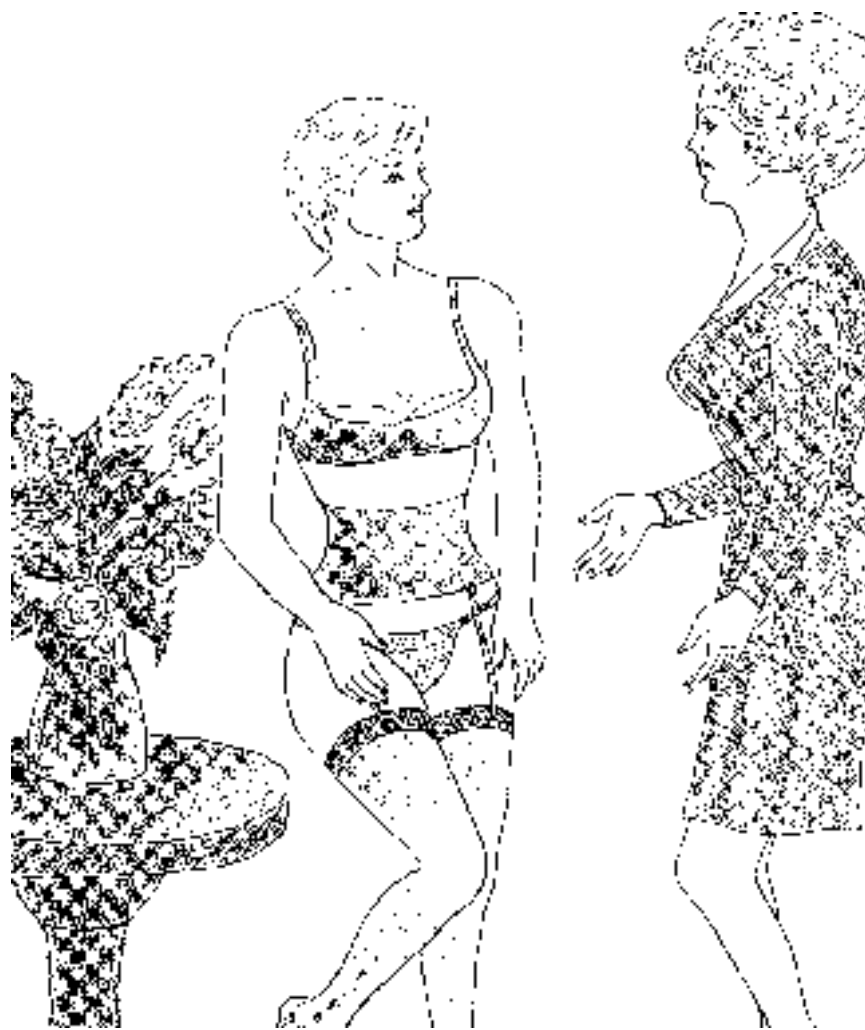


PAY THE PIPER

By Cheryl Lynn



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A NEW WOMAN NOVEL

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PAY THE PIPER

By Cheryl Lynn

Georgeanne

The crickets chirped and harped. The tree frogs croaked in resonate melody. The late spring rains had ceased for the night and a big yellow moon just cleared the horizon. George carefully crept up to the window sill and slowly rose on his tip toes. His head just barely cleared the sill and he had to step up onto a covering bush's branches in order to get the view that he so desperately desired.

The soft glow of subdued light reflected off of George's face as he was finally able to get a good look into the room. Seated on a bright yellow satin covered vanity stool, was Malinda.

Malinda was sitting on the stool brushing her long brown hair. She was only dressed in her white bra and bikini panties with little pink flowers printed on them. Her arms upraised, hands delicately arched as they pulled hair up and away from her head and quickly rolled the tresses onto large foam covered rollers.

George took in every detail as he concentrated on the young girl sitting before him. He noticed the way the crack of her rounded ass showed just above the edge of her panties, the fullness of the bra cups or at least what he could see of them. The trim narrow waist, the dark birthmark just above her right hip. Everything was noted in his mind and filed for later reference. He was more than glad that he was able to sneak out of the house. Even if he got caught when he got home, this would have been worth the cost.

Malinda moved slightly on the stool and picked up a small jar. She removed the chromed top and dipped a finger tip in and applied the moisturizer to her face. As she massaged the lotion into her skin, she glanced at a flicker in her mirror. For just a single moment she paused and stared at the mirror.

Malinda got up off the stool and stretched. She presented George with a full side body view. To further titillate him she turned facing the window and reaching around undid her bra. As it fluttered to the floor, she turned and walked into her closet.

George let out an audible gasp, but not so loud as it could have been heard very far away. Wide eyed he just stared at the young girl as she first stretched; then, unclasped her bra. He could not believe his eyes.

“Holy Shit!” he mumbled, “wait till I tell the guys about this. They'll go bonkers. Absolutely bonkers!”

Thinking that he had pushed his luck just about as far as he could for one night, George jumped down from the bush and headed for his house next door. He did not

see Malinda standing in the window with a puzzled look on her face. If he had he might not have been so carefree as he almost skipped home.

Carefully George looked through his kitchen window to see where his mother was.

“Good, she's not here,” he thought. Quietly, he opened the screen door and turned the knob. The squeak of the door was drowned out by the noise coming from the television. George made a bee line to his room.

“Safe!” he said softly as he shut his own bedroom door. It did not take him long to get out of his clothing and into his pj's.

Forty—five minutes later when his mother came to his room, George was fast asleep. George's mother walked into the room, picking up her only child's clothing as she went. Pausing a moment to bend over and kiss her son on the forehead, she then picked up his trousers.

“Ummm, now how in the world did he manage to get his pant's legs all wet?” she mumbled as she stood and walked out of the room.

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The clang, bang and general racket caused by over a hundred children getting their lunches in the high school cafeteria faded into the background as George and his friends settled down to their regular table in the far corner.

“Hey, Dude, get real! You feeding us a line, man? You really did not peek into Malinda's bedroom, did you?” David asked him.

“No! It's true every word of it, I swear! How else would I know about her birthmark? Huh? You tell me!” George replied.

“Come on George, tell us again, huh, will you?” James demanded. “Did she have, like, really big tits? Did, did you see **IT!**”

“Huh? Oh, yeah! Er, ah, Yeah! Sure! Anyway, David doesn't believe me. So why should I tell you all anything else? Man, if you could have only seen what I've seen you'd. Well, you are probably too young to understand anyway. 'Specially you, David!”

“I am not. I'm almost as old as you are runt!” David countered referring to George's small stature, a real sore point for the tenth grader. “I just don't believe you did what you said you did, that's all. How can we believe you are telling us the truth? Like, you tell me how?”

“Well, I don't have pictures if that's what you mean. I did see her, you know. I mean she has that funny bell shaped birthmark. I did see that. I wouldn't make up anything like that!” George replied, ignoring David's insult.

“Well, if you are as sharp as you say and it was as easy as you said it was; then, I want pictures! Yeah! Pictures, man. Get us some pictures and we just might believe you,” David demanded.

“Yeah! Pictures,” chimed all the rest.

“Pictures? Uhhh, I don't know about that. I mean she'd see the flash and all that.”

“Well if and I mean IF she put on the show that you said she did for you, she wouldn't mind you taking pictures. Now would she!” David pressed. “No pictures, no more bull shit from you. OK!”

“OK, OK,” he replied. “I'll get your pictures.”

RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRingggggggg!

The bell rang putting an end to any further discussion until after school. By the last bell, they were busily discussing the coming of summer vacation.

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That night Malinda's mother found her child flung across her bed crying her eyes out. “What's the matter darling,” She asked.

“Oh, Mamma, I just heard that everyone in school knows about my birthmark. Someone's been telling everyone in school about it. I was wondering why the boys were saying “ding dong dingy dong,” to me in the hallway. Somebody saw me and told the guys....ahhh...sniffle...sob...I...I think that it was that noisy neighbor of ours George. I, I thought that I saw him ...sniffle...in my mirror last night, but when, when I went to check no one was there. You know, like I told you last night. Sob...sob..sniffle..but today. Oh! Today! Everyone's talking like, like I did something with one of the boys. Ohhhhh, Mamma!”

“There there dear. Now don't you fret. I have always told you that the truth will win out.

“You just stop that crying, right this minute. Here blow your nose. There that's my girl. Now I don't want you to worry, Mommy is going to take care of everything. There, there baby, don't worry now and dry your tears.

“I'll see that no one else will say naughty things about you and we'll punish whoever did this to you. I promise. I'll go and have a talk with George's mother in the morning. Now you get ready for bed, and don't think another thing about this.

“We'll get it taken care of.”

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While George was attending school, Malinda's mother was visiting her neighbor.

“That's right Helen,” she was saying. “Malinda thought that she saw something in her mirror and while she cannot prove anything, she believes that your son George was peeping in her window. When she came to me, I walked outside and saw where someone had been standing in the bushes by her window. I also saw a trail in the wet grass that pointed in this direction, but it was too dark for me to really follow.

“So I wanted to talk to you about this. As you are aware there have been a number of complaints around the neighborhood about peeping Tom's. Well, you know that Betsy's father went out with his .357 when she told him someone was out there. Now, all I could think of when my child told me about someone leering at her as she undressed was getting the little stinker. I wouldn't blame Betsy's father if he had shot the pervert, but that was before I thought that it might be your George.”

“Donna, do you really think that my George could be doing something, something so disgusting as that? He has been more than a handful ever since I left his father, but this. Well, I am sure that you wouldn't be telling me this unless you had some very good reasons. Now that I think about it, when I picked up his jeans the other night, the cuffs were soaking wet. Oh, Dear! Donna you must be right. Wait until that little sneak gets home. I'm going to blister his behind.”

“No Helen, I've got a much better idea. Spanking is not going to make him stop. If you just spank or ground him for punishment, that will only repress his feelings for a short time. This problem he has goes deeper than it appears on the surface. We will have to change his basic innate thoughts and feelings if we want to cure him. I am sure that what I have in mind will cure George of his criminal behavior.”

“Criminal? I don't think he is that bad, but if we can keep him out of trouble and this out of the newspaper; then, but still, Donna. Aren't you just over reacting and besides maybe, we ought to consult with someone.”

“Helen, what did I just say. Looking at girls undressing through their window at night is illegal! It could even get him **killed!** What if Betsy's father caught him? My idea may be somewhat unorthodox but I can I assure you **it will work.**”

“Let me give it a try. We can keep this between ourselves and no one; especially the press, will have to know anything. Look, summer vacation starts next week and you have been wanting to get away to work out your personal problems. So what do you say. You go ahead and take the month off and away from here. I'll see to George and he can live with Malinda and I. I'll just need you to sign some papers and agree to some changes before you go. Give me until the end of the week and I'll have everything ready for you. And by the way, let's just keep this between us. Promise?”

“Oh, I don't know Donna. Exactly what do you have in mind? I really could use a few weeks to get my head on straight, true enough. But, err, well alright maybe you are right.”

“Yes that is what I'm trying to tell you. Here scoot your chair over here and we'll discuss it.”

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One evening just before the last day of school, George retrieved his instant camera from the closet and went out the kitchen door.

His mother looked up from the couch as she heard the door slam. Walking over to the phone she called Donna and told her to keep her eyes open, that George had just left. If Donna was right; then, let George's punishment begin.

The sun had just started to turn the sky rich dark reds and purples as he snuck up to Malinda's window. It was early, but maybe, just maybe she would be in her room. George was not overly happy about having to take pictures.

“Hell,” he thought, “*this could get me in real trouble, but the guys won't give up. If I don't get them their pictures by tomorrow, I'll never hear the end of it.*”

There was enough light for his camera and he did not want to use the flash. At least not unless he absolutely had to.

He was in luck. Malinda was not only in her room, but half naked to boot. George raised his camera and pressed the button. Whir, click. The sound of the camera seemed to scream in his ears, but Malinda did not seem to notice. The bush supporting most of his weight shifted a little as he tried to get a better angle for his next picture. Malinda was moving over to her vanity and George had a fantastic shot of Malinda's very feminine profile. As he moved his elbow to support the camera, he felt his foot kicked out from under him.

The next thing that he knew was spinning in a half—somersault and slamming hard into the ground. As his senses returned to him, he found himself looking up to see a very upset mother towering over him. Then to his horror two mothers, his and Malinda's.

“*Oh Shit,*” he thought.

George jumped up as his mother grabbed hold of his earlobe and pulled. Standing up, he could not look either mother in the eye. His head down cast, he tried to say he wasn't doing anything. He shuffled his feet and started to say something.

“Shut up, George,” his mother ordered. “Don't even think for a moment that you are going to talk your way out of this mess. You had better be very thankful that Donna and I were the ones to find you. Did you even think! Just what in the world did you think that you were doing? Never mind, you have been the neighborhood Peeping Tom and now you have been caught. Come on home. Your punishment will begin tomorrow afternoon. Right now we have some measuring to do.”

George did not know what to say.

“*Go home. She wasn't going to bust his ass right here and now. Wow, nothing, nada, they are letting me go for now. Heck! By tomorrow I'll have the old girl believing that Malinda made me do it and I'll never get punished,*” he thought.

A slight smile broke out on his face, but disappeared when he saw Malinda's mom picking up his camera and the pictures.

“You like taking pictures I see. Well we'll see just how much you like being photographed yourself,” she said to him.

George's mother tugged on his earlobe and they started home. When they got there George was taken straight to the bathroom and ordered to undress. As he stripped, his mother began filling the tub and getting stuff out of the linen closet.

Standing in his jockey shorts, George waited for his mother to leave.

Only she did not go. She stood in front of him, her arms crossed under her breasts, tapping her foot.

“Well,” she said frostily. “Are you going to do as I said or must I finish taking off your clothing.”

“MOM!” he said as if that was all that he had to say to get his point across.

To his surprise, she reached out and pulled his undershorts down below his knees and turning him around bent him over her knee to finish undressing him. Keeping

him pressed over her knee, she gave him three or four quick swats. They were not very hard and scared him more than hurt.

“Now you will do exactly as I say or,” she let the thought trail off. It's meaning all to clear to George.

While he stood with his hands covering his groin, Helen pulled on a pair of rubber gloves and picked up a bottle. Squirting some of the contents of the bottle into her gloved palm, she then began rubbing it all over her son.

He stood squirming by the tub. His mother had coated his entire body except for his head and face in a stinging gooey gunk. She had even, to his immense horror, spread that stuff on his groin. The fact that she reminded him that she had changed his diapers did not ease the embarrassment that he had felt. Now he was standing there waiting for her to finish turning off the water. The tub was full of flowery smelling bubbles, and if the cream on his skin wasn't beginning to burn so much he would have refused to get in.

“Now,” she said as she placed a flower covered nylon bathing bonnet over his long hair, “I want you to get in that tub and scrub and I mean scrub yourself clean. Otherwise I will do it. Do you understand?” With that she watched until he was in the water; then left him to himself.

“MOM!” the scream echoed down the hall. “MOM! Come here, QUICK!”

“What is the matter George?” she asked him. She had to suppress a laugh when she saw him standing there on the bath mat. Legs slightly spread, a look of total disbelief and horror on his face and a cute flower covered hair bonnet on his head. Hairless as the day he was born.

“*Oh, if I only had his camera?*” she thought. “*He is acting like I cut his thing off, for heaven's sake.*”

“Finish drying off, George and then come over here. It isn't like Malinda walked in on you or that you were permanently disfigured.”

George was upset. Although he wasn't sure if he was more upset with his mother's attitude or the fact that he no longer had any body hair. It seem like only yesterday that he actually begun growing his pubic hair, but it had been a sure sign of his masculinity and adulthood. Now it was gone and so was his manhood. Standing naked in front of his mother as she took a tape measurer to him, did not help either.

She was treating him like a little kid.

Finished with her measuring, she helped George to wrap the towel around his chest. Seating him on the stool in front of the sink, she then began shampooing his hair. He wore it on the long side and with the money situation since she had left her husband, it was even longer than normal. With his hair still wet, she placed another towel around his shoulders and gave it a quick trim. Making sure that the ends were at least even, she quickly made a straight cut along his forehead. Putting a hair dryer in his hand she left him to finish up.

The next morning he did not notice anything out of the ordinary as he got ready for school. This was the last day of school for the entire summer. That fact alone made

any previous thoughts of his capture and promised punishment disappear. Today was going to be a great day. Yes sir, a great day indeed.

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“That is right Helen,” Donna was saying, “you just bring him over to my shop at noon. I’ll take it from there. You just bring the paper work that will give me authority over him until you get back. Ummm, yes, that is correct. The legal guardianship does put me in total control. Err, that’s because if anything should happen and he needed hospitalization I would be able to authorize it. Yes, ah, see there should be no problems. That paper is just in case, you know. It’s just being careful. Now don’t you fret. Everything is going to be alright. I promise. George will never want to peep at girls again. You have my promise on that.”

“Uhuh! Yes, I have everything I need since you gave me those measurements. What did I need them for? Oh, nothing really. I just wanted to make sure that I have what he will need. No don’t think anything of it. I know how hard it is, monetarily that is. I went through a divorce myself. Now you drop him off here like we agreed and go on that vacation. You need it. Bye, I’ll see you in a month.”

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The final bell of the school year sounded throughout the building. It seemed like a million, zillion banshees had been released from behind all those closed doors.

George was surprised to see his mother waiting for him by the main entrance.

“I’ll see ya’ll,” he yelled to his friends as he ran towards his mother. They had been surprisingly nice to him even though he hadn’t brought them any pictures.

“Hey, Mom, what are all your bags doing in the car. We going some place?” he asked.

“No, dear. I am going somewhere and you are going to stay with Mrs. Earhard, Malinda’s mother for the next month or so. Yes, that is correct. You did hear me correctly. I am going on an extended vacation and you are going to stay at Malinda’s. No, you have absolutely no other choice. Absolutely not, you cannot stay with your father. By the way, Mrs. Earhard has total authority to do whatever she thinks is necessary regarding your comings and goings as well as your discipline. Is that understood. Good.”

“We are almost there. Yes, there is Donna. Remember to do as you are told and I will see you soon. Here go on, get out, first give me a kiss. Oh, hi there Donna. Here are the papers and I trust George will behave himself. Thanks, thanks a lot. Bye, bye George.”

A somewhat confused George stood for several moments watching his mother’s car disappear down the road.

“Boy, that was quick,” he thought. “Wonder what in the world this is all about and what the heck am I doing here?”

He looked around at the mall entrance like it was the first time in his life that he had ever seen one. Just like a country hick, he stood gawking with his mouth open, until Mrs. Earhard grabbed his hand and pulled him to the entrance.

"I still have a full days work ahead of me and you are going to be a very valuable assistant. I firmly believe that idle hands make for devil's play. I can assure you that you will have very little idle time while you stay with us. Come along now, we have a lot to do."

George was led over to a women's beauty salon. As it became evident that they were going to go in, she made sure that her grip on his hand was strong and firm. While he was somewhat afraid of entering the beauty shop, he wasn't overly worried.

"After all this was a woman's place. What the hell could they do to him here," he thought.

When he was taken into the back of the parlor and told, definitely not asked, to undress, he became very worried.

"What?" he asked somewhat stunned at the sheer audacity of the woman. *"Imagine demanding that I undress in front of a bunch of females. Shit! What the.."* he thought as he was grabbed and his clothing began to come off.

"If you do not do exactly as you are told as soon as you are told, my dear, you will regret it!" Malinda's mother instructed him. "Now let's see how you like this?" she said as she finished pulling off his jockey shorts and turned him full face into a crowd of women onlookers.

"Ahhhh! Nooooo! Hey, Stop! Stop!" he cried out trying frantically to cover himself with his hands.

The women's laughter filled his ears and his embarrassment was complete. He doubted if there was anything else that they could do to him to make matters any worse.

If he only knew.

"So how does it feel to be stared at, leered at, huh? Do you enjoy being looked at as much as you enjoyed looking?" Malinda's voice asked him.

He did not see her but he surely heard her.

Someone stepped out of the crowd of females and knelt down and took a flash picture of his naked form. The laughter filled the small room.

He turned even redder than he thought possible as a smiling Malinda stood up. As she walked over to him, she removed the instant picture and held it up for him to see.

"Alright! Alright! You've had your fun. So let me go and I won't ever do it again. I promise. Please just let me go and I'll never peek at you again," he begged.

"Oh, no, not so fast," Betsy said as she walked out from the crowd to be followed by other girls from his high school class. "We haven't even started yet. Have we girls? What's say we go ahead and get started?"

Without any further discussion, they led him over to a chair. They pulled a clear pink plastic apron over his head. He was placed securely in the chair. He was tilted

back and given a shampoo and rinse. Brought back upright, the technician began parting and putting segments of his now ash colored hair into prickly plastic rollers.

A tress of his hair was combed out, the end hooked to the small plastic points of the roller, and then tightly rolled against his scalp. Once they had finished rolling his hair, a permanent wave solution was poured on and allowed to set. The smell almost staggered him and made him feel ill, but no amount of protesting or argument made them stop. The neutralizer did not greatly ease the horrible stench.

He was miserable, he was naked, and he was totally helpless.

