

SHE MADE HIM HER SWEET



Janice Wildflower

GEMINI

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SHE MADE HIM HER SWEET

SHEMALE

SISTER

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

**Chapter I - It should have happened to a girl
not to a guy**

I am a guy, but know one can tell that by just looking at me, as now I am dressing, acting and passing as a girl. It was supposed to have been a typical summer visiting with our aunt. One during which I would let my sister do all of the household work as our aunt typically, unlike our mother, was a bit old fashion, and treated males as princes. However, instead I had spent

a good deal of the working around my aunt's house as any girl would, and even worse wearing her lingerie, tricked by my step-sister into wearing my aunt's lingerie under my male clothes and forced by her to more than help with her household chores and worse. And things got even worse for me for I finished off the summer totally in girl's clothing, again much of it my aunt's stuff while learning to act and behave as a girl, under the tutelage of my step-sister as well as by my aunt. And now I am out and about while having to present myself to the world as a girl. My tomboy step-sister, Samantha, got what she had planned and wanted. She is now Sammie, only wears pants and takes care of the guy things around the house, while I have gone from Charlie to Charlene and do all the cooking and cleaning and all the other feminine chores around my aunt's house, and a lot more things that only a girl should have to do while I am attending college as a girl and a member of the cheer leading squad. I could die. But I am trapped and it is too late to run. And the truth of it is, if that lingerie wasn't so delightful I wouldn't be in this delightful fix.

It was all my stepsisters doing, in revenge for not helping her out with those household chores. It was all possible because of my attraction to her, we were not blood relations, and my boyish good looks, that were quite feminine, and the fact that under certain circumstances she could just wrap me around her fingers, as the expression goes, and the delight I eventually found in wearing nylon lingerie.

Now for my tomboyish sister a bit of feminization would have been okay, for if any one could have used a bit of feminization it was her and not me. It was her that should have been the recipient of our aunt's old clothes, the lingerie and dresses, and all those lessons

in lingerie washing and then manicuring and then housekeeping. But I wound up being the recipient of all my aunts old girlie girl clothes and the lessons in being a girl. That was just not right. I am the brother, a guy, or had been a guy, and so for me having been treated in all affect as a tomboy having been taught to dress and act like a feminine girl did not seem fair or to have been the best way to have spent the summer. And it didn't end there; as by the end of the summer I was still stuck in dresses and now I am actually living as a girl and it appeared going to have to be a girl for some time.

It hadn't been the most productive use of my time or so I told myself, though much of it had turned out to have been pleasurable. That's what trapped me! Unfortunately for my masculinity those pleasures had proved to hold me in a grip of femininity. So I had not put up the resistance I should have put-up to wearing the feminine finery I had been tricked into wearing. And I hadn't fought having to engage in all those feminine activities the way I should have fought. And I didn't put my foot down about having to act and behave as a girl and to learn how to do girl things, the way I should have put it down. And... by the time I realized what was happening... what had happened, it was too late. I was living more like a girl than a boy! And I am trapped.

And even with all of that going on I still thought it was just a silly crazy fun summer and that I would go back to being a boy by the end of it. I thought that when summer ended I would be on my way home and back to living like a guy. But it didn't happen that way. It got worse for me. At last with the summer coming to an end I thought my apprenticeship as a female would be over, but the effects of the female hormones my sis-

ter had slipped me were not wearing off and conveniently all of a sudden mom needed to spend more time away, and as long as sis and I were staying with Auntie the problem of my feminized body could be dealt with without having to rush the cure for it. And my sister had the opportunity to keep working on ways of preventing me from returning to pants and so.....But I get ahead of my self.

It's just that I really enjoyed my aunt's clothes and then the cosmetics and cheer leading in that short skirt and satiny stockings. And I did do rather well in school for the first time in a long time, though it was in the secretarial sciences and those commercial beautician courses....But again I get ahead of myself.

It all took place the summer before the September I was hoping to get a chance to return to college. My stepsister was a college girl as she had managed to stay in college while I had not done so. I was going to give it another try and mom had gotten together a bunch of stuff for me to study over the summer to try to get me up to speed. Mom and my stepsister were originally going to help. I had been a real goof off and had blown my first year and then floundered about a bit and was trying to make a return. So the idea was not to work a job but to spend most of my time at home and to study and get into the study mode over the summer. So I could not be left on my own, I needed some one to make sure I kept with the program. So when mom, who was the bread winner of the family as dad was gone, had to go trouble shoot for the boss in Europe, and how long she was to stay depended on how bad she found things, she shipped me and my step sister off to spend the summer with our aunt, who like mom was a toughie, and would have me studying.

My aunt, fortunately for me, or so I thought at the time, favored boys, and I took advantage of that to lighten my work load around her house and even avoid some of the house work that I would have typically helped the sister with if we were at home. My mother had so far brought us up as gender equals. But at my aunt's house things were not like that and so I pushed off onto my step-sister a lot of the household work that I would have done or at least helped with. I thought for once I would get the better of my stepsister, but I should have known better. Knowing my stepsister's abilities and pent for revenge along with her deviousness, I should not have taken advantage of the situation the way I did.

Again what really had ticked my stepsister off was that I typically helped out at home, and was not helping her with the household chores at Auntie's. But it wasn't just being lazy that had caused me to avoid that work. I had reached a time in my life when I was very attracted to my stepsister, who was an attractive girl, in a boyish way, and I just needed to keep my distance from her. Little did I know that there was some mutual attraction there, and that Samantha liked her boys sweet and soft.

Samantha had it figured out that if being a male at Auntie's house meant her brother could avoid his share of the house hold duties he would typically have done with her at home, then she would fix it so I just wouldn't have such an advantage any more! She had if figured out how she would turn her brother into a sissy for the summer, at least as far as appearance and mannerisms,, so that Auntie might be inclined to treat me less like a male and more like a female, and she could

fix it so that I would get my share of the household work, and more!

So my step sister had connived me into wearing my aunt's lingerie instead of my own male underwear and then slowly created situations where so dressed I was forced to engage in a number of feminine chores, hand washing lingerie, doing the dishes and performing manicures. Then she exposed me in my Aunt's lingerie to my Aunt; who then completed my change of clothing to dress me completely as a girl... temporarily. However, sis connived to make it last longer and with that as long as I was dressed as a girl from the skin out I should also learn to act as a girl. And with that she eventually had me take over all of my sister's chores.

And with that went my favored status at my aunt's home. And in fact it was worse for me because having fallen from grace our Aunt treated me as what she called her sissy-boy which put me on the lowest rung in her house. For although she treated me basically just like a girl, as a sissy- boy playing the role of a girl I was the second class member of the sorority and was treated as such, much to my step sisters pleasure.

So my step sister got me into panties, stockings and a camisole and some what feminized me and than thinking me the sissy, my aunt simply turned me into a full time girl, from the skin out, in every way but one. And the one male thing left to me was my weakness and that is how my stepsister got and continued to control me and kept me happy, learning to be the little sissy "sister" of the house.

So as a young man living with my aunt and stepsister I became one of the "girls", and obedient to my Aunt's directions and my stepsister's orders. I was given time to study, but that was the only time I had

off from learning to be a girl and behaving as a girl. And of course there was never any time off from the clothing. Once my aunt got used to the situation, having a boy feminized and dressing in her clothing, while helping around the house and learning to do what girls had to learn to do, she thought it was wonderful and enjoyed having her little sissy boy around for the summer as a helpful and obedient young lady rather than a male that had to be catered to and gave little thought to allowing me to return to my life as a male while I stayed with her until she would have to return me to my mother.

Chapter II – Into Auntie’s Lingerie

I had always been very fond of my aunt and as I had gotten older one might say I had become infatuated with her. She is an attractive woman, and I found that a bit disconcerting, as she is my mom’s sister. And then I found that I had become somewhat upset with my aunt. I thought because she, like my own mother, had a tendency to treat me like a kid, and I of course thought of myself as an adult. My stepsister, a psychology major, picked up on my unhappiness and used it in her plan. She had a plan to get me to do what she believed was my share of the house work at our Aunt’s home, as I did at our own home, by undermining my masculinity with my aunt. The idea was to have my aunt think of me as less of a male and to think of me as a sissy so that she would have me helping my sister around the house with the traditional female chores that my sister had found herself stuck with doing all by herself.

I had been avoiding my stepsister and my aunt for that matter as the effect of either of them on me was similar, when Samantha cornered me to discuss that

situation. Her plan started with her explaining to me that I seemed upset with her and my aunt and was avoiding them and we needed to discuss it. She explained my psychological problems and the explanation was a real shocker but I sort of felt I needed to play along as I couldn't tell her that it was because I was attracted to her as well as to my Aunt and so I needed to go along with any explanation she came up with unless I could have come up with a less embarrassing and more workable explanation than the real one, and at the time I could not.

Samantha explained to me not only was I avoiding the girls but I seemed a bit agitated on those occasions that I saw Auntie dressed for dates, and perhaps I was being oddly attracted to my aunt on those evenings she went out on dates wearing certain outfits, and would act a bit strangely. She explained that it could be some Oedipal attraction to my Aunt or some kind of attraction to my aunt's ultra sexy eveningwear. I knew that the answer was just that I was hot to trot and seeing my aunt looking so sexy I had to go somewhere and do something about it before I gave myself away. So after some convoluted conversation about it I was forced to agree that my sister should dress in some of my aunt's evening clothing to test her theory, or give away the truth, and my stepsister had made it seem that it had been my suggestion that we play that game.

We raided Auntie's clothes closet and Samantha had me pick out some of "my favorite" of Auntie's dresses for her to try on and dress up as Auntie. At first I was a bit hesitant but eventually let myself get into the game of dress up as Auntie. Once I had picked out the dresses and taken them out of Auntie's closet, Samantha took me down to a basement storage closet where Auntie stored clothing she no longer fit for one

reason or another, but had not yet discarded. We went through the storage boxes and picked out sets of underwear, slips and support garments for Samantha to wear with the dresses I had picked out. Again Samantha had me touch the garments and move them around.

Samantha found a nice flounced apron among Aunties clothes and before I knew it she had it on me and knotted in a big bow on my back. Of course I objected, but she told me, "If we are playing dress up and I am Auntie, then you have to be my maid. And that apron looks wonderful on you. I think you can be Charlene. Now give me a curtsy and help me undress!"

Well the help me undress line got me to stop trying to unknot the sissy thing and I did give her my best curtsy, holding out the edges of my flounced apron like it were a dress, and it certainly looked like one, and told Samantha, "Yes ma'am," instead of stopping it then and there. Actually I was so turned on with her that I played along, and gave her that curtsy and a "yes ma'am" which seemed to cause a weird look on her face. I felt the fool, but I was really hard underneath my apron and at that point did not want to take it off and reveal the effect all this was having on me, which would have even been more embarrassing for me than the situation in which I had found myself.

