

Reagan

By Cheryl Lynn

Reagan was seventeen and spent the past two years in foster care. At fifteen his parents were sent to prison for operating a meth lab. In those two years he had five different foster parents. Today, he was being transferred to yet another new foster home.

“Reagan you’ve been disruptive ever since I got your case. I’m at my whit’s end on how to deal with you. We’ve tried everything from counseling to considering reform school. I’ve had a long discussion with Judge McAllister and we’ve come up with a radical solution to your problem. She assured me that if this doesn’t curb your rambunctious behavior, you will enter the juvenile prison system. You’ve never heeded my advice before but if you want to stay out of prison, do it now. Behave yourself, listen to Mrs. Tuttle and do as she says,” the social worker said as she turned off the highway onto a narrow rural road.

Reagan sat in the passenger seat scowling. He hated being in foster care, he hated his life and his parents for leaving him in this situation. Before all this he was free to do pretty much as he wanted. He missed hanging with his dooper friends and terrorizing the neighborhood. Reagan was a rebel and loved it. He wore his hair long almost shoulder length. Had his ears and nostril pierced. The only thing he didn’t have that he wanted was a tattoo. A tattoo of a skull with a serpent slithering out of the red eye holds. He resented his foster parents for not giving permission. Now he was being taken to another place only this time way out in the boondocks.

“Another bitch to deal with and out in the middle of nowhere too boot. Doesn’t matter. This time I’ll plan better, steal as much as I can before I hit the road. Being this far out if I get her phone, would take forever to notify the authorities. By that time, I’ll be so far gone, they’ll never catch me,” he thought as they pulled into a gravel driveway.

The house was a brick ranch style with a two-car garage. An older model Buick took one space and a rusty tractor filled the other. Burglar bars were on the windows. Off to the side was a dilapidated barn. Surrounding the house and barn was nothing but empty barbed fenced in fields.

“No place like fuckin home,” he thought as they walked to the door. His hands stuck into the pockets of his pants. Cargo pants that already hung below his hips exposing his green and black checked boxers.

Mrs. Tuttle was an older woman, Reagan guessed in her late fifties or early sixties. She was tall, thin with gray hair piled into a large Gibson girl style. Her face heavily made up. Her lips a strip of crimson red blush on her cheeks. She was wearing an old-style rayon blue gingham house dress with petticoats no less. Gold rimmed reading glasses hung from a golden chain around her neck. In her left hand held a walking stick.

Reagan was actually surprised and pleased seeing Mrs. Tuttle. *“Alright, this is going to be so fuckin easy. No way this old bat can make me do anything,”* he thought.

“Mrs. Tuttle, I’m Sharon. We spoke on the phone about taking Reagan in. This disappointing soul is Reagan. I have Judge McAllister’s orders giving you full and absolute authority to do what’s necessary. If you’ll just sign here and initial there, he’s all yours if you still want to,” the social worker said handing over the legal documents.

“A bit rough looking around the edges but yes. I’ll take him. Nothing I haven’t dealt with before, some much rougher than this one,” she replied signing and handing the papers back.

Sharon looked at Mrs. Tuttle then to Reagan shaking her head. *“This Mrs. Tuttle must be something else taking on this kid. From what the judge said, there’s much more to her than what I see. At least he’s not my concern anymore and well worth the long drive out here,”* she thought turning and leaving.

As the social worker turned the car around and headed back down the drive, Reagan shouted. “Hey! That bitch didn’t leave my luggage!”

A hard blow to his upper shoulder sent him staggering. “What the fuck!” he screamed only to get another punch into his stomach. The air whished out of his lungs and he doubled over.

As his hands grasped his stomach, Reagan heard, “Watch that foul mouth of yours or I’ll have you bent over and give you something to really cry about. Now pull them pants up and get your sorry miserable behind into the house.”

She gave the top of his head a light tap with her walking stick. It wasn’t hard but hurt like the dickens never the less. Reagan hurried to comply, tears freely flowing down his cheeks.

“Wha....what about my things?” he dared to ask following beside her.

“Don’t need em. Got everything you need right here in your room,” she announced opening the door with a touch pad lock.