While he sat in the chair with his hair being worked on, a girl from his class sat down on his left side and another on his right. His fingers were placed in small bowls filled with a green liquid. When he tried to pull back, he was told to either keep still or he would be tied down. Not too long after that George sported bright pink, pointed finger nails. Soon his toe nails matched his fingers.

The ladies did not stop with his finger nails and hair as he had prayed they would. He was taken to another chair where a young woman dressed in a white nylon uniform that allowed her lacy camisole to show through, laid him back in a reclining chair. His face bathed in a bright light forced him to close his eyes, as she began working on his eyebrows. He squinted and tried to wiggle out from under the woman's firm hand as she used something on his brows that stung and pricked him.

He could not see the crowd of young women standing around the chair as the electrologist finished removing most of the hair from his brow. Where he once had very full brows only delicate thin feminine arches remained.

While he still lay reclined in the chair, someone else came over and sat down beside him. He felt his ear lobes being played with; then, felt a sharp "Ping". The process was repeated three more times.

His lobes stung and throbbed for a few minutes, but soon the slight pain faded. He wasn't sure exactly what had happened to him, but from the "Oh, how cute," "just precious," and "He's really going to love them" comments that came from the unseen crowd, he knew that he most definitely would not like whatever it was that they had done to him.

He guessed that his ears had been pierced, but that really did not worry him as much as all the other stuff they had and might do to him.

As he was allowed to get out of the chair, George was a little wobbly on his legs. The strain was beginning to get to him. They led him back to the stylist chair, and began removing his curlers. His hair was brushed and combed out, then a light coating of hair spray was applied. George wanted to look into a mirror to see just how much damage had been done to him, but they would not let him. All the nearby mirrors had been covered.

Finally, he was taken over to another recliner where a large framed woman in heavy makeup stood waiting. She gave him a glass of orange juice and a small pill to take.

"Take this pill, it will make things a whole lot easier. Now Miss Plain Jane, we are going to see what we can do to improve on what nature gave you. You are going to

have to be very still or you may just hurt yourself. Do you understand. No movement even if this stings a bit. Ok, first I am going to line your eyes. It will feel uncomfortable and even sting, but if you move I could accidentally put out your eye so stay still.”

The buzzing from the tool that she used to line his eyes filled his ears like the buzzing of angry bees, but it did not hurt that much. He was man enough not to cry and the threat to his eyesight kept him still, very still. When she had finished the light eyeliner she applied a set of upper and lower permanent eyelashes. Next the lady began working on his lips. It stung a heck of a lot more and George was getting real scared.

“*What were they doing to me,*” his worried mind asked.

George was still groggy as he got out of the chair. His eyelids and lips felt numb but pulsed with heat. He started to reach up and touch them, but the woman reached out and stopped him.

“Now don't you go and start touching or rubbing your lids or lips for at least twenty—four hours. I don't want to see you getting any problems. If they start to throb and hurt, just put a moist cold towel filled with ice cubes on them. Nothing else, understand?”

He was led into another room where Malinda, Betsy, and their mothers waited. He was still naked and reached out for the piece of clothing that Malinda held out to him.

That is until he saw what it was!

“No, no way, man! I'm not going to wear this. I want my own clothing back. Do you hear!”

“George or rather should I say Georgeanne because you certainly aren't a George from the looks of you, little girl,” Mrs. Earhard said. At that she grabbed his shoulders and turned him to face into a full length mirror. “Now be a good little girl and get dressed or you will be taken out into the mall naked. I hope you understand that I am not fooling around with you. You are being punished for your criminal peeping and perverted ways. When we are through with you, my dear, you will be cured. That I can promise. Now get dressed or be dragged through the mall as you are.”

George was stupefied. He was frozen where he stood, completely unable to move or utter a single word. Looking back at him in the mirror was a very pretty little girl. She looked to be about ten at the most, curly ash blond hair and with long bangs that reached to thin arched brows. The eyes were extremely large and expressive. The thick eyelashes emphasized them and the lips as well which were now full and inviting cupid's bows. In the young girl's ears were two pairs of earrings. The one on the outside edge was a golden teddy bear, the other a small gold hoop.

George did not know what to do or say. He knew beyond any doubt that the image he was looking at was his own, but the total unreality of it froze him to inaction. Automatically he reached out, took the latex panty girdle and began pulling it up his legs. He tucked his penis down and pressed his scrotum flat as he was told before pulling the yellow garment tightly up around his waist.

He stood quietly as Malinda pulled a frilly beige vest over his head. Next Betsy helped him pull on pink tights followed by a pair of bright white, satin, rumba styled panties. A pair of bright black patent leather maryjane shoes came next.

George was acting like a robot. His motions were mechanical and he performed as directed. The shock of seeing a little girl emerge from his masculine self like a butterfly from its cocoon was almost too much to bear.

Mrs. Earhard walked over to him and helped him into several pink stiffly starched net petticoats.

The mirror image spoke volumes to him. All horror stories.

Betsy's mom came over with his dress in her arms. It was a satin party dress from Mrs. Earhard's shop. It had lacy, see through, puffed sleeves with a thin bright pink satin ribbon threaded through the eyelet lace edging which formed bows at the top with streamers hanging down. The center of each bow was capped with a small rose embroidery. The neck line was scooped but filled with a transparent floral lace insert which rose up the neck in a high stiff lace collar. The collar, like the sleeves had a thin ribbon of pink satin laced through it with the bow holding the collar closed. The empire waist was nipped with a broad pink satin sash and the full skirt of white overlaid lace on white satin was hemmed in a broad, strip of ruffled lace. Once again threaded with bright pink satin ribbon.

The dress sat pertly on George's small frame and with the slightest movement rustled and swirled about him in a cloud of white and pink. There could be no disputing the little girl image projected in the mirror.

It was his own.

Next came a white straw hat with pink band and streamers hanging halfway down his back. White lace gloves and a small white straw purse with pearlized handle completed the picture perfect image.

George or rather Georgeanne was led past the delighted women and girls, who all admired Mrs. Earhard's 'new niece' noting how lucky the little girl was to have an aunt who owned a fashion store, and an older cousin who could help her with being a perfect young lady. Embarrassed, and near to tears from their amused interest in his new hairdo and lovely clothes he was half towed from the shop and into the bustling mall.

George was taken over to a group of young girls ranging in age from five to twelve. All were wearing new clothing and looking their best. Numerous mothers, some of whom looked familiar to him, stood around keeping quiet and order. They were in a curtained off area behind a raised platform. A small stairway led to a door at the top of the platform. They were in the major corridor just outside a main entrance to one of the major department stores. The sound of busy shoppers could be easily heard as they passed by outside the curtained area.

Mrs. Earhard left him with Malinda and Betsy after cautioning them to be careful and keep Georgeanne company because, "little children do have a tendency to stray if they are not watched closely."

“I think that she should practice like in charm school,” Betsy suggested, to Malinda's delighted approval.

Much to his chagrin the girls made Georgeanne walk up and down a narrow walkway they created using folding chairs. They also used the chairs to teach him how to sit, stand, and fold his hands while sitting.

“Swing your hips as you move and walk from your hips not your legs,” they ordered. “Your skirts should just brush the chairs but your body should not make contact at all. That's it, swing your hands from the shoulders. Keep the feet close together. One foot directly in front of the other, heel and toe, heel and toe like you are walking a plank. Come on Georgeanne get your hips to swivel and keep that head up straight. Walk proud. You are a pretty little girl.”

They let him sit and rest after spending about thirty minutes teaching him the basics. His relaxation did not last long as a troop of people walked past them and up onto the raised platform. After they went by, the girls made him get up once again and after a few passes through the chair lined path decided to teach him how to curtsy.

“Now Georgeanne, I do not want to have to say this again so pay attention. Don't look over at that door, look at me. I'm only going to show you once. If you do not do this correctly, then, I will spank you,” Malinda stated.

“Now, watch! See how I grab the hem of my skirt with the thumb and forefingers and the others gracefully held like so. The right foot goes back behind the left, see? Bend at the knee. Make sure that you keep you back straight and you head high but eye lowered. That's to show the proper respect and humility; yet, still maintain a semblance of self—respect. Now let's see you do it. Again, ok walk to the end of the path and turn, face me, and drop down into a cute curtsy; then, walk back here and do it again.”

Georgeanne was beginning to tire by the time Mrs. Earhard returned. Summoning them over near the stairway, she had Georgeanne stand beside her.

“In a moment we will walk out that door and I expect you to behave and not do something stupid,” she told him as she pointed to the door at the head of the stair.

For the first time George became aware of his immediate surroundings. The other girls, the sounds and noises coming from behind the doorway. To his chagrin, he realized that they were having a fashion show.

And still worse he was going to be in it.

All at once everything became very clear to him. The pill had fully worn off and for the first time he was left alone. As he stood there, he could feel every piece of his new clothing. Everything from the itch of the starched petticoats to the tightness of the lace collar around his throat. Even the swish and sway of his skirt was a new and novel feeling. A soft warm breeze was swirling about his legs to play with his dainty skirts. It brought the reality of his situation fully into focus.

He was going to be put on stage as a little girl in front of half the women and girls in town!

George thought of fleeing, but to where. Where in the world could he escape to dressed like he was and having no way to get very far even if he could. George understood that for now at least he had absolutely no choice whatsoever. He had to accept it. Maybe if he did just like he had been told he could make it. Just maybe no one would recognize who and what he was.

The more he thought of his predicament, the more nervous he became. The more nervous he became the more he wanted to run.

Finally, Mrs. Earhard saw that he was very nervous. She began calming him by telling him that if he did exactly as he was told he could pass as a little girl but he would have to do and say exactly what she told him to. She whispered in his ear and patted him on his pantied bottom as she stooped down beside him as if to remind him that she was perfectly capable of spanking him in public if he didn't behave.

Right on cue it seemed, a young lady opened the door above them and called everyone on up.

George was the tenth child in line as they filed on stage. The glaring lights momentarily blinded him, but the noise from the crowd filled his ears.

Each child began walking up the carpeted runway as the announcer began describing the clothing and something about each little girl. Her name, the fun things she liked to do, her favorite hobby, etc.

Finally it was George's turn.

The announcer began by saying, "Now for the highlight of our show today ladies and gentlemen, we have an exceptional model wearing a beautiful pink satin party dress any young lady would be proud to own. It is available at the Earhard Young Deb's Shop in the mall. Will you all please give a warm welcome to Mr. George Arnold as he models this stunning outfit. Mr. Arnold, as you all may have heard, was caught peeping into young lady's windows the other night and..."

"Georgeanne, What's the matter?" Malinda said as she poked him in the side with her elbow. "Come on wake up. You're up next."

George shook his head, startled that he had been day dreaming. He felt the weight of his curled hair bouncing with the twisting of his head and the pull of the clothing as it shifted as well.

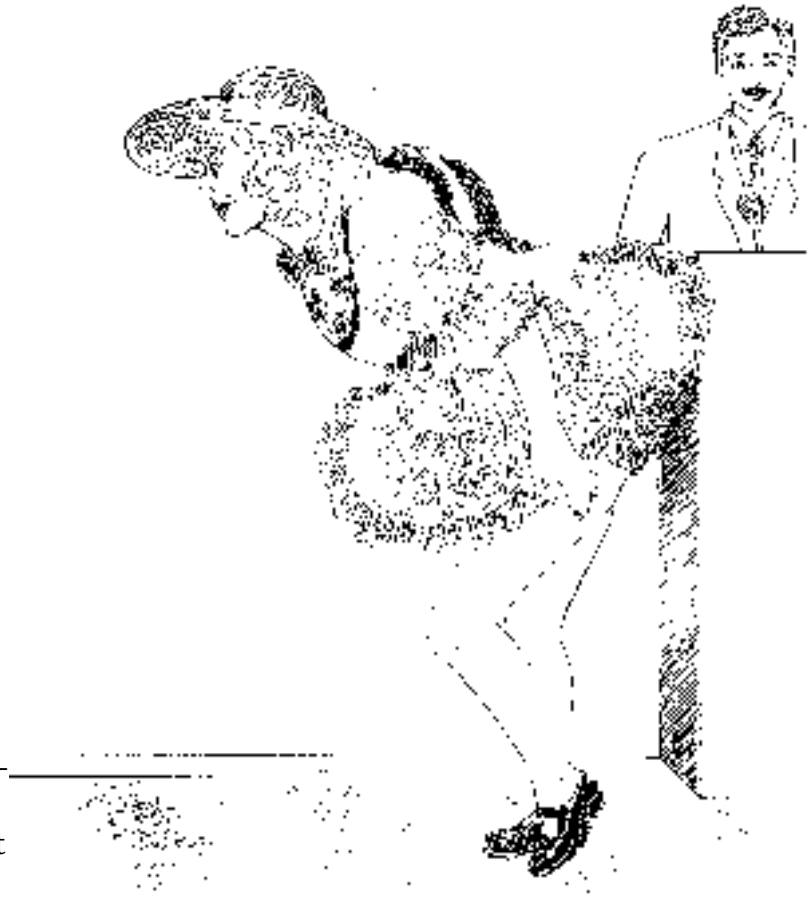
"Man, how weird! Am I glad that nothing was really said. Damn! They won't will they? They did not tell anyone who I really am did they? If anyone I know saw me like this, Oh, Shit! Shit! Shit!"

George felt a hand pressed against his and all of a sudden they were walking hand in hand down the carpeted aisle. He looked up to see a smiling Mrs. Earhard towing him to the very front of the platform.

"Next we have Miss Georgeanne Arnold and Mrs. Donna Earhard. Georgeanne is wearing a beautiful party frock based upon a traditional classic pattern. The use of modern fabrics make this adorable outfit easy to clean and care for. Every Mother can enjoy dressing up her little sugar and spice doll in this party dress."

George reached the end of the platform and stood alone as Mrs. Earhard left him after telling him to turn and curtsey nicely to the announcer when told to take a bow. Then he was to walk slowly back and join her at the rear of the platform. He stood there fidgeting with the hem of his skirts just like any little young girl would. It seemed to him that everyone standing in the audience knew his secret, but he really couldn't make out any faces because of the bright stage lights.

Finally he heard the order to take a bow over the PA system. Turning to face the podium, George bent over in a boyish bow as he had heard the announcer request. It only took him a second or two to realize what he had just done. Blushing furiously, he quickly strode back to Mrs. Earhard. He blushed even more after the announcer thanked him for giving the audience a great view of his pretty frilly undies.



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They stood there with the other models and their escorts until everyone had a chance to show off their outfits. Then each girl following behind one another in a single line, made a final pass in front of the audience.

Back down the stairs and out of the lime light, George began shaking uncontrollably as the stress finally got to him.

“Here, put this on!” Mrs. Earhard said handing him a white sweater. “Now come on, we have to get you changed for the next set.”

“*Changed? Next set? Oh no, she's going to make me do this some more,*” he thought. “Uh, Mrs. Earhard,” he said as they walked to her store. “How much longer are you going to make me wear these clothes and, and do this? I'm sorry. I really am. Please give me back my own clothes and I'll never, ever, look in windows. I promise!”

“Sorry? I am sure that you are, but you haven't even begun your punishment. Now hurry up we have a lot to do yet,” she replied as they entered the store. “Malinda, hurry and get Georgeanne's next outfit ready. Come on Georgeanne, start undressing. Oh, here let me unbutton you first before you rip it.”

He was quickly stripped down to his pantygirdle. They replaced his ruffled panties with pale blue nylon brief styled panties with bright yellow lilies printed on them and ivory colored lace at the leg openings. A pair of blue cotton peds with blue tassels attached to the heel tops, royal blue, shorts— style romper with bib top, and a white polyester blouse with peter pan collar followed.

His feet were forced into tight fitting tennis shoes with blue and white stripped laces. A bright blue silk scarf was fitted under his collar and tied in a big bow. Finally, a head band covered in small white silk flowers was placed on his head to highlight his bangs.

“Here, let's see. Fine. Now we won't have to tell the people out there who you really are, now will we? You are going to behave, right?” she said as she straightened out his bow.

All too soon he was being introduced on the platform and this time he managed a small curtsy at the appropriate time. Taken back yet again to the store, he was stripped and returned to the style show.

In the dressing room they made him put on an extremely narrow, tight fitting gaff that pulled his masculine equipment deep into his body. The gaff was followed with a latex bikini style brief that made his front as smooth and feminine as any girls. The florescent lime green bathing suit's bottom covered him from just below the navel to his upper hip. It was covered in wide spaced, white cotton gathered lace. The french cut leg openings made his legs look long and sexy. The sandals that he wore only added to the feminine appearance of his legs.

The matching pre—teen bra only had ruffled lace covering the top half of the breast cups and fit tightly across his chest. He half imagined that the tight little girl's bra was cupping the budding of feminine breasts! It was tied at the back of his neck in a halter style. The white rubber bathing cap had a large multicolored rubber spider lily attached beside the left ear. Completing the outfit was a terry shortie robe in bright pink.

As he climbed the stairs, Georgeanne was more than well aware of the attention the others paid him. He was wearing a two piece bathing suit and cap. He was blushing furiously as he made his way on to the platform.

Instead of just asking him to take a bow, this time the announcer put him on the spot.

“Well, Georgeanne, I must say that you are looking really 'spiffy' as they say. As you all can see, folks, our little Georgeanne will certainly be turning the heads at the pool this summer. Now Georgeanne, how do you like modeling so far? What do you think of all the beautiful clothes you'll get to wear today? and tell us what you are planning to do this summer? Ok, use the mike there on your right. Come on, I know the audience would love to hear what you have to say.”

Somehow he managed to mumble his way through this ordeal. It took some coaxing and only the threat of exposure made him stand there and tell everyone how much he loved the whole thing and all those lovely clothes. He couldn't look out into the

crowd, but hung his head. The humiliation was just too much, but he did manage to answer the questions, appearing to the audience to be a very shy young miss.

“Yes, I, I really love my outfit. I, I am going to stay with Mrs. Earhard this summer. She's, she's told me that I will get to help her out in the store. That way I will get to try on lots of outfits she told me. What? Oh, yeah. Being a girl is just great. Huh? Oh, sure I wouldn't want to be anything else. Boys? No, No! Er, I'm only ten years old and not allowed to date.”

At last he was dismissed and he felt foolish giving a curtsy dressed in a bathing suit. But his mind was more concerned about the information he had just learned from Mrs. Earhard's coaching. They actually planned to make him into a ten year old little girl for the whole summer! *“God, if the gang ever found out, his life would be pure hell. It was bad enough to be the runt of the tenth grade, but to be a kid again, and a little girl at that!”* He did not even bother stopping at the door, but quickly went down the stairway. He was met at the bottom and escorted back to the shop.

“Ok, hurry up we have another change to get you into, Mrs. Earhard told him. ”This next one is a dressy casual outfit of the type worn by little girls at the turn of the century. Strip to your gaff.”

They put him into a child's corset and pulled the lacing as tight as they could. He was gasping by the time they had finished. Sitting down was a major effort on his part but with the help of Malinda he managed to both sit and pull on a pair of black stockings. After being hooked to the tabs on the corset, the hose hugged his legs. Next they pulled a burgundy, sage, and blue floral print on black background georgette broomstick dress with a shirred empire bodice and a full, crinkle pleated skirt over his head. It tied in back for a closer fit and buttoned from the waist to midcalf length hem.

A black velvet choker with cloisonné pin was fastened around his throat and a pair of black one inch heels with ankle strap fastenings were forced on his feet. Almost immediately George felt his feet begin to ache and hurt, but the women grabbed his arms and made him start walking. He wobbled some and it was difficult getting use to the stance, but after a few laps around the dressing room he could just manage. With Mrs. Earhard standing close by in case he started to fall, they went back to the platform.

This time George felt a little more confident, if for no other reason than he had on more clothing. The announcer, after describing the outfit, asked George if he liked boys and what he thought her 'dream date' would be like. Would he be the strong silent type or the sensitive caring man.

George stuttered and hemmed and hawed throughout his reply but finally managed to tell the amused audience that he would prefer the strong silent type. The kind of man that he thought himself to be in fact. It was a good thing that he wasn't looking into a mirror when he said it, because he most definitely did not look macho.

“How many more of these outfits am I going to have to model,” he asked in desperation and exhaustion when he met Mrs. Earhard at the bottom of the stairs.

“Why, only two more darling. What's the matter? Getting tired? Well I wouldn't wonder, this has been a very busy day for you hasn't it.”

Removing the dress he was handed a black lavishly laced full slip to put on. It shimmied down his corset covered body and slinked around his hips. It was soft, clingy, and cool, but the lacy frills on the bodice and hem tickled. He was given a very detailed black lace suit to put on. It had a collarless crepe jacket with sheer lace sleeves and lace covered, decorative pocket flaps. A scalloped lace 20" inch skirt with a back zipper in a rayon crepe revealed his very feminine curves. It was a very feminine and sexy looking dress.

Back on the stage, as he walked down the carpeted aisle he could hear oohs and aaaahs from the people standing at the front.

“Apparently they really like what they see,” he thought.

This time the announcer asked him to describe what 'she' thought was the most important characteristic for the modern woman to exhibit.

