncle. He sort of runs things on our turf. You might want to repair that lipstick," he responded with a broad smile as they got to the table.

The rest of the reception wasn't as harrowing but did dance frequently with Jerome. Duncan didn't want to, particularly the slow ones but figured owed a debt of gratitude. It had the additional advantage of keeping the other boys away. Fortunately slow songs were few and far between. The loud music made talking difficult and Duncan thought Jerome nice but possessive. As they were sitting together if another young man approached, one look from Jerome and they were gone. He had no problems with Jerome scaring other boys away. What bothered him was the way Jerome kept his arm around Duncan's shoulders or on his butt when they danced.

"I don't like sitting this close to him or the way he keeps playing touchie-feelie with my leg and shoulders. Like I have any choice. I owe him for saving my ass, he seems nice but I'm not into boys," he thought.

He was greatly relieved once the reception ended and they headed home. As soon as he got in the car kicked off his heels. His poor feet and legs were throbbing.

"I can't wait to get out of this dress and wash my hair," he sighed leaning back in the seat.

"Wash your hair? After all the work Jasmin put into it and the expense. That set should last two months if you keep it dry. Maybe longer. A little hairspray once in a while is all you need to maintain it. So just forget about getting it wet for the foreseeable future," Mrs. Jones ordered.

“Sweetie it’s nice to have you here and helping around the house but I’m not a charity. You need to pay your way to cover the additional expense of you living here. I think two hundred a month should do. It’s either that or find someplace else,” Mrs. Jones said one morning a few days after the wedding.

“Pay rent?” Duncan said surprised. *“I do all the housework, even cook some of the meals and she wants me to pay her? My folks have disowned me because of what she’s made me do. Dad won’t even let mom talk to me much less back in the house. Shit! What am I going to do?”* he thought.

“Yes,” she replied. “I think I’m being reasonable considering the cost of food, electricity and such. Your parents kicked you out and I felt sorry for you. However I’m not financially obligated to take care of you though I feel a certain responsibility to keep a pervert off the streets.”

“Bu....but I can’t aff..afford to pay that much,” he stuttered dazed by her demand.

“You have that college fund,” she responded.

“I can’t do that! Not now that my folks kicked me out. It’s all I have to go to college,” he answered.

“Then get a job but in any case if you want to stay here...,” Mrs. Jones left the rest unsaid.

“Get a job? Looking like this?” he gasped.

“Why not? You look and pretty much act like any other teen girl. So what’s the problem?” she asked.

“I’m not a girl!” he angrily snapped letting his frustration get the better of him.

“No, you’re not! You’re a panty sniffing wanker! You ever take that tone with me again and you can get your ass out of my house,” she spat.

“I’m sorry,” he answered as tears began flooding down his face. “I would walk out of here in a second but I don’t have a car. The car I should have bought with my savings. Money I had to spend on all this female shit. Hell, I don’t even have any boy’s clothing. Now she wants me to use up my college fund to pay rent. My parents hate me, I have no friends, and my life sucks. Damn! I almost forgot school starts in a couple of weeks. How am I going to school looking like this?” he thought.

“Alright Mrs. Jones I don’t have any choice. School starts in two weeks. I need new uniforms and school supplies so I guess I’d have to dig into my college savings anyway,” he added resigned to his new life situation.

“I’m glad you agree Sweetie and to show you that I’m not being malicious I got you a part time job. You’ll be working for my brother, Big John. He needs a hostess from seven to two at one of his clubs on the weekends. I think you’ll fit right in and the pay is good,” she replied.

“Working as a hostess? Don’t you mean a host?” Duncan asked bewildered.

“Hostess. Big John noticed you at the reception and told me he liked what he saw. So you certainly can’t be a host when he only saw a young woman. It pays enough to offset your rent payment to me. Do you think you can find a part time job that pays as much? I seriously doubt it. It’s either you take this opportunity or drain your precious college savings,” she answered with a broad grin.

“Eeerrrr...whe...when do I start?” he asked feeling like the whole world just settled onto his shoulders.

“Next Friday evening,” she replied.

“Evening? I thought you meant in the mornings. I...I don’t know..dressed as a girl...at night and in some club? I don’t know if I can do that,” he said.

“Of course you can. If it makes you feel any better, Jerome works as a part time bar tender there. He can pick you up and bring you home. I’ll give him a call,” she answered picking up her cell.

##

To help Duncan complete his school registration she took his uniform measurements. “Thirty-four, twenty-five, thirty-four with a twenty-eight inseam,” she said putting the tape measurer down. “You realize Sweetie with these measurements, your uniforms will have to be drastically altered. I’m not even sure that can be done. I mean your male slacks would have to have a thirty-five inch waist to get over your bottom. It’s either that or get the girl’s uniforms. I understand those uniforms include slacks. They just don’t make men’s pants to fit your narrow waist and big butt. It would be so much cheaper and easier if we did that,” she said much to his dismay.

