

PAGEANT PRINCESS

By Cheryl Lynn

Nathan Fitzgerald Esq. was literally born with a golden spoon in his mouth into a prominent old money family. Old money on at least his father's side. His mother, Debora, came from a low middle-class background. In other words, Mr. Nathaniel Fitzgerald's much younger trophy wife. Being a trophy wife Debora had to be shown off, so they were often out attending one gala after another. Little Nathan was therefore primarily raised by a nanny. While under the nanny's care spoiled rotten. Whatever he wanted or took a fancy too, he got. The nanny figured that was easier to put up with than dealing with his anger issues.

After being home schooled when he turned twelve, shipped off to a prestigious boarding school. There he was served with a dose of reality. No longer getting or doing whatever he wanted was a major change. Having to live by a strict set of regulations and mixing with other boys traumatic. In most cases the other boys were more mature, stronger and just as rich. Nathan quickly discovered he couldn't boss them around like he did with the service staff back home. A couple of bloody noses and a few bruises later, he fully understood his position within the school's hierarchy. To survive he resorted to paying an older boy protection money. During the summer recesses, Nathan was sent off to various summer camps and saw little of his parents. They were usually off socializing in Europe during that time.

His school life continued pretty much the same as he was much slower to develop. Puberty was just beginning as he approached his seventeenth birthday in his Sophomore year. He was just five foot five, weighing one thirty with sparse body hair. There were the beginnings of peach fuzz on his upper lip. The spurt of growth and manly musculature he had hoped for none existent. Intellectually, he was slightly above average but no Einstein. He had been held back a year and learned to study. Nathan hated school and didn't want to be there any longer than necessary.

His interactions with the fairer sex were practically none existent either. The only times he had been around girls his age was at school set-up dances. Out of all those over the years, Nathan only had one kiss. That kiss was just to the cheek but it made him blush. The only thing he knew about girls or sex was what he heard from the other boys. Biology classes didn't go into female anatomy but he had an idea of what a vagina was. When he heard a boy bragging about "getting some", he had to ask what it was like. The boy cocked his arm and pinched the crease together and said that was what it looked like.

Nathan's Sophomore year was coming to a close when he got an urgent message to come home. His father had died. He was surprised but it didn't affect him. Nathan hardly knew him or his mother for that matter. The only times he had been around them were the two major holidays and they were usually off to some party.

When he arrived at their country estate was met by an old woman he didn't remember ever seeing before. She was gray haired tied off in a tight bun, reedy of build and not very friendly in attitude.

"You must be Nathan. I'm your grandmother but don't ever call me that. You may address me as Miss. Agnes if you must. Now come along, follow me, we have much to do," she greeted. Then as he entered, yelled, "Hilda, you ready? He's here."

“Hilda? Who’s she?” he asked.

“Your new nanny,” Agnes replied.

“Nanny? I don’t need a nanny. I’m almost seventeen,” he said shocked.

“Governess then!” she snapped. “In any case, you will do whatever and anything she says. She has been given full control over you for the time being.”

Nathan was about to reply when an amazon of a woman came into view. She was at least six feet tall and stoutly built. She had a look in her eyes that said, “Don’t mess with me.”

That very same look guys had that he paid protection money to through the years.

***“What the heck? What’s going on?”* he thought.**

Hilda walked up to him, placed her hands on her wide hips and glared at him for a few moments. “So, you’re my new ward are you. Don’t look like much now but there’s a lot to work with here Agnes. Might as well get started,” she said grabbing his hand in a vice like grip.

“Ouch! You’re hurting me,” he gasped trying to pull away.

“If you think I’m hurting you now, just give me any trouble and you’ll see how much pain I can dish out,” she gruffly replied jerking him forward.

“Where are you taking me? My room is in the other direction,” he demanded digging in his heels trying to resist.

“That’s it! Enough!” she said grabbing him around the waist and tucking him under her arm.

He was flailing his arms and kicking his legs to no avail. Hilda was just too strong for him to resist. Demanding to be put down yielded the same results. By the time she entered a room, Nathan was getting very scared. Whatever this woman was planning on doing he knew he wouldn’t like. He was also very confused. Why was she doing this? Where was his mother? What was going on?

As Hilda carried him over to a straight back chair and sat, he had a chance to look around. His fear spiked as he realized he was in a girl’s room and a little girl at that. It was all pinks and lavenders with lacy frou-frou everywhere. He was suddenly across her broad lap and his pants being tugged down along with his briefs.

“Noooo, what the hell are you doing?” he shouted scared. More scared than he had ever been by the bullies at school.

“Teaching you who is in control here you little bitch!” she snarled as her calloused palm met his white upturned ass.

By the time she had finished spanking Nathan that white bottom was blush rose red, rivers of tears were flowing and begging her to stop. Relenting, pushed him off her lap and onto the wood flooring. Hilda let him grovel on the floor as she began stripping him. Finished, she grabbed his arm, pulled Nathan up and gave him another hard slap.

“From now on you will refer to me as Governess or Ma’am. You will do what I say when I say it with a happy smile or else. You will never, ever raise your voice to me or anyone else for that matter. Yes Ma’am, No Ma’am or I understand Ma’am will be your only responses when spoken too. If you ever dare to say a cuss word again, your foul mouth will be washed out with soap. Now, do we have an understanding or maybe I should get my hairbrush?” she stated forcefully.

“Ye....yes ma’am,” he managed to get out through his sobbing.

“Very well but I don’t see a smile. Now smile and keep it there,” she acknowledged.

There wasn’t anything to smile about but he forced himself. His poor behind was throbbing and at the moment totally helpless. He had no choice but to smile. Then he realized he was naked and thrust a hand to cover his boy parts.

She slapped it away. “Nothing there I haven’t seen more than my share of. We’ll take care of that soon enough. Come along,” she said taking his hand and leading him to the en suite bathroom.

“Oh the indignity of it all,” as the classic novel said didn’t come close to that experienced by Nathan when he exited that room. The first thing she did was make him perform a douche followed by removal of all his body hair. The only exception was a short narrow landing strip above his wilted penis. A floral scented bubble bath, moisturizing body lotion and dusting of floral talc. At the sink she shampooed and conditioned his longish hair three times leaving a distinct floral scent behind. Tucking a pink towel around his chest and another around his damp hair led him back into the bedroom.

Having him sit facing the white wrought iron mirrored vanity with lavender satin skirting, she removed the towel and placed it around his shoulders. Nathan’s dirty blonde hair was just below the collar. The maximum length the school allowed. It didn’t take her long to trim away the split ends and give him bangs. Using electric shears removed his sideburns. She was tempted to do the same with his brows but decided to pluck them into feminine arches. Next, she began removing small pink plastic rollers from a vanity drawer. Using a rat-tailed comb soon had his hair pinned tightly to his scalp in neat rows. His bangs were put up in pin curls with bobby pins. Liberal use of a pink setting gel and covered in a pink satin turban. Throughout the entire process Nathan had tears in his eyes. The occasional slap maintained the forced smile.

“Looks like we’re finally getting somewhere,” she said. “Now let’s get you dressed.”

Seeing what she was pulling out of the dresser, Nathan panicked. He might have been a wimp but enough was enough. He didn’t care that he was wearing a stupid pink turban and nothing else but a bath towel. He had to escape this totally insane woman. Rushing to the door, turned the knob and pulled. Nothing. It was locked. Frantically he looked around the room for another means but only saw that one other door.

“Tsk, tsk,” she said as she approached holding a wooden hairbrush. “Seems like someone forgot her lesson already.”

With a burning bright pink tush, Nathan stood sniffing quietly while Hilda gathered the rest of his clothing. He didn’t have to be a genius to figure out what his Governess was planning to do. She was not only going to dress him like a girl but a little girl. Everything she was taking out of drawers or closet were lacy and frilly in glistening pastels. The first item was a pair of pinkish-white nylons with a lace welt. Next, a powder pink pair of chiffon pantaloon styled panties with over lapping white floral lace on the legs. A powder pink satin molded, seamless A-cup satin bra with gel padding was fastened behind his back. A lavender satin with white lace decoration wasp waist boned corset with garter straps quickly followed. The garter clasps had pert bright purple satin bows. What flight or fight was left in him evaporated once Hilda tied off the silken laces.