True to her word Samantha had me undress her down to her panties and bra, having me unbutton and remove her blouse and then unzip and take off her pants, and then take off her camisole, until she was down to her bra and panties and panty hose. She looked wonderful, very strong and tomboyish, yet totally the female. And she was wearing the heaviest pair

of panties I had ever seen and a pretty substantial bra. She looked more like she was wearing a two-piece bathing suit then she was standing there in her lingerie. So I don't think she had any thing to be shy or embarrassed about, and she certainly wasn't. She treated those garments like they weren't there and dressed over them and thus maintained her modesty, while still controlling me. And regardless I still found myself staring at her and feeling some un-brotherly feelings.

Then she awoke me with, "Charlene you lazy girl, stop day dreaming and help me on with my corselet. You know the one, the black satin one over there. And be quick about it. Into my role I curtsied and told her, "Yes ma'am", which seemed to tickle her, and followed her instructions to help her get into it. I held it up and she walked into it and then I wrapped it around her and hooked her into it, as it fastened up the back. She smiled and told me, "Charlene you really do that so well. No wonder I keep you on, even thought you day dream so much." Again, playing along, not knowing what else to do, I again curtsied and told her, "Yes ma'am" and "Thank you ma'am."

The next article of sensual clothing was a pair of black silk stockings. She also had me help her put those on, and over the pantyhose she was already wearing. She instructed me to roll them up, of course one at a time, and put them over her pointed toes and then roll then up her foot and smoothing them out as she stood there. I could have died. Then she had me fasten each stocking in turn to the garters hanging from the corselet she was wearing. Was there any more humiliating act for a guy to perform while being treated as a lady's maid? I doubt it. Any way, she even had me help her with a pair of black satin panties that she stepped into, as I held, as if she wasn't already in pant-

ies. The effect was lovely and quite a turn on for me, seeing her there in Auntie's fine clothing, the black corselet, panties and stockings. She looked a bit like Emma Peel, for those of you who can remember the show the Avengers, in the Hell Fire Club episode. Then I helped her into a short black satin slip that felt wonderful and looked wonderful on her. She twirled and as the slip whirled she was absolutely breath taking. I was ready to explode. And I think I was actually ready to be her maid, if I could see her dressed in auntie's lingerie, and had to fight that impulse.

So dressed we returned to Auntie's room, Samantha in her lingerie and me in my apron-dress. Again following her instructions I helped her into one of Auntie's dresses I had picked out, and zippered her in to it. She looked wonderfully sexy. Very much like Auntie. Then she sat down on the bed and crossing her legs and pulling up the skirt of her dress in the most provocative way told me, "Charlene, get my black patent leather pumps from the closet and put them on for me. You know how hard it is to bend in this corselet." And I did exactly that, getting down on my knees to place the shoes on her feet.

Once she had dressed she whirled around a bit and sashayed around the room provocatively; and I did find her and the clothes quite a turn on. We spent that afternoon playing dress up and I continued in my role of her maid, undressing and dressing her and handling all of Auntie's clothes. Despite the implications of it all, I was enjoying myself, despite the apron and the role I was playing. And as far as the apron went, a growing wet spot on the front of my pants prevented me from taking that off.

Samantha was having a great time watching me react to the dress up game. I am not sure she realized my attraction to her, and may have actually thought it was just my aunt's clothing that was a turn on. In any case she had her fun with me and told me, "Charlie you make a wonderful lady's maid. I wouldn't have believed it, but you have a real talent for helping a girl dress. You really are sweet." I just stuttered not knowing what to say, she had pulled me out of character, hard and embarrassed as it was I told her, "Thanks sis, but it must be you who bring out the 'maid' in me, I don't think I would be as helpful and good at it with another person." Samantha seemed to think about that for a minute and just replied, "Why thank you! I guess I will just have to keep that in mind, won't I?"

She continued to dress up and acted as a model which continued to be a turn on for me. I thought it was more her effect, or the effect of my aunt on me, than the clothes, but I had to admit to myself the feel of the clothing as I dressed her was nice. But I couldn't tell her that, thought to my self I had to give in to her the fact that perhaps I was a bit turned on by the clothes! That is by the clothes, as well as by my Aunt and by her.

She modeled a couple of more dresses, all evening gowns, and I continued to help her in and out of the dresses, and she continued calling me Charlene and treating me like her lady's maid.

The game only stopped when she tore one of my aunt's dresses that she had been modeling, catching the hem on the heel of one of auntie's high heeled pumps that had been a bit too difficult for my sister to manage, or so she made it seem. However that was really all part of her plan.

Samantha became hysterical pretending to fear the dire consequences when Auntie found out. After much give and take we agreed... don't ask me why... because to this day I can't figure out how Samantha got me to agree to it, that if caught I would take the blame. After all it was really my fault that she had been parading around in our Aunt's clothing, as some how she had made me think it was my idea. The story would be, and only if we were caught, that I and not Samantha, had been trying on Auntie's dress and ripped it. Little did I know my stepsister had it worked out so that "I" would be caught, and where that story was going to lead me. In any case, after our little dress up game and my maid role playing, Samantha was ready for the second part of the plan, to trick and force me into wearing Auntie's lingerie and thus under her control have me help out around the house, and after having me playing the maid perhaps even as her cute little assistant.

Of course to make it believable, if caught I would have to pretend a fascination with woman's clothing that upon being found out by Auntie, I would swear off forever. And that was supposed to have been the end of it. After all my stepsister told me, that as she, a psychology major had already suspected such a fascination, so might Auntie. But to make Auntie believe it I would of course have to wear some articles of woman's clothing, so when found out my explanation would seem plausible. And of course a sinner returned to the fold was always forgiven. And after all, according to my stepsister that brief time in lingerie would also serve as a healthy exploration of my fascination with my Aunt's clothing. Again that was all news to me, though I had been finding the feel of Auntie's things very nice, especially in the context of seeing Samantha in her own lingerie and then in Auntie's lingerie and

gowns. But as I said, I did have an attraction to my stepsister, and when she presented all this in terms of saving her from our Aunt's wrath, I had to gallantly agree to "save her."

And of course convenient enough we already knew where Auntie had stored her cast offs, and Samantha was sure some of Auntie's old lingerie would fit me. And before I knew it she had convinced me and gotten me into a pair of auntie's panties, a camisole and a pair of her nylon stockings. All were of a delightful sensual material and felt wonderful on my naked skin. Fortunately I was not yet rising to that occasion, and the fix I was in had taken the sexual edge off the game with Samantha, which had been my real turn on; but the feel of Auntie's lingerie was still wonderful. However, still under the effects of seeing my sister in her lingerie and Auntie's finery I was not thinking quite straight and did not quite realize the fix I was getting myself into and that I should have backed out right then and there, but did not realize the danger of the attraction nor the trap into which I was falling. I hadn't felt any loss of masculinity at the time, by donning these pieces of lingerie and so let my step sister dress me up, not realizing the addicting potential of nylons, silks and satins to certain guys at certain stages of their development, and where that could lead.

Any way we returned to Auntie's storage room. I was still in my apron and, Sandy presented me with a pair of panties, a camisole and a pair of nylon stockings, the type that stays up on their own. I hesitated a bit, and Sandy knew this was it, she needed to hook me then, or her opportunity was over. She took the panties, which were of the finest heavy satin and rubbed them in my hands, telling me, that if I would just do this for her she would be for ever grateful and she

would do all the house hold chores and leave me to study. Well the panties felt wonderful to my touch, and I started thinking that all things considered perhaps having to wear panties under duress like this was not a sissy type act, and with that mental "out" I was hooked and agreed once again to at least give it a try. But, I told her that if it was too embarrassing I wanted out. And of course she told me, okay, but that a real man isn't embarrassed to wear panties under such circumstances, but sissies were always embarrassed to wear panties. I don't know where that logic came from, but if I where a real man I would at least give the panties a try, and so I just had to, the nice feel of them aside. After all I couldn't have my stepsister thinking that I was a sissy!

And she gave me one of those looks that I could not refuse. I guess the point was, to strike while the striking was good. To get me into the panties and used to her seeing me in my new female lingerie while I was still vulnerable, and latter I would be controllable.

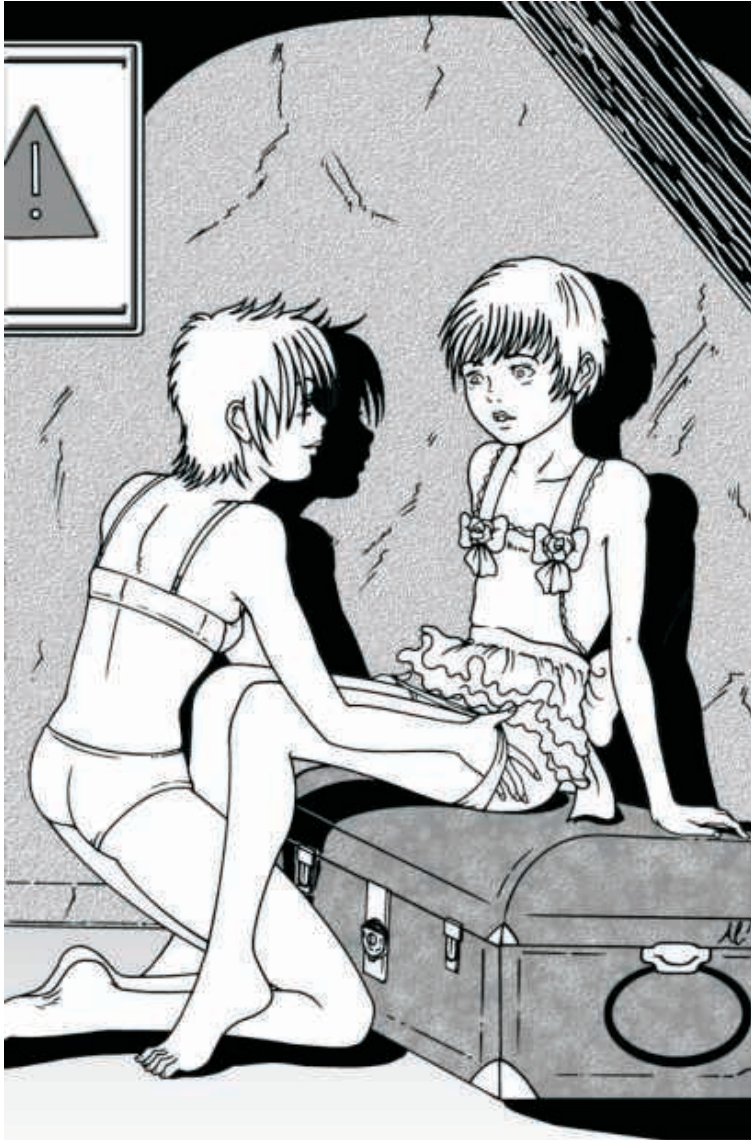
So I was hooked and she just reeled me in. While I was still dreamily touching the panties...my panties, she took control and didn't even let me change out of her sight. She changed me into my new panties, cami-sole and stockings right there in front of her. She slipped her hands under my apron and dropped my pants and then my briefs and in pushing me down to sit on a trunk, my apron just covering me I was sort of trapped there what with my pants and briefs down around my ankles, and fortunately so crumpled the wet spots on them were hidden. So she removed my sneakers and next came my pants and men's briefs. And just as quickly she slipped on the panties and having me stand, pulled them into place, covering my manhood in the soft tendrils of satin panties. I found they felt wonderful to me, unfortunately for me.