What she didn’t tell him was that he had full A-cup plus sized breasts. Mrs. Jones was more than pleased that his “diet” pills were doing what they were supposed to do. His lack of facial hair proved her “moisturizing” cream was doing its job as well.

“Mrs. Jones I...I can’t order the girls’ uniform. I’ll be an even bigger laughing stock when I go back. It was bad enough last year when I had to wear those altered pants,” he wailed.

“If that’s what’s bothering you so much then you can drop out....or you could register as transgender. I understand the school district has very explicit none discrimination, anti-bullying guidelines. Besides if you’re staying under my roof, you will adhere to my step program. That means you will be wearing panties and bras to school no matter what. Plus you will have to pick up your uniforms either wearing a dress, skirt and blouse or your short shorts and blouse. You have nothing else to choose from. So either drop out or take my suggestion. Either way I don’t care,” she tartly replied.

***“I can’t believe she wants me to register as transgender. I’m not gay and certainly don’t want to change my sex. Everyone is going to laugh or worse behind my back no matter what I do. Still I have to graduate this year. It’s my only real hope of getting away and my life back,”* he sadly thought as Mrs. Jones left his room.**

Later that afternoon Duncan approached Mrs. Jones. “Alright, I tried to do what you suggested. Since everyone is calling me Sweetie, I registered as Sweetie Elliot. The only problem is that the school wants a doctor’s certificate stating that I’m that way. Something I don’t have and probably couldn’t get anyway.”

“Sweetie that won’t be a problem. I’m sure my doctor will be happy to provide you with the necessary paperwork. Let me make a call,” Mrs. Jones responded happily.

Three days later Duncan was looking at the paperwork Mrs. Jones had given him. It clearly stated that Sweetie (Duncan) Elliot had been living as a full time girl for over a year, undergoing HRT and supervised treatment. It was signed by a Doctor Gillian Washington, M.D. Ph.D. He wasn’t sure what HRT was but knew damn well he had never seen a doctor Washington.

“I don’t know how she did it but this looks official enough. Guess I might as well re-submit my registration with this. All I have to do now is somehow get through my

senior year,” he mused grabbing his lap top.

Deep down he hoped the school district would see Doctor Washington as the fraud she was but that didn’t happen. He was accepted for his senior year as Sweetie Elliot. Making his new identity more permanent, Mrs. Jones took him to the DMV where his learner’s permit and picture were corrected. With copies of his new learner’s permit, school registration and doctor’s letter a new social security card was requested. In short order Duncan Elliot ceased to exist and Sweetie Elliot took his place.

MRS. JONES’ STEP PROGRAM

Part Six

By Cheryl Lynn

Duncan was embarrassed walking into the uniform shop. He was wearing a translucent pale yellow poly blouse, gray and red plaid skirt, gray pantyhose and red three inch pumps. His bright yellow camisole with its lacy bodice easily seen through the blouse. Mrs. McNulty who had known him since grade school waited on him.

“So it’s Sweetie now,” she greeted with a disapproving look. “Just a minute and I’ll get your uniforms.”

She placed the white cardboard box with his name, Sweetie (Duncan) Elliot, on the counter and removed the top. The starched white dress shirts were pretty much the same except the collars were rounded and the school emblem stitched in pink. He was surprised not to see any trousers. He had specifically indicated on the order form pants but given tan straight skirts.

“These are all skirts. I ordered the slacks,” he said confused.

“Guess they were out of stock Sweetie. Besides, I think a girl like you is better off wearing skirts. Just sign the receipt. I have other things to do,” Mrs. McNulty curtly replied. The way she stressed the word “girl” and tone, Duncan knew she disapproved.

“Crap! I guess I should have expected that considering how my life is so fucked up,” he thought going to Mrs. Jones’ car.

He was surprised when she pulled into the parking lot of the tailor shop. “Why are we stopping here?” he asked.

“You need to get your skirts hemmed then we need to stop back at the Lady’s Civic Club store,” she stated with a slight smile.

“The Civic Club? Why there?” he asked.

“You start working for Big John this Friday remember. You need some nice dresses to wear if you’re going to be a proper hostess,” she answered.

“These uniforms were expensive and now she wants me to spend even more of my college fund buying dresses. When is all this going to end?” he thought.

They weren’t in the tailor shop long but Duncan was blushing as they left. His uniform skirts came with a hem reaching just above the knee. They were now four inches higher. The fit altered tighter around his butt and the minimum length allowed by the school district.

“My senior year is going to be so much worse than last year. Those slacks were one thing but these skirts...” he thought getting back into the car.

They spent the rest of the morning at the Lady’s Civic Club shop. There he tried on dress after dress until Mrs. Jones was satisfied. Duncan wound up with three after five dresses, matching shoes and two hundred less in his college fund.

