

RANDY'S SERVITUDE

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Randy Fletcher was nineteen with thick just below the collar length curly brown hair and dark blue eyes. He was small for his age standing five foot seven and weighted one hundred thirty pounds. He had been raised by a spinster school teacher who took him in when his parents were killed in a tragic accident. She had been a friend of his mother's and didn't want to see him placed in foster care. She was now retired and had plenty of time to devote to his upbringing and she missed having young children around. Living in a small farming community everyone knew everyone else's business and she stepped in to help when needed. The state agency had no problems awarding him into her care.

Rosa Edmunds was a very caring person and adopted Randy when he was twelve. She was a sweet grandmotherly woman but strict. She made sure he studied, didn't carouse like the other boys or play sports and acted like a gentleman. When his homework was completed, he wasn't allowed to go out and play. Instead of playing he helped her with the housework and cooking. Like any other normal boy his age he objected to those demands but Rosa was insistent. While kindly, she firmly believed in spare the rod spoil the child. For those chores he always wore a white bibbed apron of plain unadorned cotton. She also supervised his leisure time activities which included what magazines, books, movies or television he could enjoy. No sports, they were too violent. No hunting or fishing as that resulted in the killing of innocent animals. Any television show or movie rated above a PG was strictly prohibited including PG-13.

Another change that he did not like was having to dress in slacks, starched shirt and brightly shined dress shoes. Gone were his beloved jeans and cowboy shirts. He had protested but again the application of the rod ended that. She also made him wear a tie to school. If it had been a regular tie, it wouldn't have been so bad but it was a hand knotted bow tie. As a result of his upbringing and dress he was shunned by his classmates and he had few real friends. When he managed to get with some of the other guys, all he could do was listen as they talked about the latest action movie, sports event and such. He was embarrassed when they asked him for his opinion as he had no knowledge of those subjects.

Before Rosa took him in, Randy had been a normal boy with a lot of friends. His friends all wore jeans and cowboy boots, involved in sports and beginning to find the opposite sex interesting. He liked to rough house and get dirty with the rest of them. That all stopped once she began making her changes in his dress and behavior. No more after school activities further distanced him from his friends. Unable to listen to teenage music, watch sports or go to a "real" movie further isolated him from his peers. As a result he became more and more withdrawn over time.

He liked girls but was too shy to ask anyone for a date. The few times he did date were arranged by Rosa and were the girls that none of the other boys wanted to take out. At his junior prom he was set up with Mary Boidken, a fat farm girl with straw like red hair and tons of freckles.

According to Rosa, Mary had a wonderful personality and they would make a great pair. The only good thing about that date was he got to kiss her or rather she kissed him. It was a chaste kiss but he liked it. He knew absolutely nothing about girls except

they had boobs, vaginas and smelled good. He wouldn't have known that except for observation and what he had heard while playing in the schoolyard before his parents died.

When he began puberty at fourteen, he was very confused and scared. It seemed like whenever he was near a girl or a whiff of her perfume, he got a major erection. That experience embarrassed him to no end. When he began waking up in the mornings with one was even more ashamed. It wasn't until he overheard some jocks talking about theirs and what they did with it that he gained some understanding. His curiosity got the better of him and he masturbated for the first time. It was glorious and exhilarating but once the euphoria melted was down right mortifying. Not having a man around to talk to about his new sexual awareness further affected his development.

Seeing Rosa in the mornings wearing a tattered blue terry robe tied loosely with a sash also help set his sexual mindset. Often when she moved the top would open and he would get an eyeful of her well endowed chest covered in a white long-line bra. Occasionally, when she sat, the robe would open up revealing the legs of her long-line white girdle. At those times his erection would spring to life making him blush. When she would inquire about his blushing, it only made his humiliation worse.

Rosa tried her best with Randy but she had never been married. The only children she had experience with were her third grade kids when she had taught. What she knew how to do was instill discipline and order. She made sure that he grew up with those attributes.

In time he discovered her Sears' catalogs. He had always known about them but this time she had left the book open to the lingerie section. It only took a glance to get him hooked. Every chance he got from then on he would open the catalog to that section displaying similar foundations to what Rosa wore. Seeing full figured women, modeling full coverage bras, girdles, waist cinches and corsets made his breath come in gasps, his penis stiff as a board. With this discovery and having only dates with full figured girls his sexual tastes were set in stone.

When he was seventeen he got a summer job working at the general store. He wasn't strong enough to do the heavy lifting so spent most of his time helping Mr. Wilson's daughter Thelma. Thelma was five years older, about five foot nine in low heels and weighted over two hundred twenty pounds. Her black hair was cut into a short bob and the thick lenses of her glasses made her eyes look beady. She usually wore tight blue jeans and checkered flannel shirt while at the store which showed off her large full breasts and big round ass. She was put in charge of Randy's training and thoroughly enjoyed being the boss for a change.

In no time at all he was doing all of her menial work while she sat behind the cash register sipping on a soda and smoking. She liked to smoke those 120mm thin menthol cigarettes and enjoyed having Randy stop what he was doing and light one for her. She made sure to exhale directly into his face once it was lit. She found his reaction to the smoke hilarious. On a whim she switched his plain white cotton bibbed apron for one of hers. Her apron was also white but had blue lace trimming on the hem and side pockets. She got a big kick out of seeing him blush scarlet when she made him put it on.

"Since you are doing all the sweeping and mopping you might as well wear my apron. It looks more suitable on you," she laughingly said.

Thelma didn't hate men but because of her looks and size very few ever wanted to date

her. Those that did took advantage of her and she was left unsatisfied sexually from those experiences. She decided that Randy would fill that need. It started innocently with a few forced kisses after he lit her cigarette. Then one day, as he was cleaning the bathroom and Mr. Wilson was away, she took it a step further. She cornered him in the bathroom, shut then locked the door. He was cowering on his knees at the commode, pink rubber gloves on his hands and wearing her apron.

She unbuckled her cowboy belt, her jeans and pulled them down revealing her bright yellow high waist panty girdle. Slowly she stuck her thumbs into the waist band and pushed them down to her knees. She was standing over him, her thick kinky black bush staring him in the face. He had never seen one before and was mesmerized until she pressed it close to his face. The strong odor of musk, sweat and urine made him rear his head back.

“Go on pull my girdle off. I’m going to teach you how to make me happy,” she said hoarsely.

By the time summer was coming to a close, Randy was totally under Thelma’s thumb. Like all the other women in his life she was fat, wore heavy foundations and demanding. His experiences in the toilet though few had been demeaning and humiliating but had a profound effect on his sexual understanding. After he had orally satisfied her, she would have him pull the girdle back into place and pat his head like a dog. She didn’t leave until he pulled out his penis and whacked off in front of her until he spilled his seed into the toilet. She got tremendous pleasure out of those sessions while Randy was left mortified. After that summer he never went back to work at the general store. Instead, he went to summer school to get college credits.

Rosa died from cancer at the age of seventy soon after he graduated from high school. There was nothing keeping him in this rinky-dink town and he had been accepted at a college in the big city. Except for his clothing, he put the house and contents up for sale. Using Rosa’s 1975 Buick headed to the big city. He had thirty-five hundred dollars from her estate and figured it would last until the house was sold. What he didn’t count on was how long it took to move real estate in the country. He also didn’t take the time to have the car registered in his name. All he wanted to do was get the hell out of Dodge and shed his pansy image. No one would know him in the city and he could be anybody he chose to be.

“Yes, things will be much better at college and the city. Anything has got to be better than living here,” he thought as he put the car into drive.

Ooo

The university was located near the center of the city and Randy was lucky finding it. Driving in the country versus the city was a totally new and confusing experience. All the cars, one way streets, the people, finding a parking space and other distractions were too much for him to handle. He decided very quickly that he didn’t like driving in those conditions. After he registered he had to find a place to live. He had spent the last four days in a motel and couldn’t wait to find something cheaper and better. Unfortunately he forgot to pre-register for a dormitory assignment and the rooms were taken. He didn’t think to ask the school if they had a list of approved rentals and spent two days searching the newspaper. Most of the properties were either too expensive or too far away from campus. He needed a place close so he wouldn’t have to drive.

“For Rent: Tidy three room basement apartment with its own bath. \$200/month provided tenant willing to do light work around the house. Meals included. Tenant must be of good moral standing and acceptable to owner’s requirements.”

Randy took one look at the ad and hoped that it was still available. It sounded too good to be true but he had to check it out. It was the right price and he didn't mind the work requirement. It was located near the bus line that would get him to the university. He called the number and to his surprise the apartment was still available. He got directions and hurriedly drove to the location.

The house was a brownstone two story with a narrow driveway and small garage. The house fronted on the street but had a small fenced backyard. He was nervous as he rang the door bell but had high hopes. The house and neighborhood were in an older part of the city but well kept up. The bus stop was not quite a block away and there was a small grocery on the corner. He was wearing his best grey slacks, starched white dress shirt and blue with white dotted bow tie.

He didn't have long to wait before the door opened. A large woman wearing a blue house dress greeted him in a heavily accented voice. She ushered him into the parlor and asked him if he would like some tea. Randy was nervous, a drink would help and nodded as he took the indicated seat on the couch. He was a bit startled as she picked up a silver bell and rang it. She then began asking him about his background and what he was doing. She didn't introduce herself so he was forced to address her as ma'am.

Soon after the interview began, a man entered the room carrying a tray with a tea service and plate of cookies. He had a wild fringe of gray hair over his ears, a round chubby face with a large nose and bushy eyebrows. He was wearing tan kaki trousers, white shirt and a baby blue ruffled apron. When he smiled he had yellow crooked teeth. Randy fidgeted uncomfortably as the man stared at him then dipped into what looked like a small curtsey.

"Thank you Albert that will be all," the woman said.

"That was my husband Albert. Now pour the tea and help yourself to the cookies," she said.

After interviewing him for an hour, she said, "Good, my name is Mrs. Mills. You can move in tomorrow as long as you are willing to help around the house. First and last month's rent in advance. If that is acceptable, sign this contract. It spells out the provisions of your stay here and is for one year," she said passing three sheets of paper to him and a pen.

Randy hesitated briefly before signing the document. The couple that owned the house was somewhat strange but he needed a place to stay. Giving the paper a brief scan he signed it then gave her a check for \$400. It wasn't until after he gave her the check that he realized that he hadn't even seen his apartment. She led him to a solid wooden door near the back entryway, unlocked it and handed him the key.

"This key opens the back door as well. Come, come your room is just down these stairs," she said.

The basement apartment consisted of three rooms, a living/kitchen area, bedroom and full bathroom. The living/kitchen area held a tattered couch and a matching lounge chair that had seen better days. On a table in front of the couch was an old model nineteen inch television. An old orange shag rug covered the living area's floor and green and white checkered linoleum the kitchen area. A small refrigerator, counter top with stainless steel sink and electric stove top, kitchen table with three chairs and a few pots, pans and other service wear completed the kitchen amenities. The bedroom had beige shag carpeting and held a brass twin bed with a pale pink pillowed satin comforter, an eight drawer wooden dresser, side table with lamp and alarm clock and a straight backed chair. The walk in closet was surprisingly large. The bath had an old

fashioned footed tub with a shower curtain, commode, counter with sink and a linen closet. A full length mirror was on the back of the bathroom door. The apartment had three small rectangular windows high up on the wall. Each window had pink gauzy looking curtains. There were several paintings hung in the rooms all were floral designs. The apartment was a bit on the feminine side but well lit and comfortable looking.

“My landlords are a bit odd but seem nice enough and the apartment much better than I expected. Man, it’s going to be great to have my very own place. Who knows, I might even be able to bring a chick back there,” he thought as he drove off.

Ooo

Classes didn’t start for another three weeks and he looked forward to getting settled and see what the city had to offer. He only had his clothing and a few knickknacks so moving wasn’t a problem. He arrived after the rush hour with suitcases in hand. To be polite he knocked first before he used the key. Mrs. Mills was sitting at the kitchen table. Mr. Mills was wearing his apron and sitting in the chair opposite her.

“Ach, you missed breakfast Randy but come have a seat next to me. Albert, get the boy some coffee,” she greeted as Mr. Mills got up, grabbed the coffee pot, coffee cup and saucer as Randy took a seat next to Mrs. Mills.

Randy had his first chance to examine his new landlords. They were both in their late fifties, overweight but neatly dressed. Mrs. Mills had her salt and pepper hair braided and coiled into a bun at the back of her head. She was solidly built with large breasts and larger rear end. Mr. Mills worked for the city. He had a pronounced pot belly but his arms were muscled. He said very little, keeping his attention on the newspaper. They were both from East Germany, arriving in the States when the wall came down. It was obvious that Mrs. Mills was in charge and did most of the talking.

“Albert I think you are going to like having little Randy here as our tenant. He knows how to keep house and cook, so should be a big help to you,” she said as she gave Randy’s thigh a squeeze under the table.

Randy almost jumped out of his chair when she squeezed his thigh. It was so totally unexpected. She had a strange smile and look in her eyes when he glanced her way which made him nervous. Quickly averting his eyes to Mr. Mills he saw an enigmatic smile being returned.

“These are some strange people but seem pleasant enough. She just startled me when she did that. Must be their European background or something like that,” he thought regaining his composure.

When Randy had finished his coffee, Mr. Mills got up and began clearing the table.

“Albert, give me the newspaper then refill my cup. Randy you go and get settled. You can help prepare lunch later,” she stated giving his thigh another squeeze.

