

**"My Mother  
Made Me a TS!"**

**Bèbè Talons**

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# “MY MOTHER MADE ME A TS!”

**By Bèbè Talons**

## **AN EXPLANATION: OF SORTS**

One of the most frequently asked questions that I hear is, “Where do you get your story ideas from?”

And the answer, believe it or not, is this, “I don’t know!”

For this story about Ronda, my inspiration came to me decades ago when I was attending a frat party at my university when one of the guys told a joke about something he had seen on a restroom wall.

According to him, someone had written, “My Mother Made Me A Homosexual.” And right below it, someone

else had written, "If I Give Her The Materials, Would She Make Me One Too?"

Of course, we all laughed uproariously at this, all of us being hetero he-men, and I promptly forgot all about it. Until January of this year when several people were gathered for dinner and one of the guests announced, "I'm going for another drink. Can I get one for anyone else?" To which my companion turned and replied, "Would you make one for me too?"

That stupid joke from so long before jumped into my mind.

It was like an explosion of sorts.

And it all came to me in a rush that I was going to write Ronda's story! I knew in a flash where to start, what would happen to my heroine, when it would happen, and the end result, all in one complete little package in my mind.

Why?

There is absolutely no correlation between that stupid joke and Ronda that I can fathom, and yet, when I sat down at the keyboard later that same night and began to type, the words just seemed to flow from my fingers with a life of their own.

I wrote all the rest of that night and it still took me almost three months to write the story. Then another two months of tweaking and polishing and rewriting until I had, what I thought, was the perfect end product.

That's my story and I'm sticking to it.

Bébé Talons

May, 2012

# I

Ronny Blythe was irritated. No, he was *angry*! He sat with his best friend, Kevin Georgio, on the cold greystone steps of his Mother's restored three storey Victorian manor-house. The feeble, early-Spring sunshine couldn't warm him, nor could the cool air cool his rage.

"Damn women anyway!" he exploded. "How do you figure them? They act like they don't want me around and they find fault with everything I do! Now, when I have the chance to leave, they won't hear a word of it!"

His frustration was unbelievable. Pent-up energy was building like steam in an overheated boiler. Kevin, the older boy, knew better than to intrude on his friend, Ronny's dark mood. He watched as the smaller boy's jaw clenched and the tension brought Ronny's forehead into uncommon lines and furrows under his shaggy light blonde hair. Kevin knew that Ronny's tension, like steam, had to find an escape avenue else he would explode! And he preferred that any such explosion be directed anywhere but at him!

Ronny glared at the greening front yard through tightly-slit eyelids.

Silent now, his only movement was his clenched left fist. Inside the white knuckled, grubby little paw, he tried to grind three stones to powder. He loved the sound and texture of the scraping as they collided and groaned in his grasp.

This solitary movement built to a crescendo of boyish effort, pain reaching from the straining fist, through his

arm, to his shoulder and thence to his clenched teeth. It demanded release!

Suddenly, as though sensing a potential target, he shifted imperceptibly and relaxed, then let fly with a single fluid underhanded motion. With only the loss of a tail feather, the robin rose from the lawn, squawking its indignation.

"Damn!" Ronny snapped his fingers with disgusted exasperation. The spell was broken as his fury vented.

"Great! You missed!" Kevin threw his head back as he slapped his knee. A wide grin fractured his freckled face. "You shouldn't throw stones at birds anyway. And, especially not at robins!"

"Yeah, I know," Ronny admitted. "But sometimes I get so damned pissed off that I just have to do something, so I throw things."

Kevin chuckled sympathetically. "Still fighting with your Mom and Sis, eh?"

"You know it!"

"But, hey, why get so upset? You've got to do what they tell you no matter what until you're old enough to do as you please." He paused a moment, and then continued, "Do they still insist you come home from your camping trip early so's you can be in Judy's wedding on Labor Day?"

"S\*\*t! It's worse than that now! Now they say I shouldn't go to California at all! Judy won some dumb State hair-styling contest styling my hair, and now they want me to be her model when she competes in the Goddamn National Perm-Off in Boston! Hell and damnation! Who cares about that? Well, f\*\*k the both of them, I say, no damn woman is going to boss Ronald Robyn Blythe around, no f\*\*\*ing way!"

The two women sitting on the edge of the sofa exchanged glances while they sipped their tea on this early Spring Sunday afternoon. They could not help but overhear Ronny's angry outburst. Only the partially open window and the screen separated them from the lounging boys.

Judy scowled and glared at the coffee table as though it had offended her in some way. "Mother! That boy is impossible! What are we going to do? How long are we to tolerate that insufferable little bas\*\*?"

"Judy, please don't speak ill of your brother!" Dr. Katherine Blythe rose gracefully from the sofa and walked to the fireplace. She picked up the black framed photo of a distinguished looking gentleman from the mantle and stared at it beseechingly, as though seeking the answer to her problems with her son.

Judy thought for the first time that her Mother was looking much older than her forty-three years. Dr. Katherine Kathleen King Blythe, sleek and elegantly beautiful, usually looked ten years younger, but Ronny's behavior was beginning to take its toll on her.

Dr. Blythe sighed. Slowly, reluctantly, she replaced the precious photo on the mantle. Pale and drawn, she faced her daughter. "Judy, you know that your Father's death was much harder on Ronny than on either of us. When he died seven years ago, we were both adults. We were more able to understand and to cope with our loss. But, at almost eight, Ronny only felt deserted. He acts the way that he does now because he still feels betrayed and alone in the world. I'm afraid I haven't been much comfort to him either!"

"I understand all that, Mom, and I am really worried about him. His grades at school have fallen off. He's barely passing now and he used to be an Honors Student.

He's impolite, sassy, argumentative and he gets in fights. He's angry all the time. . . and his language! Pure filth! High blood pressure and a stroke killed Daddy when he was only sixty-two, and now just look at Ronny! If we don't calm him down, and soon, he'll have a heart attack too in just a few years!"

"You're right, of course, Judy. We must do something before he. . ."

"To hell with them!" came another outburst from the porch. "I'm the man of this damned family and I'll do as I damned well please! I'm going to California whether my f\*\*\*ing Mother and sister like it or not!"

"There he goes again, Mother," Judy exclaimed. "How long must we. . ."

"How long must we put up with him? Why, at least until he's twenty-one, his majority, I should imagine."

"Ugh, three more years of that? And he gets worse every day? I am getting so sick and tired of hearing what a man he is and how I should be glad to obey him just because I am only a lowly woman. . ." she complained.

"Yes, he does seem to take a dim view of femininity, Judy. I have heard him make some very thoughtless remarks to girls. He is exceptionally rude and more chauvinistic than your Father ever was, and Ronald Sr. was a male-chauvinist-pig of the first order!"

"Well, he's not *my* Father and he's not *your* husband, so why should we put up with his insolence and disrespect? Mom, he's become a real little ba\*\*\*\*\*!" Judy exploded in pent-up anger.

"Judy! It's not very lady-like to call names!" Dr. Blythe warned. "I have taught you better than that!"

“Ha! Better you had taught my self-important little brother to be lady-like and soft-spoken!” Judy retorted hotly.

Dr. Blythe stared at her daughter in wonderment. “What did you say, Judy?”

“I said Ronny should have been taught better manners.”

“No, you said something about teaching him to be lady-like and soft-spoken. . .”

“Oh, I said, ‘Better you had taught my self-important little brother to be lady-like and soft-spoken too,’” Judy repeated mechanically.

“That’s it!” Dr. Blythe exclaimed.

“What’s *it*?” Judy asked, puzzled.

“Oh, nothing. . .” Dr. Blythe thought for a minute. “Yes. . . well, of course, it’s possible. . . hmmm, Judy, I have an idea. . . but it is rather bizarre and quite extreme. . . No! I’m sure it would improve his behavior, but I should only do it *in extremis*, so to speak. . .” she mused.

“Mother, are you thinking what I think you’re thinking? Could we do it and get away with it?”

“Yes, Judy, that’s exactly what I’m thinking! Anyway, we have several weeks to think about it before school vacation starts. If things do not improve, we’ll have to discuss it anew because I shall need your help,” Dr. Blythe confided.

“Mother, you can depend on me!” Judy vowed vehemently.

“I know I can, Darling, thank you!” She bent and kissed Judy’s parted lips affectionately. Her cool fingertips caressed her daughter’s cheek gently. Judy touched

her mother's hand softly and turned her head, her lips kissing the soft, smooth palm quickly.

"I'll be damned if they can order me around!" came the boy's defiant voice. "I'm going to California, and I'm going to do just as I damned well please, and they can go straight to Hell if they don't like it!"



"Hey, man," Kevin interrupted, "do you think it'll work?"

"It damn well better because I have no intention of letting them run me any more. I'm the man of the family, 'bout time I acted like it!" he shouted.

"Hey, good luck, Bro, you'll need all you can get! Personally, I think that you have got it made, but you have to do what you have to do!"

"Better believe it!" Ronny affirmed.

"Why, that insufferable little snip!" Dr. Blythe gasped. "Man of the house, indeed! I think he's got another think coming!" She kissed at Judy's soft lips tenderly. "Well, Dear, are you still game to try?"

"I'll do anything you say, Mother. . ." Judy whispered and slipped her arms around her Mother's neck as her breath quickened. . .

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Over the next few weeks, the arguments grew hotter and much more personal in nature. Then, after one particularly violent altercation, Ronny was sent to his room in shame. He had been determined that he was going to some week-end blast, some beer party with several graduating Senior boys, and Dr. Blythe was equally determined that he was *not!* "You are only fifteen years old, and as long as you live under this roof, young man, you will do as I say and like it, or else. . ." Katherine had threatened.

"Look, you damn f\*\*\*ing old bitch. . ."

Katherine's palm exploded across her son's mouth, back-handing him viciously. "Shut up, damn you! Just shut the f\*\*k up!" she warned quietly.

Ronny was too surprised to protest, and watched her warily.

Realizing that she now had the upper hand, at least temporarily, she issued her ultimatum. "Go to your room and stay there, Ronald," she ordered. "You may come out for meals only. And, if you try to sneak out to go to the party, I'll have you arrested for drinking alcohol! You are still under-age, whether you realize it or not!"

Ronny stumbled up the stairs to his room. He resented missing the party, but he knew his Mother would do exactly as she had promised! And how *that* state of affairs would look to all his friends? He punched his pillow furiously. "Just you wait and see!" he swore. "I'll teach you that you can't order me around, no how no way, no siree!"

Except that she could! Worse, she would! And, even worse, she *did*!

That evening, Dr. Blythe visited Judy at her apartment. Judy could see that her Mother was greatly upset and listened in amazed shock as the sordid story of Ronny's vituperative tirade unfolded. The woman was crying openly at the end of her summarization and Judy's heart ached for the woman's grief.

"That tears it, Mom," she exploded. "This time he's gone too far! I think it's time we had that little chat we discussed some time ago. Something must be done about that boy, and soon, before it's too late! He's headed for big, big trouble at the rate he's going!" she exclaimed angrily.

"Oh, Judy, I'm so ashamed!" Fresh tears rolled unchecked down Dr. Blythe's cheeks as Judy patted her shoulder in consolation.

"It's not your fault, Mom," Judy soothed.

"Oh, I can't help how I feel," Katherine cried.

"It's not your fault, Mom," Judy repeated. "Now, about that idea of yours. . ."

"We have to retrain him, Judy," Dr. Blythe explained. "We must change his whole outlook. I believe we can best effect this change by bringing him up again, this time as a girl. We must take away all of his masculine aggressiveness and animosity, and replace them with feminine tranquility and acquiescence.

"This can be done partly," she continued, "through the use of a certain drug and hormonal treatment. I have researched the problem and I will be able to get everything of a medical nature through my practice.

"However, that's only a start. Physical change must be reinforced by mental reconditioning. In other words, he must learn to think and react like any other female does. So, what's better than dressing him in skirts and making him learn from scratch?" She watched Judy closely for signs of disapproval.

"Mother! That's great!" Judy enthused. "It's the perfect solution! We can eliminate all his male clothing because I can get everything he'll need to wear through my Boutique. And, we can change him cosmetically at my Salon on State! There is a Charm School scheduled for June and July by Mrs. Baylor, and I am sure we could get him enrolled in a class easily. That will give us three weeks from the end of the high school term and the beginning of Charm School to get him feminized enough to pass. . . as a girl, I mean."

"Yes, I thought that you and I could give him a basic indoctrination as soon as school is out and then continue his instruction mornings and evenings when we aren't working. That would leave him days to practice his lessons. The drugs and hormones will help keep him under control and I'm sure he wouldn't want any of his friends to see him in skirts, heels and make-up, especially his close friend Kevin!"

"That's a fantastic idea, Mom!" Judy chortled, hugging her Mother lovingly, fleetingly. "If he does rebel, we could always threaten him with exposure! I am sure he'd do anything we'd tell him to do to avoid that!"

"It may very well do to sound Kevin out about that very possibility," she mused aloud. "That boy's not as straight as he'd like everyone to think!"

"Mother, what are you saying? Is Kevin a queer?" Judy blushed. "Er. . . I mean, does he like boys that way as well as girls?"

"Let's just say that Kevin has had doubts about his masculinity and let it go at that." Dr. Blythe concluded. "I'm sure if it were presented to him at the right time and in the right manner, Kevin would prove to be a God-send!"

"Great! And because he's already Ronny's best friend, they should adjust to the change readily once they get over the shock. Kevin's a cute boy and Ronny will be a pretty girl, and what boy can resist being friends with a pretty girl?"

"And when Ronny adjusts, he'll find it pays to have a cute boy-friend for all those things like escorts and dates and all those other things. . ." Judy giggled.

"I'm so relieved that you agree with me, Dear," Dr. Blythe whispered as she softly caressed Judy's neck, down to her swelling breast, cupping gently.

"But, Mother," Judy objected with some surprise, "I thought you knew I'd do anything to help you with him! You're my only Mother!"

"Do you think it would be safe to leave him alone during the day?" Katherine mused. "Would he do anything rash, like try to run away or something?"

"Well, the drugs and hormones will keep him off balance, and to make sure he wears his dresses, we could dispose of all his male clothing and then we would transfer him to my old bedroom next to yours, dresses, undies, make-up, and all!" Judy suggested eagerly.

"Then that's exactly what we'll do, Dear. Thank you so much," Dr. Blythe whispered and kissed her daughter's parted lips tenderly, her hand squeezing and kneading maddeningly. Judy's arms slipped about her Mother's neck.

"Oh, Mother. . . Katherine!" After a moment, she added, "After all, we women have got to stick together, or else. . ."

"Or else what, Dear?" the woman asked, kissing Judy's nose teasingly.

"Or else you're going to have to do something about that. . ."

"This?" Katherine squeezed. "Or this?" Her hand slid around Judy's waist and patted her bottom. "Or this?" Her hand slipped around and dove between the younger woman's jeaned thighs. She cupped Judy's swollen mound and squeezed it possessively. Her tongue stabbed deep.

"Oh, Katherine! Yes! Yes!" Judy squealed excitedly as the woman unzipped her jeans.

"Mother knows best," Katherine crooned and slid her hand inside. . .

\* \* \*

III

Katherine didn't leave until after midnight! She couldn't. She wouldn't!

Driving home afterwards, Dr. Blythe cried softly when she thought of all the mean, rotten things Ronny had said to her. She resolved that nothing could ever prove to be too extreme, too drastic, if it would only turn her son around.

Once home, she went straight up to Ronny's room and found him in bed sound asleep. She sat on the edge of his bed and watched him sleep awhile. He looked so small and vulnerable, and her heart went out to him. She smoothed the light blonde wisps from his eyes and, on impulse, leaned over and kissed the bee-stung lips, her tongue licking lightly at the soft fullnesses.

Ronny stirred restlessly in his sleep, then raised his arms and slipped them around her neck, responding instinctively to her caress. His lips parted eagerly, invitingly.

"Mmmmm. . . Who. . . What? Debbie? How did you get up here? My mom'll have kittens if she catches you and. . . and. . ." He came awake with a start. "Oh, Mom, it's you. . ." he murmured sleepily. "What's up? Is anything wrong?"

"No, Ronny," she admitted, kissing him sweetly. "I just wanted to make sure you were here like I told you to be and I guess I must have awakened you while I was tucking you in," Katherine explained.

This sounded reasonable to Ronny because she was always doing silly things like that. "Oh. . ." he yawned. He kissed her automatically. "I'm so tired. . ."

"Well, as long as you're awake, Ronald, we must talk things over."

"Sure, Mom," Ronny agreed. When Katherine called him *Ronald*, she was being very serious. "Er, about earlier, I'm sorry I called you all those filthy names. I don't know what comes over me sometimes. I just want to apologize to you, and ask for your forgiveness."

"You must learn to control your outbursts, Ronald," she replied, "for if you have any hopes at all of still going on that California trip, you must listen to me closely and do exactly as Judy or I say, otherwise, no trip. Is that clear? Do you understand me?"

"I think so," he admitted sheepishly. "What do you have in mind?"

"Well, first of all, except for some very basic rules that you must obey as neither Judy nor I are going to scold you any more. Nor shall we say one single word to you about your behavior. You're completely on your own, and may come and go and do exactly as you wish within the limitations we shall set, for we will no longer interfere with you. But, you must bear the consequences of any, and all, misbehavior and/or mischief you do.

"That does not mean that we will not be watching you and judging, however."

"Great, Mom!" he enthused. "I can do it, you'll see. I just want a chance to prove to you and Judy that I'm not a kid any more! Thanks, Mom!" He hugged her tightly and kissed her fiercely.

"There's more. . ."

'Figures. . . she never lets up!' he grouched to himself. Aloud, "Yes?"

"Your studies. You will buckle down, apply yourself, bring home some extra school work to make up for what you have missed in the past. I will speak to all of your teachers and I am sure they will cooperate."