Mrs. Tuttle gave him a nudge with her walking stick to get him into the room. What he had seen from the entry was enough to make his eyes widen in disbelief. It was a nice sized room with attached bathroom. What shocked Reagan was that this room was the most girly room he had ever seen. He hadn’t seen many but none nowhere near as fancy as this one. Lavender and pinks dominated the color scheme. Powder pink painted walls, lavender fluffy throw rugs on the polished wooden flooring. The furnishings, white enamel with delicate gold piping accents. The spindle bed had a lavender satin quilted comforter, the sheets pale lavender with small pink rose bud imprint. There was even white lace on the pillow shams. The solitary window, a pastel pinkish cream satin window treatment. On the walls, posters of 1960’s heart throbs like Ricky Nelson, pictures of floral arrangements and one painting of two Victorian girls picking flowers. A bookcase had an assortment of dolls and plush stuffed animals on top. The distinct smell of roses permeated the room.

“This....this must be...be some mistake. This is a girl’s room. I can’t stay here. I’m a guy,” he gasped.

“Not for long. Get into the bathroom,” she said poking him in the back with her walking stick.

In the bathroom Mrs. Tuttle locked the door then poked him in the ribs. “Strip!” she ordered.

“Wha....what? With you here?” he answered grabbing his sides expecting to get another jab.

Instead she tapped him on the head. Like before, not hard but enough to hurt. “Now!” she snapped.

As he was undressing, Mrs. Tuttle went into the linen closet. She removed a number of items, then put on a white pinafore styled plastic apron and rubber gloves. Turning on

the faucets in the footed pink enameled tub, added bath beads and floral scented oil.

“Come on, off with those boxers,” she said picking up a bottle of Nair shower power max®.

Naked with a plastic shower cap on his head, she began applying the orange smelling lotion onto his chest. When his body was evenly and thickly coated grabbed a bottle of face and bikini lotion. Using this coated his lower face, neck and to his mortification, groin. Finished she checked her wristwatch.

“Just a few minutes longer then you can get into the shower. Use this sponge with the round nob side to wash that lotion off,” she instructed.

Reagan was more than happy to get into the hot steaming shower. Not at all with the results. The manly hair on his chest and body he had been so proud of disappeared upon contact with the sponge.

“Mother fucker! What the hell did you do to me old woman!” he screamed.

The shower curtain slid back and the walking stick lashed out. It caught him right between his legs sending him painfully to his knees. It hurt enough to make him vomit.

“If I ever hear such language coming out of that mouth again, you won’t have anything down there to worry about anymore!” she snarled popping him beside the head toppling him over.

She left him there for several minutes before telling him to get out and into the tub. On wobbly legs he did as instructed. There she began washing him like a child. With all the lotion removed, his skin glowing pink, Mrs. Tuttle shampooed and conditioned his hair several times. His bath complete, she patted him dry, applied a floral scented body moisturizer and a dusting of sweet smelling talc. Putting a hand towel in a turban style over his moist hair led Reagan out of the room.

“Sit down here, face the mirror and be quiet,” she said indicating the vanity stool with its lavender satin padded seat.

“Damn, that old woman is no one to fuck with. She handles that stick like a striking snake. It hurts like the dickens too. She better hope I don’t catch her without it,” he thought.

Mrs. Tuttle stood behind him using a rat-tailed comb to remove the tangles. Reaching into the vanity drawer removed electric shears. Seeing that Reagan panicked.

“Plea...please don’t cut my hair. I’m not me without my rocker hair,” he plead.

“Rocker smacker,” she said swatting the top of his head with the comb. “You just sit still or the next rap won’t be so gentle.”

Using the electric shears began running it through his thick locks down to the scalp. When she finished, he looked more like a boot camp raw recruit. Reagan was in tears but the result was what Mrs. Tuttle wanted.

“Once you’re dressed and with this haircut, I dare you to even think of running,” she thought. “You should be proud and not acting like a snot nosed little kid. These locks are at least two feet long and I’m donating this hair to charity in your name. When made into a wig, will bring joy to the heart of some woman suffering from cancer. Now get up. It’s time we got you dressed,” she said.

Reagan definitely wanted to get dressed but when he saw what she was taking out of the bureau paled. A pair of pantaloon chiffon panties is shimmering scarlet, a matching long-line bra with stiffly pointed cups, a scarlet long-leg girdle with satin

panels and lace frilled legs and a matching under-bust corset.

“Naked or not, I’m getting the hell out of here,” he thought rushing to the door forgetting it was locked.

As he struggled with the door knob, four sharp hard swats to his bare bottom brought instant pain and tears. Turning to face his tormentor received another tap to the top of his head.

“Noooo, no plea....please stop,” he begged.

“I don’t like punishing you any more than you do but if you fail to do as I say, when I say it....well....you get the picture. Now let’s get you dressed,” she stated.