The first dress she selected was an Eva Franco Zander metallic brocade hi-low dress in a flake champagne color. It was well above the knee, double V-neckline and sleeveless. She found a pair of Calvin Klein dress sandals in a dark gold metallic stingray leather upper and three and quarter inch heels to go with it. The second, a Tadashi Shoji illusion neck sequined lace dress in a mystic blue color. It had cap sleeves and bateau neckline in a sheath style that hugged his body. A pair of Pelle Mode Jolene dress sandals were found to match. They had a leather/silk upper with stone detailing strap, half inch platform and four inch covered stiletto heel. The final dress was a S.L. Fashions chiffon tulip four tiered sheath in a comet fuchsia, sleeveless with a low round neckline. A pair of Antonio Melani bryana jeweled t-strap sandals with four inch covered heels completed his purchases.

When he commented about the price at checkout, the clerk smiled and replied. “Sweetie, those are all designer. If they hadn’t been donated and purchased new, you would have spent well over a thousand. You should be very happy.”

After a light lunch they headed to the mall. Duncan with three designer dresses obviously needed new lingerie and accessories. They left the mall with twelve packets of fishnet stockings, three high waist embroidered garter belts and three strapless gel padded uplift satin bras. From other stores two clutch purses, six pairs of chandelier earrings and several metal bangles matching his dresses.

“More out of my college fund. I don’t want to be a hostess much less appear in public wearing those dresses. At this rate I have no option but to take that job with Mrs. Jones’ big brother,” he thought.

##

Friday night Duncan wore his Eva Franco dress with his Calvin Klein sandals. For underwear had on his new satin gel padded white strapless bra. He wasn’t happy about how the bra added a full cup size or the way it pushed up his flesh. The V-neckline revealed way too much of rounded flesh to make him comfortable. The white floral garter belt squeezed his waist uncomfortably. Feeling the garter belt’s straps pulling on his white fishnets with each step new but not so uncomfortable.

He spent a little more time on his glamor makeup blending three shades of golden earth tone shadows then adding a bit of glitter. Like with varnishing his oval nails in a bright white gel, his beauty rituals were becoming easier with each passing day. His hair was still plastered to the sides of his head but Mrs. Jones said he would soon need a touch-up. Not having to style his hair did save some time but he hated it.

Duncan was getting worried as Mrs. Jones drove deeper into town. It was an area he knew about but never dared venture. Many of the store fronts were boarded up. What shops open were either small liquor, quickie marts or pawn stores. Trash was piled on the curbs and pedestrians were all minorities.

“Mrs. Jones I thought we were going to a nice club?” he asked afraid of what her answer would be.

“This the hood I grew up in. It can be very dangerous especially at night. We’re going to my brother’s place where you’ll be perfectly safe. It’s called the Wanna Bees. He

owns several others but you'll fit in better here. You just remember two things. Keep a big smile on your face all the time and do exactly what you're told without argument. Jerome is tending bar and will bring you home unless you fuck up, get fired and kicked out," she replied.

"I'm so screwed! Dressed like this I wouldn't last two minutes in this neighborhood," his mind wailed as he grabbed a tissue from his clutch to blot the tears beginning to form.

The Wanna Bees was a standalone, lavender painted cinder block building surrounded by an asphalt parking lot. A neon sign on the front with a large pink flamingo at each end flashed, "Bees Place." A very big man with skin as dark as ebony opened the steel door for them to enter. His head was clean shaven, glistening in the neon glow and built like a bowling ball. Duncan doubted the man could put his arms straight down if his life depended on it. Still the man scared him.

"Miss. Candice, Big Daddy he be waiting for you in his office," was all he said flashing bright white teeth.

Entering there was another man standing just inside the doorway who just smiled broadly. Duncan assumed he was probably a bouncer. His heart skipped a beat when, in passing saw the glint of a gun butt in the man's tight fitting jeans.

Following Mrs. Jones he nervously glanced around the fairly large rectangular building. Off to his right was a nice sized wooden dance floor with a raised DJ station and small horse shoe stage. Directly in front a long oaken bar and to the left tables, chairs and booths. From the ceiling hung numerous mirrored balls reflecting the beams of colorful laser lights. The music system was pounding out deep base disco music. It was loud and could feel the vibrations but not oppressively so.

Big Daddy's office wasn't very big. Most of it was filled by a gunmetal desk, two wooden chairs, a red leather couch and filing cabinets. A door was partially open off to the side revealing a small restroom. The pungent smell of cigar smoke and alcohol pervasive as they entered.

Other than being black, Big Daddy reminded Duncan of one of those Italian mafia capos he saw in the movies. He was late middle aged, relatively short, fat with slicked back lacquered hair. His shirt was open revealing a wiry thick mat of hair and more gold chains than he could count. His eyes had a feral pig like look and blubbery lips.

Seeing Mrs. Jones Big Daddy immediately stood and putting his cigar into a large ashtray came around the desk. "Miss. Candice, it's an honor to see you again. Please take my seat," he said smiling broadly gesturing to his upholstered executive chair.

"Thank you Big Daddy but I won't be staying. I just wanted to introduce you to Sweetie. The one my brother told you about, so don't do anything stupid," she stated then turning her attention to Duncan added. "You do exactly what Big Daddy tells you. When Jerome brings you home make damn sure you don't wake me."