"That's easy," he laughed.

"I'm sure," she replied sarcastically. "Thirdly, you may go anywhere and do anything you wish, but you must tell us where you are and what you are doing. I ask merely that you are always where you say you will be and that you always keep us apprised of any deviation from your schedule."

"Piece of cake, Mom," he enthused.

She held up her hand.

'Damn!' he thought, 'How I hate that!'

"Not so fast, young man! If you wish to go anywhere that is not school related, such as your band practice or baseball practice or to the Salon or the Boutique or to my office or the hospital where I work or to run your daily paper route, either I or Judy must accompany you. You may *not* go anywhere alone!"

"I don't need a baby-sitter, Mom!" he objected.

"Maybe not, but until you have earned our trust again, we must insist that one of us accompany you everywhere. Is that understood? And I do mean *everywhere!*"

"I don't have much choice," he grouched unhappily. "OK, Mom, anything else?"

"Fourth, your attitude must change. You must learn to be more polite and to be agreeable and understanding of others, and you must be mannerly to everyone. To help you keep calm, I shall prescribe some mild tranquilizers.

Nothing serious, but they will help you control those terrible temper tantrums.”

‘I just bet!’ he thought maliciously. ‘Probably thorozone! Damn, I’ll be a f\*\*\*in’ zombie!’

“Fifth, you will stop cursing immediately. If I or Judy hear any cursing at all, we will wash your mouth out with a bar of Fels Naphtha laundry soap.”

“Sixth, you must bathe every single day. You must change clothing daily and your underwear more often if needed. You must brush your teeth after every meal, or snack and oftener, if called for. You must keep your hair neatly combed and you must shampoo daily.

“We don’t care how long you grow it but it must be kept neat and clean, and, you must wash your hands and face before *and* after every meal or after using the bathroom.”

“Seventh, you will adhere to a strict curfew of 7:00 P.M. on school nights. You will have all your school homework done and be in bed no later than 10:00 P.M. and we will tolerate no excuses nor any exceptions. On Fridays and Saturdays, your curfew can be extended to 11:30 P.M., provided your chores and homework are done to our satisfaction, and neither Judy nor I have anything else planned. Bedtime on Friday and Saturday nights is no later than midnight.

“Eighth, you will clear all playmates with me or Judy. Except for Kevin, you may have none of your friends in this house without my express permission, and that includes Debrah Baylor!

“Ninth, you will be neat. That means no more clothing, books, coats nor any other personal items just dropped and forgotten. And, you will keep your room neat and clean and presentable always. Anything Judy or

I find that is not where it belongs, will be thrown out with no further warning. Do you understand?"

He stared at her, eyes rounded in shock. 'More rules than you could shake a stick at!' he thought dejectedly. "Yes, Mom, I understand." 'Well at least I'll be allowed to do what I want. All I have to do is tell her and go,' he thought. Then, he remembered something. "Er, Mom, I . . . I have a . . . a . . . da . . . date this Saturday to take Deb. . . er, Debrah Ba. . . Baylor to the movies. . . and. . . and," he stammered.

"Yes, you have my permission for Debrah to take you the movies, Dear," Katherine agreed, "and you will not need a chaperone for that. We can trust Debrah to keep an eye on you and keep you out of trouble. I'll just have a little chat with her before you go and I'm sure she'll understand what is expected of her."

"Oh, Mom!" Ronny wailed. "I'm taking *her*!" he insisted weakly.

"Whatever." Katherine waved her hand in dismissal. "Do you understand me?"

"Oh, Mom, do you have to do that?"

"Oh, yes, I'm sure of it!" she insisted. "Unless you would rather stay home with Judy and me to watch a good movie on television. . ."

"You win, Mom," he capitulated. 'Well, at least I'll be alone with Debs, and I won't have to have a baby-sitter for the movie,' he thought, 'that's something, I guess. . .'

"Just remember you'll have to be home by 11:30. That should give you plenty of time to see the movie, spend a few minutes having a milk-shake and hamburger with her, then walk her home and get home yourself. Otherwise, you may not go, unless Judy can make it. I am not

free this Saturday." Her voice was quiet and adamant.  
"Anything else?"

"I . . . I was going to the Junior Prom tomorrow night with Kevin. . ."

"Fine, just make sure he has you home by 11:30 P.M.," she smiled gently.

"What do you mean, make sure *he* has me home by 11:30?" he demanded.

"Well, I assumed that since you were going to the Prom with him that he had asked you to accompany him, that you had accepted his invitation, and that he was your escort for the dance. . ."

"Escort?"

"Yes, Dear, you know, dating you, as it were. . ."

"Mother!" Ronny exclaimed disgustedly. "A boy doesn't take another boy to a dance as his date! Boy's date girls, they don't date other boys, and Kevin is not dating me in any case!"

"Why not? You're a nice boy and I'm sure he'd enjoy. . ."

"No, I mean he didn't ask me to go to the dance with him, he just asked if I wanted to go to the dance with him and. . . and. . ."

"There, you see?" she crowed triumphantly.

"We were just going together," he began.

"Dating," she insisted.

"No, Mom, Kevin is *not* dating me, we're just going together."

"That's dating, Dear," she insisted.

"Not when it's with another boy," Ronny pointed out doggedly. "Boys always go stag or in pairs, they don't 'date' other boys."

"Such a pity," Katherine answered wistfully. "I used to have so much fun at dances with my boy friends. . ."

"But, Mom!" Ronny protested. "You're a girl, or were. . ."

"Still was last time I looked!" she insisted giggling.

"Well, I'm *not* a girl. . ."

"Pity," she smiled. "In any case, I'm sure you will enjoy yourself with him and I'm sure he will enjoy taking you. Just make sure you thank him nicely when he brings you back home. It will be all right to spend a few minutes with him on the porch too. I always enjoyed that part most of all!"

"Spend time on the front porch? What for?"

"I usually kissed my dates good night and. . ."

"Kiss? Another boy?" He shivered, closed his eyes and leaned back against his pillow. How could she possibly know about what was hidden deep in his heart, hidden so deeply that he couldn't even admit it to himself! "'Sides, it doesn't start until 9:00 and they don't crown the Prom Queen until midnight, and I sorta wanted to see Barb get crowned Queen. Kevin says it's in the bag!"

"Very well, I shall make arrangements to come by the gym at 11:30."

"Now why would you want to come there?" Ronny was amazed.

"Why, to chaperone you, Dear, of course. You may not be out after curfew, unless either Judy or I accompany you. And you did state rather strongly that Kevin is *not*

your date, so you would be alone. Of course, if you'd rather not go at all. . ."

"But I promised Kevin I would go with him, so I hafta."

"So, Kevin *is* your date, after all?" She arched her eyebrows.

"I'm just going *with* him, that's all." he insisted.

"Good! I'll talk with him tomorrow after school to make sure he understands the rules and what he can and can not do with you. Dancing is all right, and so is a glass of fruit punch, but no alcohol and for sure no funny stuff!"

"Fu-funny stuff? What funny stuff?"

"You know, no hanky-panky in the dark, no taking liberties with your person, like that. He must be a gentleman with you, taking your arm when you walk along, and holding your hand when you cross the street. He will be in charge of you and you have to mind him or else. Do you understand?" she demanded.

He nodded dejectedly. "Yes, Mom," he whispered shamefully. "But he's *not* my date!"

"Pity! Well then, it's all settled." She bent, kissed his trembling lips, and whispered sweetly in his ear. "Good night, Darling," she cooed softly.

"G'Night, Mom."

Ronny tossed and turned for a long time. Katherine could hear how restless he was and she took pity on him after awhile. She returned with a glass of warm milk and two pills. "Here, Dear," she murmured, handing him three pills and a glass of water.

"What's that?" he asked suspiciously.

“They will help you sleep, Dear,” she replied, but did not mention that while one was a mild sedative, the other two were b.c. (birth control) pills, loaded with estrogen!

He swallowed them obediently and lay back. It was still several hours before he fell asleep and his dreams were weird. He was dancing with Debbie, and she kept changing into Kevin. . . then back. . .

As promised, Katherine talked with both Kevin and Debrah, and both agreed to her terms. Kevin came for Ronny the next night and she watched approvingly as they walked down the street, hand in hand! Ronny’s heart beat wildly. What else would Kevin want from him? Katherine wasn’t the only one who suspected that Kevin had a deep, dark secret in his heart.

When Kevin’s sister, Barbara, was named as Queen of the Prom, the boy held his hand tightly for a long moment before hugging Ronny affectionately.

The boy blushed with pleasure and hugged Kevin back.

A few minutes later, he had pulled Ronny outside, and as the Queen’s Waltz began to play inside, he bowed. “May I have this dance?” he asked Ronny softly.

The poor boy could only nod automatically.

And as the band played inside, Kevin held Ronny close in his arms, dancing with him on the quiet veranda. Ronny greatly enjoyed being so close to Kevin, and he sighed happily. As the strains of the waltz drifted away and stopped, the two of them rested on a bench in a secluded nook of the garden. When Kevin turned to Ronny and slipped his arm about his shoulders, Ronny snuggled close and laid his head against Kevin’s shoulder.

His heart thumped wildly as gentle hands caressed his hair tenderly.

"I had a great time, Ronny," Kevin whispered softly.

"Me too," Ronny admitted. "But I think it's time for me to go home now."

"I suppose," Kevin agreed, "but I'd rather stay right here with you!"

"Really?" Ronny was surprised.

"Yes." After a moment, Kevin added, "I like you a lot, Ronny."

"I kind of like you too, Kevin."

"No, I mean, I really *like* you. Oh, it's hard to explain. . ."

"I think I know what you mean. . ."

"Come on and I'll take you home."

Slowly, the two boys walked along the quiet streets. When Kevin held his hand at the first street corner and then did not let go once they had crossed to the other side, Ronny did not object. And when they came up onto Ronny's porch, Ronny wanted the night to go on forever.

"Thanks for a great evening, Ronny," Kevin murmured.

"Mom said to be nice to you and it was so easy. . ."

Ronny whispered. Slowly, he swayed toward the taller boy, closed his eyes, and waited expectantly with his heart thumping loudly in his ears.

Then Ronny was being held tightly in the larger boy's eager embrace. One of Kevin's hands slid around the boy's waist, the other touched his chin, fingers tipping his head up. Startled, even though he had been half-expecting it, Ronny turned his face up obediently, and with his lips parted slightly, he slipped his arms around Kevin's neck. Then, pressing his body hard against the other boy, he waited for something to happen.

He didn't know what it was that he was waiting for, but he was sure that it would happen and he welcomed it! Ronny's heart was pounding so loudly that he was sure everyone could hear it! But, Kevin was much too busy listening to his own hard pounding heart and wondering what to do next to hear Ronny's!

He held the smaller boy close and bent, his mouth brushing the softly parted lips fleetingly, tantalizingly. Ronny swooned, his head swimming madly, and he held onto Kevin for dear life! The two boys strained against each other for many long moments, and then Ronny was alone. . .

Kevin was gone!

In a daze, Ronny opened the door and entered the house. Katherine saw him come in and she smiled in welcome. "Hi, Honey, did you have a good time?"

"Hunh? Oh, yeah, great!"

"Did you dance with your date?" she teased.

Much to her surprise, Ronny nodded sheepishly. "Yeah."

"And did he kiss you good-night too?" she demanded, smiling.

Again, Ronny surprised her. "Yeah."

Katherine took Ronny's hand and led him upstairs. "Tell Mother all about it while she gets you ready for bed," she ordered.

Ronny was still in a state of semi-shock and obeyed automatically.

Katherine was surprised at Ronny's bizarre story and questioned him closely about it. He related each intimate detail as if in a daze, making no protest as she undressed him for bed. She took him into the bathroom, made him

sit upon the toilet while she washed his face and neck and hands. Then, back in his bedroom, she dressed him in a pair of her silk pajamas and put him to bed.

Katherine sat upon the edge of his bed and put her arms around him, holding him against her soft breasts as she kissed his soft lips tenderly, then tucked him in tightly and kissed him again.

Not once did he protest, not even when she patted his stiffened little sex toy and hesitantly slipped her tongue into his mouth momentarily. Ronny sighed happily and let her do as she wished.

Kevin had a lot of explaining to do, when the next day, she confirmed each of her son's statements with the blushing boy's stammered answers. She then told Kevin that she had absolutely no objection to Kevin's continuing to date her son, if he, Ronny, didn't object.

"Oh, he won't, Dr. Blythe!" Kevin blurted without thinking first.

"Really, Kevin?" she teased smiling. "What makes you think that?"

Kevin blushed hard. "Well, I don't think he will. . ."

"Confidentially, Kevin, neither do I!" she laughed.

Just then, Ronny came into the room and Kevin rose automatically. Ronny's face brightened at the sight of his boy friend. "Hey, Kevin! How's a boy?" he asked in greeting. "What're you doing this afternoon?"

"I came over to ask you if you'd like to go swimming at the 'Y'?" Kevin stammered, happy to see Ronny and glad that the boy bore him no ill for what they had done the night before.

"Great! Is it OK, Mom?" he asked.

"Yes, Dear," Dr. Blythe agreed. "Just don't forget you have a date later on with Debrah. So, have him back no later than 5:00, Kevin, so he can get ready for her. . ."

"Sure, Dr. Blythe, piece of cake!" Kevin enthused. "Got your swim suit, Kid?" he teased Ronny.

"Won't take me but a minute. Come on!" He grabbed Kevin's hand and they dashed upstairs. Inside Ronny's bedroom, and with the door closed firmly behind them, Ronny went right into Kevin's arms, his face upturned for a kiss.

Kevin wasted no time, pressing his lips to the smaller boy's eagerly, then slipping his tongue into the waiting, open mouth! Ronny held him tight, his glad heart beating wildly in welcome.

"I missed you, Kiddo," Kevin whispered.

"Me too," Ronny answered. He kissed the other boy's lips gently. He smiled and asked, "Hey, did we come up here to get my swim suit or kiss?"

"Wanna kiss first . . ." Kevin replied.

"After I get changed!" Ronny stated firmly. He slid out of Kevin's strong arms and began to undress. Kevin watched, his throat tight with excitement.

Ronny slipped out of his under pants and began looking for his trunks. He opened a drawer and bent, rummaging through the contents. "It was in here. . ."

Kevin fell to his knees behind Ronny and kissed the soft bottom lovingly.

Startled, Ronny jumped.

"Hey! What in Hell do you think you're doing?" he demanded.

"Oh, I'm just kissing your ass," Kevin grinned.

“Oh, well, all right, but hurry it up, will you?” He bent over the drawer and began to look again. Kevin kissed the soft, smooth bottom all over, as his wet lips skidded easily across Ronny’s flesh. Ronny wriggled his bottom happily against his friend’s face.

“Oh, here it is!” he cried triumphantly. He twisted in Kevin’s encircling arms until his friend’s face was pressed against his tummy.

Suddenly, the air was filled with expectant vibrancy.

Kevin kissed the satiny tummy lovingly, and then, as Ronny held his head gently and pushed, kissed down to the stiff, straining sex toy, taking it boldly into his mouth and sucking gently.

“Ooohhhh,” Ronny cried, “that feels so good, Kevvy^” he squealed joyously.

He held Kevin’s head tightly.

“Uhhhhmmmmmm,” Kevin groaned, sucking avidly while Ronny seesawed back and forth in the other boy’s mouth. It only took a few minutes and Ronny stiffened, then grunted softly and ejaculated into Kevin’s eager mouth. He swooned and fell across his bed in a faint.

He came to a few minutes later, his head cradled in Kevin’s lap as the boy smoothed the hair out of Ronny’s eyes. He smiled gently into Ronny’s eyes.

“May I?” Ronny asked, touching Kevin’s crotch.

“If you wish. . .”

“I wish,” Ronny answered, opening his friend’s fly and prying the boy’s much larger organ out of his pants. His mouth opened as Kevin moved forward.

The room was filled with Kevin’s soft, delighted cries as Ronny returned the favor eagerly!

Two happy boys left shortly for the “Y”.

Dr. Blythe knew what had happened between them and she was content. Ronny would be much easier to re-train. . . now!

And that night, Debrah took him to the movies.

And once again Ronny let his Mother put him to bed. .

\* \* \*

## IV

In the month before school ended, there were no more arguments and Ronny was convinced he had won. To be sure, he obeyed Katherine's demands to the letter. His school work improved dramatically with the accompanying grade increase, and after his date with Debbie, she volunteered to tutor him in Home Economics, History, Economics, French and English, and Kevin offered to tutor him in math.

They spent every remaining evening studying, Debbie and Kevin alternating with the willing Ronny. His final test scores were all A-pluses, resulting in a grade-point-average of three point nine four — Ronny was an Exceptionally Well Qualified, summa cum laude student. Ronny's Mother thanked Debbie and Kevin personally for their efforts on her son's behalf. Each child was pleased.

And well recompensed by the boy in question!

But Ronny, for all his work, was play acting for the most part, just going through the motions to keep his Mother and sister mollified. He packed and then unpacked and repacked his clothing and camping gear in ea-

ger anticipation of his upcoming California trip with Kevin. . .almost three and a half months away from that pair of fucking women! The only good things about the last month before the end of school had been in spending all that time with Kevin — Kevin with all his wonderful kisses and caresses and all!

And Debbie — the beauteous Debbie with those soft tits and her plump, kissable ass. . .

God! How he'd love to tumble that luscious piece into bed, or feel her soft lips sucking on him like Kevin did. . .

Hot damn!

During this final month, his Mother and sister also completed their final preparations. Dr. Blythe played on his pride and induced him to swallow several special vitamin pills four times a day to "build his stamina"! The vitamins were actually female hormones, tranquilizers, muscle relaxants, palliatives, appetite suppressors, growth retardants, oral depilates and many other anti-masculinizing medications. The effects on Ronny's developing body were dramatic to Katherine's practiced eye but so gradual that Ronny took no notice of them at all, if he ever thought to wonder!