He quickly retrieved his luggage and headed down to his apartment. He was relieved to get to the privacy of his own place. For some reason his new landlords troubled him. Mrs. Mills’ bossiness didn’t bother him. He was use to dominant women. It was the way they looked at him as if examining a cut of meat that unnerved him.

The first thing he did was check out his new place. The refrigerator was working but the stove top wasn’t. He fiddled with it before giving up. He really didn’t need it since his rent included meals. Going into the bedroom he bounced on the bed finding it firm enough. He made a mental note to get a new bedspread and something to replace the pictures on the walls. Next, he went into the bathroom. Again, he wasn’t pleased with

the pink plastic shower curtain but could live with it. Inside the linen closet he found an assortment of toweling plus a surprising large amount of feminine products. There was some ash blond hair dye, a box of tampons, a pink rubber douche bag with a large white ridged nozzle, lady's razors and shave gel. There was also an ample supply of shampoo, conditioners, body lotions and bath beads.

"All that girly stuff must have been left here by a previous tenant. I'll ask Mrs. Mills for some trash bags and get rid of it later," he mumbled as he returned to the bedroom. He was unpacking his last suitcase when he felt a presents behind him. Turning he was surprised to see Mrs. Mills standing less than three feet away. For a big woman she was light on her feet.

"I see you are almost finished. Here, I brought you something to protect your clothing when you go up to help Albert with lunch. Here let me help you put it on," she said handing him a pink bibbed ruffled apron with a floral design. It had wide straps that criss-crossed in back before tying into a big floppy bow.

He stood frozen in place, wide eyed in astonishment. "Tha....that's a girl's apron.....," he replied stunned.

"Of course but it's just an apron. It will protect your clothing and only Albert and I will see you in it. Put it on and I'll tie it for you," she sternly replied before he could say anything more.

Reluctantly he put it on and turned around for her to tie it. She pulled it tight, drawing in his waist, did a double knot then a nice big floppy bow. He started to complain about it being tied too tightly but stopped as he felt her put something over his head and knot it at the base of his neck. He could see that it was a pink hairnet from his reflection in the dresser mirror.

"Huh? Wha..."he began but she interrupted.

"That will protect your beautiful curls and keep any from getting into our food. No complains. You agreed to help with the cleaning and cooking and you will do it dressed appropriately. Put those empty suitcases in the garage and then help Albert in the kitchen," she stated.

The apron went down to mid-calf and looked more like a dress than an apron on his thin frame. He felt ridiculous in it and hurried out to the garage praying that no one would see him dressed like that. It was embarrassing enough having Albert see him on the way out. At least Albert didn't seem to give him any undo attention as he helped prepare lunch. Mrs. Mills came into the kitchen a few times as they worked always putting an arm around Randy's waist, pulling him close and saying he was doing fine. He was really uncomfortable with her doing that right in front of her husband. Albert just smiled that enigmatic smile of his and kept on working.

When it was time to eat, Albert removed his masculine looking apron and sat across from them. Randy wanted to remove his but Mrs. Mills told him to keep it on and sit beside her. The meal wasn't fancy and not quite enough to satisfy Randy's hunger as he skipped breakfast. Mrs. Mills reaching under the table and squeezing his thigh while whispering how nice he looked didn't ease his increasing concerns. During the entire time Mr. Mills kept his head down and concentrated on finishing his meal.

After lunch Mr. Mills was sent out to do what little yard work had to be done. Randy was left with the clean up in the kitchen. As he worked Mrs. Mills was supervising his efforts. Every now and then she would walk up to him, compliment on what a good job he was doing and pinch his cheeks then tell him how cute he looked. With the kitchen done she had him dust then vacuum the first floor. Between her watching, the hairnet

tickling his neck and the apron Randy was a nervous wreck by the time she let him go back to his room.

"I don't know about renting this apartment. They seemed nice but is she coming on to me? Like she's more than thirty years older than me and married besides. He's just as strange and I don't like the way he smiles at me. I'm almost sorry I signed that year lease. Maybe I better read it," he thought as he plopped down on the bed sending the apron flapping over his head.

"Dang! Got to get this off me now," he said getting back up.

Try as he might he couldn't undo the apron strings. Giving up he gave a brief thought of having Mrs. Mills undo it but he was too tired to make the effort. Lying back down, he put his hands behind his head feeling the hairnet. Sighing he pulled it off and tossed it in the general direction of the dresser. It seemed like he had just closed his eyes when someone was tapping him on the shoulder.

"You looked so precious sleeping that I hated to wake you but it is time to help Albert in the kitchen. I drew you a nice hot bath. Come, I'll help you," she said with a broad smile.

"Huh? What? Oh, I can do it myself but you'll have to help me out of this apron," he managed. Happy to be out of the apron, he pulled it off and tossed it on the bed.

"Nein! No, you take better care of your clothing yah? Now fold it nicely," she shouted making him jump.

After neatly folding the apron he turned around with Mrs. Mills standing with a determined look on her face in front of him. He flinched when she reached out and began untying his bow tie. He flinched again and tried to bat her hands away as she began unbuttoning his shirt.

"Hey, I can do that myself," he said when he found his voice.

"Hold still you silly little boy. You couldn't even take off your apron now hold still while momma Mills gets you undressed," she snapped. Randy felt like a little kid again when Rosa use to undress him. He stood still, blushing beet red, as she began undoing his belt.

"Please Mrs. Mills I can do this myself," he began.

"You call me Momma Mills baby. Now hush up and let me get this done so I can help you with your bath," she said in a softer but no less commanding voice.

Maybe if he hadn't always been dominated by larger older women he might have been able to stop this crazy woman but he didn't. Stupidly he stood as she stripped him naked. She took her time about it, carefully stopping to fold each garment and put it on top of the dresser before continuing. When the last item was put on the dresser, she took his hand and led him into the bathroom. The tub will filled with multicolored bubbles and gave off a fragrance of lavender and vanilla.

The blush never leaving his face, she scrubbed him thoroughly before giving him a shampoo and conditioning at the sink. He had never been so mortified in his life as when he was bent over the sink with his pink round butt totally exposed. It didn't help his composure when she would run her hand across his bared ass and tell him just how cute his hinny was. He was so mortified he didn't even notice when she began working the ash blond hair coloring into his hair.

With his hair covered turban style and another towel wrapped around his chest, she pulled the mortified boy back into the bedroom. There she removed a clean pair of

boxers and undershirt for him to put on. As she held them out to him, she was making a “tsking” sound and had a sour expression. Dressed she retied his apron and fitted the hairnet around his still damp hair.

In the kitchen Albert gave him a surprised but happy look and told him what to start working on. They were having roast chicken and new potatoes for dinner. Again the meal was nothing too difficult and rather plain. When he sat to eat beside Mrs. Mills he was not as surprised when she leaned over and kissed his still glowing cheek or when she later grasped his thigh.

“Dang, she is coming on to me. I’ve got to get out of here. It’s bad enough having her feel me up but to...to give me a bath like I was a two year old. Wanting me to call her momma she’s nuts if I’m gonna do that. No, I’m leaving tonight and getting away from these crazy people. They can’t hold me to no contract. It takes three days before it becomes effective and I’ve only been here a day.” he thought.

After dinner Mrs. Mills wouldn’t take no for an answer and made him sit on the sofa next to her as they watched some stupid show on the Lifetime channel. She kept her hand possessively on his thigh the entire time while Albert sat in the lounge chair staring at the television oblivious to what was taking place on the sofa. During a commercial, she told Mr. Mills to get them some wine. He returned handing his wife and Randy two large wine glasses filled almost to the top with a white wine. He had a much smaller glass and returned to watch the show.

Randy seldom drank and didn’t like the taste of the wine and put it on the coffee table. Mrs. Mills reached over, pinching his cheek painfully and told him to drink his wine. He decided to chug it down and get the ordeal over with. The wine was a dry slightly bitter tasting drink and as he put the empty glass down asked for some water. Instead, she handed him her almost full glass and told him to finish it. This one he decided to sip as his head had a slight buzz. At ten o’clock Mrs. Mills said it was time for bed and asked Randy if he needed any help.

He stood up, feeling light headed from the four glasses of wine he had been forced to drink and told her that he was okay and could get to bed by him self. She smiled a knowing looking smile and let him go. It wasn’t until he pulled the hairnet off that he saw what she had done.

“OMG! She bleached my hair. That’s it! I’m so outta here. Damn, my suitcases are in the garage. Shit, it’s not like I can’t get something else and I’m sick of wearing slacks and shirts. Its jeans and tees for me now. I’ll grab a few things I can carry and go,” he grumbled as he pulled open the drawers.

The house was quite as he made his way out the back door. Opening the door of the car he tossed in what he had brought then jumped into the driver’s seat. It wasn’t until then that he remembered he was still stuck in that silly apron. Uttering a moan, his head spinning from the wine, he turned the ignition and backed out of the narrow drive. As he reached the street, he misjudged the distance and smashed into the right fender of a car. The loud resounding “bang” of metal crushing metal filled his ears and he panicked. Jamming the transmission into drive he sped away. He was three blocks down when he ran through a stop sign and four before he was stopped by the police. Tears filled his eyes as he was booked for DUI, fleeing the scene, failure to yield and improper registration. He was not only in serious legal trouble but the subject a lot of teasing because of the pink apron. At least the strip search rid him of that horrible garment before he was placed into the holding cell.

Ooo

Needless to say Randy didn't get an ounce of sleep that night. He was the subject of bullying and some rough shoving but the cell was closely monitored. By the time they were escorted to the showers in the morning his eyes were inflamed and tears streaked his face. He was scared to death standing naked under the community shower stall, surrounded by big hairy rough men. When one of them reached between his legs, gave his ass a squeeze and whispered, "New meat you're gonna be sooooo sweet," he jumped back and cracked his head on the wall. His ears ringing with laughter at his reaction caused fresh tears to flood down his face.

"OMG! What kind of people am I stuck with...I've heard the stories but didn't believe them. I thought the guards would never let something like that happen. What am I going to do? I can't even get bail until Monday and I hate it here. Shit! Shit! Shit!" he thought as he finished up in the bathroom.

Back in the holding cell Randy tried to make himself as inconspicuous as possible. He was left alone for the most part but was scared of the looks and comments like, "Pretty boy," "Cutie," and "Bet the cons can't wait for you to get in the general population" that were directed at him from both guards and prisoners.

Monday morning after breakfast he was taken to the court house for a preliminary hearing. He met with a public defender who advised him to plead guilty and waive his right to trial. His charges were serious but a first time offender, if he showed the proper remorse, could pay all the fines and damages might be let off with a lesser sentence. If he had anyone to speak on his behalf and a local residence, he could even avoid prison. Fortunately he had car insurance but the deductible and fines would empty his bank account. He had no choice as going to prison was not an option. He gave the attorney the only reference he had, Mrs. Mills. He could only hope that she would help him.

That afternoon when he stood before the judge, Mrs. Mills testified on his behalf and stated he was a boarder. He was fined \$1,000, driver's license revoked and remanded into Mrs. Mills' custody for two years. It was made very clear that should he get arrested again or gave Mrs. Mills cause he would spend two years in the county jail. A much shaken Randy left the court promising that he would never ever go through that experience again.

On the way home, Mrs. Mills berated him for being so stupid and laid down the law. "You don't know just how close I came to not coming down here to rescue you. You are a willful child and I will not tolerate any further disobedience from you. Unless you want me to turn this car around and take you right back there, you will promise to do what I say, when I say it and do it without objection. Is that understood?"

"Yes Mrs. Mills," he sadly responded.

"What did I tell you to call me?" she demanded.

"Eerrrr, yes momma," he replied after a bit of thought.

"That's right. You proved that you are nothing more than a willful child when you ran away like that, didn't you? You gonna act like a child then I'm going to treat you like one. I'm going to teach you how to behave and act like a grown up. You disobey me and its right back to jail you'll go," she stated.

Back at the house she marched him down to his room and told him to strip. "You have the stench of prison about you. Get out of those clothes and toss them in the trash. I'll have to clean you inside and out to get rid of that stink," she said.

Randy stood horrified as Mrs. Mills pulled the pink douche kit from the closet, filled it

with warm water, liquid soap and a bit of perfume. “Watch what I’m doing because you will be doing this every morning and before bed every night. From now on you will smell pretty inside and out. To stop any leaks, you will be using these from now on as well,” she stated as she pulled a tampon from the box.

Randy’s whole body was glowing pink in humiliation as he worked the thick white nozzle into his backside. It had hurt going in as she wouldn’t let him use any lubrication. She wanted the pain to remind him of what could have happened to him in prison. He wasn’t sure what was worse douching or inserting the thick pink plastic applicator.

She scrubbed his skin until it glowed then proceeded to shave his entire torso including his groin. She took her time shaving between his legs making numerous comments about what a tiny little weenie he had. It didn’t help his ego when she made comments about his itty bitty marbles. He wanted to protest the falsity of her observations but too afraid with the razor zipping over his pubis. He knew from PE classes that he was normal in size even if his penis was shrunken in fear. Her commentary about his smallness did put a doubt into his mind however. When she questioned his lack of an erection while being manipulated that doubt became stronger. With his body free of hair, she dried him off then shampooed and conditioned his hair. She had him sit on the commode while she rolled yellow wire bristle curlers onto his thick ash blond hair.