For a second Duncan wondered why Mrs. Jones had told Big Daddy not to do something stupid instead of him. That thought was brief as he watched her turn on her heels and leave. He was alone, in a part of town that made his bones shake in fear and with a clearly dangerous man.

"Alright Sweetie, just sign where I've done made them red checks then I'll get you started," he said going back behind his desk and pulling some papers from a folder.

After signing the employment forms further identifying him as Sweetie Elliot (F), Duncan was taken to meet Trisha Pink. Trisha was a tall willowy somewhat pretty

middle aged woman. What made her stand out was her cotton candy pink bouffant hair and very full puckered lips painted in a glistening matching color. She was wearing an ankle length pink sequined cocktail dress with low sweeping neckline and slit running up to the hip on the left side. The neckline revealing a good portion of small melon sized chocolate breasts. The side slit opening to show a white nyloned shapely leg and six inch pink sequined pumps.

"Pink here is the senior hostess. She'll tell you what and what not to do. Pink this the new one I told you about, Sweetie," Big Daddy said then giving Trisha a pat on her very round butt walked off.

"Call me Pink everybody does. So you're the new hostess," she said in a surprisingly deep voice checking Duncan out. "Well, come on, I'll show you the breakroom. Most of the other girls should be there by now."

"I can see why everyone calls her Pink but I wonder how many hostesses does this place need to show people to their seats?" Duncan naively thought.

"You ever waited tables before?" Pink asked as she led him towards the stage area.

"Huh? I..I no...I thought I was to show people to their seats an..and give them the menus," he replied confused.

Duncan's answer brought Pink to an abrupt halt and she turned to face him. "Does this place look like a fuckin restaurant to you! Gawd why me? Look kid, ya gonna be takin drink orders n being real nice to da customers. Do dat an we'll get along just fine," she said sounding frustrated.

"A waitress? Mrs. Jones didn't say anything about me being a waitress much less in a bar. What has she gotten me into now," he thought with a shiver.

##

The breakroom was behind the stage, while not very wide ran the width of the building. There was a restroom on the far end and two tiers of school lockers on the other. Most of the length of the room had individual lighted, mirrored vanity stations. Six girls of varying ages but mostly in their early twenties were either putting on makeup or chatting as they walked in.

"Okay you wanna bees! Listen up. This here be Sweetie our new hostess. She's a virgin to the business, so be nice. Shanta you teach her the ropes and don't get no ideas like you done had for that other girl. This one has *connections*, so y'all play nice nice," she said emphasizing "connections," then facing Duncan added, "You listen n do what Shanta tells ya. Unless she tells ya to take a customer to the Pink room or go on stage, I doan wanna hear no bitchin. Fer now Big Daddy don't want ya near the Pink room or on stage."

"What the hell is the Pink room and do I even want to know?" he thought as Shanta walked up to him.

Shanta was a light skinned black girl in an emerald green sequined figure hugging sheath dress. She was at least six foot tall wearing five inch spike heeled emerald strappy sandals. Her hair hung down below her shoulders in tightly woven corn rows. Her full lips painted a glossy ruby red and her eye shadows a blending of mint, seafoam and shamrock sprinkled with glitter.

"Sweetie huh? That your stage name honey?" she asked in a husky voice.

"Stage name? Errr no, it's my...my name," he replied confused then added, "Why would I need a...a stage name?"

“You’re really a virgin aint ya? Kid you have any idea of what this place is? This is a gay strip club!” Shanta said laughingly.

“A gay bar? Bu....but I’m not like that. Mrs. Jones didn’t say anything about me working...working in a gay bar,” Duncan replied shocked.

“Mrs. Jones, Big John’s sister? So that be your connection,” she thought then said, “Don’t matter if you’re gay or not but I have to teach you the ropes. Come on let me introduce you to the other wanna bees.”

“Wanna bees?” he asked.

“Yeah, we all be like you. Just wanna be girls,” she answered with a chuckle.

“These girls are all guys? Crap! What has she gotten me into? I don’t want to be a girl, much less work in this place. Like I have any friggin choice now,” he thought.

The job Mrs. Jones had obtained for him wasn’t anything like he had imagined. He had spent his shift sticking as close to Shanta as he could. The touching, slaps and pinches to his ass while not painful burned like hot pokers into his frail ego. The actual work itself not that demanding, take drink orders, deliver the drinks and bus the tables. It took all his self-control not to jump when a customer touched him or keep from crying. He almost lost it when one customer pulled him into his lap and stuck a dollar bill into his bodice. After that his emotions got the better of him during their break. Shanta handed him some tissues and tried to console him.

“Look Sweetie, you be new and all that but get used to it. Getting groped is just part of the job and it gets good tips. You play nice with the customers and you can make two bills easy. If Big Daddy lets you dance and work the Pink room, you can make ten times that. Now pull yourself together,” Shanta instructed.

Yes, he had seen the other “hostesses” gyrate on the small stage. He saw them strip down to pasties and thong and the dollar bills tossed. A shudder of disgust ran up his spine picturing himself doing that.