That was a tough one for him but he managed to sputter kind, caring, devoted and obedient in so many words. He felt like a fool, but he did not have much choice. At least he only had to do this one more time.

“No, absolutely not! I can't wear that out there. Why it is positively indecent!” he almost yelled at the women in the dressing room. He had stripped down to just his gaff and stood fuming. It did not do him any good as he collapsed under the combined stares of the women present.

The first piece was a mallard blue, lace merrywidow styled body suit, with a plunging V—wire center and underwire demi—cups with scalloped lace edging. The bodice was lightly boned and the back hook and eye closure provided the necessary support he needed.

To provide a semblance of decorum, he was given a white, double layered, sheer chiffon, lace trimmed peignoir to wear over the merrywidow. It was very sheer and dainty with lace on the collar, yoke, and cuffs. It was held together by covered loop closure buttons running from neck to hem and full billowy sleeves. It did nothing to give him any peace of mind. It only added to his sexy bedroom playtoy look. A pair of white feathered mule were placed on his aching feet.

As he looked for a final time into the dressing room mirror, George felt strange. Thoughts of sexual longing and lust for the image began filling his mind.

“Damn! That just can't be me,” he thought. “Damn and double damn, this is too much. That's ME! I can't go out looking like this. I'm almost naked. They have to give me something else to wear over this.”

He resisted the pressure on his elbow to move out of the room, as Malinda walked over to assist him.

“Please, Mrs. Earhard, please let me wear a robe or something over this. I feel completely naked. I can't go out in public dressed like this. People will stare! Oh, please don't make me do this.”

“I would think that after all the time you spent leering at young ladies in pretty much the same kind of clothing that you would enjoy the opportunity to do the same. Why, don't you want to show all those people just how feminine you are? Now stop wasting time, this is the last one. No more problems or disobedience from you, or ELSE!”

If he thought that he had heard oohs and aaahs before, this time he heard a steady roar and the crowd seemed to thicken and push forward towards the stage as he neared the end. He even heard catcalls and wolf whistles. By the time he reached the end of the platform, his entire body was flushed and bright red.

As he reached the end of the stage, Mrs. Earhard walked up beside him and ordered the unbuttoning of the nightshirt. Very reluctantly, he did as he was told. Holding out the nightshirt by the lapels, he revealed the merrywidow beneath. The catcalls and whistles increased in volume. He just knew that he was going to die.

George could not look up from his feet as the noise from the audience seemed to fill his ears. Then Mrs. Earhard moved up beside him as the announcer finished describing his lingerie.

“Head up dear,” she ordered. “Smile. Let's see a great big happy face.”

“Alright, ladies and gentlemen, our little Georgeanne is showing off her little girl Madonna style sleepwear,” the announcer continued. “Let's hear a great big round of applause for our lovely Georgeanne. We think that she did just fantastic considering that until just yesterday she was living and masquerading as a teenage boy. It was only through the efforts of counseling and the concern of people like Mrs. Earhard that our little Georgeanne came out of the closet so to speak. Yes, Georgeanne pretended to be **George Arnold** when she and her mother moved here this past spring. As everyone of you can clearly see, Georgeanne is certainly **no boy!**”

“The doctors feel that our little darling needs to start over again to become a perfectly adjusted young girl. Now that she has been made to understand her problem and has resolved it, she can take her rightful place amongst us. I think that I can speak for all of us, we are so very happy that she has rejoined us as the little girl she really is. How about it folks?”

The applause was tremendous, but all he could hear was the roaring of his heart pounding in his throat. He tried to swallow, but couldn't. He tried to run, but he couldn't. As a matter of fact, all he could do was stand there frozen in the spotlight. The look of total disbelief on his face turned to utter dismay as Mrs. Earhard bent down to his ear.

“That's right darling!” She said. “Your little pretense is all over and everyone including the press now know your true sex. It seems that you blamed yourself for your parent's divorce. You got this crazy idea in your head that if you had only been born a boy as your father wished, the divorce would never have taken place.”

George noticed for the first time that there were television cameras moving in on him even as the reality of his situation made itself obvious. As flash bulbs exploded all around him, she continued.

“I promised your mother that you would be cured of your Peeping Tom ways by the time she gets back. And by heck, between this and your doctor's visit tomorrow, you will be cured. You will be the perfectly darling ten year old girl that everybody has seen today. By the time we are finished with you, the last thing that you will ever want to do again will be to look into young lady's windows.”

finis, or is it just begun

ROBIN

The sky was slate gray and the rain drops pitter—patted off the tall oak's leaves as Rob stood in his yellow rain slicker. He would show them just how cute he was in just a few minutes. Just because he was small for his age was no reason for them to treat him like a little child. He was a man, not some little snot—nosed kid. He wished his mother had remarried. He wished that they did not live with his dictatorial aunt. He wished that they would leave him alone instead of picking on him all the time. He shifted his body closer to the bole of the big oak making his silhouette harder to see from the sidewalk.

Rob was one bitter person. From his earliest recollections he could only remember living with his mother and Aunt Myra. They lived in Aunt Myra's house, ate Aunt Myra's food, and did what Aunt Myra told them to do. The house was small and his mother shared the master bedroom with Aunt Myra. Rob was fortunate to have his own cramped room and bath.

The house was kept immaculate and no “sexist tripe”, as his aunt called it, was allowed anywhere. No teen rock star posters, no “violent” toys or other similar paraphernalia, and only “politically” correct books where allowed. The TV and stereo were strictly monitored by either his mother or aunt.

His life and living environment were constantly monitored and supervised. He was going to grow up to be a perfect twentieth century man according to both his adult supervisors. Needless to say, Rob's life was becoming most unbearable; especially, as he became more familiar with the activities and life styles of other kids his age. As a result, he was harboring a very strong resentment and hatred of his own limitations and those being forced upon him.

“Come on you dumb bitches,” he thought. “Come on! It's wet out here and I'm getting cold.”

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Anne and Nancy walked hand—in—hand along the puddle filled sidewalk. Brightly colored plastic rainhoods and umbrellas swaying as they walked in animated conversation. Just as they reached the big oak on the corner of Pearl and Alabaster streets, someone jumped out in front of them. “Aaaaaaah, eeeeeekkkk,” they screamed in sudden fright.

Rob stood in front of the young girls with his yellow slicker spread wide out to his sides revealing his naked loins. Looking like a small yellow vampire with an open mouthed grin and evil leer, Rob flapped his arms up and down and took several steps towards the girls. They stood frozen to the sidewalk with looks of pure fright on their faces at his approach.

Reaching down between his legs, Rob grabbed his penis and began stroking it right in front of them. Screaming he pulled his penis into a very erect state and began slowly walking towards the children. Seeing his approach, the girls finally were able to react.

Nancy threw her books at him and with Anne's hand firmly in hers turned and ran screaming back the way they had just come. Rob was on the wet ground with his hands cupping his damaged groin. Nancy's books had hit their mark.

Rob did not see the old lady in the bay window of the corner house or the camcorder she held in her hands. He lay for a few moments there on the wet grass beside the sidewalk in a fetal position. His slicker was tucked back around him and his yellow rubber boots stuck out from under it. His yellow rain cap lay several feet away under a bush where it had been blown by the wind.

"Boy, I guess I showed them," he thought with a grimace as he finally stood. He looked briefly for his hat, but he saw an old woman standing on her porch and decided to get away. He was not sure just how much the old lady had seen but he did not want to give her any better look than necessary.

"Damn Bitches," he said as he kicked one of Nancy's books out of the way.

"Rob, honey, how did you manage to get soaking wet. Did you take off your raincoat? You know how much your mother and I care about you. We don't want you getting sick on us," his aunt said as he walked into the house. "And where is your cute hat? You lost it didn't you? Is that why you're soaked?"

Rob stood silent for a second or two before he rushed for the stairs. His slicker was open to his waist and exposed his soaked shirt and his hair was dripping water.

"Yeah, I, I lost it. An, and I got wet. The wind caught it. I need to get to the bathroom and get a towel," he replied almost running up the stairs before his aunt could do or say anything else.

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That evening at supper, his mother chided him for not retrieving his hat, but otherwise left him alone.

Supper was rushed as the two women had a local Organization for Women Chapter meeting to get to. His aunt was an officer in the club and was a prominent lawyer in the field of sex discrimination.

As he stood rinsing the dishes before they went into the washer, his mother came over to him and felt his forehead. He always felt stupid washing the dishes only to put them into the dish washer.

"What's the use if you had to wash them anyway," he thought. He flinched at his mother's touch. *"Damn, leave me alone. Just for once leave me alone,"* his mind wanted to scream out.

Smiling down at him, she pulled at a ruffle on his apron sleeve tugging it out from under the strap.

“Listen dahlin' Myra and I shouldn't be too long tonight. This awful weather will keep attendance down and the meeting short. So as soon as you get the kitchen done, I want you to vacuum the den and entry, ok? Remember no TV except channel twenty—two. We do not want you looking at it without adult supervision, understand? Now, give us a kiss and we'll be back soon.”

“Oooh Mom!” he whined, “I'm too old to have to wait for either you or Aunt Myra to watch television with. I'm the only one in my entire school that has to have their parent chaperon them while they watch TV. Besid..”

“Rob! That is enough! We have had this conversation more than once and it is getting a bit tiresome. Now, you will finish your household chores before you are to watch TV and then, and only then, will you watch channel twenty—two. When I get home I just may ask you questions about what was on, understand?”

As soon as they had walked out the door, Rob turned on the TV. While he could not see it, he could at least listen to the music. Music his mother and Aunt Myra would not let him listen too.

“What they damn well don't know won't hurt them,” he said as he started to vacuum.

After he finished vacuuming he would switch the channel. His aunt had an inline timer installed on the set so that she could monitor how much the set was used. Periodically, they would question him on what he had watched in their absence. They had discovered that he had not watched the approved channel once before this way and he was punished severely enough so that he became very very careful.

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“Hello Doris. How are you tonight?” Myra asked the elderly lady that greeted them at the door. “Have many of the others showed up yet?”

“No, but I have something for you to see tonight that will make your blood boil. I got some pictures on my camcorder that will knock the socks right off the membership. I caught a flasher and possibly a rapist in the actual act today. As a matter of fact, it happened right out in front of my house this afternoon. Can you believe it. Right out front. Is there no place where it is safe anymore. It's a damn good thing that I didn't have a gun. Why I would have shot that SOB for what he did to those poor girls.”

“Doris! Why didn't you call the police. You should give them that tape. They'll put him where he belongs,” Mary piped up.

“Oh, Mary don't be so naive,” her sister Myra stated. “Everyone of us knows just how effective our police department is. Especially when it comes to rape or flasher complaints. Hell, they would find some way to blame those poor girls for enticing that SOB.”

“Yes, dear,” Doris confirmed. “The police would never do anything to resolve these kind of problems unless and until there is an actual rape or worse. Maybe if that pervert had actually harmed those poor darlings, we could get something done.”

Needless to say the entire meeting was abuzz with conversation on what to do and how to go about dealing with similar situations in the future. By the time everyone had been seated and quieted, Doris had her camera hooked up to the TV. Pressing the on button, she stepped back as the tube came to life.

It was not a clear or well focused picture, but everyone could clearly see someone dressed in a yellow rain slicker standing in front of two young girls. While the genital details were not clear for all to see, they could tell that the boy's groin was exposed. What made the flashing incident even more intolerable, in the women's sight, was the gross manipulation of his penis before such young ladies. Then as the girls turned and fled, all the women cheered as the boy fell to the ground clutching his groin.

"That'll show the little creep," someone said. "Yeah, girls, show that little shit what it's like to mess with us gals," another voice yelled. "Can anyone recognize the little shit?" someone else shouted.

Myra looked hard at the stopped film. It was focused on the boy's curled body, but it was just too dark to positively identify. She nudged Mary with her elbow, "Mary, doesn't that raincoat look familiar. Rob was all wet when he came home this evening. He did not have his rain cap either. He said that the wind blew it away."

"Oh, Myra, you really don't...Do you?" Mary questioned. "Not my Rob. He wouldn't, would he?"

"Well I for one want to see that film from the beginning once again, Doris. Please rewind it," she asked aloud. Then, much more softly, "Mary look close this time and try to ignore the girls, ok? Keep your eyes on the boy. See if you notice anything about him that looks familiar. I want you to pay particular attention to his slacks and hair."

"There! There did you see that? Did you see the cap blow up under that bush?" Myra quietly asked her sister.

"Yeah, I did. Let's get the girls and go look for it. Who knows, it may have the pervert's name in it or something."

"No! No, I don't think that is exactly what we want to do Mary. If my guess is right, and I am pretty sure that I am right, we do not want the club finding out about it. At least not just yet. After the meeting, we'll have a look. Maybe we will get Doris to help."

The meeting seemed to take a million years for Mary. She was anxious to disprove Myra's theory about Rob's involvement. It was almost impossible for her to believe that her little baby was involved in anyway, but if he had been; well, then. Well, he would just have to pay the penalty for it. She just hoped that Myra wouldn't send him to jail or worse.

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Finally, there were just the three of them in the house. Doris quickly agreed to help them look and do whatever they decided was necessary. It did not take her long to gather up two flashlights and a lantern.

"Come on, let's get this over with," Mary said walking out the door.

“Here, here it is right where we saw it go,” Myra yelled. Standing up holding a dripping yellow rain cap in her hand. “Come on, let's get back inside and take a look at this.”

“Oh, Dear,” Mary barely whispered as the lamp light clearly showed the name tag. “What are we going to do now? I don't want to see him go to jail. He's my baby!” she said much louder.

“Damn it! Mary! Get a hold of yourself girl. He's mine too, you know. Damn! Just wait until I get home and face that little pervert. I'm so mad that I could almost send the little shit to jail. Maybe it would do him good. If nothing else I'll blister his back-side. We cannot let him get away with this and we certainly have to make sure that he never ever does anything like this again. No, we have an obligation to assure our fellow women that Rob will never do such a thing again. Or even think of doing such a thing ever.”

“Ladies, ladies, please, I think that I may have a solution to your, I mean our little problem,” Doris broke in. “Come on in to the kitchen while I make us some nice hot tea. A little tea goes a long way in calming the nerves and increasing the thought processes, now don't you know.”

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Sitting at the coffee table in Doris' cozy kitchen, they were all silent thinking their own private thoughts when Doris began speaking.

“You know, I had over thirty years in nursing when I retired last year. For about ten of those years, I was the head nurse of the psychiatric ward at County General. While there, we had all kinds of deviates and sex offenders. From simple flashers to murdering rapists, but they all had one thing in common. Almost every damn blasted one of them returned to my ward sooner or later. Most often sooner than later.”

“You simply wouldn't believe how many kept returning, only to be released back on the streets. The recidivism rate for such deviates is extremely high. Each time they returned, in most cases, they had done something more horrible than before. No! jail is not the answer to your problem. I mean, our problem because it does involve all of us.”

“Well, what do you suggest, Doris? You know that we highly respect your advice,” Myra asked. “As a matter of fact, if you had not volunteered to help, we would have asked you.”

“Why thank you dear. You know... er..when I was a little girl, my mamma's mother told me something that they used to do to put rambunctious and uncontrollable boys in their place. If I remember correctly, it was my great uncle Leroy, yes, Uncle Leroy anyway that is another story.”

She paused and carefully looked each woman in the eye before continuing in a very conspiratorial way.

“She told me that they used to use what she called Petticoat Punishment on them. You know, make them dress in girls clothing until they learned to behave properly. In some cases, they kept their males in corsets and petticoats well into adulthood. Like

they did with Uncle Leroy, he was my Aunt Lily, you know. A very refined lady as I recall. Didn't know she was a he until she died, you know."

"So you think that if we make Rob dress up like a girl he will all of a sudden lose his deviate mentality? I find that hard to believe Doris. I mean like they say 'clothes do not make the man' and all that clap trap," Myra interjected.

"Of course silly," Doris continued, "just dressing your Rob in frills and laces will not change his behavior. Oh no, not by and of itself will clothing change a person's persona. It will take a combination of several factors to change **his** ways. Now listen up closely. Here's what we must do..."

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That next morning after finishing breakfast, Rob was busily cleaning the kitchen when his mother asked him if he wanted to take a ride with them. It was a good reason for him to put off the rest of his morning chores so he readily agreed.

"Where are we going?" he asked as he got into the car.

"Oh, we have a friend we want you to meet," his mother replied. "By the way, darling," his mother said, "Myra tells me that you lost your rain cap yesterday."

Rob waited for his mother to say more, but she sat silently as they continued to drive down the road. He did not like the feeling he got in the pit of his stomach.

Something was not quite right.

"*Did they know?*" he wondered. His private thoughts were interrupted when the car turned into a driveway and entered the garage. It was a house on a corner that he recognized. "*Oh SHIT!*" he thought.

He reluctantly got out of the car and stood silent with his hands behind his back as he was introduced to Doris. They all walked into the kitchen where a steaming pot of tea was ready for the pouring. The cups and saucers were all neatly arranged with real linen napkins and tiny silver spoons. A saucer of freshly cut lemons and a plate of cookies completed the service.

Sitting down Rob waited patiently as Doris and the other ladies made small talk. Doris asked him if he wanted sugar with his tea as she poured. "Yes, please," he politely replied.

"Oh dear," I left the sugar on the counter. Well no matter, it will be just a sec," Doris said. Turning with cup in hand to the counter. She carefully placed the three adulterated sugar cubes into his cup.

He would never notice the drug in his tea.

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It felt unusually warm in the kitchen to Rob. The conversation was beginning to sound just like a steady drone and he was having a hard time keeping his eyes open. When he managed to focus in on the small group sitting opposite him, he noticed that his mother held a yellow rain cap in her hands. Slowly recognition came to him and he tried to rise.

"They KNEW!" his mind screamed at him, *"GET OUT!"*

He tried to move, but his body refused to react. Instead he felt himself falling into a deep dark pit.

Rob awoke to find himself securely strapped to a slanting table of some kind. He was naked and his feet were spread wide and elevated in a pair of metal stirrups attached to the table.

Standing beside him on his left side was his mother and on the other side his aunt. Down by his spread legs stood Doris. Doris had a mask hanging just under her chin and a cap on her head. She was holding up what appeared to be an olive jar containing something that looked like two small eggs.

After placing the jar on a nearby table, Doris returned to a seat facing his exposed crotch. He tried to say something but his mouth was very dry and it felt like he had a wad of cotton stuck in his throat. Doris held a syringe—like device in her hand which she was filling with some kind of thin rods. He could feel Doris doing something down there between his legs, but he couldn't move.

"What were they doing," his mind asked. The feeling that he knew exactly what they were doing to him was too scary to even contemplate.

Whatever it was, they were finished with him as he was finally helped down from the table. He was still naked except for a bulky bandage taped to his groin. He was helped out of the room after having a night shirt pulled over his head. At least he was partially dressed even if it was in a shiny, bright purple satin material. Put into bed, he felt himself falling into peaceful slumber.

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"Well, Myra here are his gonads just like you demanded. I think that you both have made the right choice," Doris said as she held out the jar. "Do you want some of these, I've got more? No, well I certainly do. They are fantastic, are you sure?" pausing momentarily while she speared one of the whitish ovals with a small fork, put it in her mouth and chewed.

"You know it is really hard to find good pickled quail eggs? Hahahahahahah, did you see the expression on his face when I held these up. Oh, dear, that was a delight don't you know."

"Oh yes. His eyes got as big as saucers and he couldn't say anything. It looked like he swallowed his tongue from the expression on his face," Myra admitted.

"Oh, but he looked so distressed," Mary interjected. "Are you sure that my baby will be alright."

"Mary, relax!" Myra commanded. "Don't go getting soft on us now. We still have a lot to do. You agreed with us that drastic measures had to be taken. We are just doing what nature should have done in the first place! You know darn well just how much we wanted a girl. If that jackass of a doctor did as he had promised we wouldn't be in this mess to begin with. Now, Doris, is there anything else that we should know or do?"

“Well I've injected about six months of slow releasing hormonal rods into his inner thighs. He may ask about them since they will be visible just under the skin. You may want to tell him that they are antibiotics to prevent infection if he does ask. The surgical tuck should hold. I slit the skin folds so that when it all heals, his penis and scrotum will be nicely held up inside his body,” she paused to sip her tea.

“Unless he performs a leg split within the next couple of days, I wouldn't worry about anything. As far as appearances are concerned, he looks just like any young girl. No, Mary, nothing is permanent at this point, but I would avoid letting him know. Other than that and getting him, er I mean her, new clothing you should be able to handle the rest. Of course you can come to me anytime,” once again she paused long enough to take a sip of her tea.

“The important thing here is to make sure that you treat her just like you would treat any daughter from now on. This is very important. He must unquestionably accept the fact that he is now a she! Get rid of anything that may remind her of her previous life as a boy. You know things like that. Remember, he must know that there is positively nothing he can do about his situation.”

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Rob woke slowly. The sheets felt extra comfortable this morning and he squirmed and luxuriated in their crisp coolness. His mind drifted from subject to subject in a random manner somewhere between reality and dreamland. His hand grazed across his groin and in a flash of recognition, he was wide awake and sitting up in bed.