Drawing the pantaloons up his hairless legs sent shivers up his spine. While humiliating those shivers weren’t totally of disgust. Mrs. Tuttle had to show him how to put on the old-fashioned bullet bra and stuffed the cups with D-cup gel breast forms. With them inserted, Reagan immediately felt the weight pulling on his shoulders and chest. Putting on panties was one thing as they were similar to boxers but a bra was something no man would wear. As she clasped the hook and eye fasteners, a chunk was taken out of his ego.

The girdle was tight, very tight once the side zipper was raised and hook and eyes connected. The constriction around his chest from the bra, at his waist and groin from the girdle were unwelcome new feelings. However, getting a closer look at the scarlet corset struck fear. It was made of a glistening red satin with floral lace adornment and steel boning set closely together in an hour glass shape. She pulled it around his torso, hooked the front fastenings then spun him around. Guiding him over to the bathroom door, had Reagan grasp the top and began tightening the silken laces. She didn’t stop tugging until the back edges of the corset met and Reagan pleading, begging for release.

Gasping for breath and as soon as he was told to release his grip, grabbed his sides. His head was spinning and body shivering. Reagan was seeing stars and started to collapse when Mrs. Tuttle grabbed his arm and held him up.

“Take shallow breaths. Use your diaphragm,” she instructed leading him over to the vanity stool.

As he was catching his breath, Mrs. Tuttle went back to the bureau and removed a pair of old fashioned semi-sheer black nylons with reinforced heels and toes with a seam running up the back. She knew she was taking a chance kneeling in front of him but wanted to get the stockings kneaded up his legs. If Reagan hadn’t been concentrating on just breathing, might have kicked her in the face. With the stockings fastened to the garter tabs of the girdle, she rose and went to the walk-in closet. There she removed a shimmering red taffeta slip. It swished loudly as she approached and had him stand.

“Raise your arms dearie,” she instructed carefully lowering the crinkling garment over his head.

The bodice of the slip was floral embroidered with lace frill. The hem had two inches of floral lace. Like the other lingerie, of vintage age and ultra-feminine style. Next came a white three-tiered net petticoat with red satin ribbon hemming. The final item was a black with small rose bud imprint flare skirted house dress. The sleeves were three quarter length with white cuffs and white collar.

All that was left was to find a pair of shoes. The judge had provided all Reagan’s sizes so that wouldn’t be a problem. Back in the closet, she rummaged around until she found a pair of white patent leather open toed pumps with a two-inch block heel. While

she was there grabbed a white patent leather shoulder letter purse.

Reagan found that he could stand in the tight-fitting shoes although a bit wobbly. He was in front of a full-length mirror and not at all pleased. From the neck down, the image looked like a shapely young lady. From the neck up totally male. The facial features weren't all that rough but the buzz cut made it clear. He was a man wearing women's clothing.

"That's enough time admiring yourself Reagan. Come sit on the vanity stool facing me. Before you sit, brush your hands under your bottom to smooth out your skirts; then, sit keeping your knees pressed together, hands folded in your lap over your purse. It's time for your makeup lesson. Right now, I'm just going to show and explain the various uses and names of your makeup. Later we'll settle down and do some serious lessons," Mrs. Tuttle said.

It took Mrs. Tuttle about an hour to lather on the 1950's makeup look she wanted. Thick foundation, blue eyeshadow, wet looking scarlet lipstick, false eyelashes and painted on black arched eyebrows. She had used the shears to remove his natural brows. She finished up spraying him with floral scented perfume. Taking his purse filled it with the cosmetics she used and some tissues.

"This will do for now and I'm starved. It's well past lunch time. Take your purse and we'll go to the kitchen," she said handing him back the purse.

In the kitchen Mrs. Tuttle tied a white cotton pinafore apron into a big bow at the back. The bib of the apron had a colorful floral embroidery. Reagan flinched when she did that. Another piece of vintage fashion that left his male ego shrunken.

"No way she can dress me anymore ridiculous than this. The bra, corset and girdle are already killing me and I'm hot. Every time I take a step, I can feel every single item she's made me wear and makes all kinds of swishing sounds. The makeup feels plastered on and with what she did to my hair, I look and feel like a total fag. I certainly can't go anywhere looking like this. Hell! Even if she opened the door and told me I could leave, I couldn't do it," he thought.

"Reagan pay attention. I'm going to show you how to make a tuna salad," Mrs. Tuttle said bringing him out of his thoughts.