“Wha...what’s the Pink room?” he dared to ask.

“That’s where we make the real money. If a customer wants something more personal then that’s where we take them. Fifty for a lap dance, C-note for oral and two for anal. We split fifty-fifty with the house and they make sure nothing nasty happens,” she replied.

“Shit! She not only has me working in a gay strip club but a whore house to boot. At least Pink said I wouldn’t be working there or the stage. I could never do that. It makes me sick just thinking about it,” he thought as another shiver ran up his back.

By the time his shift was over Duncan was more than ready to leave. It had been a harrowing night, almost nightmarish. He also had fifty dollars in crinkled ones that had been stuffed into his stocking tops and bodice. After his crying jag in the break room, Shanta only made things worse.

“This is Sweetie. She’s new and aint never done this before. So play nice,” she had said stressing “aint.”

Telling the customers Duncan had never worked the bar scene only encouraged the men and a few ladies. More hands than he could count had rubbed his arms and thighs or patted his ass. A few had even pulled him into their laps. The worst had been a bull dyke who reminded Duncan of Brianna from the “Game of Thrones” except she wasn’t wearing armor. She had pulled him into her lap and squeezed his breasts.

“Damn, itty bitty titties but they’re friggin real,” she said stuffing a dollar into his

cleavage.

He felt used but most of all, dirty. Duncan desperately wanted to take a long hot bath. He had one more hurdle to get over, Jerome. He had no idea how Jerome would react to knowing that he was really a boy. Mrs. Jones had told him that her nephew thought he was a girl. It was a reason she used to convince him to dress as one. It was one thing having a whole group of strangers knowing his secret but someone he knew was different.

Duncan's fears subsided when Jerome took his elbow to lead him out to his car with a broad smile. "You look like you been rode hard and put up wet Sweetie. Don't worry, it'll get better after a while once the money starts rolling in," he said putting the car into gear.

As they rode Jerome did almost all the talking mostly about himself, the club and aspirations. Duncan was shocked at some of his revelations. Jerome grew up in an entirely different world than he had. The hood was a very different place than the suburbs.

"You...you're not mad at me?" Duncan finally ventured as they pulled into Mrs. Jones' driveway.

"Mad? Why should I be mad?" he responded.

"Cause...because....," Duncan stuttered making a sweeping gesture at what he was wearing.

"Hell no. Actually I'm happy to know who you really are under all that finery. I'm bi and partial to girlie boys. Me and Shanta had a thing going there for a time until she found that artsy guy," Jerome answered with an ear to ear grin.

Duncan didn't know how to respond to Jerome's statement at first. *"He isn't mad which is good but I don't like the way he's looking at me. There's something about him. Getting beat up is one thing but that look in his eyes scares me. Got to think of something to say but what....,"* he thought then said, "I'm glad you're not mad at me. We can just be friends."

"Just be friends? Oh no, I want to be more than that. After all, I'm one hell of a guy and you're...well you're you. Plus, unless you find someone else to bring you home after work, you need me," he replied reaching over and pulling Duncan's head close, kissing him full on the lips.

Duncan couldn't get out of the car soon enough. As he slammed the car door shut Jerome's hearty laughter was ringing in his ears. "Just consider that a partial payment for bringing you home Sweetie."

##

Duncan's anxieties were not lessened with the arrival of Monday. Monday was the first day of his senior year and he was wearing the girl's uniform. He was also wearing full evening makeup which the vast majority of girls in his school saved for dates. His makeup, lacquered hair, mid-thigh ass hugging skirt would make him stand out. Duncan was so used to dressing this way, he didn't give his appearance much thought. Standing in front of his full length mirror Duncan was worried though.

"I've been looking forward to the start of school but not like this. So much has happened over the summer. If I had known two years ago when Mrs. Jones first showed me that video, I would have let her call the cops. It would have been humiliating but I'd still be me. Look at me now! I look like a girl, I talk like a girl and I

even move like one. When I confronted her about working at Wanna Bees and what Jerome did she just laughed. Told me it completed her step program and I wasn't a panty sniffing wanker any more. Like I could wank with this damn chastity she has me in. Said I could leave any time I wanted. As if. Thanks to her I don't have a car, my family has disowned me and no friends. Making matters worse, I have a horrible job, get groped and kissed by Jerome. Now I'm stuck having to go to school looking like this and registered as Sweetie. I'll be the biggest laughing stock in school history but I have too. It's the only way for me left," he thought.

The first day of school was typical of every other first day Duncan had gone to. Find his locker, find his class room and listen to the standard lectures from his teachers. Only this time he was attending as a girl, in the proper uniform and getting leered at by the boys. No one seemed to connect Duncan Elliot to Sweetie Elliot. Sweetie was just the "new" girl to the other students. Even Rodger and Billy when they passed him in the hall didn't recognize their former best friend. They did comment that the new girl had great looking legs and fine ass. Remarks Duncan fortunately didn't hear but fully aware of the looks guys were giving him.