“Take shallow breaths Nicole and breathe from the diaphragm not your chest,” she advised.

“Wh...why ar..are..you...you doing..doing..this,” he gasped. “I...I’m not..a...girl an..and

don't want to be one."

"I'm doing this because I can and that's what I'm being paid for you silly nit. As for why, I don't know and could care less. What I can tell you, is that by the time I'm finished with you, you're gonna be a real princess through and through," she replied.

These undergarments were humiliating but what came next mortifying. A pair of full brief styled bright lavender with pale lavender overlapping tiers of ruffled lace satin panties were pulled up his legs. A bouffant petticoat made of layers and layers of pale lavender glass silk with each tier edged in bright satin lavender was secured around his waist.

The dress itself was devastating to Nathan's ego. It was white satin with lavender accents and every little girl's dream. The neckline was low cut with a tight fitted bodice and contrasting lavender lace trim. The large puff-balled shoulders flowed into elbow length bell sleeves. The cuffs were trimmed in four over lapping bright lavender lace with pale lavender bows. The tiered full circle petticoat styled skirt was edged in lavish lavender lace and satin bows. When it was zipped up his back, a portion of Nathan died from embarrassment. The dress was above mid-thigh revealing his pantaloon and pantied ass with the slightest movement.

Hilda wasn't finished with him as she added a high necked white satin collar edged in lavender lace around his neck. It had an elaborate bow with long notched streamers on the front. A pair of white patent leather Mary Jane's with a two-inch block heel with taps, lavender lace fingerless gloves and a bright lavender satin bag purse completed his dressing.

"More like a prissy pig than a darling princess right now but in time," Hilda thought as she surveyed the trembling boy. "Okay Nicole, time to begin teaching you the basics. Stop that infernal sniveling and put a smile on your face or I get my hairbrush!" she harshly said.

Summoning up the last bit of his courage Nathan began, "M..my name is Nathan an... and" was as far as he got. A stinging slap to the face brought fresh tears.

"Listen up Princess, your name is Nicole and you will answer to it. You can forget ever being a boy named Nathan. You are Agnes' niece and Debora's cousin as far as the world is concerned. A poor orphaned girl that Debora took pity on. You should count your lucky stars, Agnes wanted to sell you off to the underground sex trade. So, if you know what's good for you, you will not give me any grief! Understand?" she barked.

"Bu...but Debora is....is my mo...mother," he whimpered.

"She might have given you birth but that was to keep your father happy. With him gone and Nathan vanished, she gets the entire inheritance. Unless you want to wind up being a sex toy for some grubby old men, do what I demand. If you know what's good for you, become Nicole and be the best little princess you can be," she replied.

"I....I ...don't ...kno...know anything...about be...being a...a girl. I..I don..don't want thi...this. The..they can have the money! Tell them they can have it all. I don't care about the damn money! I only want to..to be me again. Please go tell them I don't want it. I'll sign anything they want. Please Governess do it," he plead with fresh tears beginning to flood.

"That's all they wanted was for him to sign over any claim to his fortune. Planning on kicking him out with what clothing he had and pay a mere pittance to make it all legal, they were. Hah! I do all the nasty stuff then get kicked out on my butt too. I need this job and the pay, so I'm going to drain them for all I can. Princess Nicole doesn't know

it yet but when I'm finished, she won't remember how to act or talk like a boy. He's even going to appear to love all his frou-frou and frilly dresses if I have anything to say about it. Damn them all," she thought.

"Well, I'll think about it while I finish with your hair and makeup Nicole. You have to be very careful when you sit with all those crinolines, brush your hands behind your backside, sit then fold your hands in your lap," she replied.

Removing the tightly rolled plastic rods left behind a bubble of tight spiral curls. By the time she was finished, Nathan's dirty blonde hair was a ball of tight corkscrew curls. Two cans of sweet lacquer hairspray and she pronounced his new coiffeur set. Turning him sideways on the bench stool, began applying cosmetics.

"Now Nicole, watch closely as you will be doing this by yourself before the week's out," she admonished.

Before starting Hilda tied a bright purple rubber drape to protect his expensive dress. She wasn't outwardly pleased seeing the thin beginnings of a mustache forming on his lip. She had prepared for this project well before coming to the estate. She had filled a small doctors bag full of drugs and other items to make her plans come to a satisfactory conclusion. From the bag removed a white tube with small nozzle, squeezing a generous amount on a finger and spread it across his upper lip. Taking a larger dollop, coated the rest of his lower face and neck.

Sitting back, said, "We'll just let that set for a few minutes then the real work begins."

"Please, stop this. Tell them they can have it all just let me out of here," he begged.

"Nicole! I said I would think about it. I can't just go to them and tell them that. No, not without assurances that you won't go to the authorities. Agnes is no dummy. Once you sign the paperwork, she'll sell you off to some sex slave ring. No, you wouldn't stand a chance unless....unless they think you're safe to let go. The only way for you to do that is to embrace what they want me to do to you," Hilda responded.

"I won't go to the authorities. I just want out of here. I swear," he gasped.

"Your word means nothing. The only thing they will believe is by your actions and behavior. If you pretend to be all the little Princess you can be; then, maybe they will believe. I see it as your only choice. So, what's it gonna be?" she replied.

"O..okay, I don't like it. No, not one bit but you've made your point," he answered. *"If I pretend to go along I'll get a chance to escape. At some point I can get away and go to the authorities, get them locked up and have all my inheritance,"* he thought.

"Good. Now pay attention as I show you how to apply your makeup," she said wiping the crème away along with the facial hair.

The strong depilatory was good and concealer unnecessary. A light coating of foundation, pink blended into lavender eyeshadow, black eyeliner, mascaraed long false eyelashes. Dusting of powder pink blush and cupid bow scarlet lipstick with wet gloss completed his makeup. Hilda chose a perfume she thought very appropriate, Tabu ®, a rich rose, orange blossom, jasmine and musk scent.

Seeing himself in the full-length mirror Nathan was surprised. What he saw was an overly made up little pageant Princess. *"I look like that poor Jonbenet Ramsey girl with an Orphan Annie hairdo,"* he thought.

"Okay Nicole that's enough time admiring yourself. I need to teach you how to curtsy then off to show Agnes what a silk purse I've created," Hilda stated.

"With that dress and makeup, he could enter beauty pageants based on looks. A little

rough but pretty enough. Maybe this is my out. My chance to make a comeback. At one time I was one of the most sought-after consultants in the pageant business. Agnes just wanted me to dress him like a sissy until he agreed to sign over everything. Well little Nicole here just maybe my new meal ticket," she thought.

"That curtsey needs a lot of improvement Nicole but will have to do for now," Hilda said after thirty minutes. "I have to take you to see your Aunt Agnes. For the time being you have to act like you hate every bit of this which I know you do. If she gets the idea that we're working together on this, no telling what she will do. I don't want to see you sold into slavery anymore than you, so, act normal for now. In a month or so, she will see you slowly transform into what she wants."

"What? I don't have to act like I hate this," he responded. "All I want is to get this over with. I can act like I love it then agree to give her whatever."

"Are you an idiot? Do you think for one minute she'll believe you? No young man would ever embrace what I've done. No, not this quickly. It's going to take time for her to believe that you're sincere about becoming a pageant princess. Unless she's positive you fully embrace it, she'll never consider not selling you into the sex trade," she stated.

"What? A pageant Princess? You've got to be kidding me. How long do I have to do this?" he asked.

"I'm not sure but at least a few months. Maybe a bit longer," she answered.

"A few months?" he gasped.