"I'm starving and all I get is a scoop of tuna, a few crackers and this bitter tasting tea. With this damn girdle and corset, I just hope I can eat it all," he thought when they sat to eat.

If he thought he was uncomfortable wearing all that clothing, he was down right miserable by the end of the evening. After lunch, Mrs. Tuttle began teaching him what she called "skirt management." The lessons included more than just how to gracefully move around wearing a full skirt and petticoats. Oh no, walking, head up, chest out, taking small heel and toe steps, stooping and sitting delicately were included. By the time supper came around, Reagan was spent both physically and mentally. Looking down at his plate with a small chicken breast, green beans and cooked carrots didn't think he could lift the fork. He was hungry enough but his energy level was near empty. The meal managed to revive his energy somewhat and more than happy to hear no more lessons were eminent.

"You did okay for your first day Reagan but there is so much more to learn. Once we have cleaned up the kitchen, I'll let you sit and do some reading until bed time," she said.

Cleaning the kitchen wearing those restrictive garments took most of his regained

energy. When she told him to sit at the kitchen table more than happy to oblige. He was not happy when she handed him a romance novel and told him to begin reading aloud. Having to read such slop was bad enough but she made him do it in a higher resonance and softer voice. She also wasn't happy about his lack of enthusiasm either.

"Reagan, tighten your vocal cords, speak from your diaphragm and in a softer tone. I'm right here across the table, you don't have to yell. While you're at it try to put some emotion into it," she scolded. "Maybe you need some encouragement," she added getting up and coming back with a wooden ruler.

His hands were burning by the time she said, "Enough. Time to prepare for bed. And Reagan, try to keep talking in that same voice from now on."

He was on empty both emotionally and physically as he followed her to his room. It didn't bother him that it was only nine o'clock. All Reagan wanted to do was go to sleep and forget this horrible day from hell. He was too tired to argue when she told him he had to perform a night time beauty ritual before he could sink under the sheets. He was sound asleep as Mrs. Tully pulled up the covers.

"I don't care how rough and tough these kids are the judge sends me. Just put'em in a tight corset and heels takes all the fight right out of them. Ole Betsey here (she holds up her walking stick) provides the necessary attitude adjustment. By the time they leave here will be model citizens. A bit old fashioned maybe but acceptable," she thought turning out the light.

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Reagan was roused out of bed as the sun was coming up by Mrs. Tuttle. "Up, out of bed dearie. Put on your negligee and slippers and meet me in the bath," she greeted.

"Negli what?" he mumbled sitting up and felt the weight of his breasts shift. *"Damn, I was hoping all this was a nightmare,"* he thought noticing what he was wearing.

It was a baby blue chiffon and nylon baby doll nightie. The chiffon outer layer a knife pleated whitish-blue, the nylon inner layer a pale blue. The round neckline had a frill of white floral lace and a wide bright blue satin ribbon was tied into a bow just below the breasts. You could make out the scarlet bullet bra through the material.

"Your robe and it's called a negligee. All proper ladies even in the privacy of their room maintain their modesty. Now politely ask me to hand you your negligee," she answered tapping her walking stick on the wood flooring.

The loud tapping didn't go unnoticed by Reagan. "Uh..would you..please hand me my...my negligee?" he stammered having no real idea of what he was asking for.

"Why of course dearie," she replied handing it to him.

What she gave him looked nothing like a robe to him. It was a baby blue piece of translucent fluff. *"Robe? This is nothing like any robe I've ever seen. Why you can practically see right through it,"* he thought getting out of bed.

The baby blue negligee was ankle length with balloon sleeves and tiered white floral overlapping lace cuffs. Ruffled white floral lace ran in rows up the sleeves and the hems edged in white faux fur.

"This is crazy," he thought as he slipped it on. *"It makes no sense. Why would anyone wear something you can see through and in their room, do this?"*

He was a bit surprised when all she did was supervise his toilet. She made sure he sat and wiped, washed his face and brushed his teeth. Back in the room Mrs. Tuttle gave

him what looked like a black woman's bathing suit, matching panty girdle, opaque black nylons and pair of black ballerina flats.

"Put this on. Every morning for an hour you will do aerobic exercises. These exercises will tone your muscles and increase your dexterity," she informed him.

"Exercise in all this? Can't I do it wearing shorts and a tee?" he dared to ask.

"Absolutely not. That would be indecent dearie. Now just do as I say. Time's awasting," Mrs. Tuttle answered tapping her walking stick.