Then probably under the pretext of getting my new panties into place she let her hands smooth them against my cheeks for longer than was necessary. It really felt wonderful, having this girl I was attracted to touching me like that through those wonderful silky panties. The look on my face must have given me away and she smiled and told me, "You see, it won't be so bad wearing panties. I think you may even find you like wearing them. You know that some boys do?" We I didn't know what to say, and couldn't think of what to say to give her an answer or a denial, but she had certainly planted the thought of how enjoyable it could be to wear such things into my head; which was all part of her plan for me, if things worked out the way she had planned, and they had.

That done she had me and so confused I had stopped objecting and just let her have her way! So next she put me in the camisole. She loosened the neck strap from my apron and let the front fall forward and then after removing my shirt and t-shirt she slipped on my Aunt's cast off camisole on me, getting me to put my arms through the straps. It also felt wonderful. So the apron straps came back on, and the camisole was locked into place.

Finally she slipped the stocking on me...very tight denier, shiny and making my legs appear quite girlish. She had me sitting on the trunk again, and pointing my toe, and she put the stocking on my foot and rolled it up into place and then she put its mate on my other foot. The stockings also felt very nice. Samantha was obviously quite happy that she had managed to get her brother into their aunt's lingerie, but I could only judge based on the scenario she had set up and not on her hidden agenda. Any way, she came over and gave me a big hug and a kiss right on the lips, which was a first

for us and it was electrifying for me. And she paused for a moment afterwards and gave me a strange look, so it must have had some effect and an unsuspected one on her.



Any way, still holding me, and seemingly affectionately rubbing me through, first my satin camisole and then my satin panties, she told me that I was saving her life, and she would be forever grateful, while sending the most pleasant sensations along my skin below my satin camisole and satin panties, and she continued by telling me how much she appreciated the sacrifice I was making and how really manly I was acting in not being afraid to wear woman's lingerie under the circumstances.

Next while still in my aunt's or my lingerie Samantha had had me go through Auntie's cast off lingerie and pick out another panty camisole set and stockings, ones that I would like. I tried to make little of the "one I would like" comment, but was already in the hold of the lingerie and looked for another set in heavy satin rather than plain nylon. Samantha picked out a pair that I approved and was happy with herself and her reading of her stepbrother and her ability to manipulate me and the situation. But as it turned out, two pairs of panties would not be enough, as I would be having all sorts of accidents, as the satins became more and more of a turn on and more and more fun to wear.

Chapter III – Wearing lingerie and hand washing all the girl's lingerie

Eventually I got to get dressed again, and I felt a bit strange, but not uncomfortable, and sort of nice. However, my sneakers were a bit loose and the panties did not have the same support that my briefs offered. Samantha convinced me that situation would only last a day or so, a week at the most, and that I should just stay away from sports for a while and just do the studying I was supposed to do, and help around the

house a bit, so that the loose sneakers and lack of male support wouldn't be a problem. So I stayed at home a bit more and I started studying and hung with Samantha, helping her out on occasion, waiting to be caught by Auntie.

Now as much as I was getting to like the feel of the panties, I just didn't feel right wearing them and knowing my tendency for easy addiction a day or so later I out of that lingerie and back in my male briefs, tee-shirt and socks. Samantha some how could tell and gave me the guilt trip and I of course changed back into panties, the camisole and the stockings. They did feel so nice, and of course having been forced into them and then back into them made every thing okay in my mind.

After that Samantha told me she could have no compulsion against checking up on me and from dropping her hand down the back of my pants to check I was wearing "my" panties. And it would not be a quick check. She would leave her hand there for a time while she thanked me. It was unnerving, but such a turn on, her hand massaging my cheek through the satin of my panty. And so she would put her hand there for a while to let its warmth do its magic, while thanking me so much for wearing the panties to save her. It drove me wild, her hand on my panty covered butt and her lips so close to mine while she looked me in the eye and offered me her thanks. I would go right to my room and do you know what, right in my panties, fixating on that sensual aspect of a guy wearing panties, as Samantha had planned for me to do.

And then just to make sure I was not going to forget to put on my panties in the morning Samantha wanted me wearing the panties to bed, as she explained, to stay acclimated to them. By that time I might have probably

done that any way as I was really getting comfortable wearing the panties and I had typically wore boxers under my pajamas. However, she would insist on checking on me, claiming I couldn't be trusted and because of the way I slept she eventually wound up grabbing me up front, instead of on my buns like she did when she checked on me during the day, and eventually she found me wet. The panties were eventually having that effect on me. Well it was all part of her plan and she loved that.

The first time she told me, "Why Charles you are a bit wet. I wonder if you are bleeding! I had better check?" I told her that I wasn't but was too flustered to explain and I couldn't make her stop, she played at being so worried. And she ran her hand over my panty-covered front, telling me, "Just think of me as a nurse as this may be an emergency and we can't wait", and grabbing me she got a bit of a squirt. I was too flustered to say a word. She just smiled, and said, "Why you are certainly wet, but it doesn't feel like blood, so I guess it would have to be your happy juice! Let's be making sure. I can't have you bleeding to death. Not in Auntie's panties any way." I tried explaining and tried to get her to stop, as good as it did feel, but she just told me, "Just be quiet and think of me as your nurse!"

I don't know where that description "happy juice" came from but it certainly made dealing with the situation a bit easier than if she had called it what it was. And she continued to play with me, which certainly felt wonderful and after a while I just couldn't bring myself to make her stop and I stopped squirming. Though I don't know where she got her nerve. And she told me, "Yes it certainly feels like joy juice. Now doesn't it?" Though she didn't wait for a denial but continued, "Why I think your panties are giving you a wet

dream? I guess that is better than bleeding, but I had better check on you regularly, just in case! I mean we can't let this go too far. Why you just may get hooked on wearing Auntie's panties. After all, lots of boys do, but I don't think it is some thing Auntie would approve of." And then letting that sink in, after the pause, she continued, "But perhaps if you helped around the house a bit more, Auntie might just let you have her old panties? If you like I'll ask her? Though, when you started all of this I never suspected this would happen."

Well I couldn't believe it and I just told her, despite the evidence, that, it was not the case, and told her I could stop wearing the panties at any time and would stop wearing the panties. However, she told me I couldn't do that to her, as she was still potentially in trouble with Auntie, and she needed me to protect her by continuing to wear Auntie's lingerie, as planned. But due to my apparent reaction to the panties she could not let the situation continue too long and now would have to check up on me; for she would have to take other measures if it appears I was too far gone with my reaction to wearing lingerie.

Her playing with me through the panties certainly felt nice and her ploy worked and after that she made no excuses and seemed to get a kick out of it and would always find me wet and would always play with the tip through my panties until she got me even wetter, and would then leave telling me, "Yes you are still okay, not too bad yet... Pleasant dreams sweat heart," and it started me off on the wildest fantasies that would typically end up with a wet dream and my panties all soiled. So again, letting Samantha clean them would have been embarrassing, not to say she didn't know what was happening, as she had started it

and did her best to ensure I continued with it. And it was working as I was finding my wearing of Auntie's satin and nylon lingerie, her panties, camisole and stockings more and more of a pleasure to which I was reacting more and more!

As Auntie didn't catch me right away the problem of soiled lingerie and nylons became an issue, especially due to the nature of some of the soiling. So when Samantha recommended I keep that particular wash of mine separate and taught me how to hand wash my lingerie I went along with it. Little did I realize that soon I would also be hand washing her lingerie and eventually even Auntie's lingerie, to Auntie's disbelief? Thought as I said it all started with me just doing my own lingerie, hand washing my panties, my camisole and my nylons a horrible enough thought at the time, and then progressed to me also hand washing Samantha's lingerie and then to me also hand washing Auntie's lingerie. And if that wasn't enough, to protect the lingerie from snags I wound up having to file my nails, polish them, and use hand cream. So there I was not only wearing the lingerie, with that effect on me, but also handling it, which together just made me feel oh so comfortable and relaxed, and turned on.

Samantha convinced me that my lingerie could not be washed with her and Auntie's lingerie or even separately in the washing machine as it might be found by Auntie and that if Auntie found them with Samantha's lingerie the entire charade of me wearing lady's underwear would have been for naught. Even though I wasn't completely in agreement with the logic of this, like every thing else, Samantha eventually got me to go along with it and do what she wanted me to do. So I had to wash, what had become my lingerie, separately from theirs and where Auntie would not notice her old

lingerie and the only way to do that was for me to hand wash what had become my lingerie. Samantha explained to me how it was done, and I would handle that chore when Auntie was away at work and have them dried and put away before she returned home.

Then of course once I had settled into a pattern and was comfortable about doing my special hand washing and convinced I would not get caught by Auntie Samantha worked it out so Auntie would find me in the process of hand washing the lingerie. Samantha delayed me in that chore one day when she knew that Auntie was coming home early, and when Auntie arrived home Samantha connived to get her up to the bathroom where I was doing my wash with out me realizing it was Auntie coming up the stairs. I thought it was Samantha. So Auntie found me doing that wash and was dumfounded. I was also in shock and I was unable to immediately offer an explanation, but Samantha was ready with a reasonable explanation and so I had to go along with Samantha's explanation. She told Auntie that I was hand washing her, Samantha's lingerie, after having lost a bet, and that I would be doing so for the rest of the summer. Auntie had only seen me washing the lingerie in the sink in soapy water, and so had not realized it was her lingerie, and not Samantha's, that I had also shamefully been wearing, that I had been washing.

Once that excuse was given an accepted I was really stuck hand washing panties and the rest, and correctly. For the time being it was only the lingerie that I was wearing and then with at least some of Samantha's lingerie. Auntie was not happy with me a male, washing any female's lingerie, but as it was the result of a bet, it was some thing that she would allow me to do, and actually had to be done by me. And she would be check-

ing up on me to make sure I was not fooling around and was taking my job seriously, whatever that meant. But what it did mean was Auntie taught me how to properly hand wash girl's "undies" and so that wash really did have to include at least some of Samantha's lingerie as when Auntie needed an item to demonstrate on or for me to wash as she washed, it would have to be Samantha's, not mine; and so Samantha soon had me hand washing all of her lingerie and to her specifications, which Auntie enforced when reviewing my work. And that was the simple easy stuff, my wash responsibilities would get even more complicated.