On the Wednesday in early May that school officially ended, Ronny bade all his friends good-bye, and promised that he would write to let them know what they were missing. One last dinner with his Mother and sister only convinced him that he was right and that they were wrong.

Thinking that he had won, he was in bed long before curfew with no argument, and soon was sound asleep, thanks to the sedative in his cocoa. . .

It was late, after 8:00 when he awoke and he realized that he'd have to hustle to make the 9:45 AMTRAK! He whistled as he showered. Freedom Day! It felt as if a great



Disappeared!

His tent, his sleeping bag, his hunting knife, his hiking boots, his spare clothing, his sox, everything was gone, even his wallet with all his hard-earned money, his traveler's checks, his checkbook, and most importantly, his I.D.!

This was all his Mother's and Judy's doings; he was sure of it!

"Mom? Mom? Where in Hell is my stuff?"

There was no answer.

Again, he yelled, louder! "Mom? Where in Hell is all my gear and stuff? Quit screwing around! It's getting late and I don't want to miss the train." An edge of hysteria had crept into his voice. The only sound to answer his anguished outcry was the placid and irritating tick-tock hum of his alarm clock.

To hell with them, he'd show them!

The door slammed with a resounding thud as he ran down the curving staircase from his third floor rear bedroom.

Furiously, he threw open the doors to each room in turn as he stormed about the empty house, his anger growing with each passing minute.

At last he came to the huge kitchen where he slumped down at the breakfast table in frustrated defeat.

Primed for a fight, but with no one to fight with, he sought retribution for this latest affront to his masculinity. As he sat catching his second wind, the light sparkling through the bright cafe curtains drew his attention to a sheet of paper taped to the refrigerator door.

The note, torn from a yellow legal pad, was written in his Mother's familiar scrawl.

He tore it from the fridge door and read:

*“Dear Ronny,*

*Judy and I put your things in Judy’s car to save time. We are working here today — at The Boutique, I mean. If you ride your bike down about 8:30, we can offer a champagne toast to start you off on your summer adventure.*

*There is fresh squeezed orange juice in the Fridge. Now, shake it well before you drink it. See you then.*

*Love,*

*MOM”*

Now, that was more like it! They must realize, finally, that they could not push him around any longer. He ate a small bowl of oat cereal and drank all the orange juice, remembering to shake it thoroughly.

It sure tasted good!

He smacked his lips with pleasure, then left the house in plenty of time to share a toast and still get to the station in time. Glowing with a sense of new masculine power and emboldened with the feeling of control he had over those two women, Ronny jumped on his bike and all but swaggered the twenty-seven blocks to Judy’s Beauty Shop and Fashion Boutique.

Actually, he mused, he was kinda proud of his Mom and Judy. Dr. Katherine Blythe was widely acknowledged to be the best OB/GYN in the County, and Judy, at just twenty-eight, had two successful businesses of her own, “Judy’s Palace” and “Papillion Ltd.”, both catering to the elegant clothing and beauty needs of those women from babyhood through their nineties who could afford her outrageous prices!

As he approached the thick glass doors, Ronny paid no attention to the deep display windows framing them. The items enshrined in those windows, lingerie and wigs, and foundation garments, and dresses, and swimsuits, and the very latest in cosmetics and hair styles, held little interest for the average fifteen-year-old boy and Ronny was no exception.

All that crap bored him to tears!

Greatly annoyed at finding them locked, Ronny rattled the heavy glass doors in their frames. A sign hanging between one door and the blinds finally caught his eye. It read:

## **"CLOSED FOR INVENTORY SALE STARTS FRIDAY!"**

Weird! He had never known Judy to close on a Thursday for inventory. He fished in his pocket for his keys, fuming furiously about the inconvenience, and the unnecessary delay!

He'd have to remember to give his keys to his Mother before he left for his train. Finally the damn key had been inserted and he twisted it violently in the lock, hearing the dead bolt "zzichk" open. He entered the darkened shop, closed and locked the door securely behind him.

He wondered why the shop was so dark as he stood just inside the front door, waiting impatiently for his eyes to adjust to the gloomy interior. 'This place's really creepy with all the lights out!' he thought fearfully. All the aisles were barely discernible, like black velvet rivers flowing between the high grey banks of clothing and glass coun-

ters. Stationed above the racks and between displays, were the disquieting forms of feminine mannequins dimly perceived in the silent darkness, like female sentinels watching his intrusion, guarding the shop, while monitoring his stealthy advance.

“Ah, it’s only women’s junk!” he scoffed to himself. “Hey? Where the Hell is everybody? I can’t wait around all day, you know. I have a train to catch,” he shouted, trying to cover his nervousness. “Hey! Mom! Judy! Where the Hell are you two broads?”

“Ronny? Is that you? We’re in the back office, brother dear. Come on back here and we’ll drink a toast to get you started on your summer adventure,” came his sister’s voice from out of the darkness. “All your gear is back here waiting for you, and the bubbly is ice-cold!”

Ronny started toward the disembodied voice and stopped dead in his tracks.

What was wrong with him? All of a sudden, he was getting dizzy and his legs felt like rubber bands.

“God, I can’t get sick now!” he muttered and he forced his legs to carry him towards the back.

Sweat popped out on his brow and ran into his eyes. ‘Boy, is it ever hot in here!’ he exclaimed to the darkness.

Finally, he located a slim shaft of light pointing like some ghostly finger into the shop. He suppressed a shudder of apprehension and gripped the slippery knob of the rear office door in his lifeless fingers, fumbling to get it open. A wave of dizziness washed across his consciousness.

“I’ll sure be glad to get out of this damn place once and for all!”

As he stepped through the rear door, his eyes were assailed by the blinding light of a high powered flood lamp.

He squinted and threw up his arm to shadow his face from the glare.

“Oh, there you are, Dear,” Katherine gushed. “My, my, you’re late! Did you oversleep again?”

“I guess,” he replied as nausea overwhelmed him. “where’s my gear?”

“Right there,” Judy pointed. He could make out the backpack and a suitcase leaning against the wall. “Sit down, Ronny,” she invited, “and we’ll have a tall champagne toast to a successful summer. How’s that?”

He thought her grin was too much, but sat down anyway. ‘Maybe the dizziness will go away then,’ he thought. “Well, OK, but just one for the road, then I’ll have to go. . .”

He heard a cork pop and the sound of champagne pouring into goblets. But, unfortunately for him, his glass also contained knock-out drops. He took a full glass from Judy’s fingers and watched the bubbles in the pale liquid.

“To kinship and a successful completion of our special project,” his Mother cooed gently. Ronny wondered what special project she had in mind.

“To Ronny, may he find true, muliebrious consummation in all this summer’s endeavors,” Judy offered.

Ronny’s head was swimming but he forced himself to stand. “To my Mother and sister as I leave for the future.”

They clinked their glasses and Ronny drained his glass quickly. He sat down hard, dizzier than ever. From behind, an arm went around his neck, forcing his chin upward while a hospital smelling cloth was held securely over his mouth and nose. Ronny struggled weakly, clawing at his Mother’s arm and the hand holding the cloth. He was gasping now and sobbing as he desperately fought and twisted, trying to break Katherine’s iron grip.

He felt his strength slipping as he sank back in the chair. A red haze joined the dizziness and finally, utter blackness as he lost consciousness.

His last thought before he was swallowed up, 'Damn them all to hell, they've made me miss my Goddamn train for sure!'

"S\*\*\*!"

\* \* \*

V

"Oooohhh," Ronny moaned upon awakening.

"Are you all right, Ronda?" Katherine asked solicitously, her hand cool on his feverish forehead.

"My head hurts," he moaned piteously.

"Here, have a sip of this," Katherine urged, holding a glass to his lips.

"What is that?" he asked suspiciously.

"Just something to make you feel better," she replied, tipping the glass.

He swallowed automatically, and sure enough, he immediately felt better.

"Where am I?" he asked, looking around.

"Why, you're right here," Judy replied, laughing, "in the back of my shop!"

Ronny tried to sit up, but Katherine restrained him. "Careful, Ronda, Dear, you've had a nasty spill!"

Spill? What spill? He'd been chloroformed, for God's sake!

He struggled to sit upright but his muscles refused to obey their commands, no matter how hard he tried.

“What have you two broads done *to me?*” he demanded.

“Why, nothing, Ronda, Dear,” Katherine cooed, “why do you ask?”

“What’s this ‘Ronda’ crap?” he snarled. My name’s ‘Ronald’!”

“Yes, Dear,” Katherine placated.

“I’ve got to get going!” he snapped angrily. “I’m supposed to meet Kevin at the AMTRAK station before 11:00!”

“Oh, didn’t you know, Dear? Kevin cancelled your California reservations yesterday afternoon. You won’t be going to California this year!”

“Cancelled? What in Hell are you running on about? I was with him all last evening, and he never said a word to me about it!” I exploded.

“No, he wouldn’t have,” she agreed. “I told him not to tell you!”

“What in the Hell did you do that for, you crazy bitch?” h stormed. “*I am going to California, whether you like it or not!*” he shouted. “I’ve made up my mind, and that’s all there is to it!” he blustered.

Katherine shook her head. “Not this year, Ronda.”

“And my name’s Ronald, er, *Ronny,*’ not this damned *Ronda* crap you’re pulling!”

She smiled. “Oh, you’re Ronda all right, Dear, just look in the mirror and see.” She handed him a mirror.

Puzzled, he looked into the mirror and saw a pretty young female gazing back at him. Her eyes were a startling sky-blue, outlined in a becoming black mascara that

made her eye lashes seem miles long! Her skin was flawlessly clear and her bee-stung lips were an invitation for rape!

'Now, who in the Hell is that?' he thought pensively. Aloud, "So, who's the dish?" 'Now, that's odd,' he thought, 'when I talk, her lips move!'

Suddenly, it came to him. "That's me!" he gasped in terror. "What in Hell have you two crazy broads done to me?"

"Oh, it's just a tiny bit of mascara, some blusher and a dab of lipstick," Judy laughed. "But what a nice improvement it makes!"

"Improvement?" he yelled. "I look like some damned *girl!*" he shouted anew.

"And?" Judy laughed. "I've been a girl for over twenty eight years and I seem to have survived quite nicely!"

"But that's because you *are* a girl!" he objected. "I'm a *boy!*"

"*Were* a boy," Katherine corrected him. "From today, you will be a girl, a very beautiful girl too, I might add!"

"But, I can't run around like this!" he blurted. "I mean, how can I go out in public looking like some damned female clown?"

"You don't look like a clown, Ronda!" Katherine pointed out calmly, giving a nod to Judy who picked up an oblong object from the table.

"Open your mouth, Ronda," Katherine ordered.

Without thinking, he opened wide. And with no further warning, Judy pushed the object into his mouth and wriggled it around vigorously.

"Ugh!" he shouted through the bar of laundry soap. "That tastes like s\*\*t!"

For response, Judy wriggled the bar around again. Ronny began to gag as if he were foaming at the mouth, which he was. . . literally!

"I warned you what would happen if you cursed," Katherine reminded him. "So you have no one to blame but yourself!"

When Judy removed the soap, Ronny cursed them anew. "I'll have the Law on you, you f\*\*\*ing crazy bitches!" he shouted. He tried to get out of the chair that he was sitting in, but found that his arms and legs were strapped down tightly.

"Let me go, you f\*\*\*ing bitches," he demanded. "Let me go, I say!"

For answer, Judy held the soap to his lips again. When he turned away from her offering, she merely pinched his nose until he gasped and pressed it deep into his mouth, giving him a good dose of the acrid laundry soap!

"Stop cursing," Katherine interjected, "and we will stop washing your filthy mouth out with the soap."

"All right! All right!" he blubbered as hot tears squirted from his eyes.

"Now look at you!" Judy scolded. "You've ruined your make-up!"

"My make-up?" he bellowed. "It's not my damned idea to look like a girl!"

Once more, Judy pinched his nose and when he opened his mouth to breathe, he felt the soap slip between his lips and fill it with more evil tasting soap!

He shook his head. "OK, OK, enough's enough all ready!"

"So, stop cursing and we'll stop using soap!" Katherine explained evenly.

He nodded. "OK, OK, all right all ready! You win! I give!"

"That's much better, Ronda," Katherine smiled. "Now, shall we get on with your special surprise?"

"I don't seem to have any choice," he snarled sarcastically.

"No, Dear, you don't!" Katherine agreed.

"Did you shower this morning?" Judy demanded.

Ronny gave her a withering look. "Of course! What kind of dumbbell do you take me for?"

"One never knows with some people," Judy replied airily.

"To get on with it," Katherine continued, "while you were sleeping, we took the liberty of starting without you."

"What does *that* mean?" he demanded.

"Well, your clothing, for instance."

Suddenly, Ronny became aware that his clothes had changed! No longer was he in the familiar polo-shirt and jeans with his dirty, scruffy sneakers! They had all disappeared and been replaced with other *things*. . .

Soft, silky, exciting things! He felt himself blushing uncontrollably. "My good God!" he whispered. "Oh, no! *No!*" he groaned in despair.

"Yes, Ronda, yes!" corrected Katherine.

"But. . . but. . . these are *girls'* things!" he exclaimed, his hands smoothing across his now swollen chest. To himself, 'I can't wait to show these new things to Kevin! He'll love them!'

"That's right," Judy chortled. "And that's what you'll be wearing from now until we say otherwise, if ever!"

"But. . . why?" he cried.

"Because, Dear," Katherine explained. You have gotten quite out of hand of late, and a drastic solution was called for to correct your whole shameful attitude!"

"My attitude? I've done everything you wanted me to!" he objected.

"Yes, you did," Katherine agreed. "But all the while, your heart wasn't in it. It was all a sham!"

'How had she known?' Ronny wondered, looking at his Mother with a dawning respect.

"So, to secure your willing cooperation, we decided to teach you femininity and the ways of being female," Judy added maliciously.

"Oh, good God!" Ronny wailed. "Why me? Why not you?"

"Because you're the one who got out of line," Judy reminded him, "Not me!"

Ronny closed his eyes, wishing he were dead. He could feel the taut tug of nylons on his smooth legs; the silky covering of the tight panties around his privates that was going to drive him mad with arousal!

He felt an unaccustomed weight on his chest and he knew why his nipples had been so sore and tender these past weeks! He had grown *breasts*! Small breasts, but breasts just the same! 'I wonder just how big they'll get?' he thought, then blushed with confusion.

'No, dammit, I'm a *boy*! They can't do this to me!'

Except that they could, and would, and were!

Hot tears stung his eyes, sliding slowly across his downy cheeks.

Katherine saw how addled he had become and she took pity on him. Taking one of her hypos from a cabinet,

she injected him with a strong anti-depressant. In just a few moments, he quieted and his protests died aborning!

\* \* \*

## VI

When he became quiescent and docile, they released his bonds and helped him sit up in the make-up chair.

In his semi-dazed state, Ronny let them do as they wished. After all, in his mind, he was a million miles away and they were doing everything to someone else, not him! And what did he care about what was happening to someone else?

Katherine knelt and slipped a pair of opera pumps with three inch heels upon his nylon-clad feet. Then, she stood and helped him stand. He wobbled slightly atop the unaccustomed heels, then waited docilely as they continued to dress him.

A silky, diaphanous blouse with long, balloon sleeves was snapped closed up the back and tucked into the waist band of a knee-length corduroy skirt in a soft shade of pink that matched his blouse, nylons and pumps! He knew instinctively that his undies were delicate shades of pink too!

From a far away distance, he blushed furiously.

Then, another thought, 'Kevin will love this!' and he blushed with renewed shame and deepening embarrassment.

Katherine handed him a small lady's purse. "Here, Dear," she explained. "I have included some of the basics! You may want to add others as we go along."

Ronny opened it and blushed again. "Mother!" he squeaked in shamed alarm.

"Dear?" She arched her brows

These are *girls* things!" he whispered. "There's a lip-stick, some tissues, some cash, a perfume squirter, make-up, even a tampon!"

"Well, of course, Dear," Katherine was enjoying his consternation very much. "One seldom knows with absolute certainty when the curse will come upon one!" she giggled.

'Curse? What *is* she talking about?' he wondered.

Katherine saw the look of puzzlement on his face and explained, "You should know if you had paid attention in sex education class. That's for your monthly period!" she concluded gleefully.

Ronny wanted to die on the spot when Judy laughed uproariously. "Welcome to the club, baby sister!" she laughed, kissing his cheek fleetingly.

"And now, it's time for your appointment at the Salon," Judy enthused. "Our feeble attempts to do your make-up need professional help." She took his hand in hers. "Let's go, baby sister!"

"Outdoors?" he gasped. "Oh, no, I couldn't!"

"Oh, come on, it's only a few doors away!" she urged.

"But. . . I look like a *girl*!" he protested.

"Well, of course, silly," she laughed. "That's the whole idea!"

In spite of his protests, the strong medication took over his reflexes, and he allowed Judy to lead him from the shop and down the street to her Salon.

Inside, they were greeted by one of her operatives, Mrs. Alicia Baylor, his Debrah's Mother! Now the whole town would know!

"Why, hello, Judy!" she greeted. "And hello to you too, Miss Ronda!" Then, with no warning, she kissed his lips. "Oh, we're going to have so much fun!" she enthused, taking his hand and leading him into a private booth.

Katherine followed him inside and started to undress him, right down to his silky panties and lacey bra. He blushed furiously when Mrs. Baylor came in, her hands full of bottles and jars of all description.

She looked him over professionally. "Yes, I see definite possibilities! Of course, a complete electrolysis regime will be required, and it would be best if it were started immediately."