“Besides keeping your insides clean these curlers will remind you of your wayward ways. Constant reminders of what will happen should you disobey me will help you behave. Now stand up and put this body lotion on,” she said as the last curler was tightly wound to his scalp and pinned into place.

The body lotion like the bath smelled of lavender and vanilla. Randy did as he was told in a robotic trance. He was too stunned by what had happened to offer any resistance or even think. Jail, the court and now what occurred in the bathroom was mind numbing. It was totally foreign to anything he had ever experienced and it shut down his ability to react.

Back in his room, she retrieved the pink hairnet and fastened it over the curlers tying it at the back of the neck. Telling him to get dressed she left the room. Randy was more than happy to cover his nakedness. He was buttoning his shirt when she returned with a sunflower yellow organza apron with wide ruffled white floral lace hemming and yellow satin scarf with a bright floral design. It didn’t take her long to tightly tie the apron and fold the scarf into a triangle, covered his head tying it into a bow under his chin.

He spent the rest of the day cleaning the house. He was very aware of the tampon and prickling at his scalp as he did those chores. He couldn’t stop a tear or two from spilling down his cheek whenever he passed a mirror. His only consolation was that no one else was there to see what had been done to him. Mr. Mills was at work and wouldn’t be home until dinner time. Randy was beyond embarrassed. He could only hope that this was nothing more than a passing fancy and she wouldn’t let her husband see him like this. To his mortification, he was in the kitchen preparing dinner when Mr. Mills walked in the back door. Albert stopped in his tracks, smiled widely as he saw Randy working at the counter.

Mrs. Mills who was having coffee looked up from a magazine and said, “Go give your daddy Albert a hug and welcome kiss home like a good girl.”

Randy was taken totally aback when she said that. He stood embarrassed at having

been seen in curlers and fancy apron but to do what she suggested crushing. His male ego was fragile to begin with but having to perform such a girlish task would be a serious blow to what he had left.

“Yo....you can....can’t be serious,” he gasped.

“Randy I thought we agreed that you would do what I told you without question. Now go and give your daddy Albert a sweet hug and kiss,” she snapped.

Tentatively he took a step forward, his face ashen as Albert stepped up to him eagerly holding out his arms. Albert hugged him tightly as Randy went through the motions of hugging back. Screwing up his courage, he then placed a kiss on Albert’s bristle covered left cheek.

“Good, now Albert go get cleaned up. Dinner will be ready shortly. Randy, that wasn’t so difficult, now was it? I expect you to greet your daddy Albert like that from now on. The judge practically made you a member of the family and I will expect you to act accordingly from now on. Understand?” she said stressing the word “judge.” Her implied threat was made very clear.

“OMG! How did I get myself in this fix? I can’t believe I’m letting her do this to me. She’s treating me like....like a girl. I’m not a girl so why? This makes no sense to me. I don’t want to ever go back to jail so I’m stuck. I just hope this is some kind of stupid phase she’s going through and will stop this,” he thought as he turned back to the meal.

His worries were not relieved as he sat beside Mrs. Mills to eat. Again she kept squeezing his thigh and rubbing it through the slinky fabric of the apron. He became even more uncomfortable while doing the dishes as Albert kept patting him on the ass or touching his arm. It was disconcerting and Randy didn’t like the implied intimacy of his touching. He was more than happy to go to his room with Mrs. Mills after watching some television. Albert had been watching him more than the program with a silly grin on his face.

He was standing in the bedroom, hands clasped in front covering his genitals with only the bright scarf covering his head. “Put your hands down. I’ve seen your little thingy and itty bitty balls. No need for false modesty now is there?” she commented slapping his hands out of the way.

“My...my package is not small.....It....It’s normal for a boy my age. Please stop making fun of me,” he softly replied blushing.

“Normal! That’s a laugh Randy...It’s down right small. Maybe where you come from that’s normal but I’ve seen more than my share and believe me you have nothing to be proud of. Maybe you need a lesson in humility. Stay right here and don’t move. I’ll be right back,” she sneered.

She came back shortly and knelt down in front of him, slapping his legs further apart. “Don’t you move or say a word. Perhaps this will teach you a lesson in humility,” she said.

When she rose and stepped back with a wide pleased grin, Randy couldn’t believe his eyes. She had painted his penis and balls a bright pearlescent pink using fingernail polish.

“I think we’ll keep it that way for a time. Now come along you need to douche then into bed. We have a long day tomorrow,” she remarked.

As he worked the nozzle in and out of his rectum, his penis stiffened enough to crack

the varnish. Mrs. Mills noticed and her comment drove another nail into his fragile male ego.

“Looks like someone enjoys having something poking into his ass, maybe you should have stayed in jail. A pretty boy like you would have a lot of friends in there. Ruining the pretty paint job I did but I can fix that problem,” she said.

When he had finished, she repaired the damage then taking a thin pink ribbon looped it around the head of his penis, pulled it back between his legs tightly and fastened it around his waist tying it in a neat bow just below his navel.

“Just as I thought, keeping it pulled tight should keep the varnish from cracking. You’ll just have to sit to pee from now on,” she commented.

He was so distraught that he didn’t even think about his hair being up in curlers. It wasn’t until sometime later when he turned in bed and the bristles painfully dug into his scalp that he remembered. He mumbled, “Crap,” and tried to get back to sleep. Maybe when he woke it would all have been a very very bad dream.

Ooo

Randy came awake with a start as the loud irritating buzzing of the alarm made his head hurt. It took a few moments before everything came back with agonizing clarity. His head hurt from the tight pulled hair and bristles of the curlers. He sat up slowly patting the sides of his head with his palms after shutting off the alarm.

“Dang, my head hurts. I want these things out of my hair. I hope she decides I’ve been punished enough and stops all this nonsense. Oh man, I’ve got to pee,” he thought stepping out of bed.

He staggered into the bathroom, dropped his pajama bottoms and reached down. It wasn’t until he touched the slick varnish that he remembered what she did to him last night. Mumbling curses, he turned and sat. He was just finishing up when Mrs. Mills walked in. She was wearing a ratty calico quilted robe and pink fuzzy slippers.

“Douche while I get your bath ready,” was all she said.

Gingerly he removed the tampon he had put in the night before and retrieved his kit. After his bath, she removed the curlers and shampooed and conditioned his hair. This time she coated his hair in setting gel before putting the curlers back in. Dressed and wearing the same apron and scarf went upstairs to fix breakfast. It wasn’t any easier on him as Albert came in. He was dressed in a rumpled brown suit and held out his arms for the expected hug and kiss. All it took was a glare from Mrs. Mills to make Randy comply.

With the breakfast dishes washed and put away, she took him upstairs to begin cleaning up. There were three rooms, the master bedroom with its own full bath, two guest rooms one of which was for storage and another bathroom. The guest room was very femininely decorated with delicate white enameled furnishings. There was a queen sized bed with bright lilac satin pillowed comforter and pink satin sheets, a large six drawer dresser with mirror, a vanity with lilac satin skirting and matching satin covered bench seat, a bed side table with porcelain lamp and alarm. The wooden floor was covered with several furry pink throw rugs. The walls were painted an eggshell white with vertical lilac stripes and floral boarder. The window treatments were all in lilac satin. There was a hint of disuse that the floral aroma of the air fresheners didn’t cover. The other room was stacked with boxes and assorted used furniture. He spent the rest of the morning cleaning the upstairs. By the time he finished his head was

itching fiercely but Mrs. Mills refused to remove the curlers.

After a meager lunch Mrs. Mills noted that his hands were looking a bit rough and his nails a disgrace. She had him sit at the kitchen table while she showed him how to perform a manicure. Once his nails were rounded into soft points, she made him paint them in the same color polish as she used on his groin the night before. Three coats followed by a clear coat made his nails glisten like any young lady's. With his nails dried, she gave him a bottle of floral scented hand lotion and a pair of pink rubber gloves. He spent the afternoon hand washing her lingerie and Mr. Mills' boxers. To make sure they came out clean, she had him sniff the crotches of the panties and boxers before and after washing. That task made him nauseated but he did what he was told.

He made dinner while she sat at the kitchen table reading one of her women's magazines. When Albert arrived home he didn't have to raise his arms in invitation before Randy gave him his hug and kiss on the cheek. After dinner and the kitchen cleaned to her satisfaction, he was allowed to watch television. Again as he sat beside her, her arm around his shoulders pulling him in close, he watched some inane show on Life Time. To his surprise, she occasionally turned her head and gave him a kiss on the lips. The kiss was just a peck followed by a quick squeeze to his thigh but it bothered him.

"She's old enough to be my grandmother. So why is she coming on to me like this. It's disgusting," he thought.

To Be Continued

PART TWO

By Cheryl Lynn

The rest of the week followed pretty much the same routine. The monotony was broken by doing the laundry, ironing or polishing the silverware. Mrs. Mills made sure he wore his rubber gloves and checked his polish frequently both on his nails and between his legs. She also started touching him more intimately while he did his chores but seemed to take special delight in giving him quick caste kisses and touches while Albert was around. Albert never seemed to mind which seemed very strange to Randy.

Friday afternoon Albert came home earlier than usual with a bright smile. After his hug and kiss from Randy he handed Mrs. Mills a check. "Sweetie Pie, I sold his car today. I think we got a reasonable sum for it too."

"Wha....what? You....you sold my car? How could you do that? That was mine," Randy spurted.

"Randy what did I tell you about questioning my decisions? I'm going to have to punish you for that outburst but I guess I should have done that much sooner. Your license was revoked or don't you remember and the car impounded. I can't have that old thing of yours blocking my driveway or building up fees at the impound lot. Since you can't drive and have little money left, this will pay for your room and board. Now get back to preparing dinner," she roughly said.

That night after his bath, shampoo, conditioning, repairs made to the varnish on his groin and hair reset, she pulled him over her ample thighs and gave him a bare assed spanking. After each resounding slap, she would rub his round butt cheeks, separate them and poke at his anus.

“You know you have a really cute tight rose bud back here. No wonder your tiny penis gets so excited when you douche,” she said with a laugh.

Her comments stung as much as the slaps and he began to really have doubts about his masculinity. She didn’t stop spanking him until he was a blubbering mass of tears. Tucking him under the covers, she kissed him soundly on the lips, slipping him a bit of tongue before she turned out the lights and left.

He lay there moaning, his backside burning, his scalp pricked painfully by the curlers. The only time his hair was not tightly spun on the bristle curlers was during his daily shampoos. He reached up to scratch at a bothersome curler but it didn’t do a lot of good. His hands were covered in thick hand cream, a plastic disposable glove with a white cotton glove over that. Mrs. Mills wanted him to have baby bottom soft hands and started doing that to him Tuesday night. She had also started giving him facial treatments at that time. She said that his face needed exfoliating, cleansing and depilatory treatments to keep it soft and blemish free. Besides the slick berry flavored taste of her lipstick smeared across his lips, he could also taste the residue of those treatments. One of the last things she did was paint his lips with a solution that made them tingle leaving behind a slightly bitter taste.

“I’ve been in the city less than three weeks and look what’s happened to me. My life is totally screwed and I can’t do a thing about it for two years. I never should have left home,” he lamented.

Ooo

Saturday morning Mrs. Mills did something different. After his bath instead of shampooing his hair, she removed the curlers and brushed out the gel stiffened locks. His head was left in a mop of tight curls. He thought the look too feminine but to be free of the curlers worth it. Dressed in tan slacks and white dress shirt, she gave him a pair of black ballet flats to put on without socks. They were tight, not too uncomfortable but felt strange. After cleaning up the kitchen, she had him put on a pink cardigan, tied a pink silk scarf over his curly hair and turned up the collar of his shirt.

“Come we have a lot to do today. You need a whole new wardrobe and I expect you to be on your best behavior or....,” she let the threat hang as she picked up her purse.

Randy looked around nervously as they walked to the bus stop. It was the first time he had been out on the street since his arrival. His nervousness eased when he realized no one was staring or paying him any attention. The first stop was at her bank when they got off the bus near downtown. There she made him endorse the check Mr. Mills had given her last night. He noticed that it was in his name and for \$ 7,000.

From the bank they walked a couple of blocks to Gretchen’s House of Beauty. It was a little past nine and a “Closed” sign was on the door. Mrs. Mills knocked on the glass and it was soon opened. Inside he was introduced to Gretchen, a tall full figured matron with blond hair braided and coiled at the sides of her head and rosy cheeks.

The salon had five stylist stations, two manicure/pedicure set ups and receptionist desk. The walls were covered with posters of women’s hair styles and painted pale beige. White tile covered the floor. The smell of chemicals and perfume were strong. The only people in the shop were one other stylist fiddling at the station at the far end and the receptionist who was making coffee.

“Randy this is my good friend Gretchen. She’s going to take care of you before the other customers arrive. She was nice enough to open early for us so you wouldn’t be too embarrassed. So be cooperative and nice for my friend,” Mrs. Mills said bluntly.

“Take care of me? I don’t need to be taken care of. I don’t think I’m going to like this but I’m not going back to jail,” he thought as he shook the woman’s hand. It was a very firm handshake that left his fingers tingling. He was taken to her station and a purple drape tied around his neck. She shampooed and conditioned his hair then patted it dry. She then began styling it.

“His hair has so much body and natural curl to it. I don’t think I’ll need to perm it,” she said to Mrs. Mills.

“Perm, I don’t want any perm. Thank goodness she said she wasn’t going to do that,” he thought with some relief.