"She has to believe heart and soul that you really love being and treated like a princess. That's going to take time. You need training, a lot of it to participate in a pageant. Fortunately, I'm a professional or use to be. Until you actually enter and participate, Agnes will never believe you. Let's go. Whatever you do, don't agree to anything she offers. It will just be a test. Now come along," she answered.

"Wait! What do you mean I have to participate? No way I'm going out in public looking and acting like some little girl. Everyone will laugh at me or worse," Nathan protested.

"If you don't want to become a sex slave you most certainly will! Just count your lucky stars you look like a young girl now. There's still a lot of hard work ahead for you to pass but with your build, face and a few enhancements passable," she retorted.

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Agnes was in the den watching Jerry Springer on the television when Hilda brought Nathan in. "Agnes, I have your niece, Nicole, here. I hope she is satisfactory," she said as Nathan stepped from behind Hilda with a loud ruffling of skirts, did a rudimentary curtsey. As they had agreed, immediately began protesting what had been done to him and demanded to be given his clothing back. A hard slap to the back of his head silenced him.

"Hilda, I can't believe my eyes but seeing is believing. No one can suspect who Nicole really is. We've already reported Nathan as missing. When they said you were one of the best in the pageant business, they weren't kidding. Right now, I can tell but if your talents are as good as they say, I can see the possibilities. Alright, enough, so Nathan how do you like being our little princess? You have no choice really," she asked with a thin smile. "It's either that or...."

"Fuck you! I'll never give you my money! I know that's what you want," he interrupted only to receive another hard slap to the back of the head.

“I apologize for that. I’ll make sure it never happens again Ma’am,” Hilda said grabbing him painfully by the upper arm.

“Ouch! Not so damn hard,” he hissed as she dragged him out of the room.

“What did I tell you was going to happen the next time you used a cuss word? Can’t ever have a Princess with a potty mouth,” she hissed back.

“All I did was what you said I had too,” he said washing his mouth with clean water. The taste of soap still strong in his mouth and nose.

If you want to convince your grandmother you are a little princess, we can’t have you saying or thinking such naughty words. I’ll do this as often as necessary until that happens,” she stated.

“Okay, okay. Now that’s over with how about getting me out of this sh...stuff?” he asked.

“Oh no, get used to dressing this way all the time princess. Right now, I’m hungry and it’s getting late and we have much to do. The cook probably has supper just about ready,” Hilda replied.

Nathan was starving but with the painful wasp-waisted corset could barely get his meager meal down. His embarrassment at meeting and curtseying to the staff didn’t aid his digestion either. He didn’t know any of them and they seemed to accept Nicole for whom she appeared to be. In a way he was relieved by that. He would have been mortified if they suspected or knew he was a male.

“Until we get your weight down to around one hundred pounds, take these,” she said giving him several pills.

“You can’t be serious? I’ll be skin and bones,” he gasped at the idea of losing thirty pounds.

“Nicole, you’re supposed to be a fourteen-year-old girl. There is a category for girls thirteen to sixteen and with your height and development fit into it. Now, no more complaining and take your pills,” she answered.

“Why can’t I be in the older group? I’m seventeen,” he argued.

“Simple, what do girls that age all have? They have a cleavage and breasts which you are sadly lacking in. Now don’t give me anymore grief,” she snapped.

He looked at the pills she dumped into his palm. There was a large purple pill, a small pink one and white one. “What are these for?” he asked.

“Nutrients and a diet pill. That’s all,” she replied. “*These hormones and testosterone blockers will stop any further masculine development. He hasn’t hit full puberty yet; but it’s only a matter of time,*” she thought.

Back in his room Hilda took a length of yellow satin ribbon and tied it around his ankles. It was about a foot and half long. Then she wrapped a leather belt around his waist which had “D” clasps at the sides with very short bungee cords with cuffs attached. Grabbing his elbow fastened one of the cuffs just above it then did the other arm. The elastic cords kept Nathan’s elbows close to his sides. A leather posture collar was fastened around his neck, forcing him to stare straight ahead.

“What’s all this? Why?” he asked confused as she worked.

“Training devices Nicole. These will help you learn to walk properly like all pageant girls do on the catwalk. We’ll go out into the hall, it about the width of a catwalk. I want you to walk down it, placing one foot almost in front of the other, turn on your

toes, curtsey, then walk back. Concentrate on keeping your elbows in, wrists limp but not floppy and eyes straight ahead," she instructed.

For the next hour Hilda had him walking back and forth up and down the hall. With every step, with every curtsey Nathan could feel the tug of the restraining devices. The most disconcerting being the clothing. The corset's embrace bordered on pain. The flopping of his petticoat and full skirt along with the frou-frou noise distracting. The shoes pinched his toes and the tap-taping of his heels on the hardwood flooring reminding him of his situation.

"I hate this and what she's making me do but I have to. I'm too scared not to. I don't want to be sold into some sex slavery. I just wish I had told someone I was coming here but when I got the call my dad was dead, I just left. I have to go along with this until I can find a way out," he thought.

It was the end of an exhausting day for Nathan. He didn't care that it was only eight o'clock, all he wanted was to go to bed and try and forget. Instead had to learn a night time beauty ritual. He was greatly relieved when she removed the hated corset. Nathan took a deep breath but it hurt. Then had to remove his makeup and perform facial care. Hilda showed him how to prepare a bubble bath after another cleansing douche. He protested having to do that onerous task to no avail.

"Nicole, being clean on the inside is just as important as being clean on the outside," she admonished.

The hot floral scented bath actually felt amazing. It eased his aching muscles and the aroma was soothing. Having to message the floral moisturizer and dust with talc onto not so pleasing. Worse, was having to be put back into another much more restricting corset. This under bust corset wasn't a fancy satin but canvas, tightly boned and stiff with wide shoulder straps. Once laced the shoulder straps pulled down his shoulders, pinched in his waist and bending almost impossible. Over that Hilda dressed him in a frilly yellow nylon with white lace trim baby doll nightie and matching rhumba style panties. Despite all this he slept the sleep of the dead.

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His morning bubble bath felt even better as that sleep corset had left red indentations over most of his torso. *"Taking a bath is getting to be the only thing I like about all this except for the smell,"* he thought.

Back in his room Hilda picked out his lingerie for the day. Purple nylon full cut briefs with small white floral print, a matching satin bra and the dreaded purple satin with white lace detail wasp-waisted corset. Tying off the laces, Nathan was left gasping as she had him sit and rolled a pair of black nylons up his legs. About the only thing he could say about his outer wear was that it wasn't a dress. A light blue silky long-sleeved blouse with cascading ruffles down the front and overlapping lace cuffs and pair of black velvet shorts with white floral decoration around the leg hems and pockets. A long-sleeved black velvet bolero styled jacket with matching trim and pair of black patent leather MaryJane's with a two-inch block heel completed his dressing.

Putting a makeup cape around his shoulders began applying makeup to the right side of his face. As she finished one layer, had him duplicate it on the other side. Foundation and powder was one thing but blending lavender into pink eyeshadow gave him fits. The black eyeliner even more exasperating. It took him two tries before the scarlet lipstick was evenly applied in a neat Cupid's bow.

"Good try this morning but you'll get better with practice," she said. "Let's get breakfast then you have an appointment with your hairdresser."

“Hairdresser? I’m not going anywhere looking like this!” he stated only to get a stinging slap to his exposed thigh.

“What did I tell you about raising your voice to me! Next time, you’ll be over my knees,” she hissed.

“But Hilda,” he started to object when she slapped him across the face.

“That’s Ma’am to you! Just because I’m sympathetic and don’t want to see you sold doesn’t mean you can take liberties or disrespect me Nicole. You will only say yes ma’am, no ma’am or I understand ma’am! Is that understood!” she harshly replied. Then softly added, “We have to maintain appearances at all times. This room may be monitored.”

“Okay, I’m sorry,” he replied.

“I’m sorry, what?” she snapped.

“I’m sorry ma’am,” he answered.

“Better, now let’s get you into your training harness then we’ll get something to eat,” she said.