Reagan thought he was in good physical shape but after an hour, panting and sweat soaked. The video started out fairly easy with stretching muscles but soon went into an up beat fast paced series of moves. If he had been wearing shorts easy enough but with false breasts bouncing and outfit much harder. He was greatly relieved when Mrs. Tuttle turned off the video and told him to take a bath.

If it weren't for the heavy lavender scent, he would have enjoyed taking a bath. The hot churning water relieved his aching muscles. Muscles he wasn't sure he had until the strenuous exercises were over.

Finished in the bathroom it was time to get dressed for the day. Seeing what was laid out for him, groaned. Lime green translucent full cut nylon briefs with lace front panel, matching bullet bra and long-leg girdle. Next to that was an emerald green under bust satin corset and pair of ecru nylons with rear seam and reinforced feet. Like yesterday left breathless when Mrs. Tuttle tied off the laces. A pale green full slip and three stiff white net petticoats were under the green and white checker patterned house dress. On his feet, a pair of white patent leather open toed pumps with a thin two-and-a-half-inch heel. The heels weren't thin enough to call stilettos but much thinner than the ones he had worn yesterday. A silver charm bracelet for the right wrist, a herringbone silver necklace and large white button earrings completed his dressing.

This morning she had him face the mirrors on the vanity while she applied makeup to one side of his face. As she placed each layer on, explained what and how she was doing it. Then Mrs. Tuttle had him do the other side. After two hours was satisfied with what he did.

"You'll get better and faster at this dearie. Grab your purse and let's get some breakfast," she commented.

After another meager meal, two cups of bitter tea and large purple vitamin pill, it was back to skirt management and decorum lessons. This morning she added another feminine movement, she taught him how to curtsey. The first time he tried it almost fell over. By the time lunch was ready, Reagan was almost perfect performing an acceptable curtsey.

Lunch over it was back to lessons, this time with an emphasis on hand and arm movements. Mentally and physically exhausted he helped prepare supper. Baked fish, small red potato and green salad with vinegar and oil dressing, another vitamin pill and bitter tea.

Like last evening, Reagan could barely keep his eyes open as he read from the romance novel. Swats to his bottom during the day didn't hurt as much due to all the clothing but the ruler on his palms did. He hated how he was dressed and being taught but not trying his best only brought pain. He was looking forward to getting out of his clothing and into bed. Reagan had to wear the bra and breast forms but not the crushing corset.

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After a month of Mrs. Tuttle's strict instruction, Reagan was beginning to habitually perform as required. He no longer gave any thought to how he walked and talked. Putting on the layers of makeup still required concentration especially when it came to using eyeliner. For a beauty guide she had given him "Hollywood Beauty" a book from the 1950's containing make up tips from movie stars. The pull of bra straps, frou-frou of his skirts and zipping sounds made by his nylons were seldom noticed anymore. At one time they were extremely annoying and constantly reminding him how he was dressed. The restricting corsets and girdles still bothered the heck out of him.

He still had his skirt management lessons in the late afternoon but spent his mornings learning housekeeping chores. After lunch given "Good Housekeeping and Red Book" magazines to read. His most tiresome chore was ironing but did that only once a week. He had settled into a routine and Mrs. Tuttle didn't use her walking stick that much anymore. She was more than satisfied with his hip swaying mincing walk and feminine mannerisms. So satisfied, Mrs. Tuttle decided to amp up his training by exposing him out in public.

"The only thing resembling any boyishness is his haircut. A good wig will fix that for him to pass in public. Time to move up his lesson plan. I think a short trip to the grocery should do for a first time. I need to contact Angie. It's past time I fixed that problem he has that he thinks I don't know about. Hopefully she can do it this Tuesday when we go shopping," she thought.

Tuesday morning Mrs. Tuttle surprised Reagan by telling him not to put on the lone-leg girdle. In addition, she gave him a shoulder length blond wig styled in a classic page boy. Over his lavender lingerie and a light purple satin corset, she picked out a sleeveless purple house dress in a paisley print. It had a round neckline and tapered waist. The full below the knee skirt had large rounded pleats held out by four white net petticoats. When he was dressed and in full makeup was surprised again, only this time it wasn't pleasant.

"With the wig you can easily pass as female. Today we're going to test all your training out in public. We need groceries. So, grocery shopping is on the list after we make a short stop to see a friend of mine. Grab your purse and let's go," she stated.