She didn’t seem to be cutting off much but felt her trimming the back into a sharp “V.” His hair was then sectioned, covered in some kind of chemical goop and covered in tin foil. He was put under a domed hair dryer and given a magazine to read. He looked down and saw that it was a two month old “Good Housekeeping.” Other workers were coming in but none of them seemed to pay him any attention.

Back in the stylist chair the foil was removed, the hair shampooed and conditioned again. Gretchen using smaller bristle rollers than Mrs. Mills wound his hair tight, applied setting gel and put him back under the dryer. While he was under the dryer, a young oriental girl came over and took his hand and began applying one inch extensions to his nails. By the time he was taken from the dryer, he had glamour length bright red nails. With the curlers out, she combed through his hair and set it with a liberal dose of hairspray.

He couldn’t see what it looked like but from what had been done to his nails feared the worse. With his hair done, she tilted his head back and began plucking his brows. Next she applied liquid black eyeliner then using a small brush painted his lids with pink eye shadow followed by a thick coating of black mascara. His ordeal wasn’t over as Gretchen sanitized his ear lobes then pierced them twice. As a final insult, she coated his lips in the same tingling stuff Mrs. Mills had made him put on then using a small brush, colored them in a vivid red.

She spun the chair around so he could see his new look, Randy’s eyes widened in horror as he viewed the image. His hair was now a very brassy blond, styled in a full body stiffly curled pixie cut. The eyebrows shaped into high feminine arches. His thick lips were indeed a very vivid shiny red and the ears held round gold ball and pink rhinestone studs. From the neck up he looked like a girl. Tears filled his eyes as he turned from the mirror.

“Oh look Gretchen, little Randy is crying tears of joy. Randy I think you should give Gretchen a cute girlie hug and kiss to show how much you love your new look,” Mrs. Mills ordered.

From her tone and look Randy knew he could not object but had no idea how to carry out her demand. Seeing his look of confusion, Gretchen stepped forward, grasped his shoulders pulling him close and smacked her lips near his cheek.

“Oh Helga the poor boy has no idea of how to act properly. You should teach him, yah? Besides, it was my pleasure to help him look pretty,” she said stepping back from Randy and shaking a finger at Mrs. Mills.

From the salon Mrs. Mills took him five blocks back towards the edge of downtown to a large thrift store. It was almost noon, the streets more crowded, yet no one seemed to pay him any special attention. Back home he would have been pointed out and made a laughing stock before he had taken two steps. He was surprised and happy that he was being ignored.

If he had thought he was embarrassed at the salon, he was sadly mistaken. The thrift store experience was a thousands times worse. She led him to the foundation section in the lingerie department. There she called over a little old lady wearing a name tag that read, "Bertha."

"Bertha I need good foundations for little Randy here. Would you be so kind and get his measurements for me," she said making him blush.

The old woman looked at him over her reading glasses, nodded and pulled a cloth measuring tape from around her skinny neck. Taking his measurements, she acted as though she fitted men for women's foundations every day. Back home under the same circumstances the clerk would have called the cops.

"What's wrong with these city people? Can't they tell this isn't right? Why is she getting me fitted for foundations? Guys don't wear foundations?" his mind screamed.

In a panic he looked at Mrs. Mills his mouth opening and closing like a guppy. Before he could get any words out, she gave him a cold stare and whispered harshly, "Remember what I said and I meant it. You will cooperate or..., " she didn't need to say the or else.

"Your little dandy here is on the small side but I think I have some nice vintage foundations that will fit, maybe some newer stuff as well. Women now days don't buy foundations unless they're having trouble getting into the plus sizes. The vintage styles were made for smaller gals," she commented putting the tape back around her neck. Either she didn't hear or ignored what Mrs. Mills had said.

The women left him wearing only his boxers in the changing room. They came back after thirty minutes arms loaded with foundation garments. He was relieved to see them as he was scared that he was left, almost naked in a lady's changing room on purpose. The cops would surely have a field day with him when they caught him there.

He left the dressing room wearing a mint green long-line girdle and matching long-line bra. The girdle had bright emerald green diamond panels with silver thread embroidered fern design. The bra's A-cups had the same embroidered design. The bra was a tight fit, the broad band restricting his breathing and wide straps dug into his shoulders. The cups were underwire with stiff support that pushed his flesh up filling them. The girdle was extremely tight, pulling painfully at his groin and stomach. His already narrow waist was shrunk by another four inches down to twenty-two.

His face wasn't red from lack of air rather humiliation. Bertha had seen his pearlescent pink penis and balls. Her suppressed giggles could still be heard in his ears as he followed them out of the dressing room. The girdle couldn't be put on with his boxers and had been given a pair of green nylon brief cut panties with white floral lace edging. He turned his back to the women as he changed but forgot that he was facing a full length mirror. Bertha had seen his reflection and gasped loudly before putting her hand over her mouth as she began giggling.

Dropping off the foundations and two dozen pairs of panties at the check out counter, he was taken to the dress department. His embarrassment didn't ease as he stood by a rack of skirts in his slacks and dress shirt that stuck out from his chest while Mrs. Mills held a skirt against his waist. This time when he came out of the dressing room he was wearing a black satin mid-calf length pencil skirt instead of his slacks. A half dozen other skirts were draped over his arm as he went to the counter to add them to his pile of purchases. He drew a few stares from other customers as he went by but nothing was said. The walk to and from the checkout counter seemed to take forever as the skirt made him take mincing steps. Wearing trousers he could have made the

trip in less than a third of the time.

From skirts he was fitted with various blouses. All the blouses chosen were mostly constructed of soft sheer fabrics with lots of ruffles and lace. The few that weren't were made of glossy satin both solid colors and bright floral patterns. Taking the selected blouses to the counter he was wearing a pea green sheer long billowing sleeved blouse with wide satin cuffs and frilly lace jabot. The lace jabot started at the high ruffled neck and widened into a fan across his bosom. His bra straps and sides of his bra cups were plainly visible through the thin material. This time when he made the trek to the counter no one even glanced his way.

As he made his way back Randy was hoping that Mrs. Mills would be satisfied and they could leave. Those hopes were dashed when he spent the next hour trying on dresses. In the end, she selected four rayon A-line full skirted three quarter length sleeved dresses. Two dresses were solid colors in pale peach the other pale blue. One dress was black, buttoned up the front with large white buttons and white cuffs and collar. The last dress was pale pink in a paisley pattern.

He was modeling the paisley dress when Mrs. Mills said, "These full skirts are flirty but we need some crinolines to fluff them out. Girls today only wear them with special outfits but I remember when no self respecting lady would venture out without wearing her petticoats. Bertha do you have any in stock? Great, be a dear and bring....let's say three for each dress if you can."

Bertha came back with her arms overflowing with nylon yoked stiff net petticoats in a rainbow of colors. Mrs. Mills gushed when she saw them and pulled a red one from the pile. It had a nylon yoke and three tiers of stiff red netting hemmed in bright red satin with small red ribbon bows above the hems. She picked out two more red ones, gathered them together and had Randy step into them.

"Oh yes, I like the look. See Randy how they flare out your skirt. Now give us a twirl. Yes, that's it. Exposing a hint of petticoats like that is just so feminine I think. Young girls today have no idea of how sexy that makes a dress look."

The only time Randy had ever seen girls wearing such things were at square dances. He remembered that he thought they were sexy at the time. He didn't want to be seen as sexy besides, they itched his legs.

"Momma, I don't want to look sexy and they itch," he protested.

"Darling a half-slip or stockings will stop the itching. Give us another twirl and go change back into your skirt and blouse. We still have a lot to do," she replied.

From dresses, they went to hosiery and shoes. Mrs. Mills found four packets of ecru seamed hose with toe and heel support. She picked up ten packets of suntan support panty hose and six more in various colors that were sheer. She then had his foot sized and went about gathering numerous shoes of varying styles and heel heights. He left that department wearing a pair of green satin pointed toed pumps with a two inch stiletto heel. Four pair of strappy sandals, four pair of pumps, four ankle boots and a pair of mules with tufts of brightly colored feathers on the toes was added to the ever growing pile. All the shoe's heels were stilettos and went from two to five inches.

"We'll start you off with the two inch heels but in time will have you prancing around in those five inch heels. Nothing makes a young girl's legs look sexier than high heels," she told him.

Randy found it very difficult standing much less walking in his new heels. They pinched his toes and forced him to stand differently. The shoes combined with the

tight skirt around his calves he knew would make walking impossible. His ankles threatened to give way even standing still. Mrs. Mills grabbed his elbow and began slowly walking him up and down the aisle.

“You can do it. It just takes a little practice baby. One foot in front of the other, plant your toes then the heel, swing the hips and don’t use the knees. That’s it, now keep your elbows in and wrist limp but not swishy,” she instructed.

“These shoes already have my toes throbbing and my ankles want to cave in with each step. How does she expect me to walk much less ever do it in five inch heels?” he thought.

Randy was ready to collapse from exhaustion as they continued shopping. He hadn’t eaten anything since breakfast and he was starving. His feet were on fire and his calves screamed in agony. The bra and girdle were eating into his flesh. All in all, he didn’t think his life could get any more miserable.

When they were browsing through purses and belts, Randy couldn’t take any more. He looked at Mrs. Mills and said, “Momma, please, just shoot me. I can’t take any more of this.”

“I guess I got a bit carried away baby and you’re not use to power shopping either. I’ll call your daddy to come pick us up. We need the car anyway because all this won’t fit on the bus,” she replied surprising him.

By the time Albert arrived to pick them up, Randy had four purses, six belts, a dozen brightly colored scarves and a whole bag full of bangles, bracelets, rings and necklaces. It took the last of his strength just to wiggle his way into the backseat in his tight skirt. He thought getting off his feet would be a relief but as soon as he sat, they began to throb more painfully than ever. Not only were his feet hurting but sitting made the crotch of his girdle pull in tighter sending a wave of pain into his brain that made him groan loudly.

His feet weren’t throbbing as much by the time they reached the house but flared back up once he stood. Mrs. Mills grabbed his elbow and assisted him walking into the house. As he did his best not to turn an ankle, she told Albert to bring all the bags up to the guest room.

“Baby you need to lift your skirt to just above the knee with one hand and grab the guard rail with the other. Walking in a tight skirt and heels up or down stairs can be a bit trying but you’ll learn,” she instructed.

It took all of Randy’s concentration and strength to get up the stairs. With each step the narrow heels would wobble a bit. He was ashen with fright by the time they reached the landing. When he entered the bedroom all he wanted to do was get those shoes off and lie down. Mrs. Mills didn’t let him.

“Baby Albert will be up with your new clothing any second. We have to remove all the tags and labels, fold and put them away before you can even think about resting. You’re going to find out that the old adage that a woman’s work is never done to be very true. You wait here while I go to my room and find some nice perfumed sachets to put into your dresser drawers,” she said.

With a sigh of weariness, Randy sat on the edge of the bed. “OMG! What a day. I don’t want to be dressed like this or stay in this girl’s room. I’ve never been so uncomfortable or embarrassed in my life. Just look what she’s done with my hair and these nails are impossible. It took me forever to button this stupid blouse. Why did she do this to me anyway? This is just crazy. Maybe I could have run away when I still

had my boy clothing but looking like this I wouldn't make it down the stairs. Could jail be worse than this?" his thoughts were interrupted when both Albert and Mrs. Mills came into the room.

"Albert, go down to the basement apartment and toss all Randy's clothing into the trash then start dinner. We're starved so fix something nice. Randy get up from there we have work to do," Mrs. Mills instructed as Albert dumped a large number of bags on the bed.

With the help of Mrs. Mills Randy removed tags and labels, folded or hung the new clothing and stowed them in their proper places. Panties, camisoles and slips went into the top drawers of the dresser. Foundations went into the second set of drawers, hosiery and scarves into the third left drawer and his belts and purses into the right. The miscellaneous jewelry went into an old pink jewelry box of Mrs. Mills. Randy was following directions in a fog of exhaustion and pain. Time seemed to stand still, his hunger forgotten all he wanted to do was go to sleep.

Ooo

Randy woke slowly. He tried to go back to sleep. Sleep would dull the pain but his need to use the bathroom over rode his desires. He rose stiffly. He was wearing the girdle and bra from yesterday under a white chiffon mid-thigh nightie. It had cap sleeves, square neckline trimmed in lace with pink, blue, yellow and green floral pattern on the bodice. Groaning, he shuffled into the bathroom his feet and calves pulsing. It was a battle getting the girdle down far enough so he could sit to pee. He didn't remember going to bed, putting on a nightie or rolling his hair. At the moment he didn't really care.

"Sleep, I need some more sleep. I must have been really out of it to have left this damn girdle on," he mumbled pulling his feet from the girdle.

He thought about taking off the nightie and bra but decided against it. He had to walk the short distance back to his new room and didn't want to do that naked. Leaving the girdle on the floor Randy went back to his room and into bed. It didn't seem like he had closed his eyes when the covers were pulled back and a stinging pain brought him to full wakefulness.

Mrs. Mills was standing beside the bed a wooden hairbrush in one hand the girdle in the other. "Why did you take this off and leave it on the floor? You should know better," she said.

"I...eeerrrr...I....I," he began but she landed another hard blow to his exposed butt.

"Yeeeeooooowwwww!" he screamed in pain.