"You're the expert," Katherine laughed.

To Ronny, "Lay out on the table on your tum-tum, Ronda Dear, and I'll call a technician to get started." Soon, he felt another presence in the room and a vaguely familiar voice speaking. He kept his eyes closed and faced away from his tormentors.

A hand touched the back of his leg, and something gave him a slight jolt. He jumped. "Ouch!"

This earned him a slap on his scantily covered bottom and a hissed, "Dammit, hold still!"

Working quickly, the operator soon moved to the other leg, until an hour had slipped away. Finally, "There! That'll do it for today! Be sure that you stop at the front desk to make appointments for further treatments. You will need at least a dozen more sessions to remove everything. OK?"

He looked up, and almost died!

"Debrah!" he gasped. "What are you doing here?"

"I work here, remember?" she giggled. She touched his cheek in wonder. "I like you much better as a girl anyway, Ronda," she admitted, blushing.

Ronny blushed harder than ever. "Then, it's all right with you?"

"Of course, you silly girl!" she assured him. "I've thought for the longest that you'd make a beautiful girl with proper make-up, and I was right!"

"Oh, Debbie, I'm so ashamed!" Ronny squeaked.

"Don't be," Debrah soothed. "You have nothing to be ashamed for!"

She sat on the table beside him and put her arms around him, drawing him to her breasts. She kissed him tenderly and he found himself reacting as any normal male would, he erected violently!

Debrah noticed and laughed with pleasure. "My, my, we'll have to take care of that little thing before the other girls work on you!" And before he was able to stop her, she was on her knees and taking him deep into her sucking mouth!

He arched forward with rising passion and let her have her way. It was not long and he stiffened, then squirted his gift down her throat.

When she had finished, she sat beside him again and held him lovingly.

"Where did you learn that?" he asked in wonder.

"From one of those books we had to read in sex education," she admitted.

"None of my books ever had anything like that!"

"Yes, but you weren't in *girls'* sex education, were you?"

He shook his head. "No. . ."

"There, see?" she laughed, kissing his cheek once more.

Just then, Katherine and Mrs. Baylor returned.

'How opportune,' Debrah thought, little knowing that the two women had been watching their performance through a one-way mirror!

"Ronda has to make another appointment, Mother," Debrah commented.

"It will have to be in the afternoon as *she* has charm school every morning," Katherine interjected.

"Charm school? Hey, isn't that for girls?" Ronny squeaked.

Debrah laughed. "Of course, silly! We'll have a ball!"

"We?" he croaked in disbelief.

"Sure!" Debbie enthused. "I'm looking forward to it!"

He turned to his Mother. "But, why me?" he asked, still not convinced.

"Because, Ronda my Dear, you're still rough around the edges and this charm school will help you overcome your ignorance," Katherine explained.

"Besides, don't you want to learn all there is to becoming a girl?" Debrah asked, winking at him and squeezing his hand. "It's easy," she laughed. "you just go with the flow!"

'No!' he shouted to himself.

"Besides, with me to help you learn, what's to worry?" Debrah laughed. "I'm pretty good at being a girl. After all, I've been practicing all my life!"

"Now, I think you should get dressed, Dear," Mrs. Baylor instructed. "It is high time you had your hair styled and your make-up repaired professionally!"

'But I don't want my hair styled, and I sure don't want to be made-up!' he thought furiously, knowing it was a foregone conclusion on the part of these three women that he *would* do everything they had planned, whether he liked it or not!

The only good thing, as far as Ronny could see, was that Debrah liked him a lot better as a girl than as a boy!

'Women are sure different!' he thought, shaking his head in resignation.

Soon, he was once more fully dressed and sitting in a shampoo chair while an attendant worked on his hair. Then, he was put under a dryer and given a copy of "Vogue" to look at while his hair dried.

He threw the magazine away in utter disgust, only to have Debrah pick it up and hand it right back to him, saying, "Don't do that ever again, or you'll wish you hadn't!"

"What will you do to me if I do?" he snarled belligerently.

"I won't do anything," Debrah answered.

"So?"

"So, *my* Mom will give you a sound bare-bottom spanking right in front of all her customers! I've seen it done more than once, so be forewarned!"

"She wouldn't dare!" Ronny was horrified. "My Mom would never allow it!"

"Believe it or not, little girl, your Mom was the one who suggested that you be spanked in the first place!"

"I don't believe that for a minute!" Ronny blustered. But, in his heart of hearts, he knew it was the truth!

Once his hair was dry, it was put up in curls while an attendant worked on his ruined make-up. He was given a manicure and his nails were then painted with a light shade of florescent pink. While his fingers were spread for drying, the woman pressed something icy against his ear. There was a loud *click*, then a momentary stab of pain, and she did the same thing to his other ear.

"What was that for?" he demanded as hot tears stung his eyes.

"Oh, I just pierced your ears," the woman explained.

"But, I don't want my ears pierced!" he objected.

"But your Mother does," she answered, "and since she and Judy are paying for it, pierced ears you will have! And may I say, they look awfully cute with those tiny diamonds sparkling when you move your head!" she praised. "I can tell, you are going to be a heart-breaker!"

Once she had repaired his make-up, she styled his hair quickly. When he was allowed to look at himself in a full length mirror, he gasped with pleasure.

"Is that really me?"

Katherine, standing right behind him, kissed his ear tenderly. "Yes, that's really you!" She took him into her arms and kissed his startled lips gently.

"Wow!" Judy exclaimed. "If I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't have believed it!"

"Oh, pooh!" Debrah snorted. "I knew *she* was in there all the time!"

Ronny was still shaking in his heels when the five of them went to dinner at Mona's Steak House. The whole evening passed without incident, and our *Ronda* was finally beginning to relax and enjoy *herself*.

*She* was addressed as *Miss* by the waiter who seemed to be flirting with her the whole time!

She was surprised when they got home and the doorbell rang. "Now, who the blazes can that be, do you suppose?" Katherine asked airily.

From Katherine's tone, *Ronda* knew it could only be Kevin, and sure enough, there he stood!

"Kevin!" *Ronda* exclaimed inanely. "What are *you* doing here?"

He looked at *her* in surprise. "Why, because I was invited to come see the new you by Judy!" he explained.

"Well, why don't you ask your boy-friend in?" Judy teased. "Because Mother and I can make ourselves scarce. . ."

*Ronda* blushed helplessly and stood aside. "Come in, Kevin," *she* managed at last.

Entering, Kevin took a long look at his friend, not really believing what he was seeing. "Is that really you under there, Ronny?" he asked uncertainly.

"Yep, that's really him in there!" Judy had to put her two cents in.

*Ronda* blushed even more helplessly than before.

"You look great, Kiddo," Kevin exclaimed. "Really great!"

"Thank you. . . I guess," *Ronda* murmured as Kevin squeezed *her* fingers in a gesture of support.

"Shall we go up to your room?" Kevin asked.

"Oh, I think not," Katherine demurred. "A young girl should never entertain her boy-friend in her bedroom without a chaperone!" she warned with mock horror. "Or at least not until after they have become engaged to be married!"

Both boys blushed profusely.

"Well, I suppose you two have a lot to discuss, so Judy and I will leave you to your whatevers," she teased.

They blushed again. 'Would she never stop?' *Ronda* thought.

"Won't you come into the living room, Kevin?" *she* invited shyly.

"Wow!" Kevin exclaimed again. "You really do look terrific in that pink outfit!" he enthused as they sat side by side on the sofa.

"Thank you, I guess," *Ronda* murmured. "Oh, I am so embarrassed!"

Kevin released Ronny's hand and took *Ronda* into his arms, kissing *her* lips with all the pent up fury of his eighteen years!

For *Ronda's* part, *she* held on for dear life and returned his kisses with all the fervency in *her* own heart! They kissed for many long moments, enjoying their oral caresses to the utmost. Then, *Ronda* stiffened and pulled away. "You rotten bastard!" *she* exploded, "how could you cancel our trip and not tell me? How could you do that to me?"

"I'm sorry, Ronny," Kevin apologized, "but your Mother and sister, Judy, threatened me with dire consequences if I should let the cat out of the bag before they had the chance to initiate their surprise. I swear I never knew they would do this to you, Sweetie," he continued.

"Don't ever call me that!" *Ronda* snapped. "I'm no one's *sweetie*, and don't you forget it!" *Her* voice conveyed *her* vehemence without question.

OK, Sweetie. . . er, I mean. . . hey! What do I call you now?"

"Oh, Mom and Judy have been calling me *Ronda*, but I'd prefer you still refer to me as Ronny."

At that moment, Katherine walked back into the room. They jumped apart with guilty expressions on their faces.

"Oh, Kevin, I forgot to tell you, Ronny is now *Ronda*, and to help the dear girl to adjust quicker, I would appreciate it if you would use *her* new name when referring to *her* or speaking to *her*. Do I make myself clear, Dear?"

Kevin gulped. Her veiled threat was patently clear, even to him!

"Yes, Ma'am," he crumbled without a fight.

"Good. It's good to understand one another," she smiled, then left.

"Well, you heard her, *Ronda*," Kevin whispered.

"I don't have to like it!"

"No, but if it will help you out of this mess in the long run, I guess *Ronda* it will have to be!"

"Oh, I suppose . . ."

"OK."

Kevin took *Ronda* into his arms again and kissed *her* tenderly. For many a long minute, they clung together, lost in the wonder of their new-found friendship.

But, when Kevin tried to slide his hand up under *Ronda's* skirt, *she* drew the line. At his groan of despair, *she* sank to her knees in front of the panting boy, released his throbbing organ and began kissing it teasingly.

"Oh, *Ronda*, Sweetie," Kevin moaned. "Don't tease me. . . please!"

Putting action to deeds, *she* took him into *her* mouth, sucking him softly, *her* carmined lips stretched wide around his swollen length.



"Oh. . . *Ronda*. . ." he moaned. "Yes! Yes! Oh, my good God, yes!"

*Ronda* smiled in *her* secret heart and moved to satisfy *her* man!

\* \* \*

## VII

"Damn!" Ronda muttered to Debrah. "I'll never figure this out!"

*This* was walking the Charm School way. Perched atop the excruciatingly high heels while swinging one's hips rhythmically and placing one foot directly ahead of the other when moving, was proving difficult for her.

"Oh, pooh, Ronda!" Debrah chided. "It's easy. Watch me." And she walked around, her hips swinging, her feet placed just so as she demonstrated.

Ronda tried again, but soon gave up in disgust.

"What you need, girl friend," Debrah announced, "is an incentive!"

"What does that mean?" Ronda asked, dreading the answer.

"This!" And she swished a riding crop through the air.

Ronda paled when she saw the whip Debrah had in her hand.

"Oh, no, Debs, no!" she pleaded.

"Oh, yes, Ronda!" she countered. "You'll learn quickly now!" And she laid the crop stingingly across Ronda's unsuspecting calves!

"Ouch!" she yelped. "That hurts!"

"And will help you to learn if you want to avoid its sting!" Debrah giggled.

SLASH! SLASH!

The crop stung like crazy.

"Oh, Debs! Must you do that?" she cried swinging her hips while she walked unsteadily across the room.

"Much better, Ronda," Debrah praised. "Once you have this down pat, you can start learning how to walk with your back straight."

"And still wiggle?" Ronda asked in disbelief.

"Sure, we just balance a big book atop your head, and off you go!"

"Oh, Debs," Ronda cried. "I'll never be able to do that!"

"Oh, but you will, Ronda," Debrah reassured her, "especially with my little \_stinger helping you along!"

"Oh, Debs, you're so cruel to me," Ronda moaned.

"It's all for your own good, baby," Debrah laughed.

"All right, girls," came an authoritative voice. "Time for study! Today we shall discuss the nuances in cosmetic application for best effect!"

"Well, at least they let us sit down for that!" Ronda sighed with relief.

"Oh, you're just a big baby!" Debrah chided affectionately.

She took the smaller girl into her arms and kissed her fondly.

"Oooh," Ronda shivered delicately, "I like it when you do that!"

"Me too, baby!" Debrah replied. "Me too!"

True to her promise, Debrah soon had Ronda walking with the swishing hips as though she had been born to it! Even when she graduated from four to five inch heels, her

momentary unbalance disappeared after just a few minutes practice, to her great amazement.

"See, Babe?" Debrah chortled. "I knew you could do it!"

Ronda just smiled with secret satisfaction. . .

\* \* \*

## VIII

Katherine put the phone down and sighed with deep satisfaction. "There, I'm glad that's done." She smiled at Judy.

"What's that, Kathy?" Judy asked, looking up from her magazine.

"I have just enrolled your broth. . . er, I mean, your *sister* in *Miss Shyle's Old Fashioned Finishing Academy for Young Girls* beginning the week before Labor Day," she explained with a satisfied chuckle.

"Oh, Ronda will be so pissed!" Judy laughed.

"Judy! Your language! You're not too big for a dose of Fels Naphtha!"

Judy giggled. "Sorry, Kath," she apologized.

"And well you should be," Katherine allowed herself to be mollified.

"Seriously, Ronda will have a fit when she hears about that!"

"Oh, well, she'll just have to learn to live with it, I guess," Katherine laughed gaily. "I'm quite sure others like him do."

“What do you mean, Mom?” Judy asked, her curiosity aroused.

“I mean, my Dear, over half the students at this Academy are boys in skirts, either by force like our Ronda, or by their own wish. And, yes, they do accept genetic girls too, usually the most passive and feminine ones, but occasionally, oh, about half the time, I suppose, they admit more aggressive, less feminine, girls. We have been invited to tour the facilities next week and I’ve made reservations for us already.”

“Mother! How delicious! Is Ronda going too?”

“Oh, no, my Dear. Miss Shyles stated specifically that we were *not* to bring Ronda under any circumstances. She wants him to have no preconceived notions of what to expect when he does start classes.”

Judy laughed. “And how long will our little darling be there?”

“Until she graduates from high school.”

“Kevin will not like that one little bit,” Judy laughed anew.

“Wait until he learns that Debrah Baylor will be attending the same Academy and will be sharing a dorm room with our Ronda!”

“Oh, Mother!” Judy trilled happily. “How very delicious!”

“Seriously, Miss Shyles stated they have regular visiting days for certain persons, but only if the girl in question has earned the privilege!”

“Ronda will hate that with a purple passion!” Judy giggled.

“Oh, well,” Katherine commiserated. “She’ll learn to cope.”

There came the sound of the front door being opened. Katherine called, "Is that you, Ronda?"

"Yes, Mother," Ronda replied.

"Hello, Mrs. Blythe," Debrah called.

"Hello, girls, how was school?"

Coming into the room, Debrah answered, "Oh, it was great! I've been showing Ronda how to wriggle-walk like Marilyn Monroe, whoever that is, and she does it like a dream!"

"That's nice, Dear," Katherine smiled.

"Debbie's a regular tyrant," Ronda complained with a sly grin.

"Tyrant, am I?" Debrah squealed. "Just you wait, little girl!"

Katherine and Judy laughed. "The course of true love does not often run so smooth!" Judy observed snidely.

Ronda blushed at the insinuation.

Debrah just ignored it.

"What are you girls up to?" Katherine asked.

"We're going to study our charm lessons," Debrah explained.

"OK, Dear, remember, dinner in an hour," she reminded.

"Yes, Mom," Ronda replied dutifully.

"Yes, Ma'am," Debrah agreed.

And off the two ran, chasing one another up the stairs and down the hall to Ronda's room. The door slammed loudly, then total silence.

"Kath, what do you suppose they're doing now?" Judy asked mischievously.

"I would hope that they will study, but knowing those two, they're probably making out on the bed!"

Judy laughed. "How delicious!"

"Yes. . ." Katherine agreed with a sly smile of satisfaction. "I really should have reminded them of the National Perms in Boston in two weeks. Oh, well, it can wait a few more days, I suppose. . ."

"Mother! You are positively devious!" Judy giggled.

"Yes, I suppose," Katherine agreed. "But I have to have something to take my mind off your cancelled wedding. Honestly, Judy, I do not think that I understand you sometimes."

"I guess it just wasn't meant to be," Judy sighed. "But, you know, in a way, I'm glad he got cold feet and ran off with Betsy. She's a flake and she'll drive him nuts!" She giggled. "He deserves it!"

"Yes. . . well. . . still and all. . ."

"Oh, Mom!" Judy whispered. "Don't worry so much. I'll find someone else. . ."

But in her mind, this thought persisted, 'Maybe. . . probably. . . perhaps. . . I don't know. . .' Aloud, "We'll just have to wait and see, Mom!"

"I suppose," Katherine agreed wistfully.

\* \* \*

## IX

"Oh, Debbie," Ronda moaned, "you're driving me crazy!"

“That’s the whole idea, Babes,” Debrah replied as she stripped Ronda down to her bra and panties and taking her into her arms for a long, passionate kiss.

“Oh, stop, please!” Ronda begged. “What if my Mom comes in and sees us?”

“Why I suppose she’ll be angry,” Debrah laughed.

“Yes, and she’ll send you home!”

“Oh, pooh, is that all?” Debrah snickered.

“That’s all for you,” Ronda went on, “I’ll be spanked soundly!”

“Oh, I wish I could see that,” Debrah enthused. Her finger traced along one of the welts she had raised on Ronda’s thighs earlier.

Ronda sat on the edge of her bed and watched with fascination as Debrah took her clothes off, to stand before her proudly, arms arched above her head.

“Like?” Debrah murmured throatily.

“Oh, Debbie,” Ronda cried, “you’re so beautiful!”

Debrah laughed and pushed Ronda back atop the bed, then fell heavily onto the helpless Ronda. They began to kiss passionately.

“Oh, Debbie,” Ronda moaned. “What are you doing to me?”

“I’m going to rape you, babes!” Debrah laughed. “Look out below, ready or not, here I come!”