“Please ma’am, not now! Like, I mean, I feel foolish enough dressed like this and with that contraption, worse,” Nathan plead only to receive another stinging slap to the face making him stagger.

“Nicole, if I have to I can slap you around all day! Get this straight once and for all, it’s yes ma’am, no ma’am or I understand ma’am! You never, ever question me again! Understood!” she barked.

“Yes ma’am,” he softly replied barely holding back the tears.

“You’ll be wearing this training harness until you move like a pageant princess without thought. If you don’t remember to smile all the time, I have a device I can use to fix that. Believe me it is a lot more uncomfortable than this,” she retorted.

“That’s something else I’m going to have to fix. Those front teeth are too big and not at all dainty,” she thought.

If he thought walking in the training device was awkward eating proved to be a royal pain. He could only move his lower arms with ease and the posture collar made eating difficult. Being seen by the maid and cook was no less embarrassing. They stared at him but like good service staff said nothing.

In the small one chair mansion’s salon, he was introduced to Miss. Sally, the stylist. She was in her mid-thirties, well built with strawberry streaked brown tresses that flowed past her shoulders. Sally was wearing a pink nylon smock, midi-straight skirt and sensible shoes.

“Hi Nicole, Hilda has told me so much about you and I’m looking forward to working with you. Today, we’ll do a wash then weave hair extensions to give you a big hair look. These are natural hair extensions, have been bleached out, so whatever dye we decide upon will set as if it were your own.

“Dye my hair? What color? I don’t know if I want my hair to change too much, Miss. Sally,” he dared to venture.

“Nicole there is nothing to worry about. I’ve styled a lot of kids working the pageant circuit. Now let me explain that there are a multitude of different blonde hair color shades. They run the gamut from the palest platinum to dark blonde highlights over dark hair. Plus, there can be many sub-shades. Considering your fair complexion,

blue eyes and dirty blonde hair you have...well I think it best if we do a light Strawberry blonde instead of a darker shade of red. The majority of contestants opt for the summer blonde or creamy blonde. There are very few red heads and what I have in mind for you will outshine them all. I'll add a touch of gold streaks. That way when the spot lights focus on you, it will seem like a halo around your pretty head. Trust me, I'm an expert at this for over twenty years. The judges will take notice. Now settle back into the chair and I'll begin shampooing," she said.

Four hours later Nathan walked out of the salon with a big bouffant upturned page boy stiffly lacquered into place. The bangs in a neat row of curly-cues and a rhinestone tiara at the part. His ears had been doubled pierced and pink keepers inserted. Sally had also shown him how the use of toner and contouring could make his nose seem more delicate.

Hilda was impressed when Sally finished with Nicole. *"For a boy he had potential but now I actually think he could win a pageant if judged by looks alone. His mannerisms, voice and lack of talent need major work though. I need to talk to Agnes. Dancing lessons, vocal coach, dental work and I think baton twirling lessons. Lessons and work she needs to pay for,"* she thought.

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"You're asking me for what? All this is necessary?" Agnes asked when Hilda approached her.

"Yes, if you want him to cave in and give you what you want. He's being very obstinate about giving you his inheritance. Having to take those lessons will weaken his spirit. What boy wants to traipse around in a tutu or twirl batons? When he sees what the dentist does, I think will break him. Trust me on this Agnes. Hell, if nothing else he just might embrace becoming a pageant princess," Hilda answered.

"Hah, I doubt that. He's not much of a man but he's still one. We need him to sign over that inheritance, so go ahead. Pageant Princess indeed. If he actually wants to be one that resolves the issue of Nathan ever returning but....but that means we'll have to wait seven years before we can claim he's dead. Do what you have to do but break him Hilda," Agnes retorted.

"She had me there for a moment. Thought she was going to refuse. Well I better make some calls. If he winds up having some talent in dancing or twirling, I might have a comeback in the circuit. All I need is for Nicole to win a few contests then I'll be set," she thought going to Nathan's room.

"Nicole, I just met with Agnes and she's furious. She's not at all happy about your progress. She even threatened to contact those slavers. Now, don't get upset. I managed to calm her down but you're going to have to fully cooperate with me. I've scheduled you for dance and twirling lessons. I have a dental appointment scheduled for you tomorrow also," she said.

"Dentist? Why?" he asked scared. He hated going to the dentist.

"Your teeth aren't white enough and besides they're crooked," Hilda answered.

##

For the trip to the dentist, Nathan was modestly dressed compared to the glass silk and frilly pageant dresses he had been wearing. His undergarments were all white with lace frills. The dress was a creamy pinkish-orange party dress with built in petticoats. It had a sweetheart neckline, fitted bodice with short puff sleeves and three-tiered full skirt. A large pink satin bow was pinned to the back of his bouffant hair. Pink Mary

Janes and pink satin bag purse completed his dressing.

Dressed in the juvenile party dress Nathan felt like a total pansy. *“She said I was supposed to be a fourteen-year-old but this makes me look more like a tall ten-year-old. I hate this but I don’t want to be sold into sex slavery. When I refused to go to the dentist she spanked me until I agreed. I might look like a girl but going to the dentist dressed like this, will be a laughing stock. I was hoping she would give me back my boy clothes but with this hair no way. How can I run away looking like this? I’d tell the dentist but she said they were good friends and can’t take the chance. Still it’s my only chance. I’ve got to make a break for it,”* he thought.

As they got out of the limo, Hilda took a firm grip on Nathan’s hand. They didn’t have far to walk and Nathan noticed a cop standing on the corner. *“She has me in a vice grip now but maybe later I can break free and hopefully that cop will still be there,”* he thought.

Hilda checked them in at the receptionist’s desk and they took seats in the waiting room. A middle-aged woman was also waiting and smiled at them. *“My what a darling dress. Are you going to a birthday party?”* she asked.

Nathan cringed at being addressed but Hilda stepped in. *“Yes, Nicole is as soon as she has her cleaning. Nicole, where’s your manners? Tell the nice lady thank you.”*

The dentist did more than a cleaning. Nathan was given a general anesthesia. With him out, his front teeth were ground into stubs and bright white enamel caps secured in place. The size of the caps were between baby and adult teeth. If he wasn’t so tall and in such a juvenile dress could now pass as a ten-year-old.

“If he was a foot shorter I could easily enter Nicole in the pre-teen category. Still this look will work well. Judges seem to favor that between little girl and teenager contestant,” she thought.

Nathan wasn’t happy when he saw what the dentist did. *“What did he do? I thought you said only a cleaning and whitening?”* he whined.

“Your teeth were too crooked and we don’t have the time to use braces. I hope you’re not questioning my decision Nicole. You know what happens if you do that,” she coldly replied.

“Yes...errr..I mean no ma’am,” he stammered knowing all too well the punishment if he questioned her.

##

“Baton twirling? She wants me to learn that? Got to have a talent for the pageant? Twirling is something guys never do and so stupid,” he thought as he prepared for his first lesson.

For this class Nathan was wearing a high waisted purple panty girdle instead of his corset which was a relief. The bright purple Latin dance dress was similar to a leotard. It was made of rayon/spandex with beaded lace bodice and sleeveless. It fastened around the neck by a wide sequined choker collar. The skirt was three layers of foot long tassels. There were also elbow tasseled bracelets sparkling with sequins. To the left side of his hair was fastened a large purple sequined leaf. White nylon socks with purple ruffles and sequined purple Mary Janes with two-inch block heels completed his twirling uniform.

His first lesson consisted of him learning the basics from the salute through the wrist roll. There were fifteen basic moves to twirling and most gave him difficulty. Feeling

like an idiot as he went through the motions didn't help. Neither did the distraction of all those tassels flopping all around him. At the end of the hour, he was told to practice, practice and practice some more.

Next, he had dance lessons. For those he wore an emerald green sequined leotard with pale green tights and ballet slippers. An hour learning the basic moves in ballet then moved on to tap class left him totally exhausted. Nathan was more than happy to take a hot bubble bath before getting lunch. His afternoon was spent back into his corset, ultra-frilly dress and training device learning mannerisms and body language. An hour before supper was spent with his vocal coach. During that lesson learned how to tighten his vocal cords to heighten his resonance. Once his teacher was satisfied with his feminine voice, he was given a list of words and sentences to memorize. Words and sentences that only girls would naturally use. Words like "darling," "cute," "lovely" and "to die for" as descriptive adjectives.