"You will not take off your foundations unless I tell you to. Understood? Now get out of bed and put on your mules. I'll not have you walking around in your bare feet. I have your bath ready," she snapped waving the hairbrush in the air.

"Mules? What are....oh, must be those slipper things. Geez, my feet still hurt from yesterday and I have to put them on again," he thought as he slid them on. He teetered as he stood but quickly gained his balance.

"Put this on," she snapped tossing him a filmy sheer white wrap with a colorful floral design across the bodice and knee length hem. Tying the white satin sash he followed her out of the room rubbing his still throbbing rear. The open toe design of the mules didn't hurt his feet like the pointed toed pumps but the spike two inch heel still gave

him some trouble.

During his bath she scrubbed his groin making him wince and removed the last of the pink polish. His relief at getting the humiliating pink paint off his penis and balls didn't last. She had him stand in front of her, legs spread as she sat on the commode lid.

"I'm tired of having to varnish that little thingy almost every day. This will be a lot easier to maintain. I used this dye sometime back to match my shoes for a wedding. I hope you like it. It's called blushing fuchsia," she remarked as she began painting his genitals. It didn't have a shine but was definitely a bright pink. Again, she tied a pink satin ribbon around the head and pulled it tightly back between his legs.

Back in his room she went to his dresser and removed a matched set of foundations in a pretty lavender and pair of seamed hose. She gave them to him and turned her attention back to the dresser. He was seated on the bed, holding the nylon/lycra girdle and shook his head.

"Momma why? Why are you making me wear girl's stuff? I'm a guy, so why?" he softly asked teary eyed.

"I have my reasons but for now be content to know that it's what I want," she responded.

"But...but I don't want to. I feel stupid wearing this stuff an...and people will laugh at me or....or worse," he tried to reason.

She turned to face him, her anger clearly seen by her expression. "Randy I don't care how you feel about it. I don't care what other people think either. You will do it because I want you to. You don't like it, I will be more than happy to have Albert take you back to jail. I think the other inmates will just love to be your friends once they see what you are wearing. Which will it be?" she demanded.

"Okay, alright....I'll do it," he said in defeat.

The lavender long-line girdle with its bright satin diamond panels came up higher on his waist and almost to his knees. There was some padding on the hips and ass. It zipped on the left side and closed with three hook and eye clasps. He had to use baby powder, wiggle and suck in his stomach before he could get it on. The long-line bra with bright satin cups he found impossible to hook. Mrs. Mills stepped behind him, grabbed his hands and put them into position.

"Hook the bottom one first. Keep a firm grip with your thumb and finger on the bottom edge while you push the ends together. Once you get it hooked, undo it and start over. You need practice but it shouldn't take you that long to learn," she said as she went to get the rest of his clothing.

She came back from the closet with three red petticoats and the pink rayon dress in her hands. Putting them on the bed, she told him to finish hooking his bra and she would show him how to put on his nylons. Randy managed rolling the hose into donuts but had difficulty getting the back seam straight. He had to fold back the legs of the girdle to fasten the welts to the tabs. With the seams straight and the welts hooked snugly to the garter tabs, he was given a pair of white strappy sandals with a two inch heel to put on. As with the hose bending while wearing the girdle left him breathless as he fastened the small buckles.

As he struggled with the small brass buckle on his shoes, Mrs. Mills watched amused. "I always hated those small buckles too but you'll learn," she giggled.

Mrs. Mills helped him stand and led him over to the vanity. There she removed his

curlers, fluffed up the curls with a rat tail comb then setting it with hairspray. As she worked on his hair, Randy noted that he was still wearing makeup. The lipstick was only slightly faded, his lips still puffy but the eye makeup looked as fresh as it had when first put on. He raised his hand to touch his face almost poking an eye with his unfamiliar long nails.

“Gretchen did a wonderful job with that makeup. It’s actually a dye and will last at least a month before it begins to fade. You will only need to use gloss or lipstick to bring back the shine. Here put this on while I finish with your hair,” she said seeing his reaction and handing him a tube of lipstick.

He took it and turned it around in his hand. The label said “Rum Raisin” and removing the cap saw that it was a purplish rust red color. He knew to turn the base from watching Rosa putting hers on. As he concentrated on applying the lipstick he noticed that his lips were indeed fuller than they had been. They almost looked bee stung and that really bothered him.

“My lips, what has she done to make them swell like this? The holes in my ears will heal but this....this seems more permanent. Maybe I’m just allergic to lipstick. Oh I hope so,” he thought as he ran his tongue over his thick lips.

Going down the stairs was a daunting task as the fullness of the skirt and swishing of his crinolines were major distractions. He couldn’t see his feet and held on to the guardrail in a death grip as he slowly made his way down. He was slightly relieved when they made it down the stairs but he still couldn’t see his feet which bothered him.

Albert was sitting at the kitchen table wearing wrinkled pen striped cotton pajamas reading the Sunday paper. He looked up from it when they walked in, an ear to ear grin on his face as he gazed at Randy.

“Well what are you waiting for? Go give your daddy Albert his morning hug and kiss,” Mrs. Mills said giving him a slight shove.

After a late breakfast, she handed Randy a white silk scarf, pair of white cotton gloves and his new white patent leather clutch purse. “Come along, I so enjoy my Sunday walks while the weather is still nice. Besides it will be great practice walking in heels,” she said.

The walk had been almost as nerve wracking as the trip Saturday. He had to really concentrate on his walking as heels and cracked concrete didn’t go well together which he quickly discovered. It was very disconcerting trying to walk in heels with a skirt that seemed to catch every gust of wind plus manage a purse. Mrs. Mills kept giving him advice and occasionally supported his elbow over a rough spot. He was so busy concentrating that he didn’t notice the looks men gave him as they made their way around the block. There were a few wolf whistles but he paid them no mind. Later when she mentioned that they were directed at him, he blushed scarlet. He was focusing so much on his walking that he didn’t notice the feeling of bra straps pulling at his shoulders, garter tabs tugging at his stockings, the constriction of his foundations and click-clacking of heels on cement.

As they made their way down the street, she kept up a constant stream of instruction. Telling him to keep his chest out, head high, elbows close to his body, wrists limp but not swishy between warnings about a bad patch of sidewalk. It was an exhausting trip but by the time they arrived back home, he was walking much more lady like with a gentle sway in his hips and swish in his derriere.

The white strappy sandals had been more comfortable than the pointed toed pumps but his feet and calves were throbbing. Even his hand hurt from clutching his purse so

hard. He was given no relief as she put him through his paces learning how to sit, stoop and move hands and arms in a feminine manner while carrying a purse.

“Wearing full skirts especially with crinolines requires skill. If you are not careful your skirts will brush up against something knocking it over or getting it dirty. When sitting you need to keep your petticoats from flaring up. You must never bend at the waist to pick things up or your skirt will fly up exposing your petty undies. You have to develop skirt awareness my dear,” she said when they got home.

Randy practiced until it was time to prepare supper. He was hot, tired and uncomfortable and working over a hot stove didn’t improve matters. His instruction didn’t stop as she kept telling him to take smaller bites and chew ten times as he ate. With every instruction she would lean over and kiss him on the cheek and squeeze his thigh. Albert as usual kept his bald head down paying them no attention.

As he finished cleaning the kitchen his head was spinning from fatigue. “This girdle is killing me and hot. I’m so tired I think I could sleep standing up if these shoes weren’t so painful. She keeps telling me that women do this all the time and that I’ll get used to it. How do women do this? I’m exhausted and reeling on my feet,” he thought removing the pink rubber gloves.

That night after his douche and bath she did something different. Instead of him using a tampon she gave him a pink object. It was relatively small, four inches long by two at the widest, in a rounded triangle shape, narrowing at the base before flaring into a rectangle. He was totally at a loss for what he was supposed to do with it.

“Stick it in your mouth and work it in and out for a few moments to get it good and wet. Then stick it in that cute boy pussy of yours. It’ll work much better than that tampon,” she sternly demanded.

He hesitated long enough for her to swat his bare ass with a hair brush before reluctantly putting it into his mouth. As she watched with a satisfied smile he worked the butt plug inside his mouth getting it good and wet. He grimaced as he forced the object into his rectum. It wasn’t that painful but a very disturbing and humiliating act. He was even more disturbed and sickened in the morning when he had to reinsert it. Even with the plug cleaned it took three swats of the brush to make him put it back into his mouth.

After his bath the next morning she selected his clean lingerie. A slinky pair of beige nylon full cut panties with white lace detailing, ecru support panty hose, beige open bottom panty girdle, long-line bra and brown with beige lace detailing full slip completed his underwear. The panty girdle felt one or two sizes too small and crushed his groin.

A semi-sheer long-sleeved brown chiffon blouse with wide darker chocolate satin cuffs and frilly ruffled jabot gave him a lot of difficulty. It had small pearl buttons that buttoned opposite from his shirts and the glamour length nails gave him fits. With the blouse buttoned, she handed him a tan woolen mid-calf length straight skirt and brown leather belt to put on. To finish his dressing she had him put on a pair of brown leather two inch spiked heeled pointed toed pumps.

Seated at the vanity she quickly removed the curlers and brushed out his hair. His makeup only needed a fresh coat of rum raisin lipstick and a squirt of floral spicy perfume. She handed him a brown patent leather purse with a thin strap telling him to put his lipstick, perfume, powder and tissues into it.

“A girl is never without her purse. It is one of her most vital necessities. You will carry your purse everywhere, even in the house until it becomes a part of you,” she stated.

After a meager breakfast and clean up, she had him back in the living room practicing feminine mannerisms. It was a cool crisp autumn day but Randy was hot from the foundations and constant movement. A trickle of sweat dripped down the side of his head as he sat down for what seemed like the thousandth time.

“Please mamma, I’m hot and sweating. Can’t I take a break?” he moaned.

“Randy, women do not sweat they glow. No, don’t wipe your face with your hand. Use a tissue from your purse and pat gently don’t wipe. Here, read this aloud for me while you sit there. I want to hear a soft breathy voice coming out of your mouth. Not some fake falsetto. Speak from your chest dear,” she said handing him a magazine.

After he blotted away the sweat, he looked down at the magazine. It was opened to an article entitled, “Ten Ways to Being a Better Lover.” He looked up at her standing beside him.

“Wha....what? Thi....this....” he started to say.

“Yes, that and remember sit on the edge of the chair, knees pressed tightly together, ankles touching and tucked back to the side. Make sure to keep your back straight and chest out dear,” she interrupted.

He had another break for a short simple lunch then back to practicing his mannerisms. The afternoon had him spending more time sitting and reading from various women’s magazines. To help him remember to keep his knees together, she placed a quarter between them. Every time it fell to the floor she would slap his thigh with her hairbrush. Most of the articles he had to read were advisories on how to be a better kisser, girlfriend, flirt and such. He was more than happy to stop in order to prepare dinner. His body was aching and his throat sore as he pulled the yellow organza apron around his neck.

When Albert came home, Randy minced over to him, flung his hands around his fat neck and said, “Hello daddy, I’m so happy you’re home,” then hugging placed a wet kiss to his bristly cheek.

“You make me glad to be home poppet,” Albert replied with an ear to ear grin as Randy blushed scarlet. The new greeting was Mrs. Mills’ idea.

As usual at dinner, Randy sat next to Mrs. Mills. This time her hand moved under his skirt from his thigh to his crotch on a number of occasions. Her kisses were more on his mouth than cheek. All were repulsive to the young man but he had to endure it. Later when they were watching television, she had him sit on her ample lap. As Albert watched the show she would fondle Randy’s ersatz breasts while licking his face from chin to ear or French kissing him. Albert paid them no mind even when she reached up under Randy’s dress and rubbed his girdle covered groin.

Randy almost vomited in repulsion at Mrs. Mills’ advances especially when she held her finger to his nose telling him to smell the sex on them. She had been viciously pressing three fingers into his sweat soaked groin. Between the girdle and panty hose he didn’t feel her fingers that much but it didn’t stop him from giving her a disgusted look.

“What’s the matter baby? Don’t like mamma playing with you down there? Maybe you’d like this better,” she said dipping her hand down between her thick thighs.

The smell coming from her fingers as she stuck them between his lips made the bile rise in his throat. It took all his will power to keep from throwing up. He managed to get up and mince as quickly as he could to the downstairs bathroom. He barely got his skirt up high enough to kneel before the porcelain throne when what he had for dinner

came back up.

He looked up hearing amused laughter coming from the doorway. Mrs. Mills was standing there, hands on hips laughing. He was embarrassed enough and staggered to his feet. He tried to ignore her as he bent over the sink.

After he had gotten himself back together, she smiled and said, "Poor baby, don't like tasting momma's pussy juice. Don't worry. It's an acquired taste or so my Albert tells me."

Randy spent an uncomfortable night with horrible nightmares barely remembered as the alarm went off. He rose stiffly from the bed, the high waist long-line girdle digging painfully into his waist. Stepping into his mules he minced into the bathroom across the hall. He had to pee badly and working the girdle down far enough so he could sit was a royal pain. The purple nylon full cut panties were soaked with the sweat of his groin. Girdles were not only painfully tight but held in body heat. He didn't want to catch anymore grief from momma so prepared his bath. He was getting his morning douche ready when she came into the room.

Mrs. Mills was wearing a ratty old pink terry bathrobe, pink fuzzy slippers and her hair was up in curlers. "Bout time you started doing things for yourself. Need to add some more of that lavender bath oil though. I see you haven't douched yet and had your fun. Go ahead and take your time. I know how much you enjoy it," she said in way of greeting.