And Auntie was really tough the whole thing. Samantha would just have to mention in front of Auntie that I had not cleaned some pair of panties thoroughly, or not hung a pair of stockings up properly and Auntie would come the next time and watch me washing them to make sure I was washing them properly and not welching on my bet. I can't even describe how humiliating that was, having my Aunt teach me how to hand wash my sister's lingerie, and over and over again, each time Samantha made a complaint. Eventually Samantha had to stop that as I was doing such a fine job that my Aunt was complimenting me on the fine job I was doing and my abilities. Though even after Auntie was satisfied with that work she would still pop in on me to check I was doing it right and conducting myself properly. She seemed to have reached a point where she had accepted what I was doing, and was actually getting some satisfaction from me doing such a fine job with the lingerie, despite being a fellow, and from the fact that she had taught me to do that job so well. She always had a smile on her face when she was watching me and always complimented me and my work. It was rather embarrassing. But of course I

always thanked her, as I had been instructed to do by Samantha. And I pretty much needed to follow what Samantha told me, or she would complain to Auntie about me slacking on the lingerie washing which would just inspire another visit by Auntie to check up on me and instruct me, which was always an embarrassment.

And Auntie would tell me, "I just can't believe that you, a boy, could get yourself into such a situation, hand washing your sister's panties! I really shouldn't allow it. Who knows what could become of all this. But it was a bet... and bets must be paid off. And you have certainly been a good sport about it; and perhaps too good a sport? Some, times I just have to wonder. Though it certainly seems to have calmed you down, and kept you home studying. So I guess it can't be all bad. And according to your sister you do such a wonderful job."

And I did do a good job, but Auntie was right there were problems. After all it wasn't complicated stuff, and I was developing an attraction to the lingerie and so the handling of it while washing it became stimulating. At that point washing the panties, stockings, camisoles and bras, which Samantha had added as I started actually washing her lingerie, was becoming enjoyable. I was just getting deeper and deeper, especially with the added bonus of Samantha coming into my bedroom every night and checking up on me. It felt pretty nice and just enamored me more to the lingerie. And the fact that Auntie knew what I was doing then allowed me to take my time, no longer having to worry about being discovered, and that allowed me to luxuriate in what I was doing, taking my time handling my sister's and what had become my own lingerie and just enjoying the feel of it all.

However, I realized that Auntie's monitoring of the situation complicated the matter and Auntie might catch me with her panties and the like, when as far as she knew I was just supposed to have been taking care of Samantha's panties and the like, and so I thought that problem was my way out of the situation and out of Auntie's panties, and told that to Samantha. But Samantha got all crazy again about the torn dress and had me agreeing to do what ever was necessary to continue with the charade. Samantha figured out and explained to me that I couldn't stop washing the lingerie and so it would probably be best if I just also did Auntie's lingerie, now that my lingerie washing was out in the open. That way if Auntie noticed that my lingerie wash included some of her lingerie she would just figure it was her lingerie that I was washing; with the word "just", just rolling off Samantha's tongue as if the entire matter was no big deal and I guess it wasn't to her; but she just she was just getting me in deeper and deeper into the situation and deeper and deeper into female lingerie.

Now as I couldn't just out right volunteer to increase my lingerie washing responsibilities, it wouldn't seem right to Auntie, so Samantha would have to work some thing out. And so Samantha orchestrated the scenario where she would continuously comment on how nice her lingerie was feeling as it was being hand rather than machine washed, and thank Auntie for teaching me my laundering skills and eventually Auntie took the bait and Samantha graciously suggested that Auntie should let me also hand wash at least some of Auntie's lingerie. Auntie of course wouldn't hear of it, saying she hadn't been included in the bet and that a boy washing lingerie in her house was bad enough, but her lingerie also, absolutely not!

She told Samantha, almost ignoring me, "I know Charlie does a wonderful job washing your lingerie. In fact I am jealous of you having Charlie to wash your "undies" as he does it so well. I've even had to admit that to Charlie! I am almost proud of the way he accepted his loss and is doing such a fine job as a laundress. However, it is one thing for him to be handling his sister's panties and bras, and another for him to be handling and washing his Aunt's lingerie. Who knows where some things like that could lead if I got used to it?"

Any way Sandy made some sort of deal with her, and me, or between Auntie and me and I told Auntie, as I was forced to do, that I did not mind at all, and Auntie then just agreed to give it a try. Then once Auntie got used to the idea and the service, she was hooked on me hand washing her lingerie rather than having to do it herself, or having it machine-washed. And as I didn't seem to have any objection she was convinced by Samantha to continue to give it a try and accepted that a male was doing such work, not only for his sister, but for his aunt. After all we were all family.

The first couple of times I did her panties and nylons she watched me again, but by that time I pretty much had it down, and washed and dried them with great care and did not take any short cuts. It must have been some thing for her to see me hand scrubbing her panties, and gently hand pressing out the soap and then the water with the rinsing. I know it was difficult the first time she watched me do Samantha's panties by hand and instructed me on how to hold them and rub them. It was even tougher having Auntie watch me hand clean her panties. It was tuff on both of us, but she got used to it really quickly.

By the second and last time she checked up on me while washing her panties, she told me, "Charlie, I can't get over it, but you wash panties better than a girl does. You are simply wonderful. You clean them so well, and they just feel so nice hand cleaned. I just don't know what to think of all of this. In my time a boy would never do a lady's wash. But I guess things have changed and as long as your sister and you don't have a problem with all of this, and you are washing your sister's lingerie, I will let you also wash mine. But let's be careful with all of this, I am not quite comfortable with all of this, especially the way you a boy seem to be taking the lead from your sister on all of this."

However, as Auntie liked having her lingerie hand washed and liked the way I hand washed her lingerie, she let herself acclimate to the fact that a male, her nephew, was the 'laundress', and was taking the lead from a girl, his sister, and after a while Auntie seemed to become quite comfortable with the idea and with Samantha's influence simply compared me, a male, doing her fine washables, her lingerie, to male chefs and male hair dressers, and expressed her feelings that under Samantha's lead I was buckling down a bit more with my studies and perhaps the whole lingerie thing would work out to my benefit.

So at first I just did her panties and stockings, and an occasional camisole, but as she got used to it, she added items as Samantha made suggestions that she let me give doing some thing else a try. And indicative of my new station in the house, Auntie would always discuss it with Samantha and not with me, if she thought it would be okay for Charlie to also do whatever additional item would come next. And of course Samantha always told her it would be fine and that I would be pleased to hand wash what ever she needed to be

done, we were so grateful that she let us stay with her, any thing Charlie could do in return was not too much trouble or embarrassing for him. And then Auntie would thank her and me, in that order. So Auntie added to my wash, her slips, then her bras, then her negligees, then her foundation garments etc. so that after a short time Auntie had me washing all her lingerie by hand. And with each new item she would show me how to clean it and dry it. Finally I had so much of her lingerie drying on towels she moved me to the laundry room and set me up there. I had really become the family laundress.

Now the laundry room sink being lower than the bathroom sink caused me problems and I was splashing myself and getting the wash water on my clothes. Samantha walking in on Auntie instructing me on washing some new type of garment and found me wet and smelling of the sweet feminine smelling laundry soap I used for cleaning the lingerie. Finding me so, she told Auntie that as odd as me a boy doing her lingerie might be, it was worse that I then smelled like a girl from the splashed soapy water. Samantha suggested that I wear an apron while doing the hand wash so I would not smell like a girl the rest of the day.

And so before I knew it Samantha had Auntie on the road to being convinced that I just had to wear an apron while doing the laundry and for the time being one of Auntie's aprons until she could pick me up a man's apron; and while Auntie questioned the whole idea Samantha simply just slipped Auntie's laundry apron on me and had it on me with a big bow knotted in the back before I could object or Auntie could prevent it, the one I had worn earlier when playing maid and putting on Auntie's lingerie for the first time. It was quite feminine in cut and adornment and I blushed

horribly when I realized what I was again wearing it, and this time in front of Auntie. Now thought Auntie had originally objected, once I had it on she got a “serves him right” attitude and look on her face as she realized what I was wearing. Any way Samantha just convinced Auntie that I had to wear an apron or I would smell like a girl. Then she looked at me and told me, that of course I could just take off my shirt instead of wearing the apron if covering my shirt with the apron presented a problem. She knew I was still wearing Auntie’s camisole and couldn’t take off my shirt and so she got me to not only wear Auntie’s apron but to agree that it was a good idea to wear it and then to tell Auntie it was probably a good idea. And so I was stuck wearing that girly apron with the flounces again, the apron which made me look like I was wearing a dress.

Auntie apparently agreed with my perception of it. She took a final look at me facing her and told us, “You know Charlie; in that apron it looks like you are wearing a dress! I am not sure what is worse, you smelling like a lady or looking like you are wearing a lady’s dress.” Samantha settled the matter of keeping me in the apron. She told Auntie, that being a boy I was a slob and did need an apron when working out of a laundry sink, and although it looked like a dress on me, who was going to see it, and as they would get me a man’s apron soon, the situation wouldn’t last long enough for me to be embarrassed by it. And then she asked, “Why Charlie would you prefer to wear the apron or do the laundry in a tee shirt?” And of course I had to tell her that the apron was fine with me, I found it a bit cool in the basement and preferred to keep my shirt on. Yea, I was wearing Auntie’s camisole under my shirt, of course I couldn’t take it off. And then she

quipped, "And I am sure you don't mind it that you look like you are wearing a dress, do you?" And I could only reply that I did not. Auntie again gave me one of her strange looks and then told me, "Charlie, you are going to change my entire view on males and what boys can do if you continue like this, thought I do appreciate your ability to work with the girls, so to speak. But my you do look like a girl in that apron; what with your long hair and lanky look; though if it is okay with you and your sister, I don't object, as it is easier for me to let you wash my lingerie when you look so feminine. But all this stops with the apron, or the two of you will drive me to distraction! If this doesn't stop I will be calling you Charlene, and we can't have that, now can we?"

Well I thought the addition of that frilly apron to my attire was really a bad idea. I mean it didn't even feel as nice as the lingerie. But of course Samantha explained how it was all working out and the wearing of the apron would just go to further convince Auntie that it was I and not her who had torn the dress. Well I had just about had it and hysterics or not I did not want to continue with the charade and wanted my own underwear back, as nice as the lingerie did feel on me. I broke down and broke the news to Samantha after she had kept me in that apron for a while. Foolishly I did it while she was doing her nightly check on me. Well she didn't get hysterical and she just kept doing what she was doing and just sat down on the bed and told me I was upset because I needed to sublimate my wearing of panties, a sissy thing to do, with something like sports or like masculine release, neither of which I was apparently getting or I would not all of a sudden be so emotional. Then as if to confirm her theory she asked if I was satisfying myself, which I was doing pretty regu-

larly as the lingerie had really developed into quite a turn on, but I of course denied. Well she calmly continued to play with me past my ability to hold back and I of course released. I couldn't believe what had just happened and felt like crying I was so embarrassed. Samantha on the other hand was as calm as could be and told me, "I am sure you will feel much better now that we've done what really had to be done to make you comfortable and I am sure I won't hear any more talk of you backing out of our deal. It would hurt me very much, and I am not sure what I would do under those circumstances." Well with that action and that threat I wasn't going to try to get out of that situation with out her say so, and it gave me the psychological excuse to continue with a situation which though mentally disturbing was really turning out to be quite pleasurable.