“Oh, Debbie. . .”

“Oh, Ronda!”

Then, silence.

\* \* \*

## X

"I'm going to school where?" Ronda yelled with dismay.

"I told you, you have been enrolled in *Miss Shyles' Old Fashioned Finishing Academy for Young Girls* starting the last week in August," Katherine explained. "It's a very nice school and is ranked among the best for high schoolers."

"But it's a girls' school!" Ronda objected.

"Yes, so it is," Katherine smiled. "But, don't you worry your pretty little head about that," Katherine continued. "Many of the students are boys in skirts, just like you!" she exclaimed joyously.

"Other boys in skirts?" Ronda gasped weakly. "I don't believe it!"

"Believe it, young lady," Katherine advised. "When you graduate from Miss Shyles', you will be an accomplished young lady, ready for your debut!"

"Debut? What's that?"

"That's when you have a coming out party and you are presented to Society. It will be sort of an announcement that you are ready for marriage. . ."

"Marriage? To a *man*?" Ronda squeaked.

"Well, yes, Dear, that's usually how it works," Katherine agreed.

"But, I'm not a girl! How can I marry an. . . another. . . man?"

"Oh," Katherine giggled. "In the usual way, I would imagine."

"How's that?" Ronda demanded.

"Why in a church, wearing a white wedding gown, with all your envious girl friends as attendants, promising to love, honor and obey your husband until death do you part as he slips a wedding band onto your third finger left hand, with a lot of crying relatives, a wedding cake, a reception, a solemn kiss to seal the bargain, a glorious honeymoon and like that," Katherine explained.

Ronda stared at her Mother in shock. "You actually mean it, don't you?"

"Why, yes, Dearest," Katherine agreed. "After all, it's every young girl's dream to be married in white, in a church and go off on a honeymoon." Katherine replied dreamily.

"It's not *my* dream!" Ronda objected vehemently.

"And, you haven't graduated from the Academy either," Katherine reminded her "daughter." "I'm sure you will change your tune by that time!" she teased.

"Oh, Mom, no! *No!*"

"Oh, Ronda, yes! *Yes!*"

\* \* \*

## XI

"And I have to go to *Miss Shyles' Old Fashioned Finishing Academy for Young Girls* to finish high school," Ronda was explaining to Kevin. "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph! It'll probably take me forever to graduate!" she lamented. "It isn't bad enough that they make me work in the Salon for the summer! Now I have to go to a girls' school too right after the damned Perm Contest!"

Kevin squeezed Ronda's fingers comfortingly. "It can't be all that bad, can it?" he asked. "I mean, after all, it's just another high school. . ."

"But it's a *girls'* finishing school!" Ronda countered.

"Still in all. . ."

"Oh, Kevin, I'm so afraid!" Ronda admitted.

Kevin held his friend tightly and kissed the top of her hair sweetly. "If you can have visitors, I'll visit you every chance I get!" he promised.

"Oh, Kevin!" Ronda wailed, turning his tear streaked cheeks upward. "It's just not right! Why just today, I had to measure another girl for her first bra with Judy right there watching me to make sure I did it right! It was horrible!

"The girl, Marigold Bloom, who's just twelve, is already bigger than me and I had to handle her like she was just a piece of meat! I was so embarrassed!"

Kevin soothed her hair out of her eyes and kissed her gently.

"Why, Mother even wants me to get married. . . in a white wedding dress. . . in a church. . . to a *man!*" she wailed.

Kevin kissed the bee-stung lips affectionately, silencing all her objections in a most effective manner. "We'll get through this too, Ronda sweet."

"Oh, Kevin," Ronda replied, tightening his arms around the boy's neck and kissing him avidly. "I wouldn't mind marrying a man, if he could be you!"

"We'll work things out, my Dear," Kevin promised.

"Oh, Kevin, I love you so much!"

"And I love you too, Ronda!"

\* \* \*

## XII

"Welcome, Ladies," Miss Shyles greeted Katherine and Judy as they entered a rather austere office. "Welcome to The Academy!"

"Miss Shyles?" Katherine asked.

"Oh, please, call me Hannah," that woman replied waving her hand. "We don't have to stand on ceremony, do we?"

"I'm Doctor Katherine Blythe," Katherine introduced herself.

Hannah held out her hand and they shook warmly. "I am so happy to greet one of my girly-student's sponsor face to face!" Hannah gushed.

"I must say, Katherine confessed, "from what I have seen so far, you have a remarkable operation." She paused, "And this is my daughter, Judy."

"I'm glad to meet you," Hannah murmured, taking Judy's hand.

"All your girly students are so polite," Judy commented in passing.

"Yes, it is a part of their training to be polite, especially to women! Oh, excuse my faux pas, would you like some tea before we continue?"

Katherine and Judy nodded. "That would be lovely," Katherine answered.

"Yes, just lovely," Judy agreed.

Soon, they held tea cups and were settled comfortably in chairs before Miss Shyles desk.

“Can you tell us a little bit about your Academy?” Katherine asked.

“Oh, certainly.” Hannah leaned back in her chair and began to reminisce. . .

“As a girl, I had attended a rather fashionable finishing school for young ladies, and while the school tried, I always thought their efforts fell far short of expectations. There seemed to be a total lack of discipline and respect, for ourselves, our teachers and our parents. Our academic standards were high, but our social graces were given short shrift, in my estimation.

“I communicated my observations to my own Dear Mother and she admitted that the school had gone to seed since her student days.

“When I graduated and took my place in the modern work force, I was hired to teach at a prestigious girls’ school in Canada where I was introduced to the very sort of discipline I had missed at my own school. I won’t say the Nuns were overly strict, but I soon saw the wisdom of curbing young girls’ enthusiasms and base appetites!

“Subsequently, when I opened my own school after my Dear Grand-Mother’s death some years later, I incorporated many of the things I had learned from the Nuns.

“I started small with five students, all genetic girls and one instructress, a woman I had known and loved for many years, Miss Emily Lake.

“Miss Lake and I started with an old house that contained three class rooms, a dormitory, a kitchen, a dining area, a recreation area, an office and one extra room that we shared. In fact, some thirty six years later, we are still sharing a bedroom suite!” she stated proudly.

“We started with a basic curriculum of study, concentrating on those things we felt essential to a girl’s education and preparation for adult life.

“Our second year, we had sixteen students and four instructresses and we had moved into a larger building which we used for classrooms and offices. The house was converted into dormitories on the second and third floors and the first floor became living quarters for the instructresses, Miss Lake and myself.

“By our fifth year, we were crowded again and when the former Academy went bankrupt, we bought their buildings and grounds.

“Our student body had grown to over seventy girls and we desperately needed the room. We expanded our offered studies to include all those subjects a girl needs to make her way in the world.

“As the years passed, our enrollment grew to its present size, one hundred and thirty six girls.

“We have six instructresses who teach a wide range of subject matter, from home economics to advanced mathematics, from secretarial skills to philosophy and from sex education to social behavior. We try to cover all bases and give every girl a choice of study.”

“I can see that,” Katherine agreed, “but how did you get started with boys as girls? I mean, isn’t that a little out of character for a girls’ school?”

“What better than a girls’ school?” Hannah beamed. “After all, we have all the basic tools at our fingertips. Why, we even have a token male teacher who is an active participant in our curriculum! As a matter of fact, if it weren’t for his full beard and crew hair cut, you would never guess his birth sex! He wears full make-up, perfume, is laced to twenty-three inches that, when with compared to his height of six feet one inch, his forty-two

inch bust and forty-two inch hips, is quite remarkable! He wears five inch high heel button boots with ease, and his hobble skirts are the most restrictive of all my instructresses!

“Quite formidable indeed,” Katherine agreed.

“Yes, he is the wife of our games mistress, Ms Pamela Hyde, and believe me when I tell you that she is a most strict husband! He is the sweetest girl you could ever hope to meet!” she enthused.

“That’s all well and good,” Katherine agreed, “but. . .”

“How did we get started feminizing genetic boys and turning them into sociably acceptable, believable, girls. . . well, a very dear friend of mine came to me one day several years ago with literally tears in her eyes. She explained that since her husband’s death some months previously, their only son had become quite sassy and unmanageable and she feared that he would get into some sort of trouble where she would be unable to extricate him.

“I had read of something practiced by English Matrons for many years called ‘petticoat punishment.’ The exasperated Mother would put her misbehaving son into dresses and petticoats to curb his wayward ways. In many cases, the boy would be completely feminized and forced to become a girl in every way possible.”

She paused for a sip of tea. Then, “In almost every case, the boy soon lost his wayward impulses and became a model citizen for all time. Many of these boys lived as females for the rest of their lives with no one the wiser.

“I suggested to my friend that we employ the same methodology on her son to bring him back into the fold, so to speak.

“Well, we had such success with Clarice that we began to accept others with similar problems. My friend’s friends were impressed, so impressed with the way Clarice had turned out that they asked me to reform their sons as well.

“One thing led to another and today our student body consists of almost half girly-boys and half genetic girls.

“We are very proud of our success rate with our many girly-boys, and would encourage any Mother with an unruly son to enroll him here with us.”

“Amazing,” Katherine whispered.

“But, how can we be sure our Ronda will benefit as a girl?” Judy asked.

“My Dear, ” Hannah soothed, “one can never be absolutely sure. But, let me say this, we have never had a failure!” She smiled winningly.

“What do these girly-boys learn?”

“We teach them to be girls in any and every way imaginable.

“First, certain subjects are mandatory for a girly-boy. They must learn how to curtsey and be properly respectful towards all females, no matter their age, especially those in authority. They learn to curtsey when entering or leaving a room when a female is present. They learn to curtsey when asking permission to speak or when answering a female’s question. A failure to obey this simple rule results in the girly having a kissing session with our Muss Birch!

“Indeed, every girly-boy learns to obey this rule with anyone in authority, whether male or female and of any age, even if much younger and they are female, especially if they are female, and males in authority, but only those

males in authority! We teach and insist on the superiority of the female in all things!"

"That sounds entirely reasonable to me," Judy laughed.

Hannah smiled. "Next, all learning is subject to any girly-boy's sponsor's approval and acceptance. If a sponsor does not wish her girly-boy to learn about certain things, we will not teach them, no matter what the student desires."

"Can you give us a for instance?" Judy asked.

"Certainly, sex education. Many Mothers feel that their girly-boy sons must not have any knowledge about sex between men and women on their wedding nights, preferring that the girly-boy should be taught by her new husband, like they were on their own wedding nights! To ensure this, these *special* girls are always excused and barred from all sex education and science classes that touch on reproduction, and any and all extraneous gossip in the dormitories is expressly forbidden and harshly dealt with if discovered!

"By the same token, some sponsors wish their wards to be thoroughly grounded in sexual matters and able to perform accordingly. Some sponsors even wish their girlies to be taught to be wanton whores in the bedroom.

"We try to accommodate everyone's personal taste in these areas."

"What else?" Judy persisted.

Hannah smiled indulgently. "Home economics is mandatory. A girly-boy must become a gourmet cook, a gracious hostess and an accomplished seamstress by graduation time and must make her own graduation gown and traveling ensemble. She must be able to design,

make patterns, cut and sew her garments with a minimum of problems.

“After her initial clothing issue, all students are expected to sew any and all replacement garments by herself, with the exception of stockings and button boots. We have found these to be beyond our ability to teach. Some of the more talented girlys are even able to sew professional looking bras and girdles!

“She is taught about different fabrics and must be able to identify any one of various fabrics by touch only! She must identify colors by name, and I do not mean just reds, blues, yellows and such.

“Colors are very important to a girls’ understanding of her life.

“She must know the basic difference between sky blue and robin’s egg blue or navy blue. She must be able to distinguish lavender or violet from lilac, plum, or orchid, and all those from plain purple or royal purple.

“All girly-boys are taught child care and must pass a rigorous examination at the end of that course. It too is mandatory. Along with child care, each of my girls must cultivate a sincere and abiding love of dolls. Each is required to treat her doll as a real person. They must learn to place their doll’s comfort and well-being above their own. Each classroom desk has a basket attached to its side for placing her doll during a class session. Any sign of neglect by a girl, genetic or girly, results in a severe punishment session with Miss Birch.”

“Oh, my,” Katherine gasped.

Hannah smiled. “Ten kisses are usually enough for even the most flagrant transgressor. Repeats are rare, but they do occur occasionally. A third session with our Miss Birch for the same reason has only rarely happened!

Some sponsors wish their little wards to remain somewhat babyish in nature, and these girlys are never without their bulky diapers, rubber protective pants and their bobbing dummies! I would assume that Ronda will not be one of those girlys?" she smiled at Katherine.

"No, I don't think so," she mused.

"Oh, I disagree," Judy interjected, "the way Ronda's been acting lately, it might not be a bad idea to get her used to having a something in her mouth!"

Judy!" Katherine gasped. "You're terrible. . . just *terrible!*"

Judy grinned. "Yes, aren't I?"

"Still. . ." Katherine mused, "she does seem to be a natural born coc. . .".

"It's not as though Ronda has never had a real man in her mouth before. We watched her sucking Kevin on more than one occasion!" Judy smirked.

"Yes, men seem to like having a girl's lips wrapped around their organs and bringing them to orgasm," Katherine observed. "My late husband loved it!"

"Mother! No!" Judy gasped.

Katherine laughed. "Mother! *Yes!* And you know, I rather liked the feeling of control I had. I even came to enjoy him in my mouth while I sucked on him!"

"Oh, Mother, I never knew," Judy cried.

"I never told you," Katherine replied softly.

"And, I would never have guessed it," Judy confessed, squeezing Katherine's fingers reassuringly.

"To continue, every girly-boy is grounded thoroughly in those domestic areas such as household maintenance, budget management, servant control and the like.

“Each girly-boy must learn to be the perfect hostess for her future husband, and we always stress marriage to a man unless the sponsor directs otherwise.

“Each girl is required to master at least one musical instrument, whether it be piano, trombone, her voice or whatever, is of no consequence. We believe that Music is vital to any girl’s education.

“Every girly-boy is taught clothes sense. They must learn make-up arts and must be presentable at all times. They are taught how to alter their looks with a judicial use of cosmetics.”

“Exactly what I stress at my Shoppe!” Judy agreed eagerly.

“Each girly-boy is taught decorum and how to hold one’s tongue to avoid any unpleasant consequence.

“Each girly-boy must learn to walk, sit, hold her hands just so, to keep her back straight when walking or sitting and so on. To that end, each girl, genetic or girly, is tightly corseted which further restrains their undesired urges. All are required to wear the same dress uniform, the same bloomer panties, the same breast coverings, the same aprons and the same button boots that were fashionable when I was a child!” she enthused.

Wistfully, “Oh, how many times I have mourned the passage of those halcyon days. Life was so much easier and gracious then!” She sighed deeply.

“Well, I think I have covered almost everything. To sum up, your Ronda will not appear any different than any other girl here, genetic or girly when she gets to the end of her studies!”

“You mentioned other subjects, geography, science. . .”

"Oh, yes, I almost forgot! We offer geography, civics, social studies, art, science, mathematics, English and European Literature, English grammar and theater. Each student must choose a foreign language to study, and for some reason or another, most choose French."

"Gee, I wonder why that is!" Judy laughed sarcastically.

"Wonderful!" Katherine enthused.

"Miss Lake is fluent in French, Spanish, Italian, German, Swedish, Greek and Arabic. She has an absolutely talented tongue!" Hannah enthused, then blushed at her unintended pun.

"Oh, I'm sure," Katherine laughed.

"Will Ronda be in a dormitory or will she be in a single room?" Judy asked.

"All girls, whether genetic or girly, live and sleep in the same dormitory, although in separate beds, you see," Hannah explained.

"They are encouraged to form close friendships that stops short of a sexual intimacy. They learn to help one another with dressing, undressing, make-up, and all the other things that go into learning their required social graces.

"We strive for a well-rounded girl here." She smiled contentedly. Then, "I might mention too, that all girls are forced by necessity to use the same bathing and toilet facilities where they soon learn to lose any false modesty they might have around one another. We feel that they adjust much quicker that way."

"Yeah," Judy snickered, "like sisters!"

"Exactly!" Hannah beamed.

"I think that's a darn good idea," Katherine observed.

"All live in the dorms until their senior year when they are paired with another girl of their choice. Usually a girl will pick a younger girl as her roommate, but occasionally two seniors will decide to form a special relationship and room together, if you catch my drift." Hannah blushed rosily.

They savored their tea for a long moment. Then, "Have you given any thought to those subjects you wish your Ronda to learn?" Hannah asked gently.

"Oh, home economics and proper English," Katherine gushed, "and French, of course. I just loved French in High School and University!"

"And no sex education whatsoever!" Judy broke in. "After all, if it was good enough for Mother, it will be perfect for Ronda! Besides, learning how to be a good cock-sucker should be enough for her!" she giggled.

"Yes, she will learn to keep her dummy bobbing, even when she speaks. The only time she is allowed to remove it is when she eats or is on her knees before her betters," Hannah reassured her guests.

"Yes, I agree with Judy there," Katherine admitted. "Ronda must join those who constantly suck their dummies. And I think that any physical education and sports involvement must be kept to an absolute minimum. After all, we surely don't want our dear child to become muscle bound!" she giggled. "My late husband was a sports nut, and I wish Ronda to avoid a similar circumstance."

"I think the piano should be her instrument and voice if she should show any real talent," Judy added. "And the *skin* flute! Her lips should be trained to be adept in as many ways as possible!"

"I think we should concentrate on total femininity and teach Ronda to be a girl and embed into her psyche that being female is her ultimate ambition so that femininity

becomes automatic to her in every way. Any and all trace of masculinity must be rooted out and replaced with those more desirable female and feminine characteristics," Katherine mused.

"Amen to that!" Judy replied fervently.