"Next time I will begin teaching you the right emphasis and nuances that go with these words and how to properly use them. In the meantime continue speaking as you now are. Doing so will make it natural and you won't have to think about it," his teacher said.

After his evening meal Hilda had him reading aloud using his new voice from a romance novel then back to mannerisms and deportment until bed time. At the end of his long day, had to perform a nightly beauty regimen. Nathan was too tired to argue over wearing the sleep corset anymore. Between his strict diet, corsets and activity slept like the dead.

##

After six months of rigorous training Nathan walked the walk, looked the look and talked the talk of a pageant princess. Not only had his mannerisms and behavior changed, so had his body. Thanks to the hormones and testosterone blockers he had budding breasts. The corsets and diet trimmed off thirty pounds. His twirling and dance lessons left his body toned but not muscular. Except for a rare trip outside the mansion kept in the isolated area of the house. Nathan actually liked not going out. Other than that trip to the dentist, Hilda had taken him to a surgeon who removed two lower ribs. Then a plastic surgeon added cheek implants, widened his eyes and filled out his lips. The trip to have his lower ribs removed came after he told Agnes to go to hell, he wasn't giving her his money. The third trip happened after he told her two months later where to go.

Now that Christmas was coming up, Nathan was afraid. Hilda told him he was going to see Agnes again. On this occasion he argued that it was time to give in. "I can't take any more of this. It's been months now and after all that's happened, she should be willing to just take the money. Hasn't she done enough already. The last time I told her no, look what happened to my face! I don't even know if I can be me again," he plead.

"Nicole, I've told you over and over again that she won't believe you until you willingly participate in a pageant. Doing that then she will believe you're sincere about your new life style. I think you're almost ready. A few more months that's all. Think of it this way. You'll be out in the public's eye, everyone will know you as Nicole Lynn Smith. The niece of Agnes Smith. Do you think she'll be able to get rid of you so easily then?" Hilda reasoned with him.

"I hate this but you're right. I just didn't think of it that way. I'm just afraid of what she'll do next. Okay, let's get this over with," he replied.

Fitting for the season Hilda had selected an emerald green satin dress decorated with

more lace and glass-silk than he had ever seen. It featured a satin standup collar trimmed in pleated white lace with a large flower and hanging bow. The short sleeves were a huge white puff ball with an abundance of frilly lace and translucent glass-silk with bows. The bodice was figure hugging and the short full skirt double trimmed at the hem with glass-silk. The whole dress was overlaid with shimmering glass-silk as well. The petticoat was layers and layers of red satin and glass-silk with each layer trimmed with lace and glass-silk. When put on, made it look like the skirt was sitting on a puff ball of shimmering material. The emerald green satin panties were brief styled with a flower and bow at the center. Trimmed all around it was more lace and glass-silk. Making this outfit even more femmie was the addition of a round disc of emerald green satin with a tuff of red chiffon in the center and red ribbon streamers pinned at a jaunty angle. White nylons with a back seam were drawn up his legs and attached to his corset and pair of ivory patent leather two-inch heels fastened by satin bows around his ankles.

After months of forced feminization Nathan was used to the feel and sounds his clothing made. He still hated wearing corsets as they retained body heat and limited movement. The small mounds that had developed on his chest Nathan chalked up to wearing bras all the time. What he couldn't explain were the strange mood swings he was having, happy one minute and crying the next. He hated everything he was being forced to do but kept a virtual prisoner left little alternative. If he didn't try his best; then, he would be severely punished.

His only hope to get his freedom was to convince Agnes that he loved what he had become. Only then would he be free of being sold off into some underground sex ring. He wasn't looking forward to meeting Agnes. This time he was going to tell her no again but that he loved being a princess. He wanted the attention and admiration he would receive participating in beauty pageants. That he needed his inheritance to pay for all the lovely clothing, makeup and training he would need. It would all be an act but he rehearsed his role with Hilda to the point it was believable.

Their meeting with Agnes didn't go like he had anticipated. Instead of being pleased, she was furious. "So, you want to be parading around in front of a bunch of stuck up old men and women pretending to be a princess. You love being Nicole, do you? Well, so be it. I'll have the paperwork drawn up so you can legally be what you so desperately want. Now, get out of my sight! Hilda, I want a word with you," she angrily said dismissing Nathan.

"Explain yourself! This is not what I wanted. He was supposed to hate all this to the point where he gives us the money! Instead of breaking him, he loves it. No, not what I wanted at all. Now we have to wait seven years before we can declare Nathan dead!" she spat.

"Not necessarily ma'am," Hilda calmly replied. "According to what you told me, the Will says that the estate goes to 'the son.' I think if a minor surgical procedure is done; then, legally Nathan won't be a 'son' much less a male."

"Having a sex change? How can you call that a minor procedure? It's expensive as hell and all kinds of records have to be produced," she exclaimed.

"No, not a total change. Just a simple nip and tuck. Good enough to pass a cursory examination. I have a doctor friend who won't ask any questions. He'll also provide the necessary documents so you can include a sex reassignment declaration. Once Nathan signs that, there is no longer any son to inherit," Hilda explained.

"I hadn't expected it to go this far. I'll have to discuss this with Debora. She's still in

Europe supposedly getting over her grief at losing her husband. I guess if he likes dressing in all that frou-frou stuff and prancing around so much now, it won't make much difference. I'll let you know," Agnes replied.

##

A few days later she met with Hilda. "Okay, I've talked to my daughter and she approves. Said she always wanted a daughter and thrilled that's what he wants to be. Go ahead but try to keep the price reasonable," she said.

"We're going out? What does that old bat have planned for me now? I know she's just being vindictive cause I won't give up my inheritance. No, I won't go this time! You said once I convinced her I like all this, she'd back off. Well, I've made up my mind. No more! I can't take any more," he said summoning the last of his courage. The memories of what had happened before gave him that courage. He didn't want any more changes and determined to be Nathan again.

"Be reasonable Nicole. She's only scheduled you for a routine physical. That's all, I promise. Before you can participate in any contest, there has to be a recent physical. Look on the bright side, I've entered you into the Miss. Teen pageant in two months. Once you do that, I'm sure you'll be free of any threats Agnes can make," she replied with crossed fingers.

"You sure it's just routine? The last time, I didn't even recognize my own face," he sullenly replied.

"Trust me Nicole. You know I'm only trying to help. Remember, if it weren't for me you'd be working in some brothel somewhere by now," she assured.

To Be Continued...

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Despite Hilda's reassurances that he was only going for a routine physical, Nathan was scared. Every time he had been out of the mansion, something bad happened. The first time at the dentist's, his teeth were capped. Then the next trip resulted in his two lower ribs being removed. The last trip more devastating, facial feminization surgery was performed. The only thing keeping him from resisting was the belief that they couldn't do any more damage. Once he got hold of his inheritance could reverse most of what had been done. The teeth could be recapped and the facial implants removed. There wasn't anything he could do about the missing ribs though.

"I can get most of what they done reversed. It makes sense that I need a physical to be entered but still I'm worried. I can't think of anything else Agnes can do to me. Entering that pageant should get me out of this entire mess. Agnes will believe I'm really into being a princess and give me my freedom. I can't wait. I'll run as fast as I can to the authorities," he thought getting into the limo.

It was December and the weather cold. For the first time Hilda had given him long pants. Skinny jeans with fancy multi-colored butterfly embroidery on the pockets and multi-colored flowers running up the side seams to just below the knee. A lavender angora cowl necked sweater and rabbit fur car coat completed his outer wear. Black

leather ankle boots, black leather gloves and black patent leather clutch purse for accessories. Unlike in the past he was wearing full makeup highlighted by a bright glistening lavender lipstick. Again, the only good thing he could say about his dressing was not wearing a corset. His lingerie was just a lavender satin bra and matching high waist panty girdle.