“What the,” he said as his hands reached down to his groin. “Oh, no what have they done to me? I, I've got to get up and see what they have done. Oh, shit, shit, shit!”

He swung his legs over the side of the bed and noticed the bright purple nightgown hanging from his shoulders. Its squared open neckline, broad straps, and flowing skirt hanging to his knees puzzled him.

His memory was somewhat fuzzy to be sure, but he could have sworn that what they had given him was a nightshirt. But this, this wasn't a nightshirt. Those thoughts began building up a more detailed recollection in his mind of what had happened. Then it hit him like a ton of bricks. The clear picture in his mind of Doris holding up a jar.

A jar containing his testicles!

As he stepped down from the bed, Rob felt a pulling sensation in his groin and a slight sting.

“*Damn, them, they really did it!*” he thought. He had to reach out and grab the bedpost to support himself as he began feeling dizzy. The dry parched feeling in his throat was getting stronger and his head began to hurt.

In the bathroom he pulled the nightgown off and half sat, half fell on the commode lid. Taking a moment to gather his nerve, Rob began carefully pulling the adhesive tape. Looking down at his groin, he gulped for air and almost fell off the commode. Moaning softly he managed to gather enough courage to look once again at his crotch.

Where he once had soft curly hair and his masculine organs he now had nothing. No hair and even more importantly no maleness. In the place where his male pride once flashed he now had a long vertical slit. It was puffy and somewhat swollen and red, but what had been a 'he' was now a 'she'.

Tenderly he poked at his new femaleness with his index finger. The lips separated somewhat and he could see a large bump at the top of the slit and what appeared to be a hole going deep into his body. His loud screaming wail of loss and total dismay filled the tiny bathroom and was clearly heard in the kitchen.

“Ok, girls, there's our cue! Let's go comfort our little angel,” Myra said as she arose from the table.

“Mary, you better bring some of that special tea along,” Doris added.

They all reached the bathroom at about the same time and found Rob curled up in a fetal position on the floor by the commode. His hands were tucked between his legs. He was crying softly and mumbling “no” over and over.

They helped him to stand and Mary placed the cup of warm tea to his lips. “Here darling, take a sip, this will make you feel better.”

Sitting up back in the bed, Rob was beginning to feel better. The tea warmed his belly and his mother and aunt were sitting by the bedside talking to him. He was still upset at what they had done to him, but it was obvious that there wasn't a whole lot he could do about it. At least not now.

He should be really pissed at them, but for some reason, couldn't get his temper up. As a matter of fact, he really didn't care much about anything just now. He kind of floated there in the bed enjoying the feel of the nightgown they had put back on him and the cool sheets. “It was just soooo much easier to just lay back down and rest,” his mind told him.

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Doris adjusted the headphones on Rob's head and started the tape player.

“There, with the tea and this subliminal instruction tape I think he should be much calmer when the tranquilizer wears off.” She raised up from over his bed and turned towards the others.

“The tape won't do all that much of a permanent nature, but for a day or two he should be easier to manage. I think that by this time tomorrow evening you'll be able to take him home. In the meantime, you have your chores to do. So why don't you just leave him here for me to tend while you get your shopping done? Ok, now off with you!”

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That evening they spent unpacking and untagging Rob's or rather Robin's new clothing. His room had been completely rearranged. The plain twin bed had been replaced with a pretty, french provincial, canopied bed in ivory and gold with a pale lavender lace frilled canopy. The sheets, pillow shams, and comforter were in matching lacy satin pinks and lavenders. The new dresser and vanity table matched the bed

frame and a ceramic lamp in the form of a victorian lady with parasol was on the end table. A pink and lavender fluffy throw rug covered much of the floor by the bedside.

All in all it was a very feminine room. The perfumed sachets stuck in out of the way places filled the room with a pleasant floral aroma.

That next evening they arrived back at Doris' with numerous boxes for their new daughter.

“Oh, I do hope Robin will like what we have picked out for her,” Mary said as they walked up the steps to the door. “Do you think that she will, Myra?”

“Who knows at this point, Mary. It really doesn't matter what **SHE** wants anyway. Robin will learn to do as we say and like what we tell her to like if we are stern enough. Discipline! That is the answer. We will have to be very strict on her initially. At least until she starts behaving like a proper young lady should.”

“But, Myra he is my baby. You know how difficult the delivery was and I, I..” Mary began.

“Oh quit being silly. Now let me see a positive attitude from you. You can still cuddle Robin, but remember she is now our daughter and must be treated as such from now on. Hell! She should have been a she from the beginning.”

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Robin looked up from where he sat on the edge of the bed as his mother held a delicate pale blue satin training bra in her hands.

“Now darling,” she was saying, “this will look positively scrumptious on you. You know most young ladies your age would just die to have something this nice.”

He did not know what to think, it was too much for his tired mind to absorb all at one time. He felt numb and at this point in his life just accepted his fate. His hand unconsciously passed over his nylon covered crotch. The pale blue satin panties with their lace insert and bright blue ribbon bows at the apex of the lace frilled leg openings had been embarrassing to put on, but what could he say. They had emasculated him, taken away his manhood and left him with a female's slit. He could only stand there as his mother and aunt forced him into dresses.

He passively accepted the bra. His mother had to help him clasp it behind his back by placing his arms in the correct position. Telling him he had to learn to do this by himself as she tugged his arm up behind his back. He then sat while his aunt showed him how to pull on his pantyhose which were also in a pastel blue.

Standing once again, he held his hands over his head as Mary pulled a full slip down over his feminized chest. He could feel the bra straps pulling on his arms and tugging at his chest as he reached up. The slip was also in pale blue with ruffled lace at the bodice. It fitted tightly across his upper chest, but flared out at the hips. The ruffled nylon netting on its skirt stood out from the slip like stiff ribbons.

A white lace over skirting covered a dark blue satin party dress. Robin paled at its sheer femininity, but did not raise any objections as it was pulled over his head.

The dress was exceedingly feminine. Transparent floral lace cap sleeves trailing streamers of bright blue satin ribbon which were threaded through the sleeves and tied in pert little bows. A low rounded collar inset with pale blue floral lace that cinched up just under his chin with another bright blue ribbon that tied at the throat. The princess waist sparkled in dark blue satin and was tied with a wide pale blue lace ribbon. The skirt flowed outward at the hips and reached to the knee. Over the waist and skirt of the dress was a layer of white floral chiffon lace.

A pair of glistening baby blue patent leather shoes with attached flowers on the strap were fastened to his feet. The block heel was about one and one—half inches high and gave his walk a more feminine look. A matching purse in which his aunt had placed a packet of tissues, coin purse, tube of lipstick and compact was given to him. His hair was brushed into a ponytail and secured with a big, bright blue, satin ribbon.

Standing in front of the large full length mirror, Robin looked stunning. His lips had been given a light coating of pink lipstick and his eyes had been dusted with blue shadow. Standing in front of the mirror, he presented a beautiful picture. Perhaps a picture more suited to the Victorian era, as young girls did not dress so effeminately now—a— days.

After a number of pictures were taken and he had modeled the dress for the ladies to the point where he was getting ready to scream, he was allowed to sit. As he started to descend into the chair, he was stopped by his mother's command.

“No! Robin, stop!” she almost yelled. “No, no dear. You have to tuck your skirt back up and under your behind before you sit. Otherwise you will wrinkle your skirts. When you sit be sure to keep your legs and knees together. Sit with your back straight and keep your hands in your lap, dearest. You have to learn and I expect you to do so quickly. You have a lot to make up for.”

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Finally they left for home. The women kissed Doris on the cheek and profusely thanked her for all her assistance. Robin was instructed on how to properly enter a car and had to do it several times before they were happy with her performance. The ride home turned out to be longer than Robin had expected as they stopped at the mall.

He was blushing from his head to his toes as the women dragged him into the crowded shopping plaza. He prayed that no one would recognize him, but just knew that all eyes were on him. Whenever he got up the nerve to look up at the passing people, he could see that they were looking straight at him. “Oh damn and double damn! They know, they know!” was all he could think.

“Robin, quit that this minute.” Myra ordered as he kept trying to lag behind. “No—body here has the faintest idea of anything being wrong. So long as you act like the darling child you are suppose to be, no one needs to know your secret.” She paused long enough to brush the back of his skirt with her hand.

“All they see is a very pretty young girl out with her mother and aunt. Now stand straight and walk proud. Keep your head up and take short steps one foot in front of

the other. Be sure to sway your hips dear. There that is much better. Concentrate on your walking and soon you won't notice anyone watching," she finished.

Robin took his aunt's advice. While it did help, he just knew that everyone was watching him. They must be because he would have if he were in their place. How could they not notice him when he could feel his clothing moving like something alive. Every step only brought the strange feelings of his new clothing to the forefront of his mind.

The itch of the stiff net on his legs, the tightness across his chest and the pulling on his shoulders. The rubbing of the hem of his skirt on the backs of his legs and the tugging of the various elasticized bands circling his body. He was even aware of the ribbon streamers as they fluttered across his bare arms. "It was a strange feeling indeed, this being a girl," he thought.

He was so self absorbed that he did not notice going into the small earring specialty shop. It was filled with wall to wall dangling earrings and accessories. There were feathered dangles and bright golden balls, silver hoops and even ceramic beads hanging from pegboard hooks all over the walls. He sat in the chair like he was told and managed to remember to fold his skirts back under his seat.

The sales girl came over and began fiddling with his ear lobes. He stared somewhat wide eyed out at his mother and aunt, an unvoiced question in his expression, but he held still while the girl was there. The sales girl picked up a blue pencil thing and pressed it to his ear lobes. She moved off, but before he could ask his question was told to "sit still and be quiet or else," by his aunt.

Sitting very still when the sales girl moved back to his side and told him not to move, he heard a loud pop. This pop was followed by two more quick popping sounds. There was a strange numbness in his earlobe but no pain. He had been startled at the loudness of the popping sound in his hear, but otherwise did not move.

The girl moved to his other side and the popping noise repeated itself. He felt a slight stinging, burning sensation, but otherwise his ears were pretty numb. It took all



his concentration not to jump though when the popping noise went off in his ears for the second time.

Holding a mirror in front of his face the sales girl asked him what he thought. He was dazed at first, but finally mumbled “ok”. They had pierced his ears. Not once or even twice but three times in each ear. A golden ball, small hoop, and linked golden chain hung out of each lobe.

Leaving the specialty shop, Robin was hopeful that his ordeal was finally over. Instead of going back to the car, they went into a drug store. After walking down some aisles, they stopped at one particular area. Pushing him towards the shelf, Robin was told to pick up a package and moving down a little further told to pick out another.

Blushing a beet red, his arms filled with feminine hygiene items, Robin placed them on the conveyer belt by the male cashier. Standing on one foot then the other and smiling a sick embarrassed silly grin at the clerk, paid for his purchases. He almost had tears in his eyes as he walked out of the store.

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If the shopping experience was an emotional shock to his system, his return home was worse. As he surveyed his room and its feminine contents, the inescapable reality of his new existence hit him full force. Everywhere he gazed he saw feminine finery and lacy frills. It was painfully obvious that his mother and aunt intended him to become a very, very feminine young lady.

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DONNA AND DEANNE

It was another sultry, steamy hot summer morning and Don was already bored to tears. There was nothing to do and nothing to look forward to doing in any event. He lay across his unmade bed looking out the window across the lane to where Ellen lived. His telescope stood pointed down at the floor. He was twirling the camera in his hands.

Getting bored with that, he slid off the bed and pulled on his jeans. He sniffed them to make sure they would pass as reasonably clean and did the same to his tee shirt. It was a little ripe, but who cares he thought. He grabbed a piece of toast and while wolfing it down managed to swallow down some orange juice directly from the carton.

“Don!” his mother screamed as she caught him drinking from the carton, “Damn it! You know how much I hate that!”

“Sorry Mom, won't happen again,” he said as he went out the door. As the screen door slammed shut behind him, he finished “yeah, when pigs fly.”

He found his friend Dean out behind the garage working on his motor bike. He was sitting with his legs up under the motor and had streaks of grease and oil on his face and hands. “Hey there good buddy,” Dean said as he walked up. “Watcha know good?”

“I got'm Dean. You know the pictures I've been telling you about wanting to get. Well last night I got lucky,” Don replied flipping the black plastic cylinder with its gray cap up in the air. He caught it in his hand and flipped it again.

“Hell you say,” Dean exclaimed. “You really got'em? You're not fooling your good buddy now are you? That them there?”

“Yeah, no kidding. I got them. Only, only I don't know where to get them developed. I don't think that they will develop these pictures. I mean, like they show everything. Why they may even throw them away!”

“Yeah, sure you did,” Dean replied skeptically. “I guess this is going to be just like that last time when you said you had pictures of Marybeth or that model, what's her name.”

“Na, Man. This time its the truth. I swear! You don't think that I would lie about anything like that do you?” Don replied defensively.

“Well go ahead and drop them off at the drug store. You'll either get them back or you won't. If you don't get'em developed; then, how are you going to prove it one way or the other.”

“Oh, I don't know,” he replied as he placed the cylinder on the workbench and grabbed a crescent wrench. “Here let me grab the other end of that nut for you.”

They worked on Dean's motorcycle for another hour or so before calling it quits for the day.

When Don went back to his house, he did not remember leaving the film on the workbench.

By the end of the week, he had completely forgotten about it.

Several days later Dean decided to clean the carb on his cycle. As he was digging around on the workbench, he found the cylinder sitting on the bench.

“Huh, what's this? Oh must be that film Don said he took of Ellen. Hell, might as well get it developed for him. Ha! I bet it's nothing more than pictures of him playing with himself.”

Putting the film in his pocket, he grabbed a screwdriver and went over to his cycle.

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A week later Norma Bates called Estelle over to her counter. “Estelle, here take a look at this. Can you believe your eyes. What kind of person would take these pictures? Especially in our nice little town?”

“Why what on Earth are you talking about Norma? Here let me see what has you so hot and bothered?” Estelle said taking a handful of photos.

“Oh my dear,” she said after examining them. “You know Norma, I think I know this young lady. Isn't that Judy's daughter, what's her name? Oh, yes, Ellen, isn't it? See? Yes, you think so too. Well look here. Isn't that a might peculiar? See how this photo looks like its been taken through something. They are positively disgusting and maybe we ought to tell Judy about these?”

“Well, if you want my opinion, Estelle, I think we should mind our own business. However, I'm not so sure that Ellen knew about these pictures being taken. My niece Ruby has always said nice things about her. I think maybe in this case we ought to show them to Judy first. Besides, just think of the juicy gossip we will miss out on if we don't show them to her first. By the way, who sent these things in?”

“Hmmm, let's see,” Estelle replied as she flipped the return envelope over to find out. “Why, it's that Randall boy, Dean. You know, the one who is always tearing around the streets on that motorcycle speeding and scaring the young'ns. Well, don't it figure!”

Norma, Estelle, and Judy were gathered at the end of the soda fountain counter deep in conversation when Mrs. Randall entered the store. She walked quickly over to the others and asked them what they wanted. Her bills were paid up or at least she thought they were. “Hi, ladies,” she said. “What did you want to see me about? There is nothing wrong with my account is there?”

“Hi Beth, no nothing is wrong with your account, but we do have something to show you. Here take a look at these. What do you think we ought to do with these pornographic pictures? I think horsewhipping is too good for the person that took ad-

vantage of that poor young girl. How do you feel?" Norma asked shoving the pictures into Beth's hands.

"Oh my dear! I haven't the faintest clue. Why show these to me? You know my situation? Besides, since when have I ever been accepted into local society? What are these to me? Why even ask my opinion? You all never gave a hoot about what I thought before now anyway!"

"Why do we want your input? Simply because these have everything to do with you. They were brought here by your son Dean for developing. You do know that if I were to turn these over to the local police, they would probably lock your kid up. According to Judy here, Ellen had nothing to do with those pictures. The best we can determine they were taken without her knowledge. If that is true, we'll find out when Ellen gets back from the lake; then, your son could face a long prison term. That's why we called you here," Norma told her.

"Well, that does put a different light on the matter doesn't it? What do you want from me? It's not like I have a husband to help me control Dean. You ladies can't imagine just how difficult it has been for me these past four years, but be that as it may, what can I do. I don't want Dean sent to prison, not if it can be avoided."

The women talked into early afternoon, but still had not decided upon any single course of action. Finally, they all agreed to get together the next evening when they could talk to Ellen. In the meantime, Beth would see if she could get any additional information out of her son without letting him know that they knew about the photos.

When Beth got home, Dean was no where to be found. His cycle was missing and she assumed that he had left for the evening.

"Darn that child. I've tried. Heaven knows just how hard I've tried, but what can just one woman do alone? It doesn't matter now, if I don't agree to what those old ladies have in mind he'll surely be sent to jail. I just can't believe that he would intentionally do that to someone without their permission. She must have encouraged him somehow or another. Oh hell! What am I thinking. Of course he did it and will deserve whatever punishment we decide upon. In any event, it will be better than having to go to prison."

"Hey, Mom what's for chow?" Dean screamed as he walked in the back door. He was covered in dirt and grime from his bike. He barely paused long enough to get an answer from Beth as he passed her by heading for his room.

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"Dean, honey," she asked him as they sat at the dinner table. "We haven't had much of a chance to talk lately. Is there anything that you want to tell me. I mean, like, what have you been doing lately? What with work and everything we haven't had much of a chance to really sit down and chat."

"Nothing much really, Mom," he replied between mouthfuls. "Just working on my bike. That's pretty much it. Like what else is there?" Beth wasn't going to get much out of her son. He was too busy eating as fast as he could to do much talking. Shrugging her shoulders, she pretended to enjoy her meal.

At about the same time Beth was trying to get her son to talk to her, Judy was showing the pictures to her daughter Ellen. “Oh my Gosh! Mother where did you get these?” Ellen said in shocked surprise. “Who, who could have? No, NO! How could you even think that I, I would even consider such a thing. No! No I don't have the faintest idea. H—E—double toothpicks, if I did, the SOB would be hamburger!”

After Judy managed to get her daughter to settle down, they carefully studied the pictures. It became obvious as they looked at the photos that they had been taken while Ellen undressed in her bedroom. The contents of the pictures clearly showed Ellen's furnishings. By examining the borders of the prints, it also looked like they were taken using some kind of telescope.

“Who do we know that not only might have a telescopic viewer but the opportunity to do such a thing?” her mother asked to no one in particular. “It would probably have to be someone close by because there would be rumors or reports of peeping toms in the neighborhood.”

“According to Norma over at the drug store, these were sent in by that Randall boy, you know Dean. However, if these pictures were taken looking into your bedroom, then wouldn't someone have noticed him lurking around here? After all it's not like he was a close neighbor or anything? He would have had to stand directly across the street and, at the least, climbed the lamp post to get these pictures.”

“Yeah,” Ellen interrupted. “He would have had to be as high as the house across the street to get that picture of me by my dresser. Eeeeeek! I, I know how that little rat did it. He was in that sneaky pip-squeaks room. You know Don! It has to be that little turd! His room looks directly into mine. He's even told me so! Those little turds! Just wait until I get my hands on those SOBs.”

“Well, well,” Judy mused. “So it's not just one but two sick little minds we have to worry. Honey, now don't you fret one least little bit. No one other than us girls have seen those pictures and no one else will. I promise you that. Now we have to plan the best way to get even with those little shits.”

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That next evening one additional lady joined the select group. Edna Jones, Don's mother was well known in the town and like Beth was a single mother. The major difference between them was that Edna was quite wealthy and owned the local sewing factory that did piece work for major lingerie retailers. She was also known for her decisiveness and tenacity.

Beth, on the other hand, was an over weight, over worked waitress. She tended to be more submissive and indecisive. Norma and Estelle were your typical busybody old maids who owned the local drug store. Norma had a degree in pharmacology and ran the store with her sister Estelle's help. If anyone wanted to know what was going on in town or who was doing what to who all they had to do was ask around at the drug store. They were an institution recognized by all the townsfolk. They were respected and listened to by just about everybody. Norma and Estelle took their position and leadership roles in local society very seriously.

“Well ladies, I guess that by now you all know why we are gathered here this evening,” Norma began. “We have the unpleasant task of deciding just what to do about two of our town's young men. You have all seen the pictures, Edna are you satisfied with what we told you? Estelle and I have to agree with what Judy and Ellen have deduced about your son's involvement. As a matter of fact, we believe that Don was the primary instigator of all this to begin with. Now just to be sure of our facts, let's go over everything from the beginning, shall we?”

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The steam from the shower billowed up and over the shower stall as Dean scrubbed the grit and grim from his body. The shower felt good and the heat loosened tight muscles. Turning off the water reluctantly, he pulled back the shower curtain and stepped out. Almost as soon as both his feet touched the bath mat, he was grabbed by several hands.

“Hey! What the hell is this? Who do you think you are and what are you doing? Hey! Come on let me go!” he demanded.

The women pulled him to the commode and forced him to sit. While two of them held tightly to his arms, the others crowded around him.