"I thought everyone would be giving me all kinds of grief coming to school like this. I never expected to be leered at like a piece of meat though. It gives me the creeps. How do girls put up with that?" he thought.

Arriving back at the house Duncan was greeted by Mrs. Jones. She was wearing a red satin flare legged jump suit. Her usual full makeup and five inch spiked heeled white strappy sandals. The top of the suit was open enough to reveal a good portion of her plump breasts. She was definitely "hot" in any man's opinion but his penis didn't even twitch. A year ago he would have been ram rod straight but now nothing. Locked in chastity and on hormones for so long, combined with the humiliating step program, had their intended effect.

"Good you're home," she greeted. "Get your apron, the kitchen floor needs mopping and waxing."

"Mrs. Jones I'm paying you rent now. I shouldn't have to be your maid too," he replied with as much bravado as he could muster.

"Don't get uppity with me Sweetie. As long as you're staying here, you will continue cleaning and cooking. I let you slack off over the weekend since you're working, so get busy or get out!" she angrily said.

Two days later when Duncan arrived at the house Mrs. Jones had a surprise for him. "I got you this since you consider yourself my maid. Go put it on then get to work," she instructed handing him a maid's uniform. It was a black above the knee short sleeved A-line nylon dress with white cuffs and rounded collar. Pinned to the uniform was a white with floral lace frill starched maid's cap.

"Please Mrs. Jones don't make me wear this. I'll do the chores but if anyone sees me dressed like this, I'll just die," he replied tearing up.

"Stop being a drama queen Sweetie. You were the one who said I was treating you like a maid. So the uniform is appropriate. Now no more complaints. I have guests coming over shortly. Once you've changed make some finger sandwiches and tea. Go on, don't dawdle," she instructed.

"I don't know how much more humiliation I can take. First she has me working as a hostess in a gay strip club now this. I could pack some clothing in a couple of trash bags and hitch a ride some place but where would that leave me? I'd have to live off my college savings and lucky to find a job flipping burgers. My life sucks!" he thought

going to his room.

Duncan blushed as he opened the door for Mrs. Jones' guests. It was Tanisha and her mother. Tanisha had a surprised look while her mother gave him a wry smile. His blush deepened as he stepped back to let them in. The next two hours were indeed embarrassing but he didn't die.

Friday and it was time for Duncan to go back to his weekend job at Wanna Bees. Now that he knew what was in store for him dreaded it; yet, like everything else in his life had no choice. The hormones had changed his mental chemistry to some degree but Mrs. Jones' program had done the most damage. He was now legally considered a transsexual named Sweetie. He had developed B-cup breasts and penis locked away. Graduating and going to college wouldn't change that. He would still have to be Sweetie. All his school and employment records identified him as Sweetie Elliot and female. Duncan didn't have the resources to alter his situation. The only benefit of going to college was getting away from Mrs. Jones.

This time Big Daddy gave him three tables to wait on. His only instruction was too shake his bootie and make the customers happy. After telling him what to do, Big Daddy slapped him on the ass before walking off.

"At least he didn't tell me to work the stage or go into the Pink Room," Duncan thought as he picked up a tray.

By the time his shift was over Duncan was mentally exhausted. His station was towards the back and didn't get that many customers. However his were a bit more rowdy, rubbing his thighs, slapping his butt even squeezing his breasts. Now he had to face Jerome and hoped he wouldn't demand a good night kiss. The trip to the house didn't start off good for Duncan. As he was escorted over to the car, Jerome's large hand clamped onto Sweetie's ass cheek and squeezed. To Duncan's horror they didn't drive more than a few blocks before turning into a darkened side street.

"Sweetie I watched you all night as you swished that fine ass of yours. If you weren't wearing that long dress I'd want to tap it but....but I'll settle for a good blow," Jerome said turning off the engine.

"Bl...blow?" Duncan gasped in disbelief.

"Yeah, either that or you can walk the rest of the way home. That is unless you want me to tap that fine ass of yours," Jerome replied smiling ear to ear.

"I can't do that! I'm not gay!" Duncan answered shocked at the very idea.

"Look bitch, you got me all hot and bothered so you gonna do something about it. If you don't, you got a long dangerous walk home," he snapped.

"Jerome please, I'm not like that. Look, here, I have almost a hundred dollars. It's all yours. Just take me back to the house," Duncan plead digging into his purse.

"Unless you beg me to let you suck my dick bitch, you start walkin'," Jerome demanded.

"I wouldn't make it two blocks in this neighborhood. I've never done what he wants much less had anyone do it to me. Shit! Shit!" he thought.

Duncan was in the bathroom fully dressed after Jerome dropped him off. The bottle of mouth wash almost half empty from his attempts to get rid of the taste of him. His arms straight out, palms pressed flatly on the counter top on each side of the sink, Duncan spit one final time.

"I can't believe what he made me do. I'm not gay. I never wanted to be like this. Said I

was gonna be his bitch from now on. Don't think I can do that but I need that job. I can leave whenever I want but where can I go? I'm so screwed," he thought as tears filled his eyes.