"Then we have agreed on Ronda's primary subjects for study and her physical development?" Hannah proposed.

"Yes, more than agreed," Judy chimed in. "Especially making her suck on a penis pacifier. . . for practice, of course," she added maliciously.

"Judy! You are outrageous!" Katherine laughed. "Still, I fully agree with you that Ronda should learn to be an expert cock-sucker!"

"Mother!" Judy laughed with delight. "Now who's the outrageous one?"

Katherine smiled and stood. "I think we have covered the basics and now we really must be getting back home. We left Ronda with her baby-sitter and I don't want to keep her out too late on a school night while we dawdle around."

Hannah stood. "If you think of anything or if there's anything we missed, feel free to call me and we shall adjust Ronda's studies accordingly."

"Thank you so much," Katherine replied brightly.

"I'm so glad we met," Hannah murmured, taking Katherine's hand in hers, then leaned in and kissed Katherine's lips tenderly.

"And, you, Judy," she shook Judy's hand next, kissing her too.

"Yes, it has been most informative," Judy agreed.

They took their leave.

\* \* \*

### XIII

"Welcome to The Academy," the smallish woman on the dais greeted. "Oh, I am Miss Lake, your primary instructress in languages and sex education. I am quite sure you are all full of questions about what you may expect from us. And, may I start by saying, if you abide by the rules, you will have no problem.

"However, if you disobey, you will be punished, and I'm sure that one or, at the most, two sessions of being kissed by Miss Birch will teach you better manners! It is a very rare girly who requires three!"

"Who's Miss Birch?" Ronda asked Debrah who was sitting beside him.

"Beats me," Debrah answered. "Now, hush and listen!"

"First," the woman went on, "your clothing. Each of you will be issued a basic wardrobe upon leaving here. You will proceed to your dormitory where you will change your clothing for a uniform. Be sure your corsets are their tightest and that your button boots are fastened securely.

"Those of you requiring assistance in dressing, will ask a neighbor for her help. Remember, while here, you are all sisters and must regard one another as such at all times. Is that clear?"

"I wonder what that means?" Ronda whispered.

Debrah gave her a disgusted look. "Shut up, will you?"

Miss Lake gave them a withering stare, then went on. "Your class schedules will vary from girl to girl, but all follow the same basic pattern. Your primary purpose is to learn to be socially adjusted and well behaved young ladies who are welcome in any circumstance.

"Those of you who have chosen French as your secondary language will find it to be satisfying in many ways. We shall read the novel *Les Miserables* by Victor Hugo in the original French. I hope you will all enjoy our readings!" she smiled brilliantly as another woman stepped to the dais.

"Good morning, ladies," she began, "I am Miss Shyles, and I will be teaching several courses, among which are English Grammar and American Literature. There is a list of required reading in each of your welcome packets, so I would advise that you read it carefully to see what is expected of you this semester.

"As some of you already know, we have several new girly-boy students with us for the coming semester. I would like to take this opportunity to introduce you to each of them and have them tell you a little bit about themselves. First, is Miss Johnson here?"

A short, chunky girl stood. "Yeah, I'm here but I don't wanna be! I should be home right now except for that miserable broad next door who blamed me for her clothesline getting dragged through the mud! It was *her* damned goat! How should I have known the damned thing would do that? All I did was tie the firecrackers onto its tail and shoo it from the damned barn!"

"Thank you, Miss Johnson," Miss Shyles cooed. "Please see me directly after assembly so we can work on your language skills."

"And it ain't Miss neither!" the girly-boy almost shouted.

"Miss Chavez?" Miss Shyles called.

"Here, Miss Shyles." A short brunet girl stood and curtsayed politely.

"And what can you tell us about yourself, Dear?"

"Well, I asked my Dear Auntie Jocelyn to send me here so that I could learn how to be the best girl possible! My beloved fiance, Mr. Henery Washbourne III, is in complete accord with Auntie and approves of me being here with no reservations whatsoever!" She beamed and sat down.

"And I'm sure you will do very well, my Dear," Miss Shyles smiled softly.

"Ass kisser!" Ronda whispered to Debrah.

"Miss Blythe?" Miss Shyles called.

"Yeah, I'm here," Ronda stood, "but like that other guy, it ain't my choice to be here. It's my damned sister, Judy, and my Mother who're forcing me!"

"Very well, Miss Blythe, please see me after assembly so that we may work on your language skills as well!"

"Now you've done it!" Debrah hissed.

"I don't care!" Ronda snapped. "I ain't not no girl and nothing they can do can change me!"

"Miss Freemaids?"

A pretty blonde girl stood. "Here, Miss Shyles." She curtsayed quickly.

"Tell us about yourself, Dear."

"First, my name is Dorcas Freemaids, and I come from Shireton. I am a recent graduate of Shireton High and am looking forward to continuing my studies here. One day, I hope to be a teacher and some man's wife, and I think The Academy will help me to fulfill my dream in short order!"

She curtsayed again and sat down.

“Another ass kisser!” Ronda snarled.

“Will you for crissakes just shut the f\*\*k up?” Debrah snarled peevishly.

The roll continued. . .

\* \* \*

## XIV

After assembly, the girls all trooped out to the supply room where they were issued their required uniforms. Miss Lake accompanied them and then took them to the dormitory where she assigned each to a certain bed.

“Remember where your beds are, girls,” she warned. “Now, hurry and get out of your street things and into your new uniforms. Those of you with appointments with Miss Birch are to hurry to Miss Shyles’ office immediately after changing!”

Debrah helped Ronda make her bed and get dressed. She pulled the laces of the corset as tight as she could, making Ronda squeal with indignation.

“Hey, not so tight! I can’t breathe!” she complained.

“Oh, hush up, girl, you’ll soon be laced in a lot further than this unless I miss my guess!”

When Ronda was finally dressed and had her button boots fastened, she helped Debrah with her corset and boots.

Once ready, she hurried off to Miss Shyles’ office for her appointment with Miss Birch, whoever she might be.

There, the secretary told her to take a seat and wait her turn. Fidgeting nervously, Ronda waited, the hard chair becoming harder by the minute. She listened closely but could hear nothing emanating from behind the closed door.

Finally, Miss Johnson emerged, her eyes red and puffy. She mumbled that it was now Ronda's turn to meet Miss Birch.

More nervous than ever, Ronda tapped at the door, and it opened suddenly at her touch.

"You sent for me, Miss Shyles?" she asked diffidently.

"Yes, come in, Miss Blythe," Miss Shyles ordered.

Ronda stood before the woman's desk, waiting while she read from a paper.

"I'm sure you know why you're here, Miss," she spoke suddenly.

"Er. . . yes, Ma'am," came the shy answer, "it's because I was rude during our assembly, right?"

Miss Shyles nodded. "Yes, that too. But primarily because of your cursing. Your Mother was especially concerned that we teach you proper English usage, so I am afraid I shall have to punish you. Do you understand?"

Ronda nodded miserably. "Yes, Ma'am."

"Very well, you may lift your skirts above your waist, lower your bloomers to your ankles and bend forward over that desk." She pointed to a student's desk in a near corner.

"But, Ma'am. . ." Ronda objected.

"Your Mother gave express permission that you should be punished for every indiscretion, and I see no reason that we shouldn't start straight away!"

"Oh, Ma'am, I am so sorry!" Ronda wailed.

“To business! Over that desk, Miss Blythe. *Now!*”

Crying in misery, Ronda obeyed, her bare, blushing bottom fully exposed to the woman, who took up a position beside Ronda and patted the bare cheeks familiarly.

“Attention! La deluge!” she cried.

Ronda heard something swish through the air. Then. .



SLASH!

"Oh, oh! That hurts!" she cried.

For answer, she heard the rush of air, and. . .

SLASH!

The birch's fiery trail along her cringing upper thighs was almost more than she could bear, but Miss Shyles continued until she had delivered a full complement of ten measured strokes.

Ronda was sobbing uncontrollably when Miss Shyles stopped.

"You may restore your bloomers and drop your skirts, Miss Blythe," quietly.

Tears streaking her cheeks, Ronda obeyed.

"Next time, Miss Blythe," Miss Shyles promised, "you shall again be whipped on your bare bottom in front of your entire class and you shall receive twenty of the best!"

She turned to her desk and removed a pink something. Ronda couldn't believe her eyes. It was shaped just like Kevin's erection, except it was much shorter although it was just as big otherwise.

"Your Sister wished you to have this special dummy to suck on."

"But. . . but. . . it's shaped like a. . . a boy's. . . *thing!*" Ronda whispered in shame.

"Why, yes, I do believe you're right!" Hannah agreed, holding it up to look at it closely. "Still, it is an order, and we must obey all orders! Mustn't we?"

In seconds, the repulsive thing was in Ronda's mouth and she began to suck at it diligently so that it would not fall out.

“My, you do that so well!” Hannah praised. “One would almost think you had vast experience with boys in your previous life!” she teased.

Ronda blushed helplessly. How could she know? There was only one way, Judy and her Mother! Oh, how could they?

Ronda suddenly realized that she was at the tender mercies of these hateful women, and that her own Mother and Sister, Judy, were working hand in glove with Miss Shyles to mould her into a well-rounded, fully accomplished, totally believable, *female!*

‘Oh,’ she moaned to herself, ‘What is to become of me?’

“You may leave now, Miss Blythe,” Hannah dismissed her with a wave. “Oh, don’t forget to keep your cute little dummy bobbing!” she laughed.

Ronda blushed helplessly.

Choking back her sobs, Ronda ran from the office in shame, her dummy bobbing and dancing rhythmically as her lips sucked obediently on the detestable thing filling her mouth!

\* \* \*

## XV

For several weeks, Ronda kept a tight rein on her tongue, speaking respectfully and carefully to each instructress, especially Miss Shyles! She was also careful to keep her dummy bobbing, even when she lisped around it while speaking.

Debrah was impressed by her girl friend's forbearance and complimented her. "I think you're doing just great, Ronda sweets," she whispered as they cuddled in Ronda's bed after their chaperone had checked them out and gone to bed herself.

"Oh, Debbie, it's so shameful!" Ronda lisped. "I don't know how some of the girls stand it! I really don't!"

"It's because they really want to be turned into girls, and they are willing to do anything to achieve those ends! Why, that Dorcas Freemaide is a prime example! Just look how she laps up everything the instructresses say! She gets gold stars almost everyday!"

"Yeah, isn't it sickening?" Ronda giggled.

"Yeah, since you have yet to earn your first one!" Debrah chided. "Tomorrow is our first allowable visiting day, and you have been denied any visit that is *not* your Mother or Judy!"

"That's not my fault!" Ronda cried. "I try, I really do!"

"Well, my Dear girly-boy, it's certainly not *my* fault!"

"Don't call me *that*!" Ronda exclaimed angrily. "You know how I hate it!"

"But, that's exactly what you have become, Ronda, and the sooner you accept that, the sooner your life will straighten out," Debrah pointed out.

"Oh, Debbie, I am so confused," Ronda started to cry. "I hate myself! I'm beginning to like being a swishy *girly*!" she lisped.

"There, there, little one, it's going to be all right, just you wait and see what I tell you!" she calmed.

"It's never going to be all right ever again!" Ronda wailed in misery.

\* \* \*

## XVI

“Ladies! Ladies! May I have your attention?” Miss Shyles called over the subdued chattering in Assembly. It was the first assembly of Ronda’s second year at *Miss Shyles’ Old Fashioned Finishing Academy for Young Girls* and they awaited Miss Shiles announcement with mixed feelings.

The girls quieted reluctantly, turning their attention to the podium.

“Thank you, Ladies. Now I have an announcement, our own theater department is staging a school play using some of you students in the cast. To that end, we will be holding auditions in the next few days. The play is *Marilee Sweetlips*, authored by our own Miss Marliiss Spendor. I’m sure you will all be eager to participate! I want each of you to try out for more than one part. And, while there are not enough roles for all of you, there is plenty of work to do off-stage to put the play on in a professional manner. And I’m sure you are all eager to help!”

There was a chorus from some of the girly-boys of, “Yea! Great! Wow!”

“Hey, we did that in class last year and it’s a dumb girls’ play!” Ronda whispered. “Everything in it happens in a back stage dressing room where some girls are getting dressed and they all change into stage costume in the first act! And the lead girl’s boyfriend sneaks into the dressing room in act two and they make out, with him undressing her down to her corset and bloomers and his hands are all over her! And at the end of the second act, they’re caught by the manager, and in the third act, he gets expelled and she gets a bare bottom session with

Miss Birch, right on stage with her bare bottom pointed at the audience so they can see everything!" he blurted angrily.

Dorcas Freemaids overheard and whispered back, "Yes, isn't it exciting? Oh, I want to be in it! I want to play the lead! My Mother would be so proud!" she gushed as her dummy bobbed with excitement.

"Oh, Dorcas," Debrah laughed, "you'd do anything to have a boy hold you and then be birched on your bare ass for everyone to see! You're such a blatant exhibitionist!"

Dorcas sniffed haughtily. "And, why not? Isn't that what they have been teaching us girlyls how to do since we started?" Her eyes flashed fire and her dummy bobbed angrily.

"Not me!" Ronda snapped peevishly.

"Oh, you!" Dorcas snapped in return. "You're just jealous because I do want to marry a man and have his kids while you're hung up on Debrah's pussy!"

"At least I'm not a *queer*!" Ronda sniffed mockingly.

Dorcas recoiled as though she had been struck. "Oh, you're horrible!" she lisped in outrage. "I'm going to tell Miss Shyles what you said!"

"Tattle tale!" Ronda taunted, realizing she had gone too far.

"You just wait and see if I don't!" Dorcas cried.

"Oh, come now, Dorcas," Debrah tried to smooth things over, "I'm sure Ronda didn't mean it the way it came out."

"Yes, she did!"

Ronda's heart sank. Now she'd never have a visitor! And she would see Miss Birch into the bargain!

Oh, if only she could see Kevin and be held close in his comforting arms. . .

But the way things were going, that would never happen!

A tear stung Ronda's eye and trickled slowly down her cheek.

Dorcas smiled evilly and sniffed aloud. 'I do believe that will settle your hash, Ronda love!' she thought triumphantly as her dummy bobbed furiously.

\* \* \*

## XVII

Miss Shyles was on the phone, talking to Katherine. "Oh, yes, it's one of the most delicious plays ever! It was especially written to be played by a girly!" she cooed with ill concealed glee.

Katherine laughed with pleasure. "I pity the poor girly who gets the lead role!"

"Oh, it sounds made to order for our Ronda!" Judy enthused, listening on the extension.

"Believe it or not, we have two girlyls who are actively campaigning for the role!" Hannah smiled.

"Surely not our Ronda," Judy laughed.

"No, but we were most impressed with her reading, and we have almost ruled out every girly except for your Ronda and Dorcas Freemaids. They were the best."

"Oh, wouldn't it be delicious irony if Ronda were to play the lead and be kissed and stripped and pawed by a girly-boy lead, and then be forced to bare her bottom for a

birching, and all right there on a stage in full view of an appreciative audience!" Judy was beside herself, chortling happily. "That would certainly teach the little minx what all we real girls go through!" she added with a giggle. "I'd love to see Ronda with an amorous male-type and not some panty-waist like Kevin!" she sneered.

"Yes, Hannah, I fully agree with Judy," Katherine laughed. "I would serve our little Ronda right to have to fend off a determined boy's rough advances, and lose, only to suffer the consequences while the boy goes scott free!" she observed with a smile.

"Yet, Dorcas would welcome all advances and she would relish the prospect of baring her bottom to the world, while Ronda would only feel humiliation and utter shame," Hannah agreed. "Yes, I too believe that Ronda should play the role, to learn first hand what many girls are forced to experience with an over zealous swain!"

And so it was that Ronda got the lead in the play *Marilee Sweetlips*.

To say that Ronda was stunned would be less than what she really felt, while to say that she was devastated would be much closer to the absolute horror that infused her secret soul when she realized just exactly what she was in for at the hands of the girly lead who would have no restrictions placed on anything he might do, whereas she would be expected to welcome each and every advance as though she were truly the more-than-willing heroine recipient of those advances!

The only person more chagrined than Ronda was Miss Dorcas Freemaids who expressed her total disappointment to Ronda when she was informed that she would play the theater manager who catches Marilee Sweetlips in *flagrante delicto* and punishes her right on stage.

"It's beneath my dignity to play a theater manager!" Dorcas exclaimed. "The only redeeming aspect about it is that I can whip that big fat ass of yours to a fond fare-thee-well!" Her dummy bobbed furiously.

Ronda's heart sank. She knew she could expect no mercy from her enemy! "But, Dorcas, I do not have a *fat* ass!" she exclaimed angrily.

Dorcas ignored Ronda's outburst and continued her tirade, "Why I have half a mind to quit the play entirely. Just everyone knows that I would be perfect as Marilee Sweetlips! That role was made for me!"

"Well," Ronda giggled, "you got it half-right. . ."

"What do you mean by that crack?" Dorcas demanded.

"That you have half a mind," Ronda giggled nastily.

"Oh. . . oh. . . *f\*\*k* you!" Dorcas lisp-hissed around her bobbing dummy.

"I'm going to tell Miss Shyles!" Ronda taunted as Dorcas rushed away. "Dorcas swore! Dorcas swore! I'm gonna tell! I'm gonna tell! She said the *f* word right out loud!" Ronda called after her.

"That'll fix her little red wagon!" Debrah chuckled.

"Yeah," Ronda agreed.

But Ronda also knew that this would not be the end of things by any stretch of the imagination!

\* \* \*

## XVIII

"Alright, girls!" Miss Spendor cried, "places for act two! Cue Marilee and Horace. Take it from, 'What are you doing here?'"