"Wha...what? Outside? I can't do that! I'll be a laughing stock or worse. Please, don't make me do this," he pleaded.

"Reagan! With that wig and if you remember your lessons, no one and I mean no one, will make fun of you. You might hear some women comment about your out of style choices but I'm wearing pretty the same. Stop being a drama queen and let's go," she sternly replied tapping her walking stick on the floor.

"Darn, when she does that it means she's getting ready to use me as a punching bag. I hope she's right about no one recognizing me as a guy in a darn dress. I have no choice but to do what she says," he thought picking up his purse.

Mrs. Tuttle had shown him how to get into a car using a chair. Doing it for real was another thing altogether. The petticoats didn't seem to want to cooperate in the tight space.

"I never thought twice about jumping into a car but these petticoats are a real pain in the ass. Got to make sure I don't get any grease on this skirt or she'll kill me," he thought.

Reagan was getting nervous as Mrs. Tuttle drove further into town. She had passed several grocery stores and now in a seedier part of town. His curiosity and worry only increased as she parked in front of "Fetish Dreams."

“Come along dearie, I need to talk to Angie,” she said getting out of the car.

Getting out of the car proved just as difficult as entering but he reluctantly followed the order. His worry turned to fear as they entered the shop. There was a large display of dildos, anal plugs and similar items on one wall. There were manikins wearing French Maid outfits, leather outfits and cat suits. Another wall had numerous restraints displayed. A glass cases held artificial breasts and vaginas from obviously fake to very realistic.

“What the heck are we doing in this place?” his mind screamed.

Angie proved to be an Amazon of a woman. She was over six feet tall in five-inch spike heeled black patent leather boots. Angie was wearing skin tight red PVC pants and white satin balloon sleeved blouse. A spiked collar adorned her neck. Her face was angular, her hair slicked back and in a high ponytail. Her eyeshadow was dark and the lips bright scarlet. Hanging from her right wrist was a short whip. Reagan thought she was a very imposing woman that scared the heck out of him.

“Mrs. Tuttle so nice to see you again,” Angie said coming over and giving her a quick hug and air kiss. **“I have everything you requested in the fitting room.”**

Reagan was frozen in place, scared enough to be shaking when Mrs. Tuttle swatted his butt with her walking stick. “Unless you want me to take you into the grocery without that wig come along and do whatever you’re told without complaint. You give us any static; then, I’ll stop at the big mall on the way home as well. I’m sure the customers will have a field day seeing you without that wig,” she hissed.

Inside the fitting room Reagan was told to remove his panties and put on an examination table. Leather straps secured him, his feet in stirrups and spread wide revealing his hairless groin. Angie held up what appeared to be a very realistic false vagina.

“Mrs. Tuttle this is the latest in artificial vaginas. It’s made of what’s called plasta flesh. An artificial skin and once adhered can stay on indefinitely. There is no need to remove and cleanse and fully functional. Only a doctor can tell it’s false. If desired we have inserts that can be used to fake a menstrual cycle. The only side effect of prolonged usage is the possibility, that in some cases, it actually fuses with the real skin and becomes permanent. And yes, it’s very expensive, \$2,000,” Angie said.

“A bit higher than I planned but will give Reagan the right look and Judge McAlister gave me a very good expense account. I was thinking of something to stop him from masturbating but this so much better. Go ahead and I want a good supply of those inserts. Having to use pads and tampons will destroy whatever machoism is still in him,” Mrs. Tuttle replied.

Hearing that, Reagan began squirming and screaming not caring about any potential punishments. His only thoughts were of getting away and keeping that thing off his body. Angie silenced him with a ball gag and tightened the straps. An hour later, a defeated Reagan walked out of Fetish Dreams. His penis encased in a sleeve, testicles pushed up into his body and a string hanging out of his new slit.

“That came out much better than I could have hoped. Reagan the boy is no more and now Reagan, the young and proper lady I wanted to achieve. Nothing there to remind him of who he once was either. I probably should remove that wig like I threatened but no need for that now. I have him were I want him,” she thought getting back into the car.

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Reagan always thought he was tough, could take anything dished out and never surrender. With the artificial yet very real vagina and with what looked like real blood soaking a tampon, his self-image evaporated into nothing. It felt like air rushing out of a deflating balloon when he saw that used tampon. He went into a deep depression that Mrs. Tully wasn't happy about.

"Reagan is depressed and I expected that but it's been over two weeks now. Time to call Dr. Smyth-James and set up an appointment. She's helped me in the past and very good at what she does," Mrs. Tuttle thought.