Back in his bedroom he undressed down to his chocolate hip hugger satin panties and matching strapless satin bra. He wanted to take a bath but was too exhausted from both work and what Jerome had him do. All he wanted was to go to bed and hopefully forget what happened. Reaching behind his back unhooked the bra and tossed it onto the vanity. Seeing his reflection reached up and cupped the two bared breasts. They easily filled the palms of his hands.

"Even if I leave I'll always have these and she still has me in that chastity thing. I'm more girl now than I ever was a boy much less a man," he ruefully thought.

##

Over the course of the fall and winter semesters Duncan's school work did not improve. He blamed the low grades on having to work at the Wanna Bees and the stress that came with it. By December giving Jerome oral had become just another loathsome chore like cleaning commodes. He had made some friends mostly other girls. However there was one boy in his math class, Austin that initially he felt compassion for.

Austin had a mop of curly black hair, porcelain white skin and oval hairless face. He was the school wimp, picked on and teased by the other boys and a few girls. Besides his small frame what made Austin the object of derision and ridicule was his clothing. His family was poor and he had to wear his older sister's hand-me-downs. He wore the girl's school slacks and white blouse. That was bad enough but he also wore her panties. Most boys couldn't tell the difference between the girl's slacks uniform from their own but knew panties when they saw them during PE. Duncan could relate to Austin's situation and over time became friends. Before the holiday break Austin asked Sweetie to be his date for the semi-formal school dance. At first Duncan was reluctant but the look of desperation in Austin's face made him agree.

"Gosh I really don't want to but I feel sorry for him. I just hope he doesn't show up wearing a prettier dress than me," he thought with a laugh.

Almost as soon as Duncan agreed to be Austin's date he regretted it. Big Daddy wasn't happy about giving him Friday night off. In exchange for giving him the night off Sweetie had to agree to go on stage. Performing would require him to strip down to at least a thong and pasties. It would be another humiliation but would add to his tip earnings. His salary paid Mrs. Jones her rent and board. The tips added another couple of hundred he could deposit in his college fund each month.

The problem he really had with going on stage was having to strip. Wearing just a thong would reveal his chastity device. Mrs. Jones had rarely removed it, only for hygiene purposes in the past. When she did that he was blindfolded and hands tied behind his back. Fondling his pride and joy was just a distant memory now. In that respect Mrs. Jones' step program had worked. Sniffing panties while jerking off held no erotic thrills nor was there any desires to do so. When he told Mrs. Jones that Big Daddy wanted him on the stage, she was more than happy to remove his device.

"So you're gonna be a performing artiste now. Good. You have just completed the second to last step in my program. I'm still tempted to leave you in chastity but I can see the disadvantages if you're dancing. Drop your panties and I'll get the key," she said smiling from ear to ear.

“Errr Mrs. Jones...wha...what is the final step?” he dared to ask.

When he completed her program she had promised to give him all the videos and photos. It didn’t really matter now if she exposed him as the only people who didn’t know, were his school mates. The people at Wanna Bees certainly wouldn’t give a damn if he was a panty sniffing wanker. Still he would be happier if it was all destroyed.

“When you join the other girls in The Pink Room Sweetie,” she said as the chastity fell away.

“Never!” he gasped stepping back.

“Don’t be so hasty. I know what you have been doing for Jerome so what’s the big deal? What you’ve been doing for free could make you some good money. More than enough to get you into that school you want to go to by graduation. I’m not telling you to do it but to finish my program it’s the final step. Just think about it Sweetie,” she informed him.

***“I guess she has a point. I’ve been sucking off Jerome for months now. So what’s the difference if I do it with some customers? Plus after the club gets its cut I could bank over a grand a week. In a few months I could get a car and maybe my own place. Shit! I don’t want to do that but I’m going to have to think about it,”* he thought.**

##

By mid-January Duncan had had enough of Jerome and purchased a used car. Having transportation along with the added expenses put a dent into his college savings. Working the stage and exposing his body while lip syncing “I just wanna be loved by you” made him good tips. Not quite enough to offset his expenses but close enough. Big Daddy and the other girls were pressuring him to start working The Pink Room but so far he resisted. Mrs. Jones mentioned it a few times but otherwise pretty much left him alone. However two things happened to make him change his mind.

It was a cold crisp early morning when Sweetie was leaving the club that his tires were slashed. With no choice accepted a ride from Jerome and paid the required price. A week later upon leaving again discovered he had four flats. Those tires had put him back almost a thousand and now he needed new ones. When he complained about the lack of security to Big Daddy, Duncan realized he had no choice.

“Look Sweetie I can’t be held responsible about that,” Big Daddy explained. “Albert can’t leave the front door to check the lot. Probably some a-hole customer upset you didn’t accept his offer to go into The Pink Room. I suggest if’n ya don’t want flat tires ya work the room.”