And so nothing changed and things got worse for me with the talk of my feminine activities becoming part of our regular conversations with Auntie commenting on how wonderful this bra or that girdle felt since I had taken over the wash and was hand washing all of her lingerie. And she was always very grateful about it, as I was a male doing a female's work. And to make it worse, she told me how she bragged to all her girl friends about how well her nephew laundered her lingerie and had become her new male laundress, just like a male hairdresser or chef.

Well I was doing such a great job washing the lingerie that some how Sandy convinced Auntie that I should give dish washing a try, after Auntie was finding Sandy's dish washing to be some one wanting. And there isn't much to tell here, I just wound up adding dish washing to my washing chores and didn't think to mess up to get out of it as it saved me from having to

sit down with the girls after dinner and getting involved in girlie conversations, which Samantha seemed to drag me into, just as if I were a girl and then Auntie's would just laugh about it, but include me in the conversation. Again at first Auntie was a bit upset about having her nephew instead of her niece washing the dishes, but after a while the job being done so well, Auntie just gave in, and it became another topic of conversation with the girl friends.

And of course, Samantha had me in my apron while I did the dishes, and typically had me wearing it long after I had finished that choir, and some how that male apron never materialized. And what made it worse was at times she would have me in shorts and then it really looked like I was wearing a dress. The trade off was I got out of those darn nylon stockings. The nylon stockings were feeling nicer and nicer, but they were hot. So I could wear my long pants and the nylon stockings or my shorts without the nylons but with that apron on it just looked even more like I was wearing a dress.

The first time I appeared in the shorts and apron Auntie was aghast. She told Samantha, "My word it looks like Charlie is wearing a dress!" Samantha didn't blink and came back with, "Yes, and he has such nice legs for it!" Auntie then looked and thought and smiled and told us, "Why you know you are right. Charlie does have his mother's small ankles and very shapely calves. Why I'll be darned if he doesn't have nice legs." And then she made a joke and I could have died. Auntie told me, "Charlie you had better be careful or we'll be calling you Charlene pretty soon." She and Samantha laughed but I couldn't and that was sort of the end of and objections to me in shorts and that frilly apron.

So Auntie seemed to have turned the corner in regard to my sister's feminizing of me and my activities, thought she still objected a bit, she wouldn't put a stop to it. And she would always be telling me, when I brought her, her lingerie, or when I was washing the dishes after dinner, "You know Charlie; I should not let you do this. I don't think it is good for a boy to be wearing an apron and hand washing lingerie like this. But you just do such a wonderful job of it; it would be a real shame for you to stop. And your sister, for a girl, was just awful with the dishes. I am just so glad you took over. You are just such a natural; I can hardly believe you are really a real boy. You do such a wonderful job I almost wish I could have you do more things around here. But it wouldn't be right for a boy to take over like that, would it? And I promise that I will get you a proper apron, I just keep forgetting, and your sister never reminds me!"

And I would sort of evade answering her, and just tell her that I didn't mind the "little" feminine tasks at all or wearing the apron, as long as it helped her out. And it sort of stopped with that.

Now as Auntie had not yet discovered the ripped dress I was still wearing Auntie's lingerie and doing the hand wash to cover up my own lingerie washing and then the dishes, and sis was ready to escalate. That phase being over and Samantha having gotten me and Auntie to accept that I was in charge of the hand washing of the girl's lingerie and the dishes and would be wearing an apron that made me look like I was wearing a dress, she moved on with my feminizing with Auntie's cooperation, as unintentional as that may have been.

Chapter IV – Learning Manicuring

Eventually, Auntie noticed a pull or two on the lingerie that I was washing and brought it up in conversation with Samantha and me. Samantha told her she had found the same problem with some of her lingerie that I had been hand washing, and could only figure out that my nails were catching the fine fabric, as being a guy my nails were not shaped with out corners or filed smooth. Well Auntie didn't have a solution for that, but of course Samantha certainly did. Samantha convinced Auntie that we should try filing and shaping my nails to the needed rounded and smooth feminine shape, and if that worked then I should continue to routinely file my nails to prevent rough edges from developing which would catch the lingerie I was so good at washing. So I would either have to go out for manicures, or learn to take care of my nails myself in the feminine fashion, as Samantha claimed she couldn't help me, and Auntie wouldn't have the time or the desire to manicure her nephews nails, not on any sort of regular basis any way. So we all seemed to come to an agreement that Auntie would teach both Samantha and myself how to take care of our nails in the female fashion, if she felt it was okay, for her nephew to keep his nails in the female fashion.

Auntie said she was fundamentally against it, or so she said, as I was already too involved with feminine activities but under the circumstances would try to keep an open mind and would have to think about it. However, after experiencing a few more snags in her real fine lingerie, all blamed on me but originating from Sandy and not me, after all I was being very careful as I didn't want to have to file my nails, Auntie supplied both Sandy and myself with manicure sets, and

taught us both how to keep our nails smooth and rounded.

Then Samantha had me constantly filing, especially in front of Auntie. Samantha told me it would keep my mind off my panties which seemed to affect me, in a way we both knew, and she was right. And as the panties got more and more bothersome I filed more and more. When Auntie asked me about why I had become so preoccupied with filing my nails, Samantha explained to Auntie that it just seemed to relax me and it kept me focused. I had to agree and Auntie just let me continue. After all, as the lingerie remained snag free and both Auntie and Samantha congratulated them selves for having figured out the source of the problem, and Auntie did not mind me keeping my nails rounded off in a female fashion nor constantly filing away to keep them smooth and rounded.

And though at first I was very upset with having to file my nails, like a girl, Samantha's praise and encouragement soon got me over that, and with her carefully spending time with me when ever I worked on my nails, I soon began to enjoy the task, looking forward to her company and praise.

And of course Samantha made me let my nails grow just a bit, telling me in for a penny in for a dollar and that it would further help to convince Auntie, on the day the dress was discovered that it was me and not Sandy who had worn it and had ripped it. So she explained to Auntie that the longer nails helped me remove knits from my wash, what ever knits were, and Auntie accepted that, and even after a while began to compliment me on how well I maintained my nails, even with spending so much time in soapy water, another psychological plus, as Auntie had not been too

happy with my picking up of all these female activities; at least not yet.

The next step in Samantha plan was to convince Auntie that I needed to apply nail polish. And that was easier as the big obstacle had been to get Auntie to accept my nail care and then my longer nails. In any case, Samantha mentioned to Auntie that my nails were taking a real beating; what with my hands being in water so much what could we do about it? Auntie began, "Well if he were a girl, we'd keep them polished, but.....and Auntie trailed off. However, that was the opening Samantha had been looking for, and she asked, "Well what about clear polish? Don't men wear clear polish?" Now on occasion Auntie would even tell me how feminine my hands were looking with my longer nails, and if I were not a boy, and she would typically giggle a bit with that, before continuing to tell me they would be very becoming for me. So looking at my hands and smiling Auntie told us, "Well why not!?" Samantha had finally broken down the old male-female taboos that Auntie had maintained and then I was really in it.

With that she sat me down at the table and then got out her clear nail polish. However, at that point she really noticed my cuticles and my hands and told Sandy, "Why his cuticles and hands are as bad as his nails. He really needs a professional manicure, but I will do my best to get him on the right track and I do have some books for teenage girls about this sort of thing, which may be of help to him under the circumstances. And with that she got together every thing she would need to give me a manicure, and showed me how to care for my hands, and to care for my cuticles and to polish my nails, and finish it off with hand cream, just as if I was her daughter. And then seemingly with out thinking

she automatically had me do my toe nails also. And after that Samantha had me performing my hand care as a daily regimen, and always made sure that Auntie knew that I was doing it and on occasion made sure Auntie would get to see me polishing my nails, and I always wore nail polish.

Samantha always made sure we would do our hand care together, and as always offered kind words for my abilities and the sacrifice I was making to protect her, and as with all the girlish activities I was being introduced to, I just would just eventually become comfortable performing them on myself.

Auntie at first avoided watching me, a boy, performing this added female function. She had just about gotten use to me filing my nails all the time, courtesy of Samantha's control over me. Then after a while she just sort of accepted it, just as she had with me hand washing her lingerie and just filing my nails. And she would smile and tell me, "I can't get over how proficient you are with your manicuring. You are really as good at these girly things, well... as a girl. And it doesn't seem to bother you in the least." And I had already been cued by Samantha to reply, "Not any more Auntie. I sort of enjoy it now. It gives me something to do with my hands and keeps me busy. And it really feels nice. And I sort of like the look, though it is a bit embarrassing." Auntie would give me a weird look and then would just smile.

Now as it so happened Sandy herself was actually a fine manicurist, having learned the trade while in High School, and took me on the side, and taught me how to do it all and very well.

Then one day she set me up once again. Auntie remarked on how nice Samantha's hands were looking

and Samantha told Auntie that I had done them for her, and in fact I had become her manicurist. She explained that and after reading those books Auntie had given me, the ones for teenage girls, I had become a wonderful manicurist, which in fact I was, but not from having read the books, thought they were helpful and Samantha had made me read them and practice from them.



She told Auntie that I had turned out to be a real natural and “did hands as well as I did lingerie.” I blushed from embarrassment and because it was true.

Samantha then convinced Auntie that she had to give me a try. Well it took some convincing; you know that “boy” thing again. “Boys don’t give manicures,” she told us. But Samantha insisted telling her, “boys don’t hand wash lingerie, but Charlie does and he does a wonderful job, better than a girl.” Well that convinced Auntie. She was so pleased with way I was doing the other female chores I had assumed that she just let Samantha convince her. Well I did the manicure, and gave Auntie the works, including a hand and finger massage, and she was pleased. She was in fact very complimentary. She told me, “Why you are almost as good as the girls down at the beauty parlor and less expensive and more convenient. I can’t get over it. And you are so sweet and demure when you do it. It is almost like you’re just one of the girls. We’d better be careful about this. But it is fun...” And so Samantha fixed it so I was doing manicures for Auntie and her on the weekends. Samantha even had me wearing my apron again to protect my clothing. Again Auntie objected. She asked me, “Charlie you don’t really want to wear the apron for this, do you?” And I had already been coached, and told her, “its fine with me Auntie. I do have to protect my clothing and it does look more professional. After all who is going to know? Just us.” And Samantha tells me all the manicurists wear aprons.” So again Samantha convinced her that it was fine with me to wear my apron again for yet another household job, even if it was still the girl’s apron, and so Auntie reluctantly gave it an okay. But she did comment, “Why Samantha, you’ll have that boy in dresses

if I don't keep an eye on you!" And Samantha only smiled. Little did Auntie or I know?