Dr. Smyth-James was a noted feminist and hypnotist. She was well known for her work with abused women. Her methods combining psychological therapy and hypnosis were unique and achieved results. Dealing with abused women for over fifteen years gave her a strong distaste for the male population. Dr. Smyth-James therefore had no ethical problems taking care of Mrs. Tuttle's ward. Initially combining psychotropic drugs to make his mind more acceptable with deep hypnosis, she worked her magic.

After four weeks of daily treatments, Reagan was a different person. Outwardly he was a happy young lady and looking forward to attending school. Deep in the recesses of his mind though there was still Reagan, the boy, buried. He was aware of what was happening around him but unable to act. When Mrs. Tuttle suggested they replace his gel artificial breasts with those made of *plasta flesh*, Reagan jumped at the chance.

Back at *Fetish Dreams*, Angie was happy to assist. "Mrs. Tuttle, Reagan these carry the same warning about if left on over a period of time could actually bond to the skin. If you still want them, I will be more than happy to assist."

Back in the fitting room, Reagan jumped up onto the exam table with a broad smile. "*Golly, Angie said I will really love these. The breasts are imbedded with thin wires that stimulate the nipples and surrounding flesh when played with. Right now, these artificial gel ones are just heavy bumps on my chest. If they are half as good as she says, then I don't want them to ever come off,*" Reagan thought.

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The first day of school and Reagan was nervous. Mrs. Tuttle didn't relax either her dressing or makeup requirements. Reagan was wearing orange lingerie consisting of translucent brief nylon panties, bullet bra, long-leg girdle, wasp-waisted corset, full slip and black seamed nylons. Over that, an orange with white floral print house dress. The dress had short cap sleeves and round neckline low enough to expose some cleavage. The full skirt was just below the knee and held out by three white stiff net petticoats. White four-inch spike heeled open toe pumps and white patent leather letter purse completed the outfit. For accessories, a white block beaded bracelet, a couple of dainty rings and a white block beaded necklace.

"Mrs. Tuttle, I don't remember ever seeing a girl at school dress like this or wear so much makeup. They will make fun of me and tease me all day. And a lot worse if my wig comes off," he moaned.

"You might get some dearie but just tell them you're really into the vintage look. Most of the girls will accept your style choices, some might tease you some but nothing once the first few days of school are over. Your hair is longer now and I pinned it real tight. Secure enough I doubt it will come off even if someone tugs on it. I think when the boys see you, their reaction will be much more accepting. The way your bodice sticks out is sure to draw nothing but positive attention from them," she reassured him.

“Oh, I hope you’re right Mrs. Tuttle. I really want the boys to like me,” Reagan beamed. Mrs. Tuttle was right. A few girls gave him some grief to his face. There were some who laughed at him behind his back but the boys all had smiles and nice things to say. He caught a lot more ridicule from the girls two days later when he had to strip down to panties and bra for dance class. Most of the thirty girls in that class couldn’t believe all the foundation garments he was wearing. Their laughter and comments were stopped by the class instructor. Over the next couple of weeks things settled down into a few giggles here and there. During that time a few of the bolder boys began making advances. Advances Reagan really liked and accepted an invitation to go to the school’s first football game of the season. His name was Bobby Hamilton, had sparkling blue eyes and dirty blond hair. Reagan thought he was really cute.

For the game and dance afterwards, Mrs. Tuttle made sure Reagan would stand out. The lingerie selected was a white strapless bullet bra, translucent white nylon briefs with a lace insert at the hips, a white panty girdle and three powder pink net petticoats. A bright white angora off the shoulder sweater with rounded tucked collar and three-quarter sleeves. A fuchsia felt poodle skirt for outer wear. The skirt had a small black French poodle embellishment with a gold sequin leash. Bobby socks and black and white saddle shoes completed his dressing. Once his makeup was on, Mrs. Tuttle styled the wig into a high ponytail and tied it off with a long fuchsia nylon scarf. Bobby showed up right on time and Reagan made the right impression. Mrs. Tuttle noted the rising lump in Bobby’s khaki cargo pants.

“Bobby, I want you to treat my ward like the young lady she is and have her home by 10:00. Am I understood?” she said.

“Yes ma’am, of course. We won’t be late,” he answered blushing.

“Very well, have a good time,” Mrs. Tuttle responded.