Ronda looked at Miss Randi Johnson and thought, "That name sure fits her! I don't think she's acting either! She acts more boyish now than she did when she first came here! Why she's been kissed by Miss Birch more than the whole rest of the school combined!"

Randi leered at Ronda. "Ready, Sweetlips?" she grinned.

"Stop calling me that!" Ronda objected. "I don't like it!"

"Why, Sweetlips, that is your name, isn't it?" she smirked.

"Only in the play!" Ronda insisted.

"Oh, no, Sweetlips!" Randi corrected. "And you do have sweet lips!"

"Stop that!"

"Girls? Are you ready?" Miss Spendor called.

"I am," Randi replied, "but Miss Sweetlips here is dragging her rear end, as usual."

"Whatever is the trouble, Miss Blythe?"

"It's Randi," Ronda quavered. "*He* gets too fresh! *He's* acting just like a boy and *he* makes me forget my lines."

"Miss Johnson," Miss Spendor warned, "be more discreet else you will be kissed by Miss Birch again."

"Aw, I ain't afraid of no Miss Birch!" Randi bragged.

"Maybe it's time you were introduced to her brother, Master Tawse, Miss Johnson. I dare say he would change your mind in jig time."

"Go ahead!" Randi taunted. "I ain't afraid of nothing!"

"Very well, see me after practice," Miss Spendor replied. "Now, can we get on with it?"

For the next twenty minutes, Ronda avoided all Randi's advances and tried to keep to the script. But the combination of her own latent sexual desires coupled with Randi's persistent caresses and kisses, soon had her so mixed up, she had no idea what was happening.

Randi was fondling her breasts and diving beneath her bloomers when time was called and he was forced to stop.

"Oh, well, Sweetlips," he whispered, "there's always tomorrow!"

"Not if I can help it!" Ronda retorted.

"But that's just it, Sweetlips," Randi mocked, "according to the script, I will have my way with you in spite of yourself!"

Ronda looked at him in panic.

The damned script!

\* \* \*

## XIX

"Oh, Ronda," Judy gushed. "You were absolutely superb! You played Marilee Sweetlips as though you were born to the role! It was so realistic, especially the last act when you were bare bottom birched by Miss Goodman, the stage manager who was played by Miss Dorcas

Freemaids! One could almost swear that it was all real and not make-believe!" she smirked knowingly.

"It *was* real!" Ronda hissed. "My poor bottom still stings like the devil!"

"Oh, come now!" Judy chided. "By the smile on your face while she whipped that fat thing, we could see that you were enjoying yourself very much!"

"I was *not*!" Ronda exclaimed. "I was just acting and following the script! And it's *not* fat!"

"You kept smiling at Dorcas to encourage her," Judy went on.

"Is Dorcas one of your special friends?" Katherine asked. "Mrs. Freemaids is so worried about her daughter. It seems that she has a hard time making friends with the other girls."

"No! She's no friend of mine!" Ronda blurted. "She's hateful and mean!"

"Maybe if you were to cultivate her friendship instead of going out of your way to antagonize her," Katherine suggested. "I mean, how difficult would it be for you? You make friends so easily."

"Yes, Mother," Ronda lisped, giving in. She knew it was not a suggestion!

"Anyway, Miss Johnson's Father filmed the whole play and he has promised a copy for every cast member's sponsor who wants one. I ordered five copies. . ."

'Oh, no!' Ronda thought, 'She's going to show them to just everyone!'

"It'll be so exciting when you return home to play the tape and watch it over and over again, won't it, Ronda, Dear?" Judy asked sweetly.

“Oh, yes, Judy!” Ronda enthused sarcastically, “I can hardly wait!”

Her dummy bobbed rhythmically and she blushed rosily.

“I’ll just bet!” Judy teased knowingly.

Ronda blushed with helpless impotence.

\* \* \*

XX

Katherine and Judy watched Ronda run off with Debrah as Hannah approached.

“Ah, Doctor Blythe. . . er, Katherine! Judy! How lovely to see you again!”

She kissed each woman warmly and beamed at them while holding their hands. “Have you a moment?” she asked.

“Why, yes,” Katherine replied. “Why, is something wrong?”

“Oh, heavens no!” Hannah assured her. “I just thought it was time we had a discussion about Ronda’s physical development.”

They went into Hannah’s office and were soon settled with their tea cups.

“Now, what’s up?” Judy asked.

Hannah smiled. “I know that you have already started Ronda on female hormone replacement, and I wonder how far you wish to carry her redevelopment?”

“I’m not sure I understand. . .” Katherine demurred.

"Surely you have noticed the physical changes in Ronda's appearance?" Hannah observed. "Her waist has shrunk while her hips have rounded out and her breasts are beginning to overflow her breast coverings. Soon, she will need more support than that afforded by a simple covering. She will need a well-fitted bra!"

"Ah, I see what you mean," Katherine smiled as she smoothed her hands across her own more than ample breasts."

"Yes, Mother," Judy laughed. "She'll be a D-cup before you know it!"

"Like Mother, like daughters!" Katherine observed, glancing at Judy's rather large bust line.

"I got mine from you, Kathy!" Judy laughed.

"Then, may I assume you wish to continue Ronda's development as a female?" Hannah asked softly.

"Oh, yes, by all means!" Katherine enthused.

"I'll schedule Ronda for an appointment with our Doctor Bloom, that's Doctor Hildegard Bloom, for a complete physical."

"Yes, I would assume the hormone computer we gave her is running low," Judy commented.

"Leave it to Hilly and me," Hannah smiled.

\* \* \*

## XXI

"Good afternoon, Miss Blythe," Doctor Bloom greeted. "And how are we this fine afternoon?" she purred.

"Very well, Doctor," Ronda admitted, "all things considered."

"Oh, such as?" she asked, pouring over Ronda's medical chart.

"Well, for one thing, my chest hurts. For another these bumps (and she pointed to her swollen nipples) are getting bigger. And my waist hurts from the corset, and my ankles hurt from the high heels on my button boots, and my bottom is swelling right out of my bloomers! I feel woozy some of the time, but I got all over the darned morning sickness, thank goodness!"

"Yes, that's a trying time for any woman," the Doctor agreed.

"But, I'm *not* a woman!" Ronda objected. "No matter how much you call me a woman, I'm still not!" she insisted.

"Yet. . ." the Doctor mused.

"What does that mean?" Ronda asked fearfully.

"Oh, nothing to worry your pretty head about, Ronda Dear," the Doctor went on hurriedly. "Do you feel any pain here?" and she pressed the computer button hidden under her skin.

Ronda shook her head slowly. "No. . . not any more," she admitted.

"Good!" the Doctor enthused.

"What does that thing do?" Ronda asked.

"Oh, it just assures that you get a proper dosage of vitamins every day, in the proper sequence for maximum results," she explained.

"Oh," Ronda replied, "not understanding her hidden meaning at all.

"Now, about your breasts," the Doctor continued, "and that is what they are, not your chest. And those *bumps*, as you call them, are nipples, and are a direct result of your breast growth."

"You mean they'll get bigger?" Ronda asked in alarm.

Doctor Bloom nodded. "Oh, yes," she affirmed. "I dare say you will grow to be as large as your Mother and Sister!" She smiled.

"But, I don't want breasts!" Ronda cried. "I'm a boy and a boy doesn't grow breasts like his Mother and older Sister!" she protested.

"Be that as it may," Doctor continued. "Your waist has shrunk to about its smallest without further enhancement. . ."

"What enhancement?" Ronda cried, more alarmed than ever.

"Nothing to worry about. I'm quite sure your twenty-three inches will stand the test of time. If not, we'll worry about it in the future. OK?"

Ronda wasn't too sure what the Doctor had just said, but she nodded anyway. "OK, I guess," she whispered. If there was anything she had learned was that when she was told not to worry, she should start worrying!

"That's my good girl!" Doctor crooned, passing her cold stethoscope across Ronda's bare chest and back. "Good! Good!" she murmured.

After a few minutes checking her over, Doctor put her instrument away, then wrote hurriedly on Ronda's chart.

"Now, I want you to continue the special vitamins I have prescribed. You're still quite vulnerable, you know."

Ronda did *not* know, but didn't dare admit it.

"I'm going to schedule an appointment with our dentist. I notice that you seem to be developing a small imperfection."

Ronda cringed. "It's this blasted dummy doing it!" she exclaimed. "It has started to shove my teeth all out of shape!"

"No, I disagree. Your mouth is shaping up perfectly."

"I'm beginning to look like a rabbit!" Ronda lisped.

Doctor took Ronda's chin between her fingers and turned her head slowly, one way and then the other. "No, but I do see the onset of some decay."

"Oh," Ronda had a fear of cavities. "That's not good at all!" she agreed.

"You're right! Otherwise, you're in excellent physical shape."

"I'm glad of that," Ronda replied, relief evident in his lisp.

"Fine. I'll see you in a week, then?" She smiled absently.

"Yes, Doctor." Ronda curtseyed and hurried from the examination room.

\* \* \*

## XXII

"Mrs. Blythe? This is Doctor Bloom from Miss Shyles, calling to report my findings during Ronda's examination this afternoon."

"Oh, dear," Katherine exclaimed. "There's nothing seriously wrong with her, is there? When I examined her, she was fine."

"Oh, my heavens, no! She's in perfect health. No, I just wanted to let you know that her hormone replacement therapy is progressing at an amazing speed. In a few weeks, your Ronda will have at least C-cup breasts and she will have two of the most sensitive nipples any woman could ever wish for!"

"That's great news, Doctor Bloom," Katherine enthused.

"Oh, please, call me Hilly!" Doctor Bloom laughed. "Whenever I hear Doctor Bloom, I always look around for my Father!"

Katherine laughed. "I feel the same way when I am called Doctor Blythe! It always reminds me of my late Father too. Please, call me Katherine or Kathy?"

"OK, Kathy it is," Hilly laughed.

"Hilly, I assume that's short for Hildegard? Hannah told me."

"Yep, guilty as charged!" Hilly laughed. "Hildegard Neff was a favorite of my Father's, so I inherited the name!"

"Yes, my own Mother loved Katherine Hepburn!"

"What do you practice?" Hilly asked.

"I'm an obstetrics and pediatrics specialist," Katherine admitted. "And, I would be lying if I said I am a specialist in S.R.S. therapy!"

"Well, I do admit, it is a rather new science, but there is no shortage of those who are in need of that special procedure."

"Yes, so I have read in my journals," Katherine agreed.

"Moving right along," Hilly continued, "I wanted to apprise you of Ronda's waist measurement. Right now, at twenty-two inches, she is at her minimum, and any further reduction without additional help would be relatively useless, in vain, so to speak."

"I see," Katherine thought a moment. Then, "So, what would you recommend as the proper remedy, Hilly?" she asked.

"With removal of the lower ribs, she could very well be laced in to twenty inches or, possibly, even nineteen inches. With her swelling bottom and C-cups, any reduction would enhance her silhouette greatly."

"Yes," Katherine agreed. "I can see definite possibilities. . ."

"And. . . well, this other is rather delicate. . ." Hannah began.

"Yes?" Katherine prompted.

"Well, with a snip here and a snip there, we could make her panties smoother between her thighs by the total removal of certain less than useful objects."

"I can see where that would be an advantage," Katherine agreed. "Would you remove everything?" she continued.

"Not necessarily," Hannah replied. "The testicles would have to be excised completely. That would be mandatory to produce the excess skin necessary so that the penis can be folded back and sewn into its own private little nest, completely hidden from the world and any inquisitive and insistent fingers. It would look exactly as though she had been born with real labia and it could be readily released, should the occasion arise. It's called infibrillation."

"Why not do the necessary surgery to form female labia from the excess skin and avoid future complications?"

"I could do that, if you wish. . ." Hilly conceded slowly.

"Would you perform the surgery then?" Katherine asked with bated breath.

"Oh, certainly," Hilly cooed. "I'm a board certified plastic surgeon, and I have done many such adjustments for Hannah's girllys!"

"That's a relief," Katherine replied.

"There are some more things that can be done to hasten the appearance of femininity. . ."

"Oh? Tell me more!"

"There is a special procedure whereby the larynx is shaved slightly to raise a male bass to a sweeter, softer, more feminine, soprano, which would also remove any trace of an Adam'."

"I approve of that!" Katherine laughed. "I just hated it when Ronny's voice went from a sweet soprano to the same as my late husband! And I detest that falsetto even more!"

"Along with a larynx adjustment, we could bob her nose, reposition her ears, relocate her belly button. . ."

"Relocate her belly button?" Katherine asked in disbelief.

"Oh, my, yes!" Hilly laughed. "Surely you know that males and females belly buttons are in different positions on one's stomach!"

"No," Katherine admitted. "I had forgotten that!"

"I have made an appointment with our dentist to discuss the possibility of a jaw readjustment. . ."

"What would that entail?"

"Well, we would break her jaw and reposition her teeth to give her a greatly pronounced bunny mouth and cause her to speak with a decided lisp for the rest of her natural life!" she continued.

"Oh, how delicious!" Katherine enthused, "I just love the way she lisps now when she sucks her penis pacifier!" she confessed.

"Most sponsors feel that a lisp enhances their girllys' femininity."

"I can see why!" Katherine agreed.

"Then, there are certain special hormones that hasten breast growth, causing hastened growth and lactation. . ."

"Lactation? You mean Ronda's breasts would produce *milk*?"

"Exactly. There is a great call for wet nurses and with the size of her developing breastworks, Ronda would be ideal as a wet nurse. Besides, there is a long list of women waiting for suitable donors for their babies. Hospitals are especially eager to find suitable wet nurses and some others need a wet nurse for medical reasons!"

Katherine laughed. "I can remember when Ronny chewed on my nipples and they became extra sensitive and sore! It would serve the little darling right!"

"Then, you approve of these changes I have mentioned?"

"I'm not sure," Katherine demurred. "Let me talk it over with Judy first."

"Fine. I'll await your decision."

"Maybe I could assist with the surgery. . ."

"I'd be delighted to have you!"

"Good. It's a date! Just tell me when. . ."

"Oh, I shall, Dear lady, I shall!"

\* \* \*

## XXIII

"I can't believe it!" Ronda told Debrah, "my nipples are so hard and they've begun to leak!" she exclaimed.

"Let me see!" Debrah ordered, pulling Ronda's bra aside and squeezing one of the swollen nipples playfully.

"Ouch! Be careful!" Ronda lisped around her dummy.

"Look! Milk!" Debrah took the nipple into her mouth and sucked gently. "I can taste it!" she cried excitedly.

"Oh, yummy! I want more!" She pushed Ronda back on the bed and began to suck earnestly.

Ronda could feel the excitement rising in her belly, and she found that she was unable to deny Debrah's assault.

"Oh, Debs! That feels so good! Don't stop! Oh, please, don't ever stop!"

She held her friend's head against her breast tightly.

Debrah relaxed and sucked contentedly.

\* \* \*

## XXIV

"Oh, Debs," Ronda whispered hesitantly.

“Yes, Babes?”

“I’m still not sure I want to be a girl. I mean, it’s all right and all of that, but I’m still not sure.”

“What bothers you?” Debrah asked. “I’m a girl, and I get along fine!”

“Well, yeah,” Ronda admitted. “But I was a boy for the first fifteen years of my life. It would have been different if I had been a girl from birth like you were!”

“I guess so,” Debrah admitted, “but these past two years have been rather an extensive crash course for you, haven’t they?”

“Well, yea, I guess so, but I still feel as if I’m being railroaded and that I have no choice.”

“Look, Ronda, you’re almost eighteen now,” she pointed out. “And if you’re so confused about it, why don’t you just take off and do what you want?”

“With these?” Ronda exclaimed, holding her breasts out. “And this?” She swept her hands over her swelling hips and smallish waist. “And this?” She cupped herself between her legs meaningfully. “Nobody would ever believe that I was once a boy! No one!”

“I see what you mean.”

“I mean, sometimes I really like being a girl and I want to continue to be one for the rest of my life. I even want to get married sometimes and be a good wife, and if I am married to a man, it doesn’t bother me all that much when I think about it. Then, other times, this feeling comes over me that I shouldn’t even think about such things, at least about being married to a man! Sometimes it seems OK to become a wife, *if* my husband is a woman! Or if I were marrying someone like Kevin.”

“Speaking of Kevin, what’s the latest word from that front?”

"I really don't know," Ronda admitted. "I haven't had a letter from him since right after I arrived here! I don't know what he's doing!"

"What does Judy say?"

"Nothing! And when I ask, she never gives me a straight answer! Maybe I should just forget all about him and be a total girly!"

"That's your training and indoctrination kicking in," Debrah laughed. "When you were still a boy, you would never have thought nor said such a thing!"

"I know, and that scares me!"

"Don't be scared, Babes," Debrah kissed Ronda's bobbing dummy tenderly.

"Yeah, that's easy enough for you to say," Ronda pouted. "You're graduating the day after tomorrow and leaving me all alone!"

"I'll visit you," Debrah promised. "Every chance I get!"

"It won't be the same!"

"Well, there's always Dorcas. . ." Debrah teased. Ronda shuddered.

"I think I'd rather eat worms!"

Debrah laughed gaily. "Oh, I'm sure she can't be that bad! After all, what has she ever done to you?"

"Nothing really," Ronda admitted. "It's just her superior way, and her bossy manner and her domineering personality, and her tattling, that's all!"

"Maybe that's her way of not getting hurt," Debrah observed, not realizing that her observation was right on the money.

"Maybe. . ." Ronda admitted hesitantly.

In her heart, she wasn't all that sure.

\* \* \*

## XXV

"Our next Lady Graduate is Ms Debrah Jeanne Baylor. Ms Baylor has accepted a position with a leading University where she will study pediatric medicine."

Miss Shyles smiled as Debrah walked up to the podium and accepted her diploma.