"Enjoy it hell, I hate it. This is the most embarrassing thing I've ever had to do," he thought as he squatted over the commode and inserted the thick nozzle. As he worked the nozzle in and out in a slow rhythm, Mrs. Mills watched him closely. His face blazed scarlet as his penis became erect as it did every morning when he douched. He couldn't explain it but with the nozzle fully embedded, it touched a sensitive spot making his penis jump to attention and oozed its milky fluid. He never climaxed when he did that but always resulted in humiliation. Mrs. Mills verbally shamed him when that happened.

"Oh lookie at his widdle clittie getting all excited. Little Randy welly likes his pussy all filled up. I bet little Randy can't wait to make cummies and feel all warm inside," she would tease in an annoying baby voice.

As he was brushing his teeth she was examining his girdle and panties. "Baby these are soaking wet. This morning I want you to coat your groin with this feminine deodorant spray and I think it best if you start using maxipads. That should solve your sweating problem," she said pulling the items out of the linen closet.

Randy was ill at ease with the thick pad stuck between his legs. It felt like he had a pillow stuck down there and he could feel it pressing against his groin with each step. The violet colored panty girdle held the pad painfully tight against his balls and tucked penis. Today he was wearing the black A-line dress with three white net petticoats. Instead of his two inch heels she gave him his black patent leather three inch pointed toed pumps. He was a bit unsteady but quickly got the hang of walking in them.

"You know that black dress with the white collar and cuffs looks a lot like a maid's uniform. It suits you," she said.

Randy didn't like the sound of that but passed it off. "Hell, she already treats me like a friggin maid so why not a damn uniform," he thought as he carefully made his way down the stairs.

Albert stood from the kitchen chair in just his boxers, undershirt and worn bathrobe as

they entered. Mrs. Mills gave Randy a slight push and he knew what he had to do. He minced over to Albert, placed his arms around his neck, moved in for a hug and kiss on the cheek. He was surprised when Albert grabbed his ass cheeks, pulled him into a tight embrace and kissed him fully on the lips. He was so shocked that it took Randy a few moments to pull back. It was more than enough time for Albert to stick his thick tongue deep into Randy's mouth.

As Randy backed away choking Mrs. Mills exclaimed, "Oh my, what a sweet greeting for your daddy."

Randy felt sick in his stomach and his face was drained of any color. He had never kissed a man much less one like that. It had been bad enough kissing him on the cheek but this was too much. His dreams of kissing a girl like that were always pleasurable but this made him sick. His very first French kiss and it was with another man, an old ugly man at that.

"Just don't stand there baby, get breakfast started. Your daddy needs to get to work. You can give him another great big kiss when he comes home tonight," Mrs. Mills laughingly said giving him another shove.

Randy was still a bit stunned by the morning's events as he sat beside Mrs. Mills to eat breakfast. He almost dropped his spoon when she leaned over and nibbled on his ear and whispered, "You had your fun with daddy now it's my turn." He had no idea of what she meant by that but it scared the living daylights out of him.

After the kitchen was cleaned and Albert gone to work, Mrs. Mills grabbed him by the hand. "Come along baby it's time you took care of mamma," she said.

To Be Continued

Part Three

By Cheryl Lynn

He was led into the master bathroom where she had him undress her. She stood before him completely naked. Her skin was pasty yellowish-white and covered with age spots. Her breasts hung like half empty water balloons with stubby dark brown nipples. Her groin was covered by her overhanging stretch marked belly. The fat ass and thick thighs were heavily marked with cellulite. There was nothing pretty about her old body and definitely one that would not stimulate most men.

"Like what you see baby? Not as pretty as I once was but getting old beats the alternative. Come on now and get my bath ready while I take care of business. As long as you look like a maid, you might as well act like one. Never dreamed I'd have a personal maid so this is gonna be fun," she said going over to the commode.

Being in that room while she used the toilet was almost as embarrassing as when she was watching him. When she finished she made him wipe her clean then to make sure he did a good job, pulled his head between her legs. It was disgusting, the smell nauseating and he puked his breakfast up. As he was bent over the toilet she was laughing thoroughly enjoying his plight.

"That was fun baby. Get up and wash out your mouth. I want you to bathe me now," she said.

As he rubbed the sponge across her body Randy was seriously considering going back to jail. "OMG! I can't believe she made me do that. I've never been so sick in my life. It was horrible. Prison couldn't be this bad, could it? I can't do that, can I? Just

look what she's done to me. My hair is brassy blond and cut like a girl's and I can't get this makeup off. I'd be everybody's sex toy in prison if they didn't kill me first. Shit! I'm doomed no matter what decision I make,"

"I don't remember cumming so hard. I would love to pull him back between my legs but got to take it slow. It was a big risk making him do that but I couldn't help myself. No, next time has to be just right. My old body won't get him sexually aroused but maybe my vibrator will do it. I need to make him cum when he does me. If that little douche nozzle makes him spurt then my Jolly Rodger will have him squirting gallons," she thought relaxing in the tub.

After the bath she had him help her dress. A pair of grey nylon granny full cut panties, white cotton full figure long-line bra, white panty girdle and beige knee highs for underwear. A white cotton long sleeved men's cut blouse and a pair of lime green polyester stretch pants completed her outer wear. She did her own makeup applying it heavily. Dressed, hair and makeup done, she stepped into a pair of black flats and grabbed her purse.

"We need to do some more shopping baby. Here put on these white gloves and I want to see how this white straw box hat looks on you," she said.

This time Randy received more attention as they took the bus into town. The men stared lustfully which was normal when a man saw a pretty woman which he appeared to be. It was the women staring that made him really uncomfortable. At first he was afraid that they could tell he was a man in a dress and that made him very nervous. It wasn't until he overheard two of them discussing his retro style and ridiculous hair do that he understood.

The first stop was at a uniform shop. There Mrs. Mills purchased several uniforms. Three uniforms were semi-sheer nylon in white, lime green and yellow. They were double breasted straight skirted mid-thigh length dresses with white cotton cuffs and collars. The fourth was black satin with white cotton cuffs and collar. The cuffs and collar on the black dress were trimmed in floral lace. All the uniforms came with matching aprons and caps. The aprons and caps that came with the nylon uniforms were plain stiff white cotton affairs with matching piping. The satin uniform had a more formal white organza lace frilled apron and floral lace headband with a black satin ribbon. She purchased a pair of white gum soled shoes to go with the nylon uniforms.

From there they went back to the thrift store. Randy needed matching full slips to wear under his new uniforms. Each slip was ornate. Their bodices frilled with lace and embroidered floral designs with four inches of floral lace at the hem. Mrs. Mills also found six baby doll nylon and chiffon nighties with matching rumba styled panties. She had him try on several pairs of Capri and stretch polyester styled pants. The pants hugged him like a second skin clearly revealing the outline of his girdle. To go with his new pants, three pair of five inch cork soled wedge sandals was purchased. Randy was now the proud possessor of a pair of purple satin ankle length stretch pants, white Capri's and gold polyester mid-calf length stretch pants. As they were leaving the store Mrs. Mills spied a Catholic school girl's uniform and insisted he try it own. The knife pleated skirt was mid-thigh length in a green and grey tartan with a short sleeved white cotton blouse, short green silk bow tie and matching Eton styled jacket. She also purchased a below the shoulder length auburn wig.

He was wearing the purple satin pants, white cotton puffed sleeved midriff blouse and white five inch wedgies when Albert came home. As instructed, he removed his apron and minced over to properly greet her daddy. Albert seemed awe struck but quickly

pulled the girly-boy into a tight hug and kissed him soundly on the lips. As Randy squirmed in the tight embrace he could feel Albert's rigid shaft pressing against his stomach and beefy hands digging into his ass cheeks.

When the kiss finally broke, Randy had to swallow the accumulation of saliva that had filled his mouth. He stood gasping holding back the bile that threatened to fill his throat when Mrs. Mills handed him a tissue.

"Randy, wipe your lipstick off your daddy's lips," was all she said.

Randy fought back the tears as he complied. When he removed the smear he turned to finish preparing dinner. Mrs. Mills was standing in front of him holding up a tube of lipstick. He took it and freshened his own lips before blotting with the same tissue. His very feminine actions didn't go unnoticed by either him or anyone else.

Dinner was no easier on his mind as Mrs. Mills kept rubbing his crotch. As much as he didn't want it to, his penis became erect as the pad was forced against it. It wasn't pleasant and almost painful as it grew tucked between his legs and being rubbed by the absorbent cloth of the maxi pad. She also thrust her tongue into his ear and licked it with occasional kisses to his lips. He lost his appetite as she told him how much he had pleased his daddy and how delighted he would be when he saw Randy in his new school girl uniform.

Once the kitchen was cleaned Mrs. Mills took Randy back to his room. After his night toilet, she had him put on the white nylon rumba panties that went with his new nightie, a white satin bra with pink bow at the center and fringe of lace at the padded A-cups and white knee high stockings. He was not surprised when she handed him the school girl outfit to put on and the black wedgies. She replaced his rum raisin lipstick with a fire engine red color and squirted a floral spicy perfume on his neck, wrists and between his legs. As a final touch she secured the auburn wig and fashioned it into two pigtails. Before they left the room she taught Randy how to do a cute curtsy. He had objected but a few swats from the hairbrush and threat to make him wear his nightie instead silenced his protests.

Randy wanted to die when momma made him curtsy then assume various poses in the living room for Albert's benefit. "Our little Randy will be going back to school soon and wanted to show you how precious she looks. What do you think daddy?" Mrs. Mills explained.

"Just beautiful....positively gorgeous dear. Our little poppet is growing all up. Come here poppet and sit on daddy's lap," Albert replied lustfully.

That was the last place Randy wanted to go but momma insisted. "How much more humiliated can I get? She's has me looking like a sixteen year old school girl and he's poking out of his pants like he has a tree trunk hidden there. He knows I'm really a guy so why is he acting like this? Maybe jail isn't such a bad place," his thought was broken when momma whispered into his ear.

"I know what you are thinking. You're thinking being in jail will be easier than living here but let me tell you that you are badly mistaken. Just remember how you are dressed and made up with that cute hair style. Here you only have me and Albert to deal with but in there you will have hundreds of horny bad to the bone felons wanting a taste of your cute bum and those big puffy lips around their cocks. At night they would be lined up in front of your cell itching to split that round virgin ass with their big cocks. Don't get me wrong sweet cheeks, I'll send you there if I have to but you are much better off here. Now go sit on your daddy's lap and make him happy," she hissed.

Ooo

The next morning after his douche, Mrs. Mills handed him a larger pink butt plug. This one was at least six inches long and three inches wide down its length. She made him work it in and out of his mouth for ten minutes before he painfully inserted it into his butt. She had to swat his butt four times with her hairbrush before he complied.

With his morning toilet completed she had him dress in his yellow foundations, new yellow full slip and yellow nylon maid's uniform. The embroidered bodice and lace hem of the slip was clearly visible through the thin nylon. Beige support hose, brown wedgies, a white with yellow piping cotton apron and nurse style white cap with yellow piping completed his dressing.

At his vanity he removed the bristle rollers and brushed out his curly hair. With help from Mrs. Mills he applied a thick coat of makeup. Dark blue eye shadow, ebony black eye liner and mascara covered his dyed on coloring. A vivid red lipstick coated with a glistening wet looking gloss completed his makeup routine. She made sure he was liberally doused with an overly sweet floral perfume before leading him down to the kitchen. Looking into the full length mirror Randy saw a cheap diner waitress gazing back at him. A shudder ran up his back as he viewed the image.

"OMG! Look what she's done to me now. At least school starts next Monday and she can't keep doing this," he thought.

As he entered the kitchen Albert practically jumped out of his chair and rushed into Randy's arms. His hug was painfully tight and kisses even more demanding than the night before. As the kiss broke, Albert gave him a hard slap on his girdled bottom sending a small cloud of baby powder into the air.

After breakfast he assisted Mrs. Mills with her morning toilet. He was totally grossed out by what she demanded of her personal maid. This morning he had to trim her pubic hair while she held her ponderous stomach out of the way. When he finished trimming, she forced his head between her thick flabby thighs and told him to lick and suck her pussy. Performing that odorous task, the butt plug came alive vibrating rapidly. Mrs. Mills grinned when she heard his muffled yelp of surprise and turned the control knob to its highest setting. As much as he hated doing what was demanded of him, his penis became instantly and painfully erect. Pinned back between his legs and rubbing on the maxi pad lining made it more sensitive. By all rights he shouldn't have an erection under the circumstances but he did. The vibrating against his prostrate took over and soon he was cumming, spurting his juices into the pad.

Randy spent the rest of the day wearing yellow rubber gloves mopping, dusting and cleaning the house. He was glad to be doing something that required no thought and Mrs. Mills leaving him alone. She only interrupted his work every hour or so telling him to freshen his makeup. As he worked he could feel the wetness between his legs, a combination of his sperm and sweat. The smaller butt plug hadn't bothered him that much but the new one was disconcerting. It was heavier and thicker and every movement he made shifted it. Every now and then it would go off making him freeze up for a moment. Its vibrations against his prostrate made his dick erect. As the day wore on, he was in a constant state of arousal yet when he was about to cum the vibrations stopped. He was left thoroughly confused and embarrassed by his reaction to the vibrator.