Nathan's suspicions were raised when the limo pulled up in front of a clinic. It was in a strip mall occupying a large portion of the corner. In fading gold letters, Free Clinic, were on the frosted glass entrance.

"Why here? I thought we were going to a regular doctor's office," he gasped.

"Nicole, this doctor is a good friend. He'll do your physical and ignore those bit and pieces you have. Other doctors would raise some serious questions seeing those extra parts. You do want to be in that pageant and they could prevent it. There's nothing to worry about," she responded.

"Kinda makes sense but I don't like it," he thought.

Nathan didn't get scared until he met the doctor. Dr. Angel was old, bald headed except for a fringe of white hair at the sides. He was thin with a hooked bird like nose and yellowed teeth. He reminded Nathan of one of those crazy doctors you see in horror films. The fact that he eyed Nathan as a piece of meat didn't calm his nerves. The smell of stale cigarettes filled the room when he entered.

"Ahh, you must be Nicole. Hilda has told me so much about you and I must say, you're even prettier in person" he greeted.

"Okay, doc, enough with the bedside manners. We would like this done as soon as possible," Hilda said.

"Remember our agreement dearie. The nurse did the preliminaries so this shouldn't take long. The blood work came back normal except the B-12 count was very low. Nothing to worry about Nicole. I can correct that with a vitamin shot. I'll do that now and then open your gown. I need to listen to your heart and lungs," he responded holding up a syringe.

Opening the gown, Nathan blushed. The doctor was the first man to see his budding breasts. Breasts the doctor seemed to spend a lot of time running his latex covered fingers over. When Hilda made a grunting sound, began listening to Nathan's heart and lungs front and back.

"Normal," he said making a note and asked the usual questions about his health.

As the doctor was asking his questions Nathan was slurring his words, his eyelids very heavy. He felt himself beginning to fall off the examination table when hands grabbed him. That was the last thing he remembered.

"Alright doc, he's out now. Get busy and you better do a good job. You can have your reward once you finish," Hilda stated.

"Have you ever questioned my work before. Go get my nurse we need to move him into my surgery," he gruffly replied.

Hilda watched through the plate glass window as Dr. Angle worked. It didn't take him long to remove the testicles but removing excess penile tissue and suturing everything into place did. Once he finished and the nurse bandaged the area, she left the room. Hilda tried not to look but couldn't help herself as the doctor lowered his surgical greens and exposed his penis.

"For an old fart he does have some impressive aspects," she thought.

##

Nathan opened his eyes with a painful moan. The dull ache was coming from his groin. He instantly remembered about being in the doctor's office and realized something dreadful had been done. Sitting up didn't think about wearing a peach double layered nylon baby doll nighty. He'd been wearing one for so long, it was nothing but pajamas. Very comfortable pajamas but clothing none the less. The hem had bunched up around his waist revealing a bandaged groin. Tearing it off, saw what had been done and fainted. The flesh was red and bruised but obviously a girl's groin, a vertical slit with puffy lips.

"Nicole, what have you done?" Hilda exclaimed waking him. "You shouldn't have done that. Do you want to get it infected?"

"Infected! I want my dick and balls back!" he screamed.

"You still have all your little bits Nicole. They're just hidden away so calm down and let me bandage this," she lied.

"Why? Why did you do this?" he said through flowing tears.

"Honestly, you think I had anything to do with this? All I have done is to keep Agnes from sending you off into slavery. I didn't know the doctor was going to do this. I thought I knew him. Oh well, it can't be helped now. Once your pageant days are over, you can get it fixed," she answered.

"Days? You said days. How long is this pageant?" Nathan asked.

"This pageant is only two days, Saturday and Sunday but there will be others depending on how well you do," she replied.

"What? No way. One is more than enough then I want my parts back," he snapped.

"Nicole, you forget yourself. You do not question me or raise your voice! I haven't used my hairbrush in a while. Maybe it's time for it to make your reacquaintance. Agnes will not believe you've changed your attitude with only one pageant. Oh no, I foresee at least a whole season of pageants before she sets you free," Hilda angrily replied.

"Bu...but why this?" he asked pointing to his groin.

"I guess to drive home a point. She figured having this done, you'd give in and sign over the estate," she answered.

"Well, she's right. I'll sign anything she wants. I'm sick of all this! Please, go tell her she's won," Nathan sobbed.

"Don't be ridiculous! You've come this far and so close to getting what you want. You can't give in now. She'll think you've been faking all along and will sell you. No, you need to embrace what's happened like all the rest to convince her you love it. Now, it's very important that you don't say anything about what the doctor did to Agnes. If you do; then, she will know you're not being sincere about becoming what she wants. Just remember what I told you about participating in beauty pageants. You'll be publicly recognized and Agnes can't sell you then. Trust me on this Nicole," Hilda argued.

"Fine! Now, please leave me alone for a while," he plead.

"Okay. Get some rest. You'll be up and around in a couple of days," she said with a broad smile.

"Bought it hook line and sinker. He can never go back to being Nathan. Coming up with that sex slavery line was brilliant on my part. He actually thinks this is all Agnes'

and Debora's fault to get his inheritance. Ha! With what doc did some of those lecherous judges would never guess. I'll be back on my game in no time," she thought.

##

April and it was time for Nathan's first pageant. Over the past several months Hilda had decided to concentrate his "talent" performance to twirling. His dancing was okay as was his singing voice just not good enough. At the moment he was perfecting his flaming batons technique.

"Nicole is surprisingly talented with those batons. Talented enough to get a good score but twirling rarely wins. Her figure, posture and model behavior are what I'm counting on. Gave me hell when she realized those bumps on her chest were getting bigger. Cried two days but I explained they would go away once doc released those parts. That kid is so gullible. A full A-cup then. Now with a little help a nice B. The right costuming and makeup I think she's going to come in at least third. Time and experience and Nicole will win that's for certain," she thought.

"Hilda, we need to talk," Agnes angerly said.

"What the...she's never came into this part of the mansion before and she sounds pissed," she thought then said, "Of course ma'am but not here. If Nicole sees you will become upset. That's real fire on those batons."

"It's been almost a year now. Why haven't you broken him like I demanded?" Agnes commanded.

"I've tried but you saw for yourself how much she, I mean, he was happily tossing those batons. How was I to know Nathan would embrace everything I did to break him. Any normal boy would have begged to have his pants back long before now. As you know I even employed several drastic measures to break him, still he refuses to give up his estate. He seems to embrace everything we do. Just give me some more time. So far he's been confined to these quarters. Entering him into a beauty pageant in front of a lot of people and other girls his age should do the trick. It's one thing to act like a princess in the privacy of his home but in public another thing altogether," she asserted.

"This had better work as I've lost my patients in dealing with this. If this plan doesn't work; then, I'm going to have to take over. Debora will be back from Europe next month and that will be another headache. I don't think she'll care much whether or not she comes home to a son or daughter but....it will be a problem. I may have to give up and let Nathan have his inheritance. Do what you have to do but get it done," Agnes stated.

"Oh, I promise. There's a certain judge on the panel that has a reputation. I think if he and Nicole have some alone time victory will be yours," Hilda asserted.

"Spare me the details. Just get it done," Agnes replied turning on her heels and left.

"I didn't expect that. Looks like I'm going to have to set Judge Willis up with Nicole. I've worked to damn hard to stop now," Hilda thought.

##

Nathan was standing, gazing intently into the bathroom's full-length mirror. *"If I had known things would go this far. Like I could have known. Heck! I never would have left school in the first place. Trapped like a rat in a cage and no way out. Look at me! I've got boobs, what looks like a pussy and a girl's figure. Worse, I would have loved*

meeting a girl that looked like this. I'm beginning to doubt Governess is telling me the truth. I don't think I can ever go back to being me. Still, I can hope. If I keep doing what she says and enter those contests; then, Agnes will have to give in. People will know and see me. She won't be able to sell me then. I can claim my inheritance and reverse this except for those missing ribs. I have no choice but try my best in those pageants. I have to have the public notice me. It's my only chance of getting away," he thought.