“Well, well,” Norma said as she stood in front of him. “So how does it feel to be gawked at without your clothing? As good as Ellen felt when you took those pictures of her undressing?”

“Hey, man! I don't know what you're talking about. I didn't take any pictures of Ellen or anybody else for that matter? Let me go! I didn't do nothin'. Come on you guys, leave me alone. Mom make them leave me alone!” he began pleading.

“Well, dear, if you didn't take those pictures who did? After all, you *did* bring them in for developing now didn't you?” his mother retorted.

“Well, yeah sure, but Don took those pictures. I didn't know that Dan really did what he said he did. I really didn't know. I thought that he was just kidding. Hell, there could have been anything on those stupid pictures. I just wanted to see how full of it he was. That's all, honest!”

“Herrump! Do you expect us to believe that you had no idea of what was in those pictures? I find that very hard to believe,” Norma told him.

“Well I sorta knew. I mean, like he told me he'd gotten some good photos of Ellen the other night, but I thought he was just bluffin'. So when I found the film he left on my work bench, I thought it would be a good idea to get'em developed. That's all. I swear!” Dean finished as he tried to squirm free of the hands holding his upper arms so tight that white finger prints were formed in his flesh.

“Well, that certainly doesn't excuse you. No not at all! If you had done the proper thing, you would have told Ellen's mother or yours about what Don was doing. I think that perhaps you are even more guilty than Don is because you are the one that had the pictures developed. It was fortunate for us that the processor noticed them and told us. Otherwise, no telling what you two little perverts would have done with them.

Probably show them all over school no doubt!” Norma scolded as he sat trying desperately to cover his nakedness with his hands.

“Well, ladies? Shall we continue with our punishment as we agreed? Ok, let's get busy,” Norma finished looking around the room. “Stand him up girls. Uh, Dean, all things considered, you had better cooperate or its jail. Our obscenity laws in this community are strict. Besides, there are enough of us girls here to do whatever we want and there isn't a single solitary thing you can do about it. So if you behave, this won't have to hurt.”

Dean stood both embarrassed and confused. What were these crazy women going to do to him and how could his mother just stand there and do nothing to assist him. “This was absolutely weird,” he thought, “What the hell is really going on here?”

While two of them held his arms out from both sides of his body, the others began rubbing a smelly cream all over him. As two of them covered his body in the cream, Norma pulled a shower cap over his relatively long hair, telling him to leave it alone. He was made to stand there until the cream started to really sting and stink. At last he was allowed to get back into the shower to rinse it off. Norma handed him a coarse natural sponge to rub his skin with.

Once again under the close supervision of the women, he dried himself off and reluctantly powdered his body with a floral scented bath talc. He was almost in tears as he had watched his body hair flush down the drain and now as he powdered his bare skin, the tears began to flow. He couldn't help it. He was so embarrassed and frustrated, so completely unable to protect himself that he just couldn't stop crying. The best he was able to accomplish was to sniffle and snort loudly, but the tears continued to wet his cheeks.

They took him over to the sink and had him sit on a tall stool that his mother had brought in. “Bend over the bowl dear,” his mother ordered as she began to shampoo his hair. Afterwards he was ordered to sit up straight. Beth then cut and trimmed his hair. Rolling it up tightly in small pink plastic rollers, a permanent wave solution was applied and allowed to set. At last he was allowed to get up and escorted into his mother's bedroom.

Seated at his mother's vanity, a portable hair dryer bonnet was put on his head. While his hair dried, his finger and toe nails were feminized and polished a bright red-dish—purple. Finished with his nails, the ladies then turned to his face. Tilting his head back, Estelle deftly used a pair of tweezers to pluck his brows into thin graceful arches. Dean moaned and twitched as he was subjected to this entire process, but it did not slow the women down.

“It was as if they were possessed. Surely they were on a holy mission from the way they tackled the job before them,” he thought. *“Oh God! Why are they trying to make me look like a girl.”*

He was startled out of his mental agony by the flash and whir of a camera. *“Oh shit! They are taking fuckin' pictures!”*

With his brows thinned into almost non—existent arches, the ladies turned their attention to the rest of his face. Estelle was a very good cosmetologist and soon had

Dean's face looking not only feminine but actually very pretty. As the flashes from the camera filled the room with light, a very distraught young man gazed wide eyed into the mirror.

With the curlers removed and his hair brushed out, the bright reddish—purple lipstick and blush on his cheeks, plus very wide and expressive eyes, the mirror almost yelled “**GIRL**” back at him. The only thing wrong with this picture were the lack of breasts. That was soon to change as the women stood him up once again.

“Put this on,” Norma demanded handing him a pale lavender satin bra. It was a lace demi—cup underwire bra with bow and rosette details. Lace not only covered the padded cups but the straps as well.

“Uhhh, I don't know how!” Dean sobbed out. “Why are you doing this to me. I'm not a girl. Please, please I am sorry and I really didn't do that much. It was all Don's fault. I won't ever do it again, I promise.”

“It is entirely too late for that now. This is your punishment. We're going to make you dress and act like a girl for the next month. If you do not do exactly, and I mean exactly like you are told for the duration; then, we will see to it that these photos are plastered all over the county. As you young kids say today, 'Do you get my drift!' Don't you worry your little old head over Don either. He is going to pay for his misdeeds as well. Only in his case it will be more so,” Edna spoke up for the first time.

With the bra tightly attached across his chest, he was given a pair of matching stretch—satin, thong bikini panties with a lacy inset front to put on. His face became even redder as the panty was pulled tightly across his buns and separated his scrotum into two sacks sticking out on each side of the crotch. He just about died when his mother reached down his front and, using her palm, flattened his scrotum, forcing his testicles up into his body.

“There that is so much better. Isn't it dahlin!” she said.

A matching garter belt with an adjustable back was placed around his waist and a pair of sheer black stockings were attached to the laced tabs. Full grain leather pumps with a subtly squared shape and heel also in black were given to him. The one and one—half inch thick squat heel would make walking easier for him. A full lace covered lavender slip was carefully pulled over his head to keep the inexperienced youngster from smearing his lipstick on it.

Finally, he was helped into an empire print dress. It had a rosebud print against a heathered background of various subtle shades of purple. Its shirred empire waist, long flowing skirt, with buttons running from the neck to the hem provided ample room for his still somewhat masculine body. Completely dressed and made up, Dean was absolutely passable. He was no Dean, but as his mother started calling him, a Deanne!

Dean just could not believe his eyes. Standing there right in front of him in the full length mirror was a very beautiful, if somewhat obese, young lady. Dean even felt his penis begin to twitch in its tight confines as he gazed upon the lovely young woman.

“*Oh Damn! What have they done to me?*” he heard his mind cry.

“Alright, Deanne, you've spent enough time mooning over yourself,” Judy exclaimed. “We have other fish to fry and you are going to help us. So put your fanny in gear and let's go!”

“Just a minute, Judy,” Dean's mother interrupted. “I'm not finished yet. You of all people should know how important accessories are.” Everyone knew how Judy fastidiously insisted on always coordinating her outfits with the proper earrings and jewelry.

“Dean, uh, I mean Deanne hold still for a moment.” Beth said as she screwed a pair of pearl drop earrings into each of his lobes then handed him several gold toned narrow bracelets to put on his wrist. “There dear, you look beautiful. Here you can use this purse. Well ladies, if you all are finally ready we can go now.”

Dean shuffled along the sidewalk right in the middle of all the women. The experience sent chills down his spine and it seemed like every nerve ending was aglow with an overload of new sensations. The tension of the bra straps tugging on his chest and shoulders, the rubbing of his skirt hem along his legs, the pull of the garter straps and caress of the stockings, he even felt the gentle movement of the dress material along the neckline.

Walking was even a new sensation for him as was carrying a purse. As he tried to imitate the walk of the woman ahead of him, he was not sure if swinging his purse was considered good manners or not.

“Swing your arms from the shoulder dear,” his mother ordered. “You will find it much easier if you would throw your leg out from the hip, darling. That's it, place one foot in front of the other as you rotate your hips. Heel and toe, heel and toe. See how simple. Pay attention. This is going to have to become second nature to you if you expect to walk properly in high heels.”

Dean groaned at the very thought of wearing high heels. These were already too tall for his liking. He hadn't walked two blocks yet and his feet were hurting. “A month! A whole blasted month! Dressing and acting like a girl, damn!”

They reached Don's home and went to the kitchen to have some tea. Dean was just happy to have a place to sit and get off his aching feet. He was just getting ready to sit when Norma grabbed his elbow and told him to follow her. Holding back a snappy retort that would have come naturally to his masculine lips, Dean just lowered his head and followed.

“*A month was much better than any longer punishment,*” he said to himself.

He was taken to the master bath and instructed to unbutton and remove his dress. Standing in only his undies, hose and heels, Dean felt completely naked. While the slip and hose covered most of his torso, he felt a sharp chill run up his spine.

“Now,” Norma ordered him, “you will stand here looking into the mirror until Don gets home. He's going to see us in the kitchen having our tea and forget all about us when he sees you. We are going to leave the door open enough so that he can see you clearly. Now, do not turn around, look, or say anything to him. Understand?”

“When he isn't paying attention, we'll move in and force him into the bathroom,” Estelle broke in. “At that point, you will excuse yourself to Edna's bedroom where you

will help your mother get his things together. Is that clear? Fine. While you are standing here, you may as well begin learning to brush your hair at least 100 times each night. You do want to look pretty for all the boys, don't you?"

Dean did not know just how long he stood there brushing his hair, but it seemed like an eternity. His calves were killing him and his arms felt like lead from all the brushing. When he thought that he couldn't brush another stroke or stand another minute, the door burst open and a crowd of bodies half fell half rolled into the room.

"We got him. The little bastard," a voice said from the heap on the floor. Finally, they all managed to get up and a very frightened Don stood in their midst. "Ok, Edna go ahead and tell him what's going on," Judy demanded.

"Don, look at these," Edna said handing him the pictures. "Do they look familiar? Go ahead and look at all of them! And, yes! We know all about your little escapades with your telescope and camera. Oh! I'm so sorry darling, but you haven't been properly introduced to the ladies now have you?"

Edna started with Norma and continued introducing each of his punishers including a fuming Ellen and finishing with a shy blushing young lady by the name of Deanne. There was something very familiar about Deanne that for a few moments distracted him from his tormentors.

He turned to look back at his mother, when with growing realization it hit him.

"*Deanne was Dean? Na! Couldn't be,*" he thought. Before he could dwell on whether or not the chubby girl was Dean, the actions of the women in the room riveted his attention.

"Hey, what are you going to do. I didn't do nothin'. Come on you guys, this ain't funny. Mom? What, what are you going to do to me? Look, I wasn't going to get that film developed or anything like that. Heck, I thought that I lost it. I didn't have anything to do with getting them developed. Look, Mom, Ellen, it was just a joke. Yeah, just a practical joke. I didn't mean no harm by it, honest!" Don began pleading.

"Well, the fact remains that you did take those humiliating pictures of poor Ellen and they were developed. Now Dean is being punished for his part in this whole episode and now young man or should I say young lady, it's your turn to pay the piper," Norma broke in.

"Beginning as of now, you will learn what it is like to have to put up with men's shit. Something that you have been very good at passing out lately. Now we are going to see just how well you can take it buster! For the rest of the summer, you will not only dress, act, and live like a young lady, but you will also work in my factory sewing lingerie as my niece," his mother added.

"Further, your salary will be donated to the local women's association. It should please you that you are going to help finance sexual discrimination legal actions on behalf of needy women. At least that should help you atone for your chauvinistic ways. Enough of this small talk, ladies shall we get Donna ready for her debut?"

“Uh, please, may I be excused?” Deanne requested. “I really don't think that I ought to be here.” Don eyes got as big as saucers at hearing Dean's voice coming from the pleasantly plump girl he had so shortly before been drooling over.

“*Damn! It was! It really was Dean under all that makeup and ladies underwear,*” his mind screamed but his voice only mumbled. All too quickly his attention was brought back to his own immediate problems.

It did not take the ladies any time at all to strip and plaster his body with the depilatory ointment. The shower and shampoo followed by a bleach treatment and trim went without difficulty. Taken into his mother's bedroom, Don balked for a few moments when he caught sight of Dean looking soulfully at him. It was a look that said both I'm sorry and I'm scared for you.

Don panicked and tried to flee, but the grip on his lanky arms was solid. He was dragged over to the bed where he was placed over his mother's lap. The hairbrush was applied to his bare rear end and soon he was in tears. The humiliation of being publicly spanked and having to look at his best friend dressed and looking like a ripe maiden destroyed any desire to fight.

After Don's spanking, Deanne was sent from the room with orders to get his mother and Donna's new clothing.

While they waited, Don was given a bright yellow, white lace trimmed gaff to put on. Norma had no problem telling or fully describing in detail just how to tuck himself in so that he would have a smooth fit. When he paused, Norma offered to do it for him. He quickly stood with the pretty lacy gaff in place. By the time he was properly tucked, Betty and Deanne returned.

He was handed a magenta colored, lace covered, satin and latex waist cinch to hold around his waist while his mother pulled the laces taut. A matching pair of high cut, lace front bikini's and a shaped, padded, push—up underwire bra covered in lace with a pert satin bow centered in the front quickly followed.

He was instructed to pass the waist cinch's garter tabs under his panties and to connect them to the black sheer nylons. After he put on the hose, a pair of three inch spike heeled mules with feathery plumes were put on his feet. They were at least a half size too small and almost as soon as he stood his feet began to hurt. It took him a few wobbling moments to get used to the shoes and get his balance.

His complaints went unheeded and he was escorted over to the vanity bench. With bright light shining in his face, they began an intense effort to reshape his features. Only this time electrolysis pens were used to thin out his brows and the more permanent body dyes were used to accent his eyes and lips. Don was getting a much more permanent treatment than he realized.

“What do you think, ladies?” Estelle asked. “I think that with his, er, I mean HER complexion wouldn't the earthier tones look better? Stick with the raisin and wines, taupe and the naturals of course? Yes, well give me some room and let's see if we can make a silk purse out of this pig's ear.”

Don could feel and smell the makeup being applied and massaged into his face. By the time Estelle had finished working her magic, his face felt more like he was wearing

a mask than real skin. He wanted to reach up and touch it, but his hand was batted down.

“NO! Don't touch,” Estelle said to him. “You want to smear all my hard work. Here look into the mirror. My aren't you a pretty one!”

Don couldn't believe his eyes. Whatever Estelle had done to him, it made him look like a different person. The effect was so good that he felt his heart skip a beat. He felt a shudder run up his backbone and began to worry

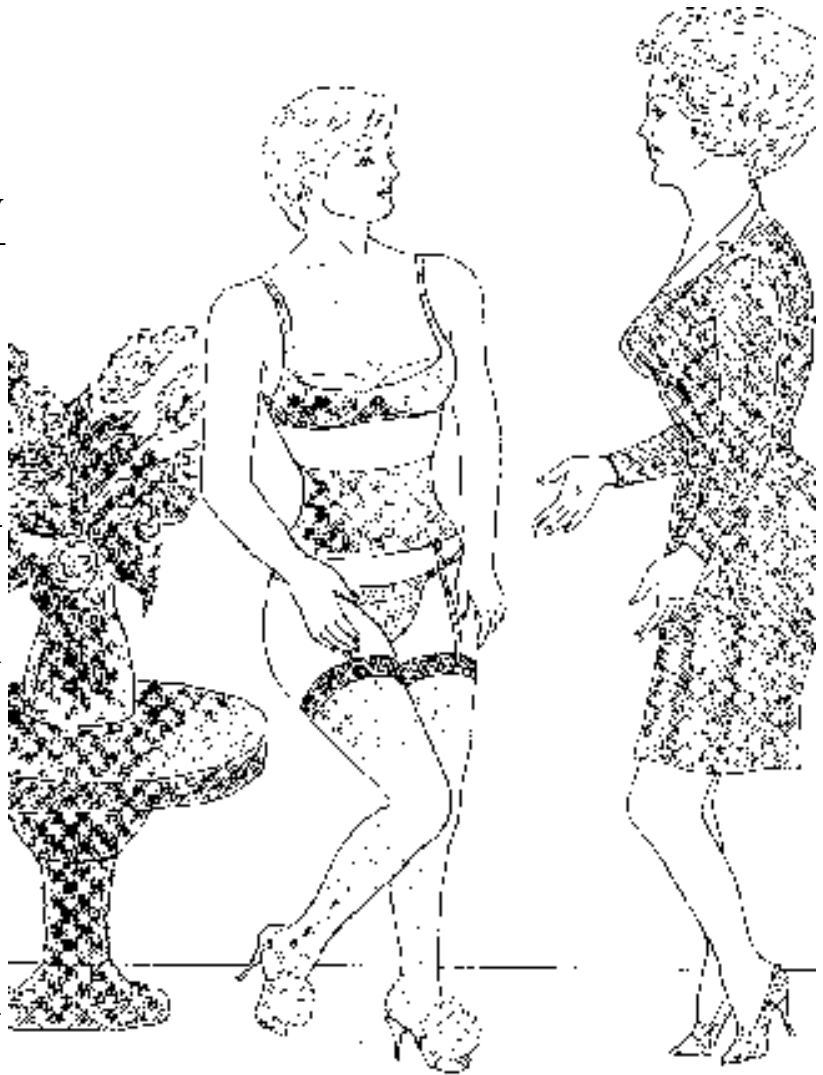
“What they were doing to him was good, very good, if you wanted to look like a girl,” he thought. Instead of looking like some freak of nature, he looked good, real good. Even better than Dean.

“Now that was a scary thought,” he mind reasoned. Indeed, because Dean had looked real convincing to him. With his makeup in place and plenty of pictures taken, Don was moved over to the closet where he finished dressing.

Edna helped him pull on a satin charmeuse camisole lavished with scalloped lace insets along the neckline and a matching half slip in a bright plum color. A luscious, brilliantly colored, mulberry velvet classic shirt with button front and cuffs came next. The shirt was followed by a lightweight basic black skirt in worsted wool.

A two inch wide black leather belt with gold tone buckle and keeper was fitted tightly around his waist. Curved one and three quarter inch high heeled pumps in black were literally forced on his feet. Once again they were about a half size too small. While he did not get to see that much of himself in the mirror as he was being dressed, he saw enough. More than enough. A gold necklace, gold hoop bracelets, and several small rings were put on him with large gold button earrings screwed tightly to his ear lobes as a finishing touch.

He stood meekly with eyes lowered as another roll of film was taken. He was made to model and pose for them as the flash snapped and the camera whirred. He wouldn't realize just how sexy he looked until he had the chance to examine the developed pictures weeks later.



Since it was still early in the evening, the ladies decided it would be appropriate to take the new kinfolk out on the town. After all, it wasn't every day that your out—of—town niece came to pay you a visit. Unfortunately, in a town the size of theirs, there just weren't that many choices. So an hour or two in the mall and then a nice meal would cap off a fantastic day. At least in Ellen's and the other ladies opinions.

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Before they could take their charges out in public where they would be under bright lights, it was decided to give them some very important lessons on proper behavior and basic femininity. For the next hour, Donna and Deanne, walked, sat, stood, bent, and turned.

They were told where to put their feet when they sat, walked, and just stood. They were instructed on how to hold their hands, elbows, and arms. They were constantly reminded to watch their knees when they sat and walked. It was difficult for them to keep their knees together like the ladies wanted them too, but they learned.

To make them ready for any eventuality, they were taken one at a time into the bathroom and instructed in feminine etiquette. Their mothers were concerned that the new “girls” should at least appear natural when they had to use the public facilities.

Finally they were ready. It was with much hesitation and embarrassment that the two men got carefully into the car. They blushed even more as they were let out by themselves at the mall entrance while the car was being parked. They stood under the glare of the outside lights fidgeting with their purses. They were very nervous and felt conspicuous as people looked their way as they passed by.

“They know, they know Don,” Dean mumbled just under his breath.

The other ladies joined them and they walked as a group into the mall. The only two women not looking into windows or holding their heads up were Deanne and Donna. It wasn't until Judy told them that unless they began acting like girls, everyone would notice them.

“Don't you think that if you saw two lovely ladies walking in a shopping mall with their heads down and not looking at anything that it would be strange. Why, you two stick out like sore thumbs. Now straighten up and act right. If you are unsure of what to do; then, follow my or your mother's lead,” Judy had said.

The group wandered around just looking for awhile in order to get the new girls acquainted with their new environment. Then before Donna or Deanne realized it they were in a lady's lingerie specialty shop. The women began roaming through racks and racks of hangered panties.

Taking a pair of silky panty briefs down, they did not hesitate one bit in having one of the new girls stand quietly as they measured the fit of the panty against either Donna or Deanne. They progressed down aisles collecting a garment here and another one there as they walked. Bras were held up against chests, and in four cases actually given to Donna and Deanne to try on with a sales clerk's assistance.

Both young ladies were bright red by the time they left the dressing room. Fortunately, their mothers successfully helped to shield them from discovery, but they walked away with several new bras. Lacy, padded, push—up underwire cups with wide set, silky stretch straps and feminine detailed bows in white, forest green, copper, mallard blue, and black dangled from their hands.