Then once Samantha got Auntie to accept me manicuring not only my but also Auntie's nails, she switched me over to a polish with a subtle pink color to it. Samantha simply told me we had run out of the clear, and I could use her pink one until she had the time to run to the store and pick up some clear polish; which she never seemed to get around to, and so I finally accepted that my nails would both have a pink tinge to them, as did Auntie. And of course as Samantha supplied me with her partially used bottles of polish the pink tinge of the polish I was wearing became a darker and darker pink with first just a light pink color and then the color got darker and darker until I was wearing a nice solid and obvious pink nail polish. Of course Auntie once again objected, but Samantha convinced her, as long as I was wearing nail polish to protect my nails, and wasn't out and about showing my polished nails off to the neighbors, I might as well use up all the old polish before Auntie wasted time and money on new nail polish for her nephew. It wasn't as if my nail polish had to match my outfit. After all I wasn't a girl...just a bit of a sissy. So Auntie accepted that her nephew would be wearing pink nail polish around the house, and more damaging to me, she seemed to also accept that I might be a bit of a sissy. And I gave up the fight on that one after I realized it would prevent Auntie from sending me out on errands during which I might be discovered by someone on the outside as wearing girl's undies. And so I stopped giving my sister and argument over the pink polish, and just convinced myself to be happy she hadn't started me off on a red nail polish.

Chapter V – Learning to Love my Lingerie and Having to Wear a Girdle

Now while all this was going on Samantha had to make sure I was really getting hooked on the lingerie, which was the major part of her plan. So she started sneaking into my bedroom at night for more than just a good night pecker check and some times for a release. She would climb into bed next to me, and get behind me with her hips into my rear controlling me. I objected at first, but when she started playing with me through my panties I was totally in her control and stayed as hard as could be the whole time. I objected, and she just told me to stop being a prude. We weren't really related, and we weren't really having sex, and she couldn't have me being all tense.

She told me that she was just rewarding me for getting her out of a jam, and was having a fine time herself doing it. Well she had no shame, and would push me to release. She would rub my manhood through my panties, while using her hips to rub my butt through my panties while telling me, Now Charlie let's make this alright. So you have to pretend to be a girl," she explained if I thought of myself as a girl I wouldn't be tempted tot use my tool on her. And she would actually get me to at least try to think of myself as a girl, as not to be tempted to turn things around and jump on her, which was really doing a trip on my mind, thinking, "I'm a girl, I'm a girl, I'm a girl." And she would just play with me forever, telling me how much fun she was having and that I must really love my lingerie and what a cute girl I was going to make, what ever that was supposed to mean. I just didn't pick up on it as a threat. And after a while it started to be a real turn on, and I was imagining myself as the girl and Samantha, if

not as the fellow, still not quite as a submissive girl. And I just started to feel very feminine in her presence, but worse than that, I was erect most of the time once I put on my panties and lingerie. It was by then having that affect on me, and it really felt nice against me and my erect me.

So then really hooked on the feel of the lingerie I was erect most of the day, and having to wear my apron most of the day to cover up. It was something Auntie noticed, but Samantha explained away, whispering "sissy" to her. But there was nothing I could do about it, my sister had gotten me to the point of just enjoying the feel of my lingerie so much that no amount of release could prevent the occasional stiffness a male bulge on my part.

Then to make matters worse, for me that is, and not for Samantha's plans, on top of that she had shrank down my jeans, so they were really tight, fitting me like a tight girls pair of girl's jeans would fit a girl and so I was showing. Samantha of course blamed me for not being able to control myself and also for putting on weight. I had put on some weight, but oddly enough just in the hips and buttocks, and my chest had been getting a bit flabby, but the waist was also tight so I knew she had shrunk the pants. Any way she shamed me into pumping myself dry with a pair of panties every morning to try to prevent that part of the problem. But that only made it worse, getting me even more hooked on the feel of my panties, which is absolutely what she wanted. And then later on she must have shrunk two inches off the waist so the pants were really uncomfortable there.

I complained and she really lit into me. She ended up with, "You know as long as you are wearing

Auntie's lingerie, and seem to like it so much," she said as she looked you know where, "you ought to wear a girdle on top of your panties! That should solve that problem and hold down that embarrassing bulge under your apron...and in an appropriate way for a panty wearing fellow like you." The fact that I explained I was wearing the lingerie because of her made no difference. She brought me downstairs to Auntie's storage and she rummaged around until she found a girdle for me to try on. Being hooked on nylon the satin panels on the front and the rear of the girdle caught my attention. Samantha rubbed it along my hands and told me, "It's a nice garment I think you'll like it. So let's give it a try. I couldn't control myself and I took it from her.

It was a good quality girdle like all of Auntie's lingerie. So it did look nice and inviting to some one getting hooked on lady's lingerie. I wasn't quite there yet, but I certainly did let Samantha bully me into things. It was a short boy legged high wasted panty girdle. She had me put it on right then and there telling me, "Don't just hold it and dream about wearing it, you silly, put it on now. I want to see how a girdle fits you. So as I wasn't moving fast enough she just undid my pants for me and pulled them down and told me, "Now step out of those pants right now and I don't want to hear a word!" Well I reflexively did as I was told, and she was just as tough about me putting on the girdle, telling me, "Now step into that girdle and pull it into place, and I don't want to hear a word about not doing just that! So I did as I was told. As it slipped into place I could feel it pulling me in, holding in my expanded hips, thighs and butt, as well as really taking inches off my waste. It really felt sort of nice. But it didn't hide my staff, at least not yet.

Mean while the satin panel was beckoning me and I rubbed my hand along it and it felt nice. Samantha immediately caught me and told me, "I know you are still showing, and I will take care of that in a moment. But keep touching yourself there and I had better know the reason why!" I didn't quite know what that meant but my hand moved away like the satin panel was hot. Then Samantha took a half slip, shaped it by rolling it up on two sides and having me pull out the front of the girdle, now my girdle, she slipped the rolled up slip down my front, over my thing, in such a fashion that it padded out the sides creating an even and smooth mound. It felt nice. But the look down there was just like a female. I had a bulge with no form which looked like a naturally well-padded female form. I looked like a girl where I should have at least looked neutral, if not like a boy. But my jeans fit me very well and were sort of comfortable once I got used to the constricting feel and constriction of the girdle, which I found I sort of liked. And the problem with wearing a girdle is that one gets used to wearing a girdle and then is uncomfortable when not wearing a girdle. It can be a real problem. So after a while I was hooked on girdles as well as the softer lingerie. I guess I have that kind of personality.

But my erection was still there, just hidden. And it was so encased in satin as to feel even nice and stay that way despite any leakage. And the leakage of course led to back aches, which of course were also relieved by the high tight waist of my girdle. So after a while I really didn't want to take that, my, girdle off. As I said, one gets used to wearing a girdle.

Eventually I had to appear before Auntie with out my apron, as much as I avoided removing it in front of her, but eventually she just insisted. Then Auntie no-

ticed the change in my appearance right away. When Auntie commented that I was looking like a girl Samantha explained that I had hurt my back and was wearing a pair of her elastic exercise shorts which gave me that look. The shorts weren't really unisex though labeled as such, and as I had recently gotten a bit fatty, the elastic shorts reshaped me the way a girdle would reshape, and sort of feminized my figure. Auntie offered to bring home a back support, but I realized that would not cover up my other problems and so I insisted I didn't want her to waste her money and didn't mind looking like a girl as it would only be for a short time. Auntie just gave me one of those looks that she was giving me more and more, and told me, "Charlie I don't know what's coming over you, but you are getting more and more girlish all the time. I don't know what to make of it!" And then she smiled and continued, "If you weren't doing such a wonderful job on my lingerie and if you didn't give such wonderful manicures, I would have put a stop to this a long time ago. But in 4 or 5 weeks you and Samantha will be going home and it will be your mom's job to fix, and so for now I am just going to wonder what's going on but enjoy the benefits of it." And then laughing she said, "But don't you let me catch you in a dress or things will go hard for you!" And again she laughed. And that settled that, I was stuck wearing the girdle as well as my lingerie, and Samantha wasn't letting me out of either.

At that time I still probably could have ended it all, but I was too used to wearing the lingerie, liked it too much, was too much under Samantha's control and just couldn't think of the easy way out. If I knew how far this was going to take me to the feminine I would have at least tried.

Chapter VI – My Sister Continues to Feminize Me

Enjoyment of the lingerie aside, I was getting a bit tired of all of these female choirs Samantha had fostered on me. And I was getting even more tired of the results of that which was my Aunt treating me more and more like she treated my sister which was not how Auntie used to treat me, a male. But Samantha insisted I play the game until Auntie made her discovery and I could own up to my addiction and trespass. And to ensure I was always prepared to take the blame at the moment of discovery and would not sneak back to wearing my male underwear she removed any male underwear in my possession. At that time it was too late to back out, and I was trapped in lingerie and in the game Samantha was playing with me. By that time my nails were always polished pink and I wasn't going anywhere.

After that I was really under her control for a number of reasons, the sensuality of it all and the fear of exposure among the top two, but not the only reasons. So for various reasons always ending with something to the effect of that it would be so much more convincing in making Auntie believe I had worn the dress, Samantha managed to really feminize me, all of which auntie could not help but continue to notice, outside of any issues with a torn dress.

My hand care was already feminine, so Samantha's next move was to feminize my hair care. So off course Samantha absolutely refused to let me get a hair cut, and what with pink nails and lengthening hair I was a bit afraid to leave the house, and so I grew my tresses long thought not quite to feminine lengths. That was of course was not that unusual, as plenty of guys wore

their hair long. But of course Sandy had to teach me to care for and style my hair, and so she had me caring for my hair in such a fashion and with such female hair products, that my hair really appeared quite girlish even if not styled, not yet at least, in a female hair style.

Auntie of course noticed my lengthening hair and its feminine shine and thickness and suggested a haircut. I knew I wasn't allowed one and could only tell her that I thought I would try long hair for a while and that Samantha was teaching me to care for it. Auntie smiled the way she had been doing and warned me, "Be careful she doesn't teach you how to care for it with a permanent!" And I could only pretend to laugh, and tell her, "Yes Auntie. And wouldn't I look silly with a permanent?" And Auntie took a good look at me, and told me, "Perhaps not. You really seem to be loosing that masculine edge from your features and are looking a bit on the feminine side. But maybe that is just my imagination, what with you hands and nails being so womanly." And that ended that conversation. I didn't know what else to say, and couldn't counter the general truth of the matter, that I was really feminine in appearance. .

The final assault was the feminization of my lip and skin care. One night after kissing me, Samantha told me that my lips were too dry and started me on the use of her lip gloss, which she then would apply on me frequently and it eventually became another regimen for me when she supplied me with my own tube, to keep my lips soft and kissable. Then she noticed my face then compared to my lips was dry and had me using cream on my face as well as my hands.