Leaving the bathroom, a pink bath towel tucked around his chest entered the bedroom. Hilda was waiting, the dress and petticoat hanging from the closet door that he would soon be wearing. The sleeveless, floor-length tulle flower girl dress was a pale aqua green with purple beaded ivy lace appliques from the bustline to the fitted waist. Matching appliques were scattered around the full skirt and lining the hem. The scooped neckline was low enough to show a maidenly hint of cleavage. The white tulle and taffeta netting petticoat had three tiers trimmed in white floral lace.

His lingerie was also displayed on the bed. It was in a matching purple satin with aqua floral lace appliques. A push-up strapless bra, wasp waist corset and full cut panties. The dress, petticoat and lingerie were all custom made for his first pageant day. Even the shoes had been special ordered. They were purple patent leather Mary Jane's with a two-inch block heel.

Dressed in his lingerie, Hilda gave him a semi-sheer purple robe and took him to the mansion's salon. There Sally styled his strawberry blond hair into an elaborate stacked Greek updo. A loose braid went across the top and the back just touching the base of his neck. A two-stranded gold linked pearl neckless was attached draping across the upper forehead. A gold and pearl shield pendant hung from it centered just above the brow line.

"Most girls in pageants like to wear lots of curls but this style is really classic and stands out. Since you're participating in a young teens pageant, it also gives a more innocent look rather than the mature ones most contestants prefer. I think the judges will look favorably towards this younger style. Your makeup should also be kept simple. Powder, mascara, a bit of eyeshadow, pale rose blush and lip gloss," Sally stated as Nathan looked into the mirror.

"Wow! I look even younger than I'm supposed to be," Nathan gasped seeing his reflection.

"That's what I'm going for Nicole. I know the head judge likes that youthful innocence look. Now thank Miss. Sally and come along we need to be on our way now. We're running late," Hilda said.

"I gotta get dressed first," he said.

"No, I have a long coat you can put on. The dress and petticoat go in the van. We can't take the chance of them getting dirty or worse. Once we get to the convention center, you can put them on," she briskly replied.

##

"Now remember Nicole, whatever you do don't make judge Willis upset with you. You do whatever it takes to make sure he likes you. While he is just one member of the panel, his opinion is highly respected. He votes no at this stage, you get eliminated. You get eliminated from this pageant; then, very likely you won't be given another chance. Agnes will be there. No telling what she will do if you fail. So, if you are alone with judge Willis be as nice as you can and do whatever he demands!" Hilda instructed as she drove.

“Wha...what would he want from me? He doesn't even know me,” Nathan asked a little scared.

“He...he has a reputation. Nothing proven but I understand he might demand a small sexual favor. In any case, I'm telling you to do whatever. You have to finish in at least third place to get any publicity. You know how much you need that kind of attention,” she replied.

“Sexual favor? Wha...what kind?” he stammered shocked.

“Oral sex. Now stop with the questions. We're here and I have all your costume changes in the van we need to get out. There's a baggage trolley over there. Go get it,” she snapped.

“I...I can't do that! I'm not gay or anything like that,” he gasped.

“Look, we've been over this a hundred times. If you ever want to get out from under Agnes' thumb, you must be publicly recognized as Nicole. To get that publicity, you have to finish in the top three. Pleasing judge Willis and not screwing up the routine we practiced will practically guarantee that. Now get that trolley!” Hilda sternly replied.

There were twenty contestants signed up for this pageant. A large dressing area was set up and they all had their own small spot. It seemed like everyone was talking and moving about in a chaotic manner. While it seemed to be a madhouse, Nathan knew there was a method in the madness. He had watched so many documentary videos of beauty contests, Nathan fitted right in. He was embarrassed to take off his coat and get dressed with so many people, mostly females but there were some men walking around. Some of those men obviously hairdressers/beauticians, others he guessed pageant officials.

He was surprised when Hilda handed him a crisp white cotton long-sleeved blouse. The small pearl buttons didn't take him long to fasten. A red/green/gray tartan knife pleated mid-thigh flare skirt was next. White nylon knee high stockings and red Mary Janes with two-inch block heels completed his dressing. For accessories given a small gray backpack with pink stripping and a small teddy bear peeking out the top. The first round was supposed to be casual everyday dress. Looking at his reflection thought the hair adornment too fancy for school.

“Errr, Ma'am, don't you think we need to take this out?” he said pointing to the linked pearl adornment.

“Absolutely not. That's going to be your signature look no matter the hair style. It will distinguish you from all the other girls and the judges will note that. Touch up your lip gloss, we need to head for the stage. Remember, sassy but not slutty when you strut up and down the runway. This is just the prejudging round where they are primarily looking at your face and voice.” she stated pinning the number 12 to the left side of his dress.

Nathan began his walk down the runway and stopped at the end giving a slight curtsey. There he announced his name, age and hometown, gave another curtsey and returned up the runway. The curtseys were unnecessary but Hilda knew it would impress the judges. Getting offstage, Nathan began shaking, his nerves getting the better of him.

“I...I can...can't stop...stop shaking,” he stammered.

“Understandable Nicole. The first time is always the hardest but you did very well. I think at least a five,” she reassured.

“A...a five?” he whispered thinking it was a bad score.

“Yes, the lower your average scores the better. Forget your lessons already?” she asked leading him back to their changing area.

“No, I remember now. My nerves are on edge right now is all,” he replied.

“Some stage fright is to be expected for a first time but get it under control. Come on, we have to get you changed into your bathing suit for the next round,” she replied somewhat sympathetically.

“I’m going to have to strip naked with all these people around?” he gasped when she handed him the bikini.

“Of course. It’s just us girls here now. No men are allowed in the area until all the girls have changed,” she stated.

The bikini was an iridescent purple full cut brief with halter top. Being a teen pageant skimpy bathing suits were not allowed. The top was an uplift that allowed for cleavage to show. A pair of purple gel flip-flops, ruffled purple scrunchy around the left wrist and rhinestone ankle bracelet completed his costume.

“With your creamy white skin and narrow waist, I think you’ll do very well in this category Nicole. Just act confident and you’ll score with the judges,” she commented.

As his turn was coming up, Hilda handed him a white rubber bathing cap with a purple flower. “They’ll primarily be judging you on your figure and overall complexion. Just twirl the cap around on your fingers as you strut down the runway. It’ll get the judges attention and the more attention you get the better chance at a low score,” she said.

“I felt like a piece of raw meat doing that in front of wild animals,” he said returning to where Hilda waited.

“It can be embarrassing but a long-time tradition. It’s something all girls learn to cope with,” she responded.

Hilda watched from the side lines as Nicole went through her flaming batons routine. *“Doing very good, one slight misstep but good enough. A lot of pageants are dropping this and concentrating more on the questions. Not sure if that’s such a good idea. I had her studying the most common ones and the correct answers but you never know what they’ll ask,”* she thought.

“Okay, this is the last event of the day Nicole. It’s important to be relaxed and calm when you go out there in your formal. The judges are not only looking to see how elegant, poised and graceful you are. They are trying to gage just how intelligent and kind of character you have. All that’s left after this is the awards and announcement of the five finalists for tomorrows program,” she said once he was dressed.

“I have been nervous but more so now. What if I can’t remember the right answer?” he asked wringing his hands.

“Stop that with the hands. Nicole, I’ve drilled you until I was blue in the face over possible questions and appropriate answers. Calm down and the right answer will come to you. Now get out there. You can do this,” she assured.

Nathan was nervous and his voice cracked a bit but managed to satisfactorily answer the question about what his boyfriend thought of his participation in a beauty pageant. Later he was surprised and somewhat thrilled at coming in fifth place and returning for the final.

It wasn’t until the after party that Judge Willis approached him with a broad smile.