The way Big Daddy answered him Duncan knew he was being set up. He convinced himself that if he just gave out lap dances and blow jobs he could work the room. For the first couple of months he made his customers don a rubber but learned if he swallowed an extra twenty was put into his bra. He absolutely drew the line when he was asked for anal. With an insistent customer, he would tell them he was a virgin and intended to stay that way. Sweetie didn’t realize what a big mistake that was until too late. Once the word got out, customers were offering very big incentives. Money big enough to get Big Daddy’s attention as Wanna Bees got fifty percent.

Over the ensuing four months Duncan’s life went on pretty much as it had been. He was making good money now performing on stage and in the Pink Room. So far he had limited his activities in the Pink Room to lap dances and blow jobs. About the only enjoyable thing in his life was spending some time with Austin. No he didn’t show up

for the big dance in a dress but well-worn blue poly suit. Despite his initial reluctance Duncan had a good time and they began dating. They usually hooked up in the middle of the week for a movie but manly just hung out at a local Starbucks. Austin proved to be funny and super smart when it came to anything to do with computers. After the senior prom, Duncan told Austin who he really was. To his everlasting surprise Austin said that he already knew. He worked part time in the school's registration office updating records and fixing computers when they went down.

"Look Sweetie I've known who you were from the beginning of school and it doesn't matter. You've become very special to me. Actually you're the only real friend I have and I love you for that. I always will," Austin had said bringing tears to Duncan's eyes.

With graduation Duncan was accepted into college but no scholarship offered. His current college fund had enough money to fund his first year maybe two. He figured if he continued at Wanna Bees for the summer, he would have most of what he needed combined with student loans for all four years. As a graduation present Mrs. Jones gave him all the videos and pictures which took a load off his mind. Getting them meant he was finally free of her step program. He was no longer a panty sniffing wanker either. The hormones and chastity had really seen to that. His freed penis and testicles were shrunken and incapable of getting an erection. Over the past two plus years his body had changed to the point where he had to accept he could never be a real man again. He was almost nineteen now and college just a few short months away. He could work at Wanna Bees to build his college fund for that long.

##

In early June Duncan was surprised to see the club packed when he arrived. Sunday usually was the slowest night. He was even more surprised when Pink called him over and handed him a Buttery Nipple shot. Other than passing out pay envelopes, he had little contact with Pink much less given a drink.

"Tonight be sumthin special. Come on drink up," she said holding up her liquored shot.

"What's so special?" he asked after downing the sweet drink.

"Big Daddy he be havin an auction. Here have another shot with me," Pink replied giving him another Buttery Nipple.

Duncan's head was already spinning from the first shot. After he swallowed the second everything was becoming hazy and distorted. He was aware of Big Daddy joining them and taking his hand. A blur then he was standing on stage, his fancy dress pooled around his ankles. There was a lot of shouting and some wolf whistles. Everything was out of focus but Duncan was feeling wonderful. His eyesight was filled with dancing colors, his blood pulsed to the sound of the bass beat in the music and his skin tingled. Next he was being led off stage by some man. For a moment, only a moment, Duncan wondered where he was going wearing just his chocolate satin bra, matching garter belt and panties. He decided it didn't matter only the euphoric sensations filling his brain did.

Duncan slowly opened his eyes, his head was pounding and mouth filled with cotton. *"What happened? I think I only had two drinks but I feel like I drank a gallon. Oh gawd I hurt all over,"* he thought.

As his eyes adjusted to the dimness of the room realized he was in the Pink Room. His knees were on the floor and his upper body draped across the red leatherette couch. It wasn't just his head pounding as he became aware of the burning pain coming from his anus. Duncan shakenly got to his feet and surveyed the room. His panties, gown

and purse were on a nearby table. Realization came when he saw six used condoms scattered on the floor. Duncan bent double and spewed what was left in his stomach. "The bastards drugged and raped me! I've got to get out of here," his mind screamed. When Duncan opened his purse he found over five thousand dollars in one hundred dollar bills and a note. "Sweetie this here is your cut. Before you do something stupid, remember where you work and who you work for. Now be a good wanna bee, go home and get some rest. We expect you to work the Pink Room regularly from now on, Big Daddy." "That son of a bitch!" Duncan said wadding up the note and flinging it to the floor.

Epilog:

Duncan did go back to Mrs. Jones' house to clean up and pack his things. He was gone by the time she woke. His only stop on his way to college was Austin's house to say goodbye. He was surprised when Austin kissed him full on the mouth. It was their second kiss, the first after the Senior Prom and it made him tingle. He rented a cheap apartment close to campus and got a job waiting table in a restaurant. It paid less than minimum wage but the tips were good. He settled into a comfortable routine accepting he was Sweetie now and forever more. Shortly after he arrived Duncan did go to a gender clinic. There he was informed what he already knew, there was no going back. His only option was to undergo SRS but couldn't afford it. So he kept taking prescribed hormones and lived as Sweetie full time. He was a very good student and graduated in three years. With degree in hand moved to another state and began working at a startup internet company. It was company created by his only true friend Austin. Eventually Sweetie now legally known as Mrs. Austin Philips had the operation and life was really good.