Again, as with all my steps to girl things, at first I resisted, but then always found something about the

activity I liked, and what with Samantha's encouragement and kind words would always find myself, if not enjoying and being a bit turned on by the activity, at least enjoying Samantha's compliments about how well I handled yet another girlish activity, and how grateful Samantha was about it.

With the lip-gloss and face cream, I found that once over the embarrassment of using them, I actually liked the feel and scents of the lip-gloss and face cream. They felt nice on my lips and skin, with scents that reminded me of Samantha, and with her encouragement I felt good about using them. At first she introduced me to lip gloss in a little pot and I applied it with my finger, which was very much like using any of the lip protectors used when skiing.

But when that ran out, she substituted a lip-gloss in a tube much like a lipstick. That one she had to teach me how to use, it went on a bit different from a chap stick, but she convinced me it was just like using a chap stick, nothing feminine about it, aside from the container and she showed me how hold it and to use it as if it was a lip stick and not just a chap stick. And then finally the next tube she found for me to use had a bit of pink tint to it. I didn't really notice it while putting it on. And without letting me know or see myself she presented me to Auntie with the "cutest pink lips". It was embarrassing as could be, but for some reason I just by reflex pretended it was okay with me, after all I was already wearing pinkish nail polish, rather than telling Auntie I had been tricked. Samantha handled my initial objections to having been so fooled and I was trapped using pink lip-gloss and the pink nail polish. Then Samantha as my supplier provided me with a darker and darker and more pronounced pink as she provided me with new supplies, as I mysteriously kept

misplacing the older and lighter versions. At first I refused to use the darker pink lipsticks, but after a day or so without lipstick I started feeling uncomfortable and just finally took whatever color lipstick Samantha provided.

Of course Auntie had spotted the fact I was using lip-gloss way before I was switched to using the pink one, and the first time she spotted me with my shiny lips Auntie asked, "Charlie, are you using lip gloss?" And I couldn't lie and told her, "Only the clear stuff, Auntie... only the clear gloss. Samantha noticed my lips were drying out." She again gave me that look and told me, "Well I suppose we don't want you to have dry lips, now do we?" And she continued with a bit of sarcasm, "I imagine you ought to be using face cream then? Shouldn't you?" And all I could tell her was, "I am Auntie." And she let it go at that. She looked at me and told me, "I really think we really need to have a talk, but not now." But we never got to have 'that' talk. And as my lips became pinker and pinker, and Auntie would comment, Samantha seemed to be able to convince her it was okay. Eventually, the embarrassment of it all was becoming somewhat of a turn on for me and kept me pretty much house bound and Samantha began to take advantage of that by having me help her with her chores around the house. And of course she made no secret of it and proudly announced to Auntie when Auntie gave a compliment to her about something Auntie would naturally assume that Samantha had done when I had actually done it.

And of course at that point Samantha really rubbed it in, so to speak, she explained that the darker pinks had to be put on perfectly or I would look clownish,

and so after showing me how a girl applies her lipstick she had me practicing until I got it right, including holding the tube in a girlish fashion. And I think I could have died when she had me put it on in front of Auntie for the first time. After all, she told me, lipstick needs to be refreshed to keep ones lips moist and subtle. Again as the color got more defined Auntie raised an objection to the need for me to be using a pink lipstick, and Samantha simply explained it away the same way she explained away the polish with color, as long as I wasn't out and about there wasn't any reason not to let me use up the girl's old out of fashion lipsticks, just like with the nail polish. And besides I looked better when my nail and lip color matched. And didn't I agree; which I of course eventually had to agree to. But even with that, I was always embarrassed putting on my pink lipstick in front of Auntie. But like every thing else, she eventually got used to it.

Of course I could always go out and purchase them on my own or ask Auntie, but both those alternatives were impossible for me. And there was just some thing about that lipstick that with out it on my lips I became sort of uncomfortable, almost like caffeine addiction, and I just had to have it. So if pink lipstick became the only color that Samantha had for me, than pink it was, and I was happy it wasn't red.

And when Auntie would ask Samantha about me and my feminine activities Samantha would always insist that it was my idea and she was just helping out her brother. I I had thought that long hair would be nice. I had tried her lip-gloss and liked it. I seemed to enjoy helping her around the house with the choirs. So the stage was pretty much set. And when I asked Samantha why she was having me go to such lengths, she would smile at me like I just didn't get it, and ex-

plain; it was all for the day that Auntie found that torn dress. Good gosh I was hoping she would find it as soon as possible.

Chapter VII – Auntie Puts Me in her Dress

Then came the day of reckoning when auntie marched downstairs from her room and into the kitchen with the torn dress in her hands. It was that black satin number that had so turned me on and Samantha had ripped when modeling it for me. It was a sexy evening dress of sorts, with puff sleeves, a high cut bodice and a long skirt, and ripped on the back section of the skirt, and probably totally ruined.

Auntie questioned Samantha who could not tell a lie, ha, and said she did not do it. And of course after push came to shove I had to, red facedly, admit it had been me. I mean that was my promise to Samantha. Upon questioning I explained I had just suddenly developed a fascination with female clothing, what with all the lingerie hand washing I had been doing and felt the desire to try some of it on to see how those things felt. Auntie still wouldn't believe that it had been me who had tried on her satin evening dress and ripped it, despite my recent bent towards the feminine. Then even more red faced I had to tell her that it really was me and that I had also tried on some of her old lingerie I had found in the basement and was wearing it now. Auntie again refused to believe that was possible. The only way to prove it was, as Samantha had prepared me, and that was to strip down to my skivvies, showing off on me Auntie's lingerie, her panties, panty gir-dle, stockings and camisole, on me. Thus exposed in Auntie's lingerie I thought I would die, and hoped that with my false confession and clearing of my sister that the entire matter was over, as Samantha had said it

would be. But little did I realize it was just the beginning. If I thought I was being embarrassed then, I would shortly learn what real embarrassment in female clothing was..

Auntie then questioned me about my cross dressing in her clothes though still apparently not believing me, but I insisted that I had just inexplicably become fascinated with her things and wearing girls lingerie and satins as Samantha had coached me. I just wouldn't give up the lie, which by that time wasn't a total lie any more.

I think Auntie, after the initial shock and aside from the torn dress, found the situation amusing, what with her recently feminized nephew standing there in front of her in her old lingerie, along with my pink nail polish and pink lips, and long hair. I believe regardless of all my recent involvement in the feminine Auntie and perhaps because of it, Auntie was still pretty sure I was lying to protect Samantha for some macabre reason. And as she had gotten used to the feminize me, she decided to have some fun with me for me lying to her and for any deception. She had pretty much got used to my feminine ways and activities, so the shock of my feminine lingerie did not last long. Once the shock was over, I think she found it amusing. There I was, her nephew, looking pretty much like a girl, standing there in her lingerie and telling her that it was his, that is my idea and that I liked it. So she decided we'll we will see just how much he likes dressing and behaving like a girl. I'll give him all the dressing as a girl he can take and then some. That ought to teach him a lesson. I'll just give him his fill of dressing like a girl! And we'll see just how much he really wants to dress and act like a girl, and if he doesn't admit to the truth.

But even with that thought, she gave me one more chance to fess up, that it was not me, or if not that to at least trip me up. So Auntie then explained it appeared that who ever had ripped her dress had caught it on high heels, which had actually been the case, and asked me whose high heels I had been wearing. Well I didn't know what to say, as I knew I would not fit into either auntie's or Samantha's shoes. But Sandy had been prepared and told auntie, that she had an oversized pair she had brought with her in error, as she never wore them, and it had seemed to her that some one, probably me, had been using them. She went and got them and before I knew it she had them on my feet and buckled closed, to show Auntie that her shoes would fit me.

The shoes were three-inch patent leather pumps with straps and obviously by the fit in my size. Once Samantha had those pumps on my feet auntie had me walk around in them. Of course I did not navigate well, but Auntie's comment was not to disbelieve the story, but "No wonder you ripped my dress, you certainly need practice if you want to wear heels and be safe." Well that comment did not bode well, but I ignored it not realizing its portent. Auntie had decided that she was going to break me. She was going to get me to admit that Samantha had put me up to the whole thing. She would dress me up totally in her things, and make me up just like a girl, and have me practice being feminine and keep me that way until she broke me, or at least taught me a lesson, or had a real good laugh at my expense. After all her recent experience with Samantha's feminization of me had gotten her over treating me with any special reverence due to a male, and given her some inkling of the humor of such a situation.

Auntie then told us to join her up in her room. I went to get my shirt and pants, but she stopped me. She told me, "its okay dear; if you like wearing woman's lingerie so much there isn't any reason to cover it up right now, with those horrible men's clothes of yours. And you can leave your high heel shoes on also. They go much better with your lingerie then your sneakers." I told her, "Its okay Auntie, I think I have learned my lesson. I don't need to wear this stuff any more." Well Auntie wouldn't give me a pass on it, as Samantha had told me she would. She wasn't that interested in me repentant. Auntie wanted her pound of flesh. That is she was going to have some fun with all of this, and all at my expense. The old Auntie, before she got used to a feminize nephew would have let the incident go with repentance, but the new Auntie, who had learned to have fun at the expense of a male, was not going to let the trespass go. She was really going to teach me a lesson and have some fun while at it.

So I managed to get upstairs wearing Samantha's high heels. Once there Auntie put me through the verbal ringer about my fascination with her clothing. And with my lying replies I just managed to bury myself deeper and deeper. Finally she told me, " Well if you really do so like lady's lingerie, panties and the like and want to try dresses and the rest, I think you should have your chance. I mean, what with you being such a doll and taking such nice care of my lingerie, and becoming my manicurist and sweet house hold help, I do really owe you your chance. And I have so gotten used to your new feminine ways, so let's just see how you like the rest of my stuff. I mean I have a lot of things you can borrow, if you are such a sissy and enjoy wearing my lingerie, then we can all just be girls here, now can't we."

With that she pulled out a black satin slip that went with the ripped dress and placed the slip over my head instructing me to put my arms through the straps and pulled it down around me, patting it into place.



The sensation on my stockings, camisole and girdle was unnervingly nice and sensuous. Then she helped me into the dress and after patting that down, giving me even nicer sensations, she zippered it closed. It fit me pretty well and I must admit along with the slip felt very nice.

She had me look at my self in the mirror and asked what I thought and if I liked the look. Again, all this was in front of my sister Samantha, who had me convinced I was saving her by going through all of that and who did nothing to rescue me from this fate. I of course felt obliged to go along with the part I was playing while still trying to get out from under it all, and cutting the baby in half I told Auntie that I just looked wonderful, and was so sorry I had ripped her dress, thought would just as soon get back to my own clothes and put an end to this fascination, as I had learned my lesson.