“Nicole, right? Hilda is your sponsor I believe. Known her for years,” he greeted.

“Yes sir,” he responded afraid of what might be coming next and not sure he could comply.

“I was impressed with you. For a first timer, you showed a lot of confidence and poise. I would like to get to know you better. Look it’s crowded here and I don’t want people to get the idea that I’m showing a preference. Why don’t you follow me out? Discretely of course, there’s an office we can use. First door on the left. Just give me a few minutes dear,” he whispered then walked off.

After a few minutes of just standing and hugging himself, Hilda walked over. “Get your pretty ass moving. You’re not the only girl to participate on a casting couch. You know what you have to do to finish this. Now, get,” she ordered.

“I don’t think I can do it,” he replied shivering.

“Maybe you would prefer having to do that and worse if Agnes decides to sell your sorry ass,” she hissed.

Reluctantly Nathan slowly walked to the office and tentatively knocked. Forcing a smile entered the room. “*I can do this. I can do this? I can do this,*” he kept thinking.

Judge Willis was sitting on the desk, his pants and boxers around his ankles. “Well, just don’t stand there dear. I know Hilda told you what to do. We don’t have much time,” he said with a leer.

Nathan slowly lowered himself down on his knees carefully moving his skirts and petticoats out of the way. Almost in slow motion reached out and grasped the old man’s semi-soft erection between thumb and fingers. It twitched sending a shiver up Nathan’s spine.

***“You can do this. Just get it over with,”* he thought bending his head forward.**

As the judge finally began to cum, Nathan tried to rear back but his head was held tight. It was only as the judge squirted his last bit that he relaxed his grip enough for Nathan to fall back. A few drops of semen dotted the bodice of the dress as he fell back.

The judge quickly pulled up his boxers and pants. With a pat to Nicole’s head left saying, “I think you do well in our little contest tomorrow.”

Nathan quickly found the trash can and expelled the contents of his stomach. He felt dirty and defiled. “*If this is anything like what Agnes has planned, I’ve got to figure a way out now,*” he thought.

##

Sunday’s continuation of the contest with only five remaining wasn’t much different than the first day. The difference being that each contestant spent more time being scrutinized by the judges. For the first segment, Nicole was dressed in a crisp white blouse and grey poodle skirt with three nylon net petticoats and saddle shoes. Old fashioned yes but according to Hilda would stand out from the other contestants. Again, he gave his name, age, and hometown but this time added details of his school and social life. All of which he had been well versed in by Hilda. The only judge he couldn’t make eye contact with was Judge Willis.

For the swim suit portion wore an emerald green bikini similar to yesterdays. This one had white floral lace tiers covering the back and push-up bra. The talent event was much more difficult as he had to balance on a round steel cylinder as he performed with the flaming batons.

Finally, the last event of the day. After which would be held a celebratory party and dinner. A party that Nathan was dreading. A party if he came in at least third or better would have to personally thank Judge Willis. Only this time Hilda told him to expect something more personal. Something he couldn't do or wanted to think about.

"The contest is over. Why do you insist I have to thank that horrible judge?" he protested.

"Because he will be on the next panel of judges and several of the other contests during this year's pageants! That's why and you need his vote," she stated.

"If I make the top three, I'll get all the publicity I need to convince Agnes. She'll be forced to accept me as Nicole," he argued.

"Recognition in a small area newspaper is not enough. A one hit wonder and quickly out of the public's notice. No, you need a much wider audience before that can happen. You won't get that until the Miss. Teen pageant in three months. To seriously place in that one, you have to have Judge Willis on your side. Agnes can't possibly get rid of you with the national media coverage that pageant gets. So just get use to the idea of providing small favors for him. Some pageant winners have done the same or more to win," she exclaimed.

"There's no way I'm going to let that dirty old man put his thing up my butt. I've got to find a way out of this," he thought.

For the final event Nathan wore a blush colored long, high necked beaded-bodice two-piece prom dress with a wide flowing ruffle in the back. According to Hilda the ruffle in the back would help enhance his smaller butt. The bodice was highlighted with rows and rows of beaded rhinestones. The back cut out. The poly-satin skirt had a band of beaded rhinestones at the waist and hugged his figure down to knee level. There it flared out in wide pleats to ankle length. Nathan didn't need to wear a bra as the top had built in cups. With it on, about four inches of his mid-riff was exposed. For the first time he was wearing three-inch slender heels. Not quite stilettos so he felt comfortable wearing them.

Thankfully the judges asked a question he was hoping for. "What makes you different from all the other girls who are competing in this pageant?"

"The correct response would be, I'm different as I don't compete for just the crown or sash. I do it because I truly believe it's for the sisterhood and experiences I gain from competing. It's the journey, the people that I meet that I enjoy. As for the real reason I'm different from all the others, for one, is I never wanted to be in a beauty contest. However, I do this because I have to and I'm not a girl. I'm a guy and my name is Nathan Fitzgerald Esq. My grandmother, Agnes, forced me into this with the help of my governess, Hilda. They did this to me to get my inheritance," here he paused and took in a gulp of air as the audience gasped.

"The only reason I have for being here today is because last night Judge Willis made me perform oral sex. Just have someone check the DNA samples left on my gown from last night. I'm sure he would have voted me into at least third this evening as he was promised another more person sexual favor."

The crowd was stunned into silence with his first declaration of being male but roared into life when told of Judge Willis. As they rushed the stage, security guards swarmed in. They escorted the judges off the stage and a guard wearing captain's bars and another one, grabbed Nathan's arms leading him off the stage.

"Those are some very serious charges you mentioned out there if you can prove them.

Way out of our league. Have a seat over there while I call the cops,” the captain said once they arrived in his office.

##

It took the police over thirty minutes to arrive on the scene. Nathan was surprised at being read his rights and arrested for causing a public disturbance. Thankfully after a brief interrogation at the station turned over to the special victim’s unit. When he pulled down his panties and stated it was a nip and tuck, taken to a hospital to prove what he said. With his true gender exposed underwent several hours of questioning. Checking their records and his old school confirmed Nathan’s story. Arrest warrants were issued for Agnes and Hilda. By that time, it was early evening and the problem of what to do with Nathan took a bit of thinking. It was decided to put him up in a hotel for the night with someone for security. The problem they had was should his security be a man or woman. After some discussion decided on assigning a woman to the detail. Thankfully she had a daughter about his size and stopped to pick up some clothing. He was more than happy to get out of that prom dress and into a pair of jeans, plain girls jeans and baby blue extra-large tee. He was greatly relieved when he went to bed that night wearing white cotton panties and that tee.

The next morning Agnes was brought in for questioning. There she admitted to telling Hilda to dress him like a sissy but only that. She just wanted to humiliate him into signing over his inheritance. Agnes brought a copy of that document which backed up her story. If he signed would give up the inheritance in return for \$250,000, a full scholarship to a major big university and a new car. Being brought up in the “instant gratification” generation would have gladly signed it without all the bull shit. She swore that she never intended for Hilda to go to such extremes. A lie detector test was given proving that she had no part in selling him into sex slavery or intended any bodily harm. Still she was charged and eventually sentenced for involuntary kidnapping and fraud.

Hilda took several months to find. Her arrest was soon followed by the arrest of Dr. Angel. Both received the maximum sentences and would probably live out their lives in prison. The prom dress was found earlier at the estate in the abandoned van. Judge Willis was arrested, charged with sexual assault on a juvenile and sent away for a long time. Other girls came forward with equal or worse stories of the judge’s previous actions.

Despite getting justice, Nathan was left holding the short end of the stick. After medical consults including psychiatric, he was stuck being Nicole. Yes, he would get his full multi-million estate when he turned twenty-one but would have to do so as Nicole. If he had to be Nicole, decided to get full SRS and become whole rather than exist as a freak. As far as his mother went, she was indeed shocked and surprised by what her mother had instigated. Deborah did her best to console and assist Nathan but difficult. It took him a long while before he could trust her. In the end, found acceptance with his fate and got along with his mother as good friends.

The End