When Albert came home and embraced Randy, the vibrator came on at full force. With a yelp, Randy pushed his groin into Albert's in reaction to the fierce buzzing. Albert held him in a tight embrace pressing his groin back into Randy's. As Albert thrust and

moved his tongue in Randy's mouth with ardent pleasure, Mrs. Mills was working the control knob to the vibrator.

"Come on baby show your daddy a good time. Press those hips into his and suck that tongue sweetie. I can tell from your stiff little clitty that you are enjoying it. Make daddy happy," she said into his ear while slapping his ass.

The kiss finally broke and Randy was left panting on shaky legs. The vibrator was still but his anus was pulsing, his dick stiff and leaking pre-cum. He couldn't understand why he reacted like he did to the stimulation.

"I shouldn't be having these erections. I loath what I'm doing yet I still get a hard on. Is there something wrong with me? Why am I doing this?" his mind screamed as he swallowed more of Albert's spit down his throat.

That night instead of sitting and eating his meal with them, he had to serve. "Since you're dressed like a maid, you might as well serve us dinner tonight and clean up before you get yours," she said.

Another humiliation but he didn't argue. As he served Mrs. Mills she reached up under his dress and pressed her fingers against the gusset of his girdle. Lifting her fingers into the air, she exclaimed, "Albert I think you made little Randy all hot and bothered. He's positively soaked down there. Here, take a sniff, doesn't that smell like a girlie boy in heat?"

All Randy could do was stand there, mouth slightly drooping and blushing for all he was worth. He wasn't just humiliated he was mortified by her comment. Later as he was finishing his evening toilet, she made him put an extra coat of feminine deodorant spray and pour some perfume into the pad before pulling his red panties up. A red satin A-cup bra with a pink bow centered between the cups, his school girl uniform and red leather five inch wedges completed his dressing.

"Momma no! I don't want to dress this way. I'm not a little girl and I won't do this," he cried in dismay.

Mrs. Mills' face turned red in fury and grabbing her hairbrush with one hand and his neck with the other bent him over. Flipping up his skirt, she began pounding his round butt until he was screaming in agony. When she stopped his ass was glowing as red as his panties.

Getting his tears under control, she made him re-apply a heavy coating of makeup and bright red lustrous lipstick. She pulled the auburn wig over his curls and fastened it securely with a number of bobby pins. She brushed it out forming two pigtails at the sides tying them off with big red satin ribbon bows.

"Your daddy was so pleased by the way you looked last night. He works hard and I think it only fitting that you do whatever you can to please him. So tonight, I want you to give him a cute curtsy then ask him if you can please sit on his lap. This time no fidgeting or trying to move away. He's your daddy and I expect you to be very nice to him, understood?" she demanded.

The next two hours sitting on daddy's lap were humiliating. Before sitting he had to flip his skirt up so his pantied ass rested on the stiff bump between daddy's legs and lean into his fat torso. They pretended to watch what was on television as Albert would squeeze and rub Randy's bare thighs, give him deep soul kisses or wetly lick his ear and neck. Randy's skin was flushed in embarrassment as Albert took advantage. The session came to an end when Albert groaned and Randy felt a wet spot forming on the bottom of his panties.

Back in his room Mrs. Mills had him put on the red double layered nylon and chiffon baby doll. He wanted to change out of the wet panties but she wouldn't hear of it. After putting his hair into rollers and getting into bed, she sat beside him. Bending over she kissed him full on the lips and let one of her flabby breasts fall out of her gown.

"Okay baby, you were very good with daddy tonight so I'm gonna reward you," she said in a husky voice. She reached under the covers, grabbed his penis through the nightie and panties and began stroking. With her other hand she turned on the vibrator then placed her sagging tit to his lips.

"Now sweetie I want you to suck on momma's titty. Don't stop until I tell you," she ordered.

Randy couldn't help himself. The soft feel of the nylon and pulsing of the vibrator made his dick hard as rock. He was soon pumping his hips trying to get more feeling from the hand that now pressed on his erection. He suckled at the rubbery nipple keeping his eyes tightly shut. He had always wanted to do that but with a girl his own age. With his eyes closed, he imagined it was indeed a young girl and not a withered old woman.

He was about to cum when the nipple popped out of his mouth and the vibrator stopped. Mrs. Mills shifted on the bed, put her legs across his groin and pulled down the red panties. Randy was moaning softly humping his hips trying to get the release he desperately needed. She took hold of his erection and lowered her pussy. As their hips connected, she flipped the vibrator to full. Her pussy was loose and all he could feel was warmth and not much else. His very first sexual encounter and it was nothing like he imagined. One look at the fat old woman bouncing on his lap, saggy tits bobbing in all directions made him squeeze his eyes tightly shut. That one look made his erection falter for a moment. She rode him until he finally came, slid up his torso and planted her pussy over his mouth.

"Suck it baby. Suck all those juices out of momma," she hoarsely demanded.

Ooo

Sunday morning she had him dress in black lingerie. Black nylon hipster styled panties with white lace at the legs, black satin A-cup bra, black floral embroidered waist chinch garter belt, filmy black half slip with four inches of black floral lace hemming and white nylons for underwear. She didn't add to his dyed on makeup but added a thick coating of buttercup pink lipstick. Again she fastened the auburn wig to his head and styled it in two braids tied off at the ends with black satin ribbon bows. For outer wear she gave him his school girl outfit and black three inch patent leather pumps.

He stood looking at his reflection in disbelief. The subdued makeup and small bust made him look like a sixteen year old girl. "i...I look like..like a little girl," he stammered.

"A pretty girl at that sweetie, grab your purse and come along. You know how much I like my Sunday stroll," she said.

"Wha....what I can't go out looking like this," he replied stunned.

"Of course you can dearie, you look scrumptious and I want to see how the neighbors react," she ordered grabbing his hand.

His skirt flapping against his thighs as he wiggled his hips down the sidewalk was just another humiliation. They were stopped three times as they made the circuit by other

women who admired the cute girl in her school uniform. Of course they wondered why she was wearing her school uniform.

"Oh my niece Amy is going to St. Benedict's for the first time and couldn't wait for Monday. She just loves her cute uniform, don't you baby?" she replied.

"St. Benedict's? I'm going to university not some stupid catholic school. She's just trying to embarrass me again," he thought when she first said that. Dressed as he was he had no choice but to agree.

As they continued along the sidewalk, he asked her what she was talking about. He was flabbergasted when she replied, "Sweetie didn't you see what you looked like in the mirror this morning? You certainly didn't look like any university student to me. No, tomorrow we're going to St. Benedict's and get you enrolled as my sixteen year old niece Amy Lynn Mills. You'll fit in better there and your daddy just loves having his niece living in the house. I also made you an appointment at Gretchen's House of Beauty. Now that you're going to school you need your hair dyed and styled to match the wig. Your hair is still too short but if the wig should slip or come off, the color would match. If that happens just tell everyone you had under gone chemotherapy."

"No, no you can't," he said tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Stop that sniveling right this minute. You want to draw attention to yourself. Grab a tissue from your purse and dry those eyes now. We'll discuss this further when we get home," she replied harshly. The rest of the walk passed in a fog for Randy and all he could think about was going back to high school in a girl's uniform.

Mrs. Mills had him over her lap and was pounding his upturned ass with her brush. He was screaming for her to stop and crying like a baby but his punishment continued. When he finally slid off her lap he agreed to do anything she wanted. His bottom was still tender as he sat on daddy's lap, slung his arms around his neck and stuck his tongue into daddy's mouth. The vibrator going off didn't surprise him but when daddy pressed his hand over Randy's maxi pad covered groin his eyes flew open.

Ooo

Monday morning he sat quietly as Mrs. Mills explained to the headmaster why her niece needed to be enrolled even though she didn't have a transcript. She produced a birth certificate and final report card to prove her case. Up until then he didn't believe she would get away with her crazy plan. He was nineteen and a man and didn't think anyone would accept that he was a sixteen year old sophomore. However, when he heard the headmaster agree to bring Amy Lynn Mills into St. Benedict's, he gasped.

In short order forms were filled out and Amy Lynn was escorted to his first class of the day. Mrs. Mills had signed him up for the school's commercial program telling the headmaster that Amy would never make it to college. He had to take the state's minimum courses like language arts, history and arithmetic but they were at junior high levels. The remaining time was spent learning administrative support and cosmetology. Randy found himself studying to be a secretary two days a week at school and three days at a nearby beauty salon after lunch. For his work at the salon, he had to wear a baby doll styled pink nylon smock with a wide white satin floppy bow, black satin pencil skirt and not less than three inch spiked heels. He wanted to be an engineer, certainly not a secretary and especially not a stylist. Later he would be even more despondent when he was told that he was being trained as a mani-pedicurest and shampoo girl at the salon.

His position as Amy Lynn Mills was secured when he saw the birth certificate and final report card from Ursiline Academy along with a newspaper clipping about how the

academy burned down. The birth certificate was false but all the information was good. His picture on an Ursiline Academy student identification completed his fake existence.

“Where did you get these? They look real,” he gasped when he saw them.

“They are real. It’s not all that hard to obtain identification if you know who to ask. There was a real Amy Lynn but she died of cancer. You just took her place,” he was told.

When he was picked up after his first day of school, he complained bitterly about the school and his courses. “Momma St. Benedict’s is an all girl school. I was scared all day that someone would discover my secret. They’re going to find out eventually. I just know it. Please let me go to college like I planned. I’ve already paid my tuition there. Please you’ve had your fun, now please let’s stop this,” he pleaded.

“Forget it Amy Lynn. I’ve already notified the university that something came up and you won’t be attending. I have your refund check in my bag. As for getting discovered, well all I can tell you is that you better do your best to imitate the other girls as best you can. You’ve been reading my fashion magazines, watching the soaps with me and while not mastering your feminine persona are doing very well. All you have to remember when with the other girls is talk about fashion, makeup and boys. Especially the boys you don’t want to them to think you’re a lesbian. Here is a copy of my Cosmo. Look at the pictures of the male models, pick one or two out and imagine their best features in your mind. That way when you talk with the girls, you can tell them all about your boyfriend,” she stated.

The first couple of weeks were very stressful for Randy. He did his very best to emulate the other girls’ movements, mannerisms and speech patterns. To most of the student body Randy was that shy dumb girl sitting in the corner. He tried to keep away from the other students during lunch period but a few of the other shy girls would sometimes gather at his table. They were nice and in time Randy would join them in conversation.

For the next six weeks he didn’t study any of his three “R’s” as they were a rehash of what he already knew. Instead he spent two hours everyday picking out young men from various magazines, pasting their pictures into a spiral binder and writing descriptions in feminine script of each one. He had to point out their best feature such as the color of his eyes, the firmness of his butt or muscled chest. At the end of each week he had to choose the most appealing man, tell momma why he just loved his choice and give it a big kiss which left a lip imprint across the lips of the man chosen. The only homework he concentrated on was his secretarial studies and salon lessons. To help him get in the right frame of mind, Mrs. Mills put posters of sexy men on the walls of Randy’s room. She also made sure he had plenty of “Play Girl” magazines to read before bed. All this disgusted him but the threat of punishment or worse discovery made him compliant.

Besides studying, he had his normal household chores to complete and prepare supper. Mrs. Mills had him on a diet from when he first arrived and with the start of school an even more stringent one. After seven weeks he was down to one hundred pounds which left him feeling as weak as a sixteen year old girl. To give him energy she began giving him vitamin and herbal supplements. He also had to spend each night sitting on daddy’s lap kissing and being groped. Much of his weekend time was spent being Mrs. Mills’ personal maid.

He made a few friends at school during that time but with all his chores had little time

to socialize with them. He was surprised one Saturday morning when Suzie, Harriet and Linda showed up at his door. Mrs. Mills wasn't happy with strangers popping up on her doorstep but allowed them in. Fortunately Randy was upstairs and able to put on his auburn wig. Mrs. Mills wasn't at all pleased but agreed to let Amy Lynn go with them. Randy wound up having a fun day despite some fears in the back of his mind. Momma was clearly upset when he came home but didn't say anything. After that initial visit the girls would call Amy Lynn and they would talk on the phone. Again momma wasn't pleased about the phone calls and limited them to fifteen minutes. She had also insisted that the girls let her know before hand of any visits.

His six week report card was mostly C's in his core classes but received a D in his administrative support class and an A from the salon. The fashion length nails he was required to have for his salon class made typing on the computer almost impossible at the speed demanded. As a result he was dropped from that class and would go to the salon five afternoons.

With the extra two afternoons at the salon the owner Marge decided he could learn to be a cosmetologist as well as manicurist. To present a better image, once he arrived at the salon was required to put on heavy evening makeup.

"Amy how do you think it would look to our customers if a plain faced girl wanted to do their makeup? No wouldn't do at all, so I want that pretty face of yours painted to the max. Shirley will be your instructor and will show you what to do. While I'm at it lose the wig. What? Cancer huh, well let me see. Oh, it's a little on the short side but what lovely curls and that pixie cut isn't bad. It's just fine. Now go along and get busy, we have customers to care for," she said.

Randy left that meeting relieved that Marge accepted his story. He didn't mind losing the wig either as it was hot and itchy. Momma wasn't that happy but told him to wear it at school.

"I love your look with long hair and it will take at least a year for your own hair to grow out. I'm surprised that woman took so long to tell you to take it off. It's a good thing Gretchen dyed your own to match," she had said.