The new Reagan wasn’t interested in football or most other sports but very attracted to her date. Mrs. Tuttle had taught her all about flirting and she was using that knowledge. Touches to his upper arm, a lingering hand on the thigh, batting eyelashes and biting her lower lip and of course keeping her arm around his waist.

During the fast dances made sure to bend shaking and swishing her best making sure he had a good view of her breasts. The slow ones Reagan preferred. It gave her a chance to cling and belly rub in time to the music. The belly rubbing also gave her an idea as to how endowed Bobby was. Feeling that large bulge rubbing against her was exciting. It also proved that he really liked her.

***“His kisses and nibbles weren’t all that bad either,”* Reagan thought leaving the dance floor.**

An hour before her curfew Bobby asked Reagan if she wanted to leave so they could have some alone time. In short order they were parked in an out of the way spot. On the way there, Reagan sat beside Bobby and rubbing his upper thigh.

***“I can’t believe I’m not only going parking with a cute boy but excited too. For some reason I know I shouldn’t be doing this but he’s so cute. I feel compelled to do it though,”* Reagan thought with a chill as her hand passed over a large lump.**

Parked they got into the back seat. A quick kiss and Bobby began pulling the sweater off and Reagan’s bra down. When his lips began suckling, Reagan moaned as the thin wires within the plasta flesh breast stimulated the nipple.

***“Oooohhh, this feels so good. It’s sending thrills rushing up my spine,”* she thought.**

As Bobby nibbled and sucked, his hand moved down between Reagan's legs. When his finger began probing into the panty girdle covered slit, Reagan grabbed his hand.

"No Bobby! I'm a virgin and intend to stay that way until I'm married. If you want, I have something else in mind to make you happy," Reagan said the memorized line Mrs. Tuttle had given her.

The plastic skin vagina could be penetrated but Mrs. Tuttle had other plans for Reagan's sexual preferences. *"Reagan would get pleasure from having a penis rubbing over her entrapped head. For now I don't want her to have that. With what Dr. Smyth-James programmed, her first sexual experience will set her preferred sexual preference. That prosthesis is good but has no muscles. In time some guy will notice and start asking uncomfortable questions,"* she reasoned.

Reagan unzipped Bobby's pants and gently pulled out his six-inch hard dick. Bending down took it between her lips, kissed it while passing her tongue across the head. Grasping the base with her hand, swallowed more of it making sure to cover it in saliva. Giving another boy head would have never entered the old Reagan's mind but the new one loved it.

What Reagan did next made what was left of the boy scream out in horror. She sat up, pulled her girdle and panties down briefly exposing her pussy and turned around.

"Baby please be gentle, I've never done this before," she said wiggling her round butt.

Bobby didn't think twice about this enticing offer. No girl had ever done this for him but he had heard it was fantastic. Grabbing her round cheeks, spread them and trembling with desire pressed the head against the brown rose bud. All thoughts of being gentle lost in the heat of his passion.

Reagan bit her knuckles to keep from screaming as the head entered. It was more painful than she thought it would be. She had heard other girls talking about how painful losing their cherries was but now she knew. Still as he began thrusting in and out, waves of pleasure began to build. The pleasure became more intense as she rubbed her clit.

Bobby for his part was having the best sex in his life. Some of that due to the novelty but more so from the heat and tightness. Feeling Reagan's anal ring contracting as he pulled out, felt really great. As a result, within ten minutes shooting his load deep inside and collapsing over her back.

As Bobby shot his load, Reagan felt herself pulsing and cumming as well. Unlike in the past when he masturbated and felt deflated, now he was ready for more. She didn't shoot but rather dribbled. Instead of that head throbbing bliss from climaxing, her whole body glowed. Then as his penis slid out of her, had another new experience of cum dripping out. Reaching into her purse and sliding out from under him, pressed a wad of tissues into her crack.

"That was so totally mind blowing," Reagan thought as she took some more tissues and wipe Bobby's limp dick. *"I'm ready for more of that but like the girls say, he's totally useless now."*

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Reagan graduated high school and turned eighteen two days later. Mrs. Tuttle gave her a nice party with several of her school friends in attendance. As a gift handed Reagan a \$10,000 scholarship to the local community college. It had been decided she would become a beautician upon graduation. In addition to the scholarship, there was new birth certificate and identity papers declaring Reagan female. It seems that

Reagan was one of those people plasta flesh naturally adhered to. Between that and Dr. Smyth-James' treatments Reagan was now and forever female. Two days later Reagan packed up and moved out to live in the college dorm. Summer school would start the next day and she was on her own.

The End