"Thank you, Miss Shyles." Debrah curtseyed politely, flipped her tassel and walked off the stage to take her place with the other graduates.

Soon, all diplomas had been issued and they retired to the reception area, where Debrah was overwhelmed by well-wishers, the first being Ronda, who kissed her fondly.

"I'm so proud of you, Debbie," she whispered, hugging her hard. "I'm going to miss you terribly!"

"Oh, you'll find someone else," Debrah retorted, tears in her eyes.

"Not like you!" Ronda countered.

"Debrah, I'm so proud of you!" Mrs. Baylor gushed, taking her daughter into her arms and hugging and kissing her fiercely.

"Thank you, Mother."

"You were great!" Judy enthused. "Too bad you're going away to university! You could have had a full time job at the Boutique instead of a part time one."

"Well, education is important too," Mrs. Baylor pointed out. "I'd hate to see her waste her time as an employee when she could be the owner of a successful practice!"

"Yes, there is that aspect," Judy admitted with a wry grin.

"Works for me," Katherine interjected.

"It'll all work out just fine!" Debrah soothed.

Ronda wasn't too sure about that.

Who would she cuddle with now?

\* \* \*

## XXVI

"What do you want, Blythe?" Dorcas asked suspiciously.

"I just said, 'Hello, Miss Freemaids,' and asked how you were doing," Ronda explained.

"Why should you possibly care?"

"To be completely honest, I don't, really," Ronda admitted, "but your Mother talked to my Mother and then to me, and she asked me to make friends with you and since Debrah has graduated and I don't have very many other friends, I am asking you, that is, if you want to be. . ." she finished lamely.

"I don't know," Dorcas replied slowly, "we don't have very much in common. . . except that we're both girly-boys and both have to suck on these darn old dum-mies!"

"Well," Ronda giggled, "that's at least a start."

"Well, at least they didn't give me a bunny mouth!"

"That was not my idea," Ronda protested.

"No, I suppose not," Dorcas admitted reluctantly. "So, what do you like? I like different things than you do, as we've learned in the past."

"Well, I'm still not sold on the idea of marrying a man, but I do enjoy some girls' games, like hop-scotch and jacks and jump-rope. I love my dolly friend too."

"I didn't know you liked hop-scotch and jacks! They're my favorites!"

"I didn't, at first," Ronda admitted, "but they sort of grow on you."

"I love the Nancy Drew stories," Dorcas continued. "How about you?"

"Me too," Ronda giggled. "I like it when she solves the mystery while everyone else is still running around in circles!"

"Yeah, it's a gas!" Dorcas laughed. "Are you any good at math?"

"I get by, why?"

"I can't make head nor tails of it sometimes."

"I'd be glad to help you," Ronda offered.

"Would you?" Dorcas brightened visibly. "I'd really appreciate that."

"OK, get your math book and let's see what's bothering you."

Soon, two blonde heads were touching over an open book.

It was the beginning of a very intimate friendship.

\* \* \*

## XXVII

"Hey, Dorcas!" Ronda greeted. "How they hanging, girl?"

"Two'na bunch!" Dorcas retorted, grinning at her new-found friend.

"Hey, there's a new chick-flick showing tonight. Wanna go with me?"

"Are you asking me for a date?" Dorcas asked quite seriously.

"Heck, no! I just thought we'd go as two girl-friends, that's all."

"Oh, that's all right too," Dorcas grinned. "I had you going for a minute there, didn't I?" she giggled.

"I never know how to take you," Ronda admitted.

"That's the beauty of being a female!" Dorcas laughed. "You should try it sometime. You might like it! I know I do!"

"But I'm not like you, Dor," Ronda groaned. "I still like girls!"

"So do I, silly," Dorcas laughed. "I like you, don't I . . . now?"

Ronda looked at Dorcas quizzically. "You're nuts, you know that?"

"Well, I used to have two, but I lost them somewhere!" Dorcas joked.

"Yeah, me too," Ronda admitted sheepishly.

"You too?" Dorcas was surprised. "I would never have thought it, not after the way you've fought the program!"

"I had no idea of what was happening," Ronda explained. "I checked into the infirmary for a routine computer check-up, and when I woke up, I learned that I had been denuttled! And now I have a furry pussy where my prick used to be!" she cried.

"Yeah?" Dorcas gasped. "Tonight you gotta show me! I wanna see your pussy!"

"I tell you, it's there all right!" Ronda yelled as Dorcas' fingers probed a most tender area inquisitively.

"Can it be f\*\*\*ed?" Dorcas asked.

"Dorcas! Someone might hear and we'll both catch it!"

"Oh, pooh! I'm not afraid!"

"Well, I am!" Ronda exclaimed. "OK, OK, I'll show you!"

"That's my good girl!" Dorcas cooed, kissing the offered lips tenderly.

Much later, Ronda lay with her head on Dorcas' shoulder and sighed wistfully.

"What's wrong, Miss Sweetlips?" Dorcas asked.

"Oh, nothing," Ronda sighed. Then, "You know, I took an instant dislike to you when we first met."

Dorcas laughed merrily. "And I, you! In fact, I hated you!"

"But why was that?" Ronda asked in puzzlement. "I mean, we didn't even know one another."

"Oh, I know why I hated you," Dorcas admitted slowly.

"Why?"

“It was because you were so beautiful and didn’t want to have anything to do with becoming a girl while that was all I had ever wanted!” she explained.

“And I thought it would be a great waste of maleness to transform you into a girl, and to be honest, I felt threatened by your personality. I mean, you were so out-going, so forceful and domineering and I was drawn to you in spite of myself. That’s why I went out of my way to irritate you. I was jealous!”

Dorcas laughed. “I think I know what you mean. For me, I just reveled in tattling on you so that you would get into dutch with Miss Styles, and I used to lay awake after lights out and dream of your pretty little bottom being kissed by Miss Birch. At first, it was Miss Styles wielding the birch, but gradually it was me delivering the strokes and I would get all twitchy and itchy and wish it could come true.

“At first I was angry that you got the lead in *Merilee Sweetlips*, but once I saw the bright side to being the stage manager, I was happy it turned out that way!”

“You whipped me most severely on stage. Not at all like the gentle strokes you administered during all our dress rehearsals, Dorcas Freemaids!” Ronda complained affectionately.

“Like I said the first time, you have a nice little fat ass that was made to be birched and birched often!” Dorcas giggled. “So, I did!”

“Dorcas Freemaids! You take that back!” Ronda demanded, twisting angrily to face the other girl. “I do *not* have a fat ass!”

“Ronda?” Dorcas laughed in delight.

“What?”

"Shut up and kiss me before I take you to see Miss Birch!"

"Oh, Dorcas!"

"Oh, Ronda!"

"It's no wonder I love you!" Ronda whispered as she surrendered her soft lips to the demands of her bossy roommate.

\* \* \*

## XXVIII

"My, how very nice to see you and Dorcas here to-night," Hannah greeted when she and Ronda went to the regular dance on Friday evening. Dorcas was wearing a mannish cut woman's suit with a tailored jacket and a floor length skirt that was sit half-way up her thigh.

Ronda curtsied quickly and it was obvious that her restrictive hobble skirt would be a problem when dancing with Dorcas. Her gown was an almost sheer, light pink silk that fit her closely, plainly showing that she wore nothing beneath her dress except skin. Her gown was extremely low cut in front with her areolas on full display, in imminent danger of dislodgement and exposure of her swelling breasts! The back of the gown was open all the way to her waist where a wide corset-like belt cinched her snugly. Her arms and shoulders were bare and she was shivering in the cool night air. The toes of the button boots with the highest heels Ronda owned peeped shyly from under the tight hem.

"I'm so glad that the two of you have become such close friends! We were so surprised when you hit it off so well," Hannah praised.

"Oh, Dorcas is easy to like," Ronda gushed, knowing that was the answer Miss Shyles expected from her. "And we have ever so much fun together!"

"Ronda isn't so bad, once you get to know her," Dorcas giggled. "She's just a regular whiz at hopscotch! And you should see her in a hobble skirt on a girl's bicycle!"

"I can just imagine," Hannah laughed.

"Besides, Ronda made this evening gown and my tuxedo and we wanted to show them off!" Dorcas went on blithely. "Aren't they fabulous? See how good they fit us!"

"How *well* they fit us," Hannah corrected automatically.

"Yeah, that too," Dorcas agreed.

"Enjoy yourselves, girls," Hannah laughed as she turned to another couple.

"Come on, Miss Sweetlips," Dorcas urged. "We don't want to miss any dances!"

"Oh, you're so demanding!" Ronda teased.

"And?"

Ronda hesitated. "Oh, Dor, I feel so . . . so . . . *naked!*" she whispered.

"Nonsense, Miss Sweetlips! You look fabulous! You'll be the envy of every other wannabe cunt in the joint! Alla the dykes'll be lining up to get into your panties!"

"Oh, Dor, you know I'm not wearing any!" Ronda gasped in embarrassment.

"Yeah, I know, ain't it a great feeling, Miss Sweetlips?" Dorcas retorted. "Don't you just love the cool air bathing your naked pussy?" she teased.

"Oh, Dor, I feel so. . . so. . . wicked!" Ronda gushed.

"Delicious, Miss Sweetlips?" Dorcas teased. "I'll be the envy of every dyke in the place!"

"I wish you wouldn't call me that," Ronda complained. "We're not doing that stupid play anymore!"

"Hush, you, else we'll entertain Miss Birch later!" Dorcas threatened.

"Oh, Dorcas, you wouldn't?" Ronda gasped.

"I did before, didn't I?"

"But that was on stage!" Ronda protested weakly.

"So?" Dorcas took Ronda's hand and led her onto the dance floor. "Now, just so long as you do what I tell you, Miss Sweetlips, you'll be OK!"

"Yes, Miss Freemaids," Ronda lisped dutifully, the dummy bobbing rhythmically as she followed Dorcas eagerly.

'Lord,' Ronda thought, 'what's wrong with me? I should be the one doing the ordering around, not Dorcas! She's the one who wants a husband, not me! I ought to be wearing the business suit with Dorcas wearing this shameful gown! Oh, why can't I just take over? Why am I so passive? Why do I let Dorcas tell me what I should be doing, and why do I just do what she says and never object? I always have to obey her or she and Miss Birch kiss my poor, bare bottom! It's not fair, it's just not fair!' she lamented silently.

For her part, Miss Dorcas Freemaids relished the hold she had over *Miss Ronda Blythe*. For the first time in her life, she was in full control of another person, and she

would make the most of it, whether the object of her control liked it or not! A quick session with Miss Birch would change Ronda's recalcitrance to eager acceptance in one helluva hurry! She smiled at the thought of cursing.

If her Mother only knew. . .

Her Mother would be furious and Dorcas wouldn't be able to sit comfortably for weeks!

Mother would be even more furious if she knew what Dorcas had planned for later this very evening. She thought of the small black box in her jacket pocket, the one with the diamond engagement ring that she intended to put on Ronda's finger.

She smiled happily.

Ronda saw the smile and wondered what Dorcas was thinking.

She dared not ask her for fear of the consequences! Miss Sweetlips indeed!

'Oh, why am I so afraid of her?' Ronda asked herself.

She had no immediate answer

\* \* \*

## XXIX

Ronda snuggled closer to Dorcas, shivering as they sat on the cold stone wall by the waterfall. She rested her head on Dorcas' shoulder.

It was much later, the dance long over. They had returned to the dormitory briefly and then gone for a walk in the moonlight.

Ronda regretted not getting a shawl when she had the chance. She shivered again and Dorcas put

her arm around Ronda's shoulders.

"Cold, Miss Sweetlips?" she asked softly, kissing Ronda's hair.

Ronda nodded. "A little, yes," she admitted softly.

"Here, let me put my jacket around you," Dorcas offered, removing her coat and putting it around Ronda's shoulders. "There, better?"

Ronda nodded. "Oh, yes, Dor, thank you." She turned her face up and kissed Dorcas' cheek tenderly.

Dorcas twisted her head and their lips met for a long, lingering kiss. When they parted, Dorcas whispered, "I think I'm falling in love with you, Miss Merilee Sweetlips," she breathed into Ronda's ear.

"Oh, Dor, really?" Ronda asked in surprise. "I know I've fallen in love and I know who I fell in love with too!"

"Oh? Anyone I know?" Dorcas teased.

"Oh, you!" Ronda slapped at Dorcas' hand as she tried to slip her hand into Ronda's bodice. "You know full well it's you!" she exclaimed

"Well, yeah, but I like hearing it from your sweet lips, Miss Sweetlips!"

"Oh, Dor," Ronda murmured, her lips flowing liquidly under Dorcas' onslaught.

When they parted and Ronda was resting her head against Dorcas' shoulder, Dorcas moved away and knelt before a startled Ronda.

"Dorcas!" came the surprised retort.

Saying nothing, Dorcas took Ronda's left hand in hers, bent and kissed the knuckles lovingly.

Ronda giggled. "Oh, Dorcas!" she murmured.

"I want to ask you something, Miss Merilee Sweetlips," Dorcas whispered, looking up into the eyes of her beloved. "I've wanted to ask you for a long time!"

Ronda's breath caught in her throat. She knew what Dorcas meant!

"Miss Ronda Suzanne Blythe, would you do me the honor of becoming my wife?" Dorcas took the diamond ring from her pocket and slipped it onto Ronda's third finger left hand.

Ronda stared at Dorcas in disbelief, then glanced at the ring that now glistened on her finger. "Oh, Dorcas, of course I will!"

"You'll be Mrs. Freemaids, you know. . ." Dorcas whispered.

"Oh, how wonderful!" Ronda whispered reverently.

"And you will have to promise to love, honor and *obey* me, Miss Blythe. . ." Dorcas continued.

"My love," Ronda replied softly, "I wouldn't have it any other way!"

Their lips met in a long, sweet, romantic, passionate, kiss. . .

\* \* \*

XXX

"It was a beautiful wedding, Ronda," Katherine gushed. "I was so proud of you! And Dore Freemaids is such a domineering personality, just what you need to keep your feet on the ground!"

"Yes, Mother," Ronda agreed.

"Where are you going on your honeymoon?" Katherine asked.

"We're flying out to Colorado this evening."

"How does Dore feel about that?"

Ronda laughed. "All he wants to do is take my cherry and get me knocked up just as soon as possible. His Mother wants a male heir before Dore goes back to being a girl. . ."

"I thought he had been castrated like you were?" Katherine replied in shock.

"No, what they did was push them back up into his body and sew the skin between his legs into a believable vagina. It was so real we didn't even know until Doctor Bloom cut it loose."

"And you are OK with that?"

"Mother, I love Dorcas with all my heart and I don't care if she's a man or a woman. Just as long as we're together, that's all that matters to me!"

"Then you have forgotten all about Kevin Georgio?"

"Who?"

Katherine laughed gently. "Indeed, " she whispered and kissed her younger daughter affectionately. "Have a fabulous time, Sweetie!"

"I shall, Mother, Ronda agreed gently. "I shall!"

\* \* \*

## XXXI

"Oh, Dor," Ronda whispered. "What does he look like?"

Ronda laid in her hospital bed after the deliverance of her first child, a six pound eight ounce boy and gazed at her loving husband with an adoring light shining from her eyes. The baby was cradled to her breast and the sounds of his slurping filled the small room.

"He looks just like his Mother," Dor whispered in reply, leaning down to kiss the sweat covered brow of his adored wife. "And I can't wait until you get out of here and get well so that I can knock you up all over again! Oh, Mother will be so pleased!" He touched the back of the baby's head gently. "He's beautiful, just like his Mother!" Dor whispered.

Ronda smiled wanly. "I'm so glad!"

"Your Mother and Judy are flying in tonight and will be coming by in the morning to see you. Katherine is thrilled to the bone!"

"It will be good to see her again," Ronda replied softly as the sedative took over and she fell fast asleep. The nurse took the baby and laid him in his crib.

"Sleep well, my dearest wife!" Dor whispered into her ear, then rose and left the room.

\* \* \*

## XXXII

"Hi, Mom," Ronda tried to rise from the bed.

"Lie still, Darling," Katherine replied, placing her hand on Ronda's shoulder.

"Have you seen the baby?" Ronda asked, a bright smile on her lips.

"He's adorable!" Katherine replied. "Oh, Honey, I am so proud of you!"

Ronda tried to blush. "Thanks Mom."

"I'm so glad I sent you to Miss Shyles!" Katherine enthused.

"Me too, Mom," Ronda giggled. "Else I would never have met my husband and had his child!"

Katherine gazed deep into Ronda's eyes. "Then, you're not angry with me for what Judy and I did to you?" she asked breathlessly.

"I could never be angry with you, Mom," Ronda smiled. "After all, you only did what you thought was best for me, and as it turned out, you were absolutely right. I mean, I was a pretty sad little piece of work then," he admitted ruefully.

"Judy and I were so afraid that you were headed for big trouble," Katherine admitted.

Ronda nodded. "And you were right!"

"Mother always knows best!" Katherine giggled.

Indeed.

\* \* \*

### XXXIII

I guess it would be pointless to continue with the daily minutiae of Ms and Mrs. Dorcas Freemaide. Yes, Dor finally had her S.R.S. some four years after her wife delivered their first child, but not before she sired a second child by Ronda, a girl this time that they named Katherine Julia after their Mothers.

They live as a lesbian couple in a small city some miles north and west of Chicago where each teaches at a small girls' college that they own and operate. And, not unlike Miss Shyles Academy, they have a limited number of girly-boys as students. Now, there is absolutely no question of each girly-boy's innate desire to change from boyhood to girlhood, and all efforts to attain that goal are encouraged and utilized to the fullest.

And, with that, I will stop and let our two heroines live their lives in peace and contentment.

Except for one final word, their son is all boy and they adore him just as he is. They would never think of changing him!

Which is at it should be.

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