Despite being away from St. Benedicts every afternoon, Suzie, Harriet and Linda were still good friends. They spent most of their lunch hour catching up with each other and every other Saturday afternoon going out somewhere. His time with the girls had become the most fun times for Randy. Momma wanted to limit that time but knew if she stopped him the other girls would get suspicious. The last thing she wanted was to have some curious girls getting into her business. She would just have to figure out a way to make them not want to spend time with Randy.

For the school's Christmas dance Albert was Randy's escort. Mrs. Mills wanted to isolate him from his classmates and that dance insured the other students would avoid a girl that took her father to the dance like the plague. For the dance Randy wore a chiffon and satin evening dress in a peach color. The full satin skirt was overlaid with ruffled chiffon in a lighter peach, the square cut bodice embroidered and crystal beaded with short puffed sleeves. Four inch spiked peach satin pumps were on his feet. The auburn wig was styled in a Gibson Girl set with pink roses. The makeup wasn't overly done but more than most of the other girls. Albert wore a rumpled brown suit, his grey hair dyed black to make him look a bit younger. She correctly figured that the other girls would ostracize anyone who brought her father to a school dance. Even his girlfriends were shocked and avoided them. Suzie, Harriet and Linda were outside the school hierarchy but at least they had real dates. They only danced to two songs and made an early departure which Randy didn't mind at all but the damage was

done.

At the dance Albert had been a perfect gentleman only giving his daughter a pick on the cheek after their second dance. However once back in the car, he gave Randy a deep soul kiss and groped his left breast. Back at the house Mrs. Mills was already in bed and they had the ground floor to themselves. Albert made them both a stiff drink which Randy tried unsuccessfully to refuse. Three drinks later, Randy's head was buzzing and too weak to fend off Albert's advances. He was use to the old man's kisses and sloppy licking but tonight it went further. Albert was not to be denied and Randy found himself bent over the arm of the sofa, his skirts piled high on his back, panties on the floor and Albert's dick firmly planted in his ass. The use of butt plugs helped ease the pain but it still hurt. As Albert humped, he had his hand wrapped around Randy's dick pumping away furiously. Albert was panting hard as he forced his groin as deeply as he could and grunting loudly filled Randy. Too his surprise Randy spewed shortly after.

Randy managed to slide out from under Albert and went to his room as quickly as he could. He was totally unaware of his surroundings or the wet dampness seeping down his thighs, his mind filled only with the need to get to the privacy of his room. Inside he flung himself onto the bed and cried himself to sleep.

Ooo

Groggily Randy awoke slowly. Something in his mind told him that he didn't want to wake up. He cracked open one eye and saw makeup smeared on the satin comforter. Immediately the events of the previous night filled his mind. Groaning loudly, he turned over onto his back realizing that he was still fully clothed.

"I can't believe dadd....Daddy, he's not my daddy! He's a dirty old man who raped me. I'm gonna tell momma...Hell...Mrs. Mills is not my mother either....Shit! Well she better call the cops or I will. I'm sick of all this. Gotta get out of these clothes and take a hot bath. I feel so dirty," he thought getting out of bed.

Randy lowered himself into the hot bubble bath and moaned in pleasure as the water surrounded his aching body. He tried to ignore the flashes of memory that kept popping up in his mind but couldn't stop the tears. He was being used and abused with no way out.

"If Mrs. Mills doesn't report what her husband did then I'm going to do it. I'm sick and tired of all this shit. If the court is aware of how I've been treated they will have to let me go," he thought.

He was in his room trying to decide what to wear when Mrs. Mills walked in. Randy was determined to have it out with her and began ranting about what Albert had done to him the night before. She stood there in her ratty old robe and curler filled head with a blank expression. When he had talked himself out, she smiled a crooked little smile.

"Amy Lynn you should be ashamed of yourself talking like that about your daddy. He's a good man but has needs that I no long feel like fulfilling. Why do you think I dressed you like that? Why have I been doing my best to make you into a presentable young lady? A young lady any man would desire. Yeah, I've been doing this so you can take care of daddy's needs. No, I'm not going to report him and you can if you want to but....where's your proof? You washed any evidence away when you douched and took a bath this morning. As far as I know you're a transvestite who enjoys her play toys like that vibrator you asked me to buy you. Being an indulgent modern woman, I of course, felt sorry for you and assisted you in becoming what you desperately wanted. You've presented yourself as a young girl to a whole bunch of people. What

do you think they'll say to the cops? So go ahead and call the police. You're a smart kid, think about it," she said.

Randy could only stare in shock at Mrs. Mills. His mind running over the various scenarios that she mentioned and each one made him sick. "I'm so dead. I can't go to the cops and I can't tell any of my friends at school. Shit! That is if I still have any friends there after what Susie, Harriet and Linda said to me in the Lady's Room. They were right. No girl would ever bring her father to a school dance. 'If you couldn't get a date you should have come alone or better yet just stayed home. You've embarrassed us in front of the whole school and you're such a loser Amy!' they said. Who wants to be seen with a loser anyway? I'm doomed," he thought.

"Get into one of your maid's uniforms. You have work to do girlie," Mrs. Mills' voice broke him out of his thoughts.

In a daze he walked to his closet and pulled out the lime green nylon dress. From the dresser he selected his lime green undergarments. Sliding the panties to mid-thigh, he stuck a maxi pad to the crotch before settling them around his waist and pushed his pink died penis back between his legs. Next he rolled the black support panty hose up his legs. He dusted the inside of his long line high waist girdle with baby powder before wiggling into it. The bra and full slip went on much quicker followed by the semi-transparent uniform and apron. At the vanity he applied the evening makeup Mrs. Mills required before pinning the cap to his head.

He spent the day cleaning and working around the house. It was Saturday and Albert was home. Randy tried to avoid him but that was impossible. Every time he came near Albert, Albert would stop whatever he was doing and smiling broadly gave him a wink. It was horrible enough having to hug and kiss him but what he was expected to do made Randy shake and tremble.

Ooo

Christmas Eve and Randy had decorated the house but certainly didn't have his heart in it. Mr. Mills had put lights out on the eaves and stuck a couple of white painted wire deer outlined in lights on the front lawn. With all the decorations the house looked typical of all those on the block. What was seriously missing was the spirit.

As Randy was putting the last of the decorations on the tree, Mrs. Mills commented, "We're not religious but we do this to keep the neighbors from complaining. Oh, don't worry we do exchange gifts Christmas Eve night."

As Randy sat near the tree Christmas Eve handing out the brightly wrapped gifts he was anxious. The stack of presents by Mrs. Mills' feet was for him and he dreaded what they may contain. His fears came to fruition as she handed him the first pink tissue wrapped gift with a large floppy white satin bow. He sat with the box in his lap stunned by its contents. Inside was a full cut pair of bright white panties with six rows of rose pink ruffled lace on the bottom. It was nylon but what scared him was the fact that they were lined in powder pink plastic. Next was the matching training bra dripping with the rose pink floral lace and small pink satin bows. A white elaborate waist chinch/garter belt embroidered with pink rose buds and pink satin bows on the tabs came next followed by a pair of opaque white hose. The welts were lace and had a large pink satin bow with streamers reaching to knee level attached at the back.

The next box contained a bouffant organza with four layers of chiffon petticoat in powder pink. At the hems of each layer were small bright pink satin bows. Randy was horrified by the contents of those two boxes and was seriously worried about how much worse it would get. With trembling fingers he opened the next. It was a shoe

box containing a pair of bright pink patent leather Mary Jane styled shoes again that infernal pink bow was attached to the heels. Turning the shoes over as he placed them by the other opened gifts, he noticed the steel taps fastened to the toe and heel.

The last box was the largest and when he opened it gasped. It was a bright fuchsia party dress with very large puffed chiffon short sleeves supported by wire boning ending in four layers of powder pink floral lace. The bodice was powder pink chiffon that formed a high ruffled neck buttoning with four small pearl buttons. From the square cut bosom down to knee length was bridal satin in an empire style. A broad powder pink satin sash tied in a gigantic floppy bow at the back. It was bad enough but to make it even prissier, the skirt had an over skirt of powder pink layered and ruffled chiffon. At the gathering of the ruffles, large fuchsia satin ribbons with short streamers were attached. At the bottom of the box was a baby's bonnet. It was bright fuchsia satin with tons of powder pink floral lace and pink satin streamer ties. As he put the bonnet on the pile of clothing, he was in tears and humiliated to the core.

"How could they be so mean and on Christmas too," he thought.

"Oh look Albert our precious Amy Lynn is crying tears of happiness. I know she can't wait to put it all on and show you. Come along dear and let's get you dressed so you can show daddy," Mrs. Mills said smiling from ear to ear as she walked over to help Randy up.

When they got to his room he asked her about the panties. "Well a young girl like yourself gets overly excited during the holiday so I didn't want you to accidentally mess your lovely new clothes. The first thing we are going to do is put you in a diaper and the panties obviously will catch any leaks. Now strip and let's get started," she answered.

"No, you can't! I'm a grown man despite what you have made me look like. I don't have accidents and don't need any stupid diaper," he protested, shocked that she would even suggest such a thing.

All his protest got him was a sound spanking with her wooden hairbrush. It was a holiday Randy would never forget. Dressed in his new outfit and bouncing on daddy's knee while being French kissed and licked was the least of his problems. By the time he got back to his room, makeup smeared and teary eyed, he needed the diaper to absorb the leakage from his sore bottom.

Ooo

Back at school, he was very depressed and withdrawn. The school councilor, Mrs. Jamestone had been aware of the new student from day one and checked up on the girl when she could. She was in the lunch room and saw Randy sitting off in a corner completely alone. He looked so sad and miserable she had to walk over to him and sit her tray down beside his.

"Amy Lynn Mills, right. You might not remember me but I'm the school counselor Mrs. Jamestone. Why the sad face, didn't you have a wonderful Christmas vacation?" she said gently.

With her comment Randy couldn't hold back as tears flooded his eyes. Mrs. Jamestone grabbed him in a quick hug and whispered, "Oh you poor baby. Let's get out of here and you can tell me all about it. Come on, I won't bite and any thing you say will be kept just between the two of us."

Reluctantly he followed her out of the lunch room and into her office. By the time they

arrived his flood of tears had slowed down to a trickle. The only reason he followed her was to get away from the stares of the other students. He would be in for even more teasing when he got back to class as it was. From the time he stepped into school that morning his fellow classmates teased him about bringing his daddy to the school dance. Crying in the cafeteria would only make that teasing all the worse.

Her office had a couch and she had him lay down on it and gave him a wad of tissues to dry his eyes and blow his nose. Safely in her office, he began crying anew. Everything that had been happening to him had reached the boiling point and he crashed. Crying even harder he began telling her of everything that had happened since moving into the city. His story was long and convoluted but Mrs. Jamestone got the whole story. She was very skeptical at first but as his story went on, her eyes widened in horror and belief. When Randy flipped up his skirt and pulled down his panties, there wasn't any doubt in her mind as to the validity of his story.

She was ashen, her hands shaking as she dialed the local police. Randy was lying back on the couch still sobbing softly. He was completely drained both emotionally and physically but relieved that he finally got his story out. Two officers from the Special Victims Unit arrived shortly after the call. Randy was trembling like a leaf in a high wind and sobbing softly as he told them his story. He had paused many times in the telling looking from the officers to Mrs. Jamestone. Her assurances and the officer saying that he wouldn't be in any trouble nor face going back to jail made repeating it much easier but no less embarrassing.

With the story completed the officers were at a loss as to what to do with him. Certainly he couldn't go back to the Mills residence. He was too old to go to the juvie center and an adult center would be impossible. As they discussed what they could do Mrs. Jamestone said she would take him to her house until everything was cleared up.

Ooo

Mrs. Jamestone's house was nothing impressive but well maintained in a quite neighborhood. She lived alone and insisted that she wanted and needed his company. She was an older full figured woman with average looks in her mid-forties, widowed and had two children, a boy and girl both away at college. She didn't feel right about putting Randy in her boy's room so led him to her daughters. It was feminine but not overly so and he was satisfied to move in. She informed him that he was about her daughter's size and if any of her clothing fit to please wear them.

He came out of the room after taking a very long bath wearing a pair of pink corduroy jeans, loose fitting peasant blouse and pink flip flops. He was nervous but tried to smile as he joined her at the kitchen table. Over the next couple of hours as they prepared dinner, they got to know one another. Randy was surprised at how quickly she had gained his trust and seemed to really care about him. It had been a very very long time since anyone actually gave a damn about him and she filled a much needed void.

He stayed with her through out the trial. During that time they became very close. He was awarded most of the funds confiscated from the Mills estate and they received lengthy prison sustenance's. He wasn't wealthy by any means but able to enroll back in college and get his life back. He still needed a place to live and Mrs. Jamestone agreed to let him rent a room. He chose her daughter's room as he was use to it. Another thing he decided not to change was his mode of dress. Instead of the horrid selection Mrs. Mills made for him, he enjoyed the styles that Mrs. Jamestone's daughter had. Between the hormones, heat generated on his testicles which left him with a negligible sperm count and feminine traits that were so natural for him, Randy

didn't have a lot of choices.

Mrs. Jamestone was very accepting of his life choice after the trial and psychiatric care. She was twenty years his elder but sweet and caring. Randy thought at times he was falling in love with her. He dismissed it as pure fantasy until one night after having a few glasses of wine became intimate. As they say the rest is history.

The end...