As they swept past the aisles, their arms were laden with more and more brightly colored little nothings. Camisoles in slinky materials, slips and half slips, panty girdles and firmer full body control spandex and lycra satin corsets were soon added to the growing pile of clothing. The women stopped at last in the nightwear department.

Here the boys tried to protest as they were informed that the women wanted to see them model some of the gowns. In the end they had no choice as their mothers threatened to leave them there alone. They would have to make their own way home as best they could and dressed as they were. Additionally, they would probably be arrested for taking those pictures; and, of course Ellen would have no choice but to pass **THEIR** “pictures” around for everyone to see.

Donna was made to model an elegant night dress in a soft pale burgundy color. It was made of clinging silky chiffon and had a classic square neckline enhanced with delicate lace and pintucked detail. A button front placket, elastic cuffs and flounced hem screamed femininity as it clung to every curve of his body.

It was very revealing and decidedly more feminine than either boy had wanted. Plain red flannel would have been more than satisfactory for them; especially as the flashes went off. There were going to be a lot of photos taken if what had already transpired was any indication.

Deanne would have gladly traded places with Donna and worn the night dress after his mother picked out a frilly little bit of cloud for him to model.

It was a shortie nightgown that barely reached mid—thigh. This little piece of fluff had spaghetti straps and a rounded low cut neckline. The full cut gown itself had a pale translucent, tucked and pleated, milk chocolate, outer nylon layer covering a rich dark chocolate satin inner skirt. It floated around his hips revealing matching rumba styled panties. As Deanne was forced to turn, pirouette, and dip for the amusement of the ladies, Donna looked on with a lump in his throat. The flashes coming from Ellen's camera seemed to light up the entire shop.

“What if they make me do that? I would die!” Donna thought even as his mind looked with a certain amount of lust at the sight of the pretty girl in the very sexy nightie.

The gown seemed to literally float up around Deanne’s hips with a life of its own as he moved to his mother’s instructions. It did not seem to matter how valiantly Deanne tried to hold down the skirt with his hands, it just floated away from his control. Ellen's flash attachment was working overtime as Deanne spun under the lights of the mirrored seamstress area.

Deanne thought that he looked just like one of those dancing hippos in the Disney Classic **Fantasia** as he saw his reflection in a full length mirror. “OH God! How will I

ever live this down? Stop with the pictures already!” his mind screamed out as Ellen peeled off half a dozen shots in quick succession.

Donna did not have long to wait as he was called once again back into the dressing room where he was ordered to disrobe. He was handed a mallard blue sandwashed silk chemise gown to put on. It was detailed with dyed to match embroidery on black net along its V—neckline and back.

A thin black see through nylon overlay floated around the skirt. A shortie mid—thigh silk robe, richly printed in mallard blue, burgundy, and gold with bronze cording trims and quilted collar completed the outfit.

This time Deanne felt relief as Donna had to slip the robe off his shoulders and model the outfit for a growing crowd of women onlookers.

“*Oh Wow!*” Dean thought while staring at Don as he modeled the elegant outfit, “*Awesome! Simply awesome!*”

Donna was made to pose in several very sexy positions as the cameras continued to click. In a couple of the poses, Donna was made to elegantly cross her wrists, elbows propped on the chair back, while bending over at the waist, right leg on pointed toe exposing her pantied rounded bottom.

Her lips formed a perfect “O” while her painted nails framed her chin and lower face. A pose right out of any man's magazine as the robe lay folded on the seat cushion. Donna was near tears as his mother led him back into the relative privacy of the dressing room.

Deanne and his mother joined a crying Donna and his mother in the dressing room. Donna was in his undies, sitting on the room's only chair, clutching a tissue as crocodile tears flowed freely down his cheeks. His embarrassment was complete and there was no compassion coming from any of the women.

Deanne found himself standing beside his best friend trying to console him, but was pretty close to tears himself. He felt totally helpless as he reached over and pulled up several tissues for himself.

Norma looking sternly at Donna and Deanne, finished folding the recently modeled nightwear and placed it into a box. Making sure that she had their attention she said, “Now, I trust that the both of you comprehend the seriousness of your mistakes and fully understand our commitment to your punishment. You must understand that WE ARE very serious about this!”

“Deanne, since your error was not quite as devious and underhanded as Don's, as we said before, you will remain dressed and treated as you are for a month. However, after some more consideration, the ladies and I have agreed that your punishment should be enhanced. First, you will both be under constant supervision and surveillance. Each time that you fail to do as you are told, act in an unbecoming manner, or goof up in any way you'll be given demerits. Second, for every ten demerits, an additional day will be added to your penance. Is that clear!”

“And Don!” his mother interjected. “While your perversion is the most intolerable and committed with forethought and malice, your punishment is still not as severe as

some of the ladies may have wished. Let there be absolutely no mistake in your mind, I fully agree with them,” here she paused to let the latest information sink in.

After a few seconds, she continued. “So it has been decided that you will not only spend the entire summer as you are, but because you are my child, I have decided that for every ten demerits that you get, two days will be added to your sentence. It is quite possible that if you do not behave in an exemplary manner, you may find yourself dressed like this until you are forty! Do I make myself clear children!”

“Now, hurry up and pull yourselves together. We have a lot more to do tonight before we are through. Beth, please get Donna and Deanne cleaned up,” Edna finished. Turning away from the two cringing boys, she picked up the boxes and left for the checkout counter.

After all the boxes and packages were deposited in the car, the group went to get a bite to eat. Gathered around the large table, set for the eight of them, the conversation hummed with an occasional outburst of feminine laughter. Everyone seemed to be having a great time. Well almost everyone. At least they were in shadow.

The two young ladies sitting with their backs to the wall seemed preoccupied. At last the food arrived and the conversation subsided. As they nibbled at their salads, Don and Dean were constantly being reprimanded.

“Donna, get your elbows off the table, if I have to tell you one more time that will be a demerit. Deanne eat with your mouth closed. Girls, girls how many times do we have to tell you not to slouch. Backs straight, elbows tucked to your sides, and put more flex into your wrists. Remember to take small portions and to eat slowly, chewing your food thoroughly and don't gulp it!”

By the time the meal had been completed, the two girls had received three demerits apiece. Before leaving the restaurant, the women went in mass to the facilities including Donna and Deanne. Nervously, they stood in the cue waiting their turn to use the toilet. While they waited, trying their best not to be noticed, Norma and Estelle told them to make sure that their skirts were clear of the commode seat before they did their thing.

“Most of all, make sure that after you blot and pull up your panties so that you do not get your skirts tucked up inside them,” Estelle cautioned. “You know that happened to me once and let me tell you that was embarrassing. Why, I turned all kinds of shades I want you to know. Heehee. Well do be careful girls!”

Once out of the stalls, they had to repair their makeup and touch up their hairdos. Patting imaginary stray tresses into place as they departed the restrooms and chatting generally, the women, like a flock of hens, walked out of the restaurant. Two slightly embarrassed younger girls following in their wake.

“Well I think that it is getting a bit late, don't you ladies?” Norma suggested. “Maybe it would be better if we continued this tomorrow. No sense in overdoing it tonight.”

Turning to face Beth, Norma continued, “Dear, if you want, Deanne can move in tonight. It won't be any bother and the less chance we will have of anyone discovering our little secret. I promise that we will take extra special care of your child. By the

time we're finished with him, you won't have any worries about him being discovered and causing you any humiliation.”

After pausing to let Beth consider what was being said, Norma continued. “I just bet you'd love to have your new daughter always. We women understand that sort of things. Besides, we're goin' to pay him for helping out around the store while he's here and Edna's going to pay for his clothing requirements.”

“Thank you Norma, but I would like just one night alone with my daughter. If you don't mind, that is,” Beth replied. “I just wish that I could keep her with me, but everyone in town knows that I only have this one child and no family. I know that it won't do having everyone finding out about the boy's punishment, but still. Well, I guess that it is best if he becomes your visiting niece. Besides, I can visit all I want.”

“Yes dear,” Norma broke in, “I couldn't agree with you more, but we absolutely must keep Donna's secret or her mother could lose the plant and the town, well we've already discussed this enough earlier today. Well, just make sure you have her over at our place bright and early tomorrow morning.”

“Now,” she said loud enough for everyone to hear. “These girls do need their beauty rest and it is painfully obvious that they do need some more assistance in their deportment and attitude. Edna unless you think that you need our help, Estelle and I will just head on home, but we will see you tomorrow. Ok? Well goodnight.” With that the group broke up and headed to their homes. Both Donna and Deanne were more than happy to comply as they were completely exhausted.

Don let the packages fall from limp and numb arms and hands. He was almost swaying in exhaustion as he stood there before his bed staring at all his new feminine finery. He raised and turned his head to look at his mother as she entered. He was getting ready to protest once again, but his mother started on him first.

“I have never been so humiliated in my entire life,” she began her voice low and menacing in its tone. She started softly, but as she let her rage and disappointment in her son loose, her voice began to build in strength. Don, for the first time, could almost see the venom in her words as they began to flow.

“**Humiliated!** Donna do you have the faintest idea of just how much you have destroyed **my name** and **reputation!** I have spent an entire lifetime building a credible and solid reputation. Not only in this backwater town, but throughout my business career. Have you any idea of what your little escapade and punishment will cost? To not only us, but all the people that I employ as well?” She was so mad that she had to stop for a moment to catch her breath before continuing.

“If my competition get any hint of this, do you realize that I could loose **my entire** customer base! Doing piece work for the major clothing wholesalers is a **very** competitive business! It is very fortunate that the folks in this town depend on me and my paychecks. So as not to have **any** misunderstandings, I meant **everything** that I said to you earlier. As far as I am concerned and everyone else for that matter, you **are my NIECE** from now on! Is that understood!” Once again, she had to pause and after a few seconds and several deep breaths she managed to continue much less vehemently.

"I have arranged an appointment for you with my doctor tomorrow morning. Now let's get these packages open and things put away. It will be an early day for you tomorrow," she finished. She moved over to his bedside and began unpacking one of the boxes.

"Doctor? What do you mean?" Don sputtered.

"Never you mind! You are going to find out soon enough. Now don't worry your little pea brain over much. It's just to make things easier on you and me. Now help me with these," his mother replied. "By the way, get used to calling me AUNT! You are my niece now."

Don couldn't believe his ears. What was his mother saying? He did not think he had done anything that bad, but judging from all the shit she had piled up on him today and this lecture. Well, maybe this time, he had done something really bad.

"All this fuss over a few lousy pictures. Big deal! Nothing bad enough to sentence him to this punishment," he thought. He was having a very difficult time believing that he was getting so much flack over such a small thing. *"Over just a few lousy pictures, Damn!"*

He couldn't be a girl forever, his mind continued angrily. Hell! He was still a Man! Damn!

He started to say so, but one look at the anger and determination in his mother's eyes kept him silent. *"Tomorrow would be another day and maybe she would cool down,"* he thought. He was scared, but there wasn't that much he could do about it. For now, he had no choice but to go with the flow.

While Donna was being given his lecture, Deanne was also being put through the meat grinder. His mother had a totally different way of conveying the same message to her son.

He sat on her vanity stool dressed only in lingerie facing the mirror. His mother's hands circling his neck tenderly while standing behind him, she was telling him just how pretty he looked.

"You know darling I've always said that you were too pretty to be a boy. Why, just look at you! Oh darling! You'll be the envy of every girl in town with those pretty expressive eyes of yours. You know I've told you before that your facial features are too delicate to be a boy's!" Dean was beginning to squirm under his mother's reinforcement of something he would rather not contemplate. His 'delicate' features as she called them. Her hands began absently playing with his hair as she paused to catch her breath.

"I never told you this, but sugar, I've always wanted a little girl. You know, to cuddle and hug and buy pretty ruffles and frills for," she continued. Dean's very obvious look of hatred caused her to pause for just a moment.

"Now don't look at me like that! You know what I mean. As a boy I just couldn't treat you like that. Don't you think that you are as pretty as a picture? Honey, it won't be so bad being my little girl for just a little while, will it?" she pleaded.

Dean wanted to crawl under a rock or anything for that matter just to get away from his mother. There was no way he could stand up to her when she went and got all “gushey and moon eyed” on him. He wasn't as tough as he appeared in public riding his 'Hog' especially, when it came to his mother. He still had vivid memories of how she stood up to his drunken father and took the belt lashings meant for him. How was he going to deny her anything?

“Oh, and Deanne, sugar,” his mother continued. “Er, I don't know how to say this so that it comes out the way I mean it to, but er, in the morning, er, you'll be moving in with Miss Norma and Estelle,” she paused trying to steady herself for what she knew was coming.

Seeing her son getting ready to jump, she managed to order in a firm voice, “No! Sit still dear! You know that everyone in this town knows that I only have a son and no other family. Do you want them discovering that you are wearing dresses? No, I did not think so. Besides, if I thought that I could get by with you living here as a girl, you know that I would dearly love to.”

She bent over and gave her child a hug and kiss on the cheek before continuing. “It is imperative that Don, er, I mean Donna not be discovered even more so than you. Why, his mother could lose her business and over half of the town would go bankrupt with her if Donna's secret got out.”

She paused for a moment to blot her eyes and blow her nose before continuing, “So you will have to be very careful. Moving in with Miss Norma and Estelle will help keep our secret. Now sweetie, let me put your hair up for the night and we'll talk some more in the morning. It's getting awful late.”

“You know it isn't so bad being a girl,” she started up again after picking up a hair brush and stroking it through his tresses. “You have such a pretty face. Who knows, you might really find out that you enjoy being a girl. Well at least for me, huh! I don't want those other women to send you to jail.”

She paused a moment to grab a tissue to blot her tears and clear her throat once again. “You don't ever want to go there! Besides you know that you really do not have any choice in the matter. So, if you promise to try real hard and be my little girl, I'll do my best to see that no one, and I mean no one, will pick on you or cause you any trouble. Now work some of that cream lotion into your face and then we can go to bed. It's late and we have a big day tomorrow.”

Meekly Dean complied with his mother's wishes. Taking a daub of the sweet smelling lotion on his finger tips, he began working it into his face. “Damn and double Damn!” he swore in his mind. “This is going to be the death of me. How can I just let her do this to me?” He thought as he massaged the lotion into his face.

“Damn! I saw what prison did to my dad and I certainly don't want that. What to do? Shit! What choice do I have? Absolutely none! Damn! Damn! Damn!” his mind screamed in helpless frustration. By the time he was removing the excess lotion with a tissue, he knew that he would do whatever his mother wanted him to do.

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“Good morning,” his mother's all too cheery voice rang out. “It's time to rise and shine, dahlin'. I laid out some clean things for you to wear this morning. Now hurry up and get cleaned up, dear. We have a lot that needs doing today and not much time.”

Deanne was still groggy, but instantly remembered last night. The nightie covering his chest and back only brought his situation into sharp focus. “*Fuck!*” he thought as he swung his legs out of bed, “*I'm just royally fucked!*”

It did not take him long to do his morning necessities and dress in the clothing left out on the commode lid by his mother. A bright green satin, french cut panty with matching underwire, padded bra, mint green linen shirt with tiny pearl buttons, and forest green flared and pleated shorts. White ankle socks and white sneakers completed his outfit.

He had spent more time trying to hook his bra and fasten his shirt's tiny buttons than he did taking his shower and shaving. He left the pantigirdle lying on the bathroom floor. He felt like a fool dressed like this, but after last night he did not have any choice in the matter. He had to accept his disgrace for the time being, but a time would come when he would be free of all this shit.

By seven a.m. he was standing in the doorway of the pharmacy with his mother. A small suitcase containing all his worldly feminine goods clutched in his hand. This was embarrassing, but not as bad as it was going to become if he had guessed correctly.

“Oh, hello dear,” Estelle said as she opened the door. “I'm so glad that you could make it. Why I could barely sleep at all just anticipating your arrival this morning. It's so nice to have relatives visit. That's a fact! Why look at me, just standing here like some duffus! Ya'll come on in. Here put that suitcase down and come on into the kitchen. Norma and I were just having some tea and toast. Please join us, won't you?”

The breakfast that Deanne was hoping to get never materialized. He felt lucky to get just a slice of toast and some jelly with his unsweetened and uncreamed tea. “Uck!” he thought, “they are not only going to make a raving sissy out of me but they are going to starve me as well. Damn!”

While Norma and his mother continued talking, Estelle kept him distracted. She placed several pills on a small saucer set beside his plate.

“Now, dear, we are not only going to help out your poor mother and keep you from being identified, but we're going to help you with your little weight problem. Now I want you to take these vitamin pills every day because we decided to put you on a rather strict diet for the next two weeks. Now don't get us wrong, we only want what's best, but you do need to loose a few pounds.”

She paused, turned to the counter behind her and picked up a tall glass of orange juice. She handed it to him with a smile on her wrinkled and powdered face. “Here, drink this, it has lots of vitamin C, don't you know,” she continued.

Estelle was a talking machine. Her mouth was going a mile a minute, only pausing when she had something else to do at the same time. "You'll get all the liquids you want so long as they are fruit juices, tea, or water. Breakfast will be plain toast with just a tad of jelly, lunch, a salad and four saltines, dinner will be, of course, our main meal. It will be something different every night and on Sunday's we'll have a little beef. Now doesn't that sound scrumptious?"

"Oh, yeah," he replied without any enthusiasm whatsoever. This was beginning to sound even worse than he imagined it would be. "Uhh, lady, just how am I supposed to live if that's all I get around this place. I'm a growing boy. I have to eat!" he stated.

"What was that, young lady!" Norma burst in on their conversation. "Deanne! You will be respectful and obedient all the time. You have just earned yourself fifteen demerits! Ten for referring to MS Estelle as "Lady" and five for being impolite. When you have reason to talk to either of us or any woman for that matter, you WILL refer to them as MS and their name, or aunty when addressing us. Is that understood! Now apologize to my sister."

She paused for a breath and when he failed to immediately jump up to do her bidding, she lit into him once again. "No! Stand and give her a proper curtsy and then ask her forgiveness. Oh my goodness gracious! Don't you know anything! That will be another five demerits. Obedience! When we give you an order or even just a request, you will promptly acknowledge it and curtsy your willingness to obey. Is that clear even for your male brain to understand? Now get up and curtsy."

"What," he sputtered in disbelief as Norma spat out her instructions. "No this couldn't really be happening to him, could it?" He was stunned and failed to get up when she told him to. He was in shock, but when she added on another five demerits, he jumped. The realization that he had just added on a total of three additional days when last night's demerits were combined with today's, would not hit him until that night as he lay in bed.

As he tried to jump out of his seat to comply with Norma's instructions, his feet got tangled and he almost fell into Estelle's lap. Fortunately, she reached out her hand and steadied him. He then attempted to give a feminine curtsy, but had little success. Estelle stood and showed him how it should be done and after several tries, he managed to comply.

Soon his mother was standing, giving him a kiss on the cheek. With a weak smile, she left him in the hands of the two spinsters. He waved good-bye as she said, "I'll see you soon." then drove off.

He was shown to a small very girlish room. It had yellow wallpaper with illustrations of various wild flowers printed on it. White ruffled, lace edged curtains surrounded the only window which had burglar bars on the outside. A single twin bed with bright yellow satin comforter and pillow shams with a china doll propped up beside the pillow filled most of the room. A small side table with knitted doily and brass lamp, and dresser finished the room's furnishings. The closet was surprisingly large and a number of dresses were already in it.

Under Norma's supervision Deanne unpacked his suitcase. He was shown just how to fold and arrange his delicates in the dresser. With his remaining clothing finally put away, he thought that he would be allowed a few moments to relax, but that was only a fleeting thought.

“Deanne,” Norma broke into his train of thought. “Let me hear you pronounce your name and then I want you to read this poem for me.”

“What,...Ms Norma,” he replied just barely remembering to use the honorific at the last moment. “Oh...er, Deanne.”

“NO! No child, say it softly like this,” Norma said firmly, “draw it out dear, say Dee..ANNE with emphasis on the ANNE. Now you say it twenty—five times for me and just the way I said it. Softly and distinctly, now.”

He did as he was required and then took the book of poetry and began reading the poem Norma indicated. It was a silly feminine tear jerker kind of poem. He hated poetry to begin with, but these stupid silly ones were the absolute worst. He positively hated them, but his opinion did not matter in the least. He read it once, he read it twenty times before Norma was satisfied with his tonal quality and softness of voice.

“I want you to memorize that poem by Friday; then, we can start on another of my favorites. Now come along with me, I need to show you what you will be doing here to help earn your keep,” Norma informed him.

Deanne was taken down the stairs to the pharmacy proper. Here he learned that he would be placed in charge of the cosmetics counter. It would be his sole responsibility to know the products he was to sell and be able to assist his customers as needed. To get him started, Estelle handed him a very thick book. It contained page after page of product literature with ample glossy pictures.

As his mouth fell at the sheer size of the information he would have to know, Estelle broke in. “Oh, don't look so appalled dear. It really isn't that much. Many of the products are essentially the same. What you need to know immediately are those common products. Like lipstick, mascara, especially the emollient face creams and which are for what type of skin. It's not something you can't learn quickly at least with my help that is. Come on let's get started.”

Dean followed her over to a counter and watched as she opened the book and began reading to him. He followed along and was frequently asked questions. If he missed the correct answer, the related material was re—read once again. In some circumstances, Estelle had to provide background information that the book took for granted. Such things that only growing up female would impart were only implied in the text. If he missed it a second time, it was re—read, but this time he received a demerit. By lunch time, he had gathered another seven demerits.

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The only interruptions to his continued education in cosmetics came when a customer came into the store. During these customer visits, Dean was uncomfortable, but as the customers failed to pay him any mind it became easier. Still, he was glad when lunch time arrived.

Estelle was left to mind the store while Norma took Dean by the hand and led him back up the stairs. Half way up, the back of her hand came into solid contact with his crotch. He doubled up in agony and if it weren't for Norma's firm grasp would have fallen. Half lifting him half supporting his bulk, she leered into his pain filled face.

"Maybe now you will remember to ALWAYS wear your supporter," she hissed into his ear. "As soon as we get upstairs, I want you to go to your room and put on the supporter you will find on your bed. Otherwise...." she left the sentence unsaid. Dean knew all too well what she meant.

In his room he found a small horror. It was a heavy latex/spandex thong in beige. The real horror was the overlapping frilly, white and pink edged floral lace frontal insert. He felt ashamed just looking at it and even worse as he pulled it up his legs. It was tight, very tight as he carefully pushed his testicles up into his body and pressed his penis down flat between his legs.

It fitted his groin just like skin and left no tell tale bulges anywhere. If anything, because of its tightness, he appeared to have two small vertical lips pushing at the material. A "V" of lovely frilly lace was all that reflected back at him from the mirror. The tiny bright pink satin bow in the middle of the waist band seemed to mock him as he stood there dumbfounded.

He was still standing there before the mirror when Norma entered his room without knocking.

"Ahhh, good! I see that you like your new supporter. It is very becoming dear, but you need to get dressed. Can't have poor Estelle staying all alone downstairs now can we? Here, let me help you pick out something nice to wear with that."

Norma quickly picked out fresh underwear for him to put on including a waist cinch that she pulled as tightly together as she possibly could and still the ends did not meet. "We are definitely going to have to do something about that, now aren't we dear?" she said patting his still protruding stomach.

"If you do not lose five pounds by weeks end," she continued, "that will be another twenty demerits! But to show you that I am not mean, I'll knock off ten demerits if you do lose those five pounds. Now you finish dressing while I get our lunch ready. Hurry now and meet me in the kitchen."

It was painful for him to breathe and it made him stiff. Bending to pull on his pale yellow bra with its padded, lace covered, half cups was not easy for him, but at last he managed to get it fastened. Next, he pulled the white nylon full slip with its lacy hem and bodice over his head and let it fall to his thighs.

A bright yellow sun dress with wide straps over the shoulders that attached with big shiny white buttons complete with a flared skirt came next. Bending to replace his sneakers with open toed white sandals that strapped across his ankle was torture. He wheezed and gasped for breath by the time he finished fastening the first shoe. His sides hurt by the time he had finished the second shoe.

He met Norma in the kitchen and quickly finished his meager lunch. In a way he was happy at his skimpy meal, the waist cinch left little room for food in his stomach. He cleaned the dishes and placed them in the dishwasher while Norma fixed Estelle's

lunch. As he put his pink rubber gloves and apron away, Norma handed him some pills to take.

“With you needing to lose that much weight, you're going to need supplements. These pills will make it a lot easier for you. There is a diuretic, vitamin, and food suppressant if you just have to know what they are. Come on, it's getting late and Estelle must be hungry.”

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Dean was puzzled at all the pills, but she was probably right. He normally did not like to take any medications of any kind unless he was absolutely dying. “Getting my demerits knocked down would certainly reduce my punishment time and if these pills made it any easier; then, down the hatch,” he thought. If he had known what the diuretic was going to make him do for what seemed like every fifteen minutes, he might have raised some objection.

“Keep your back straight Deanne. My gosh girl just how many times are we going to have to correct you before you get it right. You are not a slouch! Proper young ladies do not slouch no matter how tired or how much their feet hurt. Ever! Now straighten up, pull you butt back, stick out your chest. Hold in that stomach,” Norma kept harping on him. Even Estelle who had seemed to be the nicer of the two, kept poking him in the ribs with her sharp elbow and telling him to stand erect.

“Gosh darn it!” he swore to himself. *“If these old biddies don't stop picking on me I'm going to scream or punch their light's out! Damn! Four weeks of this crap! Damn! Damn! Just wait until I get my hands on Don for getting me into this shit! Damn!”*

The only time Dean got to sit all afternoon was when he had to go to the bathroom to relieve himself. Having to go every fifteen minutes was bad enough, but either Estelle or Norma went with him to make sure he did it properly and did not waste time. He had no privacy and even there, the women kept up their barrage of instructions.

“God!” His mind silently cried out, *“doesn't it ever stop! Doesn't it ever end! They are going to drive me crazy long before they turn me into a girl. Please, Lord, I'll do anything, just get me outta here!”* he prayed.

That evening after the pharmacy was closed for the night, Estelle told him to take off his dress and lay down for a few minutes before she called him to help her prepare dinner. Kicking off the low heeled sandals and placing the dress on a padded hanger, Dean literally collapsed on his bed. He did not even bother to pull back the covers. In just seconds all thoughts of his aching feet and sore sides drifted off into deep slumber.

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“Estelle,” Norma started when they were alone in the living room. “Estelle, what are we going to do with Deanne? She has the most atrocious posture and her figure. Even with the waist cincher, she is just plain fat! Not just 'big boned' by a long shot.”

Norma shook her head and then a sip of tea before continuing. “Just like her mother, but then again she does have a pretty face. Too bad they don't make those old fashioned stiff corsets anymore. Maybe Edna could manufacture some for us over

at her factory. Wouldn't it be poetic justice if Donna had to make some good and stiff corsets for herself and Deanne?"

"Hahaha, Norma you're right as rain," Estelle replied. "I can't think of a better punishment than to have them make their very own boned corsets. It's funny just thinking about it, but come to think of it....Norma...You remember that poor sole Mrs. Lundy? You know the one died of an embolism last year. We purchased a special corset for her remember...Wasn't it specially designed to hold her broken pelvis together after she got her cast removed? Seems to me that we still have it down there in the back store room. She up and died before we could deliver it as I recollect."

"Hmmm, you're right. I do recall that corset. Mean looking device that was as I remember. Had plates in it and metal bands that screwed tight with a hex wrench of all things. Yessss, I see what you mean. Besides waiting for them to make their own corsets will take too long. Deanne needs help right now. Let's go downstairs and see if we can find it?"



The corset was a great aid for a woman with a broken pelvis, but for Deanne it was murder. It was made of heavy cotton and silk cloth with stainless steel bands and plates sewn into the material. The top had underwire supports for his non—existent breasts, but it fitted so tight that small breast pads poked out of his chest where the underwire cut into his chest in two “U” shaped cups. From there the garment curved inward with vertical stays of metal bands forming the desired hour glass shape then, flowed back out over the hips and down to the upper thighs.

The garment hooked in the front and laced tightly in the back, but the real locking device was a metal back plate that fastened all the bands together and literally locked it into permanent place. A hex nut allowed the bands to be adjusted without the garment being removed. Metal plates in the lower inner thighs forced his pelvis bones to open away from his front which in turn gave him wider hips and forced his tail bone back. In other words, it forced his pelvic bone configuration into that of a female. The tighter the hex nut was fastened the wider the spread of the hips. The pain in his pelvis and on his sternum caused by the pressure of the metal plates and bands would

have been intolerable, except for the yellowish pain pills Norma had given him with his evening meal along with the chocolate square and hormone vitamin pill.

As each day passed slower than molasses in January and with Dean getting more and more demerits for his failures to properly perform some task, he felt like he was never going to get back to being himself. Each time it looked as though there would be no relief in his miserable existence, something would happen to make things look just a little brighter.

After receiving five demerits from Norma because he had failed to make a sale to a young girl because he still did not know the appropriate colors that went with women's skin tones, he was besides himself.

“Like what the heck!” he said to himself. *“Who ever heard of people being summer, winter, fall, or spring. Darn! I think they thought that one up just to get me in more hot water! How can I be expected to know all this stuff when I ain't gonna be here that much longer! Ouch, darn this corset anyway. Darn! My crotch is killing me today. It feels like someone is pulling me apart down there. I've got to say something to Estelle about this. It can't be right. They got to get me outta this thing.”*

He was almost to the point of doing whatever was necessary including physical damage to get away from his punishers, but just after closing and just before he reached his emotional end, Estelle asked him if he would like to get out of his corset and take a nice hot bubble bath.

Dean let out a loud ahhhhhhh of pleasure as he let his body sink into the bubble filled tub. He had almost cried when Estelle undid his corset and laid it aside for Norma to quickly wash and dry. The relief of getting that torture device off his body was both a physical and mental one. Neither the fancy perfumed bath crystals Estelle poured into the tub nor the hair bonnet he wore bothered him. As a matter of fact, nothing bothered him at the moment. He was too deeply immersed in the joys of the hot water and soothing fragrance that completely relaxed him.

It was his first real bath in over five days. Until now he could only take sponge baths as Norma would not let him get his corset wet. He had to settle for rinsing off whatever skin had been available and using a lot of flowery smelling talc and toilet water to hide his body odor. It had been a hard week for him and constantly itching skin did not help his emotional state.

When he had removed that hateful garment moments before, his skin was all icky and crusty. His skin was actually peeling off his body in large yellowish flakes. This bath was just what he needed. He noticed as he entered the tub that his pubic mound was puffy and thrusting outward and that his genitals were sunken and shriveled looking. Still the comfort and relaxation promised by the steaming bubble— filled water was holding all of his attention. He did not pay that much attention to his groin, at least not yet.

“This is just too beautiful for words,” he thought as his body settled into the tub with a sigh of relief.

He was too sapped by lounging in his bath and the workings of the pharmaceuticals he had been given to put up any fight when Norma approached him with the

cleaned corset. After a quick dusting of floral scented powder, the corset was firmly reattached.

Dean wanted to say something, but his tongue just got too tangled up in his mouth to raise any objections. He did not even think of cussing as he had so often done in the past. He did not even let out a moan of pain as his crotch was pulled further apart by the workings of the prosthetic corset.

Dean's usage of colorful and descriptive adjectives had quickly come to a halt on his second day in the custody of the two spinsters. Dean was trying to apply a coating of bright red nail polish. Actually it was called 'Poinsettia' but it was still just plain old bright red to him.

"Women!" he had thought, *"How do they come up with these silly names?"*

He was not concentrating on what he should have been doing. Instead he was day dreaming over the name of the polish and how much longer he had to wear dresses when he knocked over the bottle. The bottle fell on its side, spilling its contents all over the counter top. Instinctively he vocally described the accident as was his customary wont within earshot of both Ms Norma and Estelle.

Norma went over to an aisle and grabbed a bottle from the shelf and a small bag of cotton balls. As she walked over to Dean's counter, she poured some of the liquid contents from the bottle onto a cotton ball. Before he could do anything or move out of reach, Norma reached out and grabbed hold of his nose and pinched.

"Alright young lady, open up!" She said. "Come on! Hurry up or do I have to pinch and twist it off?"

Dean gasped for breath and when he did, Norma plopped the cotton ball into his open mouth. She tried to hold her hand over his mouth, but Dean jerked back in reaction and surprise. The thing in his mouth tasted like nothing he ever tasted before. It was both stingingly biting yet foul as rotten filth on his tongue. It also forced his mouth to pucker and for a few seconds there was no response from his lips when he tried to spit it out. Finally gasping and coughing at the same time, he managed to spit the foul thing out of his mouth.

"Oh Fuck!" he managed to gasp, "What was that awful shit?"

"That was a special solution usually applied to a young person's finger nails to prevent them from biting and chewing on them. Now I have found a much better use for it, and it would seem young lady, that you have yet to learn your lesson," Norma replied.

"Grab him Estelle!" She ordered as she once again had him within her reach. Only this time she took a small handful of the cotton balls and saturated them with the solution before cramming them into his gasping mouth.

"Deanne, if I ever hear a single profane word leave your lips or if I even think that you are thinking of using such foul putrid language ever again, you will drink this entire bottle. Is that understood!" Norma loudly informed him. Needless to say Dean always remembered her lesson. That solution might not prevent someone from biting their nails, but it certainly guaranteed that he wouldn't be cussing any time soon.

While he had been wearing the corset for only one week, his body was showing definite signs of permanent change. His hips were almost an inch wider and there was a definite flair to them. The change in the spread of his pelvic girdle also caused him to walk very differently. It also made it a lot easier for him to cross his legs at the ankles and knees at the same time while tucking them back up under him.

Other changes were taking place in his body, though without the dramatic changes taking place in his pelvis. These were more subtle, such as his nipples beginning to stick out like tiny erasers on his chest. The puffiness building up under his breasts that did not go away once the support of the corset was removed. He was also down by seven pounds. Of course a lot of his weight loss was due to water loss, but there was some real fat burned off his body.

At least by the week's end, he no longer needed to go to the bathroom as much or as often. He did not know that Norma stopped giving him the diuretic, but the fact that his stool came out more liquid and quicker than it had in the past bothered him somewhat. It would not be until much later in his training when Norma would use his body's dependence on laxatives as a form of punishment did he learn the cause of his loose stools. Norma only had to deprive him of his laxative for two days before he completely surrendered to her will.

In the morning when he would be more alert, Norma planned on telling him that he was going to have five demerits knocked off his punishment. To add further incentive for him, she would take off an additional demerit for each pound over his weekly goal that he lost. That would put him in a more receptive and happy mood. What she was not going to tell him was that he had earned a total of two more weeks of punishment.

His second week was spent behind the cosmetic counter, only this time he was required to put what he had learned to actual practice. Wearing a bright pink nylon smock with a fancy, lacy handkerchief in his left breast pocket to protect his blouse or dress, Dean stood behind the counter. Standing in two inch heels doing nothing but applying and reapplying various make—ups would teach him patience and fortitude according to Norma. He would also develop a better appreciation of what sales girls had to live with.

“Trying different looks is good for a young woman's mental attitude,” Estelle told him. “Now, I want you to be free in your selection of cosmetics and don't be afraid of the results. Just remember what you have learned this past week. All young ladies spend hours experimenting on developing a new look or a new face. You'll really enjoy it, I promise.”

“No! I am not going to enjoy it! I want to go home and be myself! You keep forgetting that I'm not the one supposed to spend the summer like this. Don is darn it! I was supposed to dress this way for only a month. Why do I have to be so perfect?” he asked.

“Deanne, for absolutely the last time!” Norma broke in, “We cannot afford to have you discovered. And you had best remember! Your punishment for what you did to that poor child includes extra time for any half—hearted compliance from you. Right now you just earned another five demerits. That's a total of, emm, four more weeks. If

you keep it up at this rate, you will stay a young lady for a very long time,” here she paused to catch her breath.

Tapping her right foot and pointing a bony finger at his nose she continued. “So behave or you will never get out of skirts! And, if you don't like it, you can go home right this minute. Just pack you pink shortie nightie cause the guys down at the jail will just LOVE to see you! I'm sure all your friends will like to see all our pictures too. Well, MISS? What do you have to say?”

Deanne was taken aback by the vehemence in Norma's voice. He actually cringed and shrank back from her. He wanted to object, but he couldn't. So he did the next best thing, he started crying.

“I've got to get a grip! My emotions are going completely bonkers,” he thought as tears began falling down his cheeks.

It was strange how often he was capitulating and cowering down to the wishes of these two old ladies. He was being totally dominated by them. Whatever personal will he may have had, collapsed under Norma's tirade. At one time he had thought of himself as being pretty tough, but now he was being a real weenie.

He no longer seemed to have any defiance or strength of will to argue, let alone fight them. It wasn't just his mental powers that had been drained from him. His physical musculature had already shrunk under the influence of his forced diet. Between the laxatives, high fiber, low protein diet he was wasting away. While he had never been superman, what was left of his physical strength left him totally under the domination of these two powerful women.

It was only a matter of time before he actually became the proverbial eighty—nine pound weakling. Everyone would soon be kicking sand in his face, but if Norma had her way it wouldn't be the boys. She had a nephew that was “Funny” as they called it. Actually the modern term was “gay”, but not in this community. Norma was determined to see that the family's honor would be held firm.

Little Edwin would get to meet a person that would at least provide a source of relief for his desires. True Deanne might not be everything Edwin desired, but she would do. Norma would see to it that the family name was maintained even if two people had to settle for something neither fully wanted.

She would see to it that these two became love birds. She would make sure that they not only got together, but would stay together. Deanne's wishes in this matter did not even concern her. Between the effects of the drugs and corset, as well as her training, what other choice would Deanne have anyway.

“Who ever said that life was fair!” she thought. *“It's time these young kids woke up and smelled the coffee. She stands there sniffing and cowering just like a punished puppy,”* thought Norma. *“She will do exactly as I say by the time she leaves here and she will be an obedient wife.”*

While Dean was going through his own personal hell, Don did not get off any easier. His awaking the next morning only brought a greater nightmare. He was rudely awakened at five— thirty in the morning. Hours or did it seem like days before his usual time for getting up, by a still mad Edna.

“Come on get out of that bed this minute or you'll feel the strap young lady!” She said pulling the covers off the bed. “You will have exactly thirty minutes to use the bathroom which includes a shower or face going outside naked!”

“AH, Mom!” he started, but a hard bare handed slap to his exposed pantied bottom shut him up. He got out of bed without further protest sure in his mind that the entire world had gone absolutely fuckin' crazy. The stinging in his behind made sure that he knew he wasn't dreaming. The immediate embarrassment he felt wearing the skimpy feminine gown and the knowledge of how exposed he was in it, made sure that he would comply.

While he was sitting on the commode, his mother walked in without knocking.

Without looking directly at him she said, “Donna remember to wear the shower cap sitting on the towel rack before you get into the shower. I don't have the time to mess with wet hair this morning and I don't think you will want a lot of people looking at you when we go out.”

After she placed a clean set of undies by the sink, she turned to look directly at him. While Don blushed red and kept his hands over his groin, she finished, “Put these on when you finish. Call if you need help. Make sure you shave closely and I'll be waiting in your bedroom in twenty minutes. Be there!”

She did not stand around to here his whispered reply. Don was wallowing in a deep depression and self consciousness that only a man deprived of his masculinity could feel. What was really depressing however, was the knowledge that his mother and her friends had totally defeated him. He was helpless in their hands.

If they chose to pass out copies of all those pictures that they had taken the previous night....well that in and of itself would completely destroy him. Oh, man! What if his friends saw those horrible pictures of him in a nightie and posing like he had. They would crucify him, simply crucify him, his mind rambled.

It was a very glum Don that emerged from the bathroom. He was wearing a pale yellow pantygirdle with a small, rose anchored, satin ribbon in the center of the elastic waist band. The brighter yellow satin training bra with its lace embellished half cups and sides fitted tightly across his chest. His mother was waiting as promised.

“Come along dahlin” she began, “If you want to have your breakfast you are going to have to hurry. Here, come and sit on the vanity stool and I'll help you with your hair and make—up.”

It did not take long to get him presentable. Edna used only a minimum amount of make—up and his hair was quickly brushed into last night's arrangement. A shiny full slip in candleglow with light lace tracery and hemming was pulled over his head after he was cautioned not to get any lipstick on it. A pair of ankle socks with yellow pompoms attached to the upper heel and girlish sneakers were soon on his feet. A white sand washed silk blouse with full billowing sleeves and wide collar and cuffs was buttoned up the back and a denim, western styled skirt with tooled cowboy belt completed his attire.

Before he knew it, Don was getting out of his mother's car and following her into the physician office complex adjacent to the small community hospital. It was a good thing

that he had eaten something, for his stomach was already beginning to toss and churn in nervous anticipation. The few people that he passed paid him no mind and that eased his qualms somewhat. What was really causing his stomach acids to slosh and fume; however, was the question of why he was there in the first place. He wasn't sick, but he was most definitely scared.

Don looked at the small girl's watch strapped to his wrist. The hands were almost too small for him to tell the time, but it looked like seven—ten. He and his mother had been sitting in the doctor's office for what seemed like an eternity, but it hadn't been that long. He kept fidgeting and crossing and recrossing his ankles then his hands, then back to his ankles. Until a loud whispered "Stop IT!" came from his mother.

At last he was sitting on the examination table, dressed only in a paper gown and his socks. Now while he fidgeted, he wished with all his heart that he was back out in the lobby. Even his mother had left him to go talk privately with the doctor.

"Well, Donna" the doctor said as she entered the examination room with his mother right behind her. "I understand that you are having a little problem coping. Now, now such a pretty girl shouldn't be so sad. It's nothing to worry about really. Probably just the hormone thing you know. Well, let's see what we can. Take a deep breath, another, good, another, exhale slowly for me, yes, that's good. Ok, hold real still for a moment. Good. Now, I want you to slip down to the edge here and place your heels into these stirrups for me. Come on don't be afraid. There that didn't hurt did it?"

Up until the point where the doctor told him to put his feet up into those metal things, Don was just nervous. Now as his feet were supported well above his head and his entire groin was exposed to view, he was really getting scared. His fright increased almost to the panic level when the doctor fastened his feet to the stirrups with padded leather cuffs. He actually turned white as his mother held him down while the doctor fastened his arms to the sides of the examination table.

"Now, Donna there is nothing to be afraid of. The doctor is just going to make a few minor adjustments and before you know it you'll be back at work sewing lingerie at the factory," his mother crooned to him.

He was thinking about screaming his silly head off when he felt a sting as the needle went into his vein. As he tensed and drew air into his lungs for the scream that he hoped would bring him salvation, he suddenly lost the urge. A few seconds later, Don really did not care about anything. As a matter of fact he felt just fantastic. Whatever that stuff was, it sure was good. "Wonder if I can get some of that shit to take home?" was his last rational thought for some time.

"You know Edna, I don't really approve of what you intend on doing," the doctor began. "However if it weren't for you, this town wouldn't have a hospital nor would I be here myself. I would be severely remiss though, if I did not, at least, inform you of my opinion or that the possible repercussions may prove detrimental to all parties concerned. This face peel wasn't meant to permanently rid the face of hair, only wrinkles. Using this much to kill hair follicles may cause some damage to the skin surface. You sure?"

"Doctor," Edna interrupted, "I understand your concerns, but believe me if there were any other way, I would surely try it, but I, er, I mean we, have made up our

minds. This must be done and you know me. I'm a perfectionist. That is one reason why I am so successful and my business is thriving. It was because of this in all likelihood that Donna has turned out like she has, but I intend to rectify that today. Now please just do as we discussed earlier and let's just get finished. I still have a lot to do."

While the chemical solution was eating away Donna's facial hair, the doctor was doing a surgical tuck and prosthetic realignment. Within two and a half hours, Donna had a waxen clear complexion, two obvious "C" cup bulges, and very flat groin. Nothing had been removed from his groin, but only he and his doctor would ever be able to really tell.

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A still groggy and disoriented Donna was helped from the wheel chair into the passenger side of the car. Edna was still talking to the doctor as she finally pulled the driver's door shut.

"Thank you doctor! You have been most helpful. I am sure that once we have my niece's hormones properly balanced, she will want to thank you as well from the bottom of her heart. There will be a little something extra in your paycheck this month to show my appreciation. good-bye for now, we'll talk some more later."

Don awoke. The room was black with the night and he almost knocked over the lamp as he struggled to turn it on. His body did not want to fully comply with his wishes. His arms and legs tingled like they often do when held in position too long and they go to sleep. At last he had enough light to see as he struggled to get out of bed and then remain erect. His legs were wobbly and weak, but he managed to get into the bathroom. Flipping the light switch, he slid his feet over to the sink where he had to pause. Bracing himself with both hands clutching the rim of the sink, Don focused his eyes on his reflected image on the medicine cabinet mirror.

It took him a few seconds to focus and a few more to comprehend the reflected face. His nose was bandaged with adhesive tape, just like that time when he had broken his nose. His eyes were puffy and swollen while the surrounding tissue was bruised, even turning black and blue. "*I, I mus, must have fallen and hurt my nose,*" he thought as he examined the bandage with his finger tips.

"*My throat is as dry as dirt,*" he thought. Slowly he turned on the faucet, cupped his hand under the cold water flow, and gulped it down while bending over the sink. "*Ahhh, Damn that tastes good. Ugg, that hurts,*" he croaked as he straightened up and felt the tug of bandages on his chest and groin. "*What the...*" his mind trailed as his fingers reached to touch his side.

"*Gotta get this thing off,*" he muttered as he pulled the night gown up and over his head. Tossing the gown aside, he then patted the wide elastic bandage surrounding his upper chest. "*Shit, I must have really hurt myself. Funny...I...I don't remember falling.*"

Don had to grip the sink rim once again as a dizzy spell made him weak. As he felt better and lowered his arms, his finger tips brushed lightly across his groin. Pausing as his mind absorbed the texture and feel of the garment fitted tightly across his

crotch, he looked down to see what it was. Quickly, his hand reached up to grasp the sink rim once again to steady himself. *“Oh, man what the fuck has happened to me?”* his mind wanted to know.

There between his legs was an overlapping layered, pink highlighted, white lace material covering a bright pink, soft plastic “V” wedge. It was held in place by an adjustable belt—like device. As his fingers lightly, very tentatively brushed over the ribbing of lace, his mind noted the very flat, feminine appearance of his groin. Uncontrollably, his hands and fingers began to tremble and shake.

As he dared to look down, there, between his legs once again he noticed the bandage constricting his chest. Without conscious desire, he began pulling at the elastic material. Finally, his hands found the metal fasteners and pulled them away. Unraveling the bandage and letting it drop to the tiled floor, he found two firm round mounds. They perched on his chest, tugging with noticeable and somewhat painful force.

Wide-eyed and open-mouthed, he lightly touched them, feeling their firmness and reality. The nipples were small, but had been altered such that they had noticeable holes in their centers. They protruded from his chest more from being swollen than actually enlarged. They were very, very sensitive to the touch. He also noticed a thin red line running about three inches laterally under the center of each breast.

He did not dare remove the frilly feminine garment encircling his crotch. He was too afraid to reveal to his sight what he thought lay behind the ruffled lace cover. The numbness and unmanly flatness in that area of his body was almost more than his mind could stand. His eyes opened even further and began to glaze over in shock as his mind fully absorbed what his eyes and finger tips had revealed to him. His hands once again gripped the sink rim very tightly, his knees began to fail him, and a low moan began to build in his chest.

As his grip on the sink weakened and he slowly began to settle in a spread eagle position sitting on his bottom, the moan built up in volume until it echoed down the hall.

“Noooooooooooooooooooo,” his agony ripped emotions cried out into the night filled darkness.

Don started coming around out of his fear induced stupor and his awareness was somewhat limited by the emotional damage to his masculinity.

“Mom,” he called in a cracked voice as he became aware of her presence leaning over him.. “Mom! What have you done? Mom?”

“What is it Donna?” she asked. “Are you alright? Any pain?”

Seeing that Don was not in any trouble as he looked up at her with a confused expression on his face.

She added sharply, “Donna! Don't call me mother. I am your Aunt! You must not forget, even for a moment. Your mother no longer exists, understood. We'll work on your background story later after you have recovered fully. Now what is it? I'm trying to make dinner.”

“Mom, what have you done!” his plaintive cry was a statement rather than a question. “You've ruined me!”

“Don't be ridiculous! Of course I have not ruined you! I have made you better!” she retorted. “Now let me help you get up from there and back to bed. Do you need to go potty first dear?”

Seeing him shake his head no, she helped him get up from the floor of the bathroom. After a brief struggle as Don tried to get his balance and some strength in his legs, they made it back to his bed.

“Now, darling,” she continued. “I don't want to seem like a nag, at least not while you are still recuperating, but I'm now your aunt. It's Aunt, Auntie, or Auntie Edna from now on. I would appreciate it, if you would use Auntie. I think that sounds more appropriate. You are my niece; and therefore, I suspect what the doctor did was just reaffirm your correct sex.”

She sat on the edge of the bed and looked him in the eye before continuing. “If I had wanted to really ruin you, as you probably deserve; then, I would have had her remove your little man things completely. As it is, they are still there. Only now they are safely and carefully hidden away.”

Pausing, she reached out to pat his cheek; then, continued, “You could easily pass a close inspection, if necessary, now. The doctor tells me that even your boyfriends wouldn't be able to really tell. Heehee, my, I can't really imagine you going on your first date, but I suppose it must happen sooner or later.”

Don sat there in bed open—mouthed in disbelief. His hands automatically reached down to touch the ruffled lace. It felt smooth and flat. “Mom, uh, I mean Auntie,” he quickly corrected himself as he saw the look in her eye. “What else did you do?” he had to ask as his hands reached up to touch the exposed flesh of his prominent breasts. He was afraid that he already knew, but he wanted to hear it for himself.

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Several days later, Don was still uncomfortable in his or rather her new sex. He had to admit that there could be no doubting that he was now a she. All the plumbing was there and a pair of big feminine breasts were perched on his chest. Particularly irksome was his need to wear a maxipad all the time. Since the doctor did not do a real surgical change on him, but rather a fancy tuck and stitch, whenever he went to urinate there was a residual urine leakage.

“Oh yes!” he thought, “She did one heck of a job on me! Now I don't have any choices at all. The only thing I can do is whatever she says. Well at least until I can get enough money to split and pay for the necessary surgery. Who the hell am I trying to kid? I'm fucked, royally fucked! She even has my balls, damn now I'm starting to cry.”

Don's emotions were also giving him fits. They were running through him like a prairie fire followed by sleet and rain. He couldn't get control of himself and would just go to pieces over nothing, nothing at all. He even started crying watching some silly children's show on television.

What was even more horrible to his male ego was his growing addiction to soap operas. One of the first things his mother made him do was watch and report to her every evening the latest escapades featured on the soaps. He was going through a lot of tissue watching those torch songs. Between his emotions running wild and the soaps, it was difficult for him to concentrate or even think complete sentences sometimes.

Don's only escape from his troubles was what little private time he was given when he took his bath. He enjoyed relaxing in his scented bubble bath. It was one of the new experiences that he actually looked forward to. Living from day to day as a young woman was not as easy or simple as he had always imagined. One of the most difficult tasks that he faced being a woman was just getting dressed.

Not only were the clothes and materials different, but much harder to put on. He was constantly cussing under his breath every time his fingers fumbled with those small pearl buttons that seemed to be on everything that his mother had given him to wear. Then there were the numerous little straps and snaps and hooks. Bra straps and hooks, slip straps and garter snaps, crotch snaps and hooks that kept his fingers busy and made him feel completely uncoordinated.

To add to the complexity of getting dressed, Don now had to worry about how the clothing coordinated with his accessories. Only a few short weeks ago, he did not even know what an 'accessory' was. Once he thought that he was getting a handle on the dressing part, his life was further complicated by having to learn how the many different fabrics that made up his clothing would wear. He was beginning to understand what women meant when they said that the clothing "didn't hang right."

Don spent three full weeks recuperating in the house. While he did so, mounds of books and magazines related to girls, fashions, conduct and poise, cosmetics and hair care, ad nauseam were forced on him. When he wasn't watching the soaps, he was reading and preparing written reports for his new Aunt. The written reports served two purposes. First, to teach him what he had to know in order to live in a woman's world; and second, to change his hand writing into a more flowing feminine style.

According to his way of thinking, this was all a plot by his mother to make his life even more miserable than it already was. At least his mind was beginning to acknowledge the inevitability of his fate with a certain amount of acceptance. What had been done to his body certainly assisted in advancing this acceptance.

Don was still under a tremendous amount of stress. He was very timid and shy when his aunt forced him to finally go out. As part of his recuperation, his aunt made him go shopping with her beginning his third week of "womanhood." At first, it was little trips to small women's stores; then, gradually over the following week, to the more crowded mall and shops he had visited as a boy. It wasn't as bad going to the very crowded mall, but the other smaller shops he had frequented as a boy, well that was another matter.

His aunt had to almost drag him forcibly into the pharmacy where Deanne was now working full time. It was going to be Donna's responsibility to purchase her own feminine hygiene products. Her instructions specifically included his purchase of prepared

douches and feminine napkins. The only way his aunt managed to get him into the store was to threaten to make him go in alone.

At first, he had to consciously make his feet move in the correct directions. When he finally reached the proper aisle, as with most young men, he blushed to the roots of his hair and tried to focus his eyes on the checkered black and white linoleum flooring. About half way down the aisle, he was stopped by a pair of feet standing right in front of him. It forced him to stop and look up. It was Deanne looking almost as embarrassed as he did. Donna also noticed that they were alone.

“Uh, hi Dean,” he managed to stutter. “How ya been, good buddy?” Came out automatically.

“Oh, Don,er, I mean, Donna,” Deanne replied. “Gee, you look awful pretty. Er, Uh, I, I mean you look good,er. Oh Man! I don't know what I mean Don..na. I'm so sorry pal. I never thought that getting that film developed would ever have led to this. Not all this shit we got laid on us, anyway. Can you ever forgive me?”

“Hey, man, don't mean nothin'” Don replied. “Like I didn't have anything to do with it, NOT! At least you get outta this shit soon. I'm stuck here for what seems like forever. Look at me! She, she had me changed man! Can you believe it, she had me fuckin' changed.” Donna spent several minutes telling an open—mouthed Deanne what his mother had done to him.

As Don was relating the facts of life to him, Deanne blushed and fidgeted even more. She was not able to relax or get comfortable listening to Donna. It wasn't until after he left that she realized the cause of her unease. It was Donna's frequent use of curse words as descriptive adjectives.

As Don was relating all his woes, he couldn't help but notice how much his best friend had been forced to change. Deanne had lost a lot of weight and her figure was one that under normal circumstances would have received more than a double take from any of the guys. Deanne was a real knock—out.

Her once flabby stomach was now greatly reduced and all that excess weight had been reapportioned to her hips and chest. Deanne sported two breasts almost as big as his, and the hips had a real feminine flare. As Don looked up and down Deanne's torso, he could even see light coming through the very feminine “V” between the legs. Deanne's knees were together;yet, there was space between the upper thighs. Just like a girl!

At Don's sudden silence, Deanne couldn't help noticing what caused it. It only made Deanne blush the harder. As their eyes locked, Deanne began to tell Donna about her problems. It didn't take Deanne long to describe the prosthetic corset and explain about the liquid, low protein, low fat diet he had been forced to endure.

He was now down thirty pounds and still losing weight, but just couldn't get it off his chest or hips. All he knew was that he no longer had any real strength and was exhausted all the time. They were constantly nagging him to behave in a more ladylike manner and were real sticklers on his learning everything that he could about women. The wicked step—sisters, as Deanne was now referring to Norma and Estelle, were giving him a lot of grief for only a few more weeks of punishment.

“They're making me learn all this stuff about women's bodies and make—up and all kinds of female gunk. They are making me learn all about the products on this aisle and quizzing me on it! Can you believe it? It's bad enough having to learn about all the different make—up stuff, but this is a thousand times worse,” Deanne whispered to Donna as Edna and the sisters turned down the aisle.

“Well girls,” Edna said as they neared the two, “are you having your own hen session? Well, I guess you two do have a lot to talk about, but Donna, we have more stops to make and I'm sure that Deanne has her work to do. You can stop to chat the next time we're here. Now get your merchandise and let's go.”

That next week Donna went to his aunt's factory and after filling out all the necessary forms and employment materials, started working full time. Among the papers that he signed was one requesting payroll to forward all his net pay to the local chapter for women. During the next three months Donna learned to quickly and efficiently machine sew two parallel reinforcing lines across bra cups. It was something easily learned and did not take a mental giant to master. It did take nimble fingers however, as he soon found out.

Almost a month passed before Donna had to purchase more sanitary pads. Seeing an even thinner and feminine Deanne still there puzzled and surprised him. They had only a short time in which to talk, but Donna heard an earful. Much more than he really wanted to hear as it was all bad. It left him in a depression for several days afterwards.

It seemed that Deanne had committed so many mistakes in learning how to behave like a lady and learn what she had to about cosmetics and the feminine hygiene aisle that her punishment was extended for another month.

“Demerits,” Deanne had said, “Those horrible demerits. How can I possibly learn all this stuff when I've never been a girl before? Gosh, it's not like I'm going to have to do this for the rest of my life.”

Deanne went on to describe to Donna all the little things the two sisters dreamed up to punish him; especially, about the cure they used on him to stop his cussing. Donna noticed that Deanne actually cringed when she used the word “cuss.” She wasn't able to tell him much more, other than Ms. Norma's cousin had moved in and that she was being forced to be nice to the guy.

“He's a real nerd. You know, like the wimp in the word wimpy,” Deanne had said. “They're making me go out with him. Like on a real date! Oooh, I just hate that, but I don't have any choice. They gave me another twenty—five demerits when I first refused to go out with him.”

Deanne started to tell him more, but once again Edna interrupted them.

Donna left the pharmacy more confused and sorry for Dean than ever before.

“Heck,” he thought, “*Deanne wasn't suppose to be punished this bad. What if, what if Mom, Auntie, is going to find some way to do the same to me. Damn!*”

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Donna did not get back to visit Deanne until the beginning of fall. There was a little nip in the air, Donna and her aunt were out shopping for winter coats and decided to stop by for a quick visit. It took Donna several minutes to realize that the young woman tending the cosmetics counter was Deanne. There could be no mistaking the sales girl standing behind the counter wearing a pink nylon smock in heavy evening make—up as anything other than the young lady she appeared to be.

“Besides, Dean had long finished his punishment and should be back fiddling with his hog,” Donna thought. *“Can't be. No way!”* Then the girl turned so that he could see her full faced. *“Damn! It is Dean! What is he still doing here? Ooooh, what have they done to him?”*

A very feminine Deanne walked over after waving at them. There was a pronounced sway to her full hips and feminine grace that could only come from a lot of practice. The once chubby, well actually fat boy, was now anything but.

“His waist couldn't have been more than twenty—six inches, if that, and the chest, at least a thirty—seven C cup” in Donna's feminine judgment. *“A Thirty—seven, twenty—six, uh, say thirty—eight hip. Yes, a real knock out,”* his mind finished for him.

Deanne pulled the still shocked Donna over to the make—up counter supposedly to show him some new lipstick colors.

“Donna, thank heavens you finally came,” Deanne said in a soft sexy voice. “I'm going out of my mind. I really am! Do you have any idea of what's going on here. They're making me date that nerdy cousin of theirs and I, I had to do it. You know IT! No, not that it the other it. I have to kiss him an..an..and let him do things just like I was a real girl. Like you know, touch me and all that stuff. It makes me feel funny. My body is acting weird, like you know. An...an..and like my mind, you know, like just shuts down, you know. Can't seem to think straight anymore, like, ya know.”

Deanne paused to pull at an errant bra strap, then popped a wad of chewing gum into her mouth. A vacant look seemed to come into her eyes; then, just as quickly she got a desperate look on her face.

“Donna what am I going to do. I was suppose to be outta this long ago, but, but...er..I, I ..don't know if I can ever get back...uh..you know...being my old self. You're my only hope, Don get me outta here,please!”

Donna did not know what to do, but promised to look into it. Don was getting a very queer feeling in the pit of his stomach over this entire deal. While he hadn't been screwed over like Deanne had obviously been, there was now a question in his mind. He decided right then and there to have a talk with his aunt about his punishment.

When Donna brought his full attention back to a gum smacking Deanne, there was a totally different look in her eyes. It was almost like they were unfocused.

“Yeah, Donna.” Deanne was saying, “this color is really you. Ain't, oh, I shouldn't be using that word, not proper you know. Anyway, look how it shimmers and its really long lasting. Will not come off on hardly anything.”

"Whoa! Man!" Donna's mind yelled, "Where did Dean go. Who or what is this thing standing here? It's certainly not the Dean that I was talking to just a moment ago. There is something fishy going on here and I do not want any part of it. Oh no, not this boy!"

"Donna," he heard his aunt calling. "Come dear, we have to be on our way. Say good-bye to Deanne and let's go. You can see her later."

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By the end of Donna's third month gainfully employed, with no end in sight for his forced femininity, he tried to get his aunt to let him go back to being both a boy and her son, his recent visit with Deanne still very much on his mind.

He stood with his hands cupped behind his back swaying his lower body back and forth, letting his full skirt float out around him. With his head down, avoiding looking his aunt in the eyes, he explained that he had been good and he was truly and completely contrite and sorry for what he had done. He promised that he would never photograph women naked again nor would he "ever, ever do anything bad again as long as he lived."

His hoped for pardon was completely demolished when his aunt explained that because of his working and public appearances, it would be impossible for him to revert into boyhood. Additionally, it was now common knowledge that her niece was living with her so that he could never become Don anytime soon. When all hope seemed lost to Don, his mother added, loud and direct enough to ensure that he fully understood, that he would have to stay a girl at least until he went off to college.

While Don was devastated to hear that he would still be a girl at summer's end, he could now hope for release in the near future. It was the only thing that kept him from losing it completely. He had been prepared to get physically rough, if he had had to. Not that that would have done him any good. He did not realize just how much the hormones and diet had weakened his body.

It was the middle of fall when Donna once again saw Deanne. This time though the difference in Deanne's manner and attitude was a much more prominent one. This was a girl, no a real woman. Deanne still had two large full mounds on her chest, a very slim feminine waist, wide hips and a look of feminine ripeness as before, but she now looked completely natural.

She also wore a small diamond ring on her left hand.

They did not have any time to talk, but from what Donna was able to gather Deanne actually looked forward to getting married. Her entire approach and conversation se really female. Donna could not get over the change that had taken place in Deanne. Like she had been drugged and completely brain washed.

After the visit, Donna asked her aunt about college and being able to return to his manhood. He perked up when she said that she would see that he did get to go to a distant out of state university. She wanted him to get used to being on his own and learning all the necessary tools to survive in the real world.

What she did not tell him was that she had an all girls school in mind.

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