Auntie, however, corrected me and told me, "Dear, it is no longer my dress. I could never wear it again, under any circumstances. It is ruined as an evening dress. And I would feel silly in it, knowing you like to wear it. No it's a gift to you from me. The dress is now your dress, as is every thing you are wearing with it." I didn't now if to be pleased, as every thing felt so wonderful or terrified, as Auntie now had me in girl's attire from the skin out and I was terrified as to where this misadventure was leading.

Once again I tried getting out of her lingerie. I thanked her, but I told her I was really so terribly embarrassed dressed in her lingerie and dress in front of her and my sister that I was cured of wanting to wear her lingerie and would change out of it immediately, and that I wanted out of my makeup and long hair.

Auntie had other ideas and explained, "Honey you are not getting the message. I am not only not telling you to change out of my former lingerie at this time, but I am telling you not to change out of my lingerie at all, at least for the time being. In fact I am going to provide you with more. While I had objected to you being girlish when I thought you were a boy, know that I now realize that you are a sissy and I have no such problems. I don't believe sissies should pretend to be men or dress as men. And as you seem to have turned into a sissy, then while you stay here you can just be what you want to be, a sissy and just one of the girls. I've really sort of gotten used to you being a sissy and half a girl. What with you washing my lingerie, and doing such a fine job as my manicurist, and wearing makeup. I shouldn't have been surprised to find you in my lingerie. But if that is what makes you happy I can deal with that. But let's not pretend you are a man. You are a sissy. A sweet sissy, And we might as well make the best of it, keep you in lingerie and dresses and your aprons and let you continue to do your female choirs around the house. So let's not have any more of these lies that you wanting to return to being a guy. You've gone too far for that. And we really need to give this compulsion of yours a chance. I wouldn't know what to tell your mother otherwise."

"And in any case, as I certainly can't trust you around my dresses, no matter what you may say, sissies are just not trust worthy, I am going to make sure you learn how to properly handle a long skirt and how to properly walk in heels, as from what I know about such compulsions you are most likely be wearing them again, regardless of what you may claim."

Continued objections on my part would do no good, and so I stayed dressed as I was, in her lingerie

and dress and she continued. So she had me get up and showed me how to properly walk in high heels and how to properly maneuver in a long satin dress, and had me practice until she thought I had it right. She told me how to hold the folds of the dress to maneuver the long skirts and to walk in heels, one foot in front of the other, swaying from the hips. It was humiliating, though like every thing else feminine somewhat pleasant.

I actually did the best I could at learning to walk like a girl and to handle the long skirt of my dress. And I seemed to pick up on it fairly naturally and quickly. But Auntie had me practice for some time. When she thought I had had enough she let me out of "my" formal dress and slip. I thought it was over, but I was wrong. I did not get my pants back, and it got worse. She instead gave me into another slip and dress, each of a shorter length, resting just above my knees. However, before the slip and dress came a bra and padding, my first bra. She told me, "You know you really do look cute in a dress, but you are just too flat chested for it to hang right and for you to get the right feel. Yes we need to put you in a bra and padding, so we can really get the real effect of all of this." And I objected, "Oh, not a bra, please, not a bra!" But it did no good and she put a matching black satin bra on me, and stuffed it with black stockings, before having me put on the slip and dress. And of course the high-heeled shoes stayed on. Then looking at me, she told me, "Much better dear, much better. The dress does hang so much better when you properly fill it out. And it is such a good experience for a boy like you to wear a bra. It really is a must." Then she had me practice getting around in the short dress, and learning how

to manage the skirt of that dress, while adding proper sitting to the regime.

And the nylon stuffed bra was just another pleasantry for me. Over my time in the camisole my chest had rounded a bit, and also become somewhat sensitive. The camisole had felt nice against me, but something about the nylon stuffed bra felt even nicer. It was a bit disturbing, but I didn't have time to think about it. It was just another enjoyable feeling.

When she figured I had had enough of that she told me, calling me Charlene instead of Charlie, "You'll stay dressed tonight as a lesson, and perhaps also tomorrow. And you will help with the dinner tonight and as such you'll also need to wear your apron. You wouldn't want to soil your pretty dress, now would you?"

That evening Auntie treated me as if I were another girl in the house and had me help Samantha with all her work, not just some of it. Under Samantha's direction, with Auntie looking on I put on an apron, and helped with dinner and then the after dinner clean up. And during dinner in the dining room when something was needed from the kitchen, Auntie had me, not Samantha, fetch it. There was certainly a change in my status in Auntie's home and eyes. I was hoping it was just till bedtime. But I was wrong, really wrong.

When it was time to go to bed, I assumed it would be over and I would be able to change out of my female clothes and into my pajamas, but that was not to be the case. In fact it even got worse for me at bedtime. I tried to sneak off after finishing the dinner dishes and go to my room and change but Auntie asked me where I was going and upon telling her to change back into my clothes and go to bed, Auntie told me, "Not until I get your new clothes from my room dear, along with your

evening makeup and shaving kit and depilatory. If you think that wearing girl's clothing is so much fun you really need to find out what a girl goes through as bed-time and what a girl like you would have to go through at bed time". I shuddered, but wasn't going to rebel. I figured it was going to be like a fraternity hell night and I would just have to put up with it, get it over, and go on from there and hopefully there wouldn't be any photos to memorialize the night as a girl.

Chapter VIII – Going through a girls bed time rituals

Auntie did not let up at bedtime. She was really going to teach me a lesson, if I thought it was fun and easy to be a girl. She met me at my bedroom with lady's satin baby doll nightgown, satin pajamas and sleep panties, a satin sleep bra, and with all the items I would need to do what ladies did to themselves to keep themselves looking as what was considered feminine in appearance in those days.

She had me change into the baby doll and the panties that came with it. Fortunately the panties were multilayered with an inner panty that held me up and a looser outer panty that covered any tell tale signs. It felt nice and fortunately allowed me some modesty, as the nightly which covered the area, was a typical baby doll and only just covered me. And as far as changing Auntie made me do it right in front of her. I had to ask her help to unzip my dress, which was of course a real humiliation. But she did so with just a smile. She saved the comments for the bra, which I couldn't unhook and didn't think to just pull off over my head.

As she unhooked my bra and helped me off with it she told me, "Don't worry dear, if you keep this up I am sure you will be unzipping your dresses yourself and unhooking your bras yourself because you will learn to do it when you find yourself dressed in panties every day for the rest of the summer." I just blushed, as I just did not know what to say. As much fun as I had found the lingerie, I did not want to spend the rest of the summer in bras and dresses doing house work under my sister's direction. One dinner was enough

And as I said Auntie seem to have made the whole changing as embarrassing as possible by making me do it in front of her, and directing me on how to remove certain articles, like my bra and stockings and how and where to put "my" clothing away. I know what was the most embarrassing and that was when I slipped out of my day time panties and into my baby doll night time panties, which was the only time that Auntie let me turn away from her. She got a nice view of my naked backside, but saved me the embarrassment of a nude frontal. All the rest was pretty much tied for second as far as embarrassing went. Auntie was really teaching me a lesson. I didn't like lingerie so much any more. Which I guess was her idea.

To start off with, after she unzipped me I stepped out of the dress and she had me hang it up in my close as a reminder in case I thought of straying, where it would get me, right back in a dress. Then of course I had to hang onto the rest of my outfit that went with the dress, and so all my lingerie went into my underwear drawer. . So after taking off the slip I had to fold it and put it away with my things and the same with my bra, girdle and stockings. Yea, I guess number second on the embarrassment list was having Auntie watch and smile as I unhooked my garters and than sat down

on the bed to roll down my stockings to take them off, and then struggle to get my girdle off. She smiled and told me, "Why Charlene you do that just like a girl. You must have been wearing girdles for a longer time than I thought? Of course I didn't answer. And what hit me the hardest was I realized after a while that Auntie actually seemed to enjoy it all, which I found surprising, and I think perhaps she also found the fun of this game was a bit surprising. And I realized that this, her enjoying playing this game with me, was the most dangerous thing for me, for my being a guy no longer served as an aura of protection in her house and traditions.

Then Auntie made me go through all, well just about all, the female rituals. I had to shave my legs and underarms, and then pluck my eyebrows, use cold cream, and put rollers in my hair, and paint my nails red instead of using the pink polish, and I had to go to bed wearing the nightgown. Samantha wasn't present, but I am sure she was listening and in retrospect I realize she must have been getting a kick out of the whole thing, thought I wasn't that sure of that at the time.

So in the baby doll Auntie brought me to the bathroom where she instructed me on how a girl shaves her legs and told me to do it. I objected, wanting to know why and Auntie got tough and told me, "Young girls or sissies do not and are not allowed to object when an older woman, a family member, tells them to do some thing. Now you need to know how the other half really lives and not just about their lingerie. So you listen like a young girl and do as you are told, and if you have any thing to say it is only 'Yes Auntie' or you will suffer the consequences." And then she changed tones to her old sweat self and told me, "And honestly this is all for your own good. Do as you are told and learn. And

don't give your Aunt a hard time. You really need to learn this lesson." I didn't know what the consequences were, but the soft approach worked with me. I realized this as crazy as it was, was really Auntie's idea of a cure, thought the medicine was pretty bitter, or so I thought at the time. So to keep the family relations I had to go along with my mom's sister, and so I told her, "Yes Auntie," and I began shaving my legs, as I had been told to do.

It wasn't so bad and the feel of shaved legs was nice. Then we did the same with my underarms. And it was the same, it wasn't so bad to shave my underarms and the feel of my skin with out the hair was nice and I also smelled better. So I was getting worried. But I didn't have to. Next came the plucking, I think all things considered that would have cured me if my stepsister wasn't still involved. Auntie sat me down at her vanity. I was of course sitting on my panties as my baby doll nightgown did not hang low enough around me to be tucked under nor to really cover me. That in itself was just another embarrassment. Then she gave me tweezers and explained the process of eyebrow plucking and which hair needed to be removed and why, and the feminine shape of the eyebrow that I needed to have, and then started me off by plucking a few hairs. I gave out a yelp and complained that she was then actually torturing me. She actually laughed at the joke and told me, "Serves you right. Plucking is painful. But you will get used to it by the time we are done tonight, because you have a lot, I mean a lot of plucking to do. And if you find plucking uncomfortable, wait until we get to the waxing. Because if you keep this nonsense up there will be an area we will have to wax. And you won't like it at all. Then you will really have some thing to cry about. And she said that while looking down at my

lap and I got the message. I just couldn't imagine going through some thing like that. But as things turned out I was to learn first hand what was meant by a bikini wax and in my case worse. Any way, under Auntie's direction I plucked away until my eyebrows had the clean sculpted but still unisex look, but mercifully not the thinned look that only woman have. Then Auntie showed me how to trim the hairs than remained to finish the look and we were done with that.

My make up came next. I knew how to apply nail polish and lipstick as I had already being doing so with the clear and then the pink stuff for some time. Now Auntie had me apply red nail polish and red lipstick. That went fairly quick. But of course she made me look in the mirror as I applied the red lipstick to let me know I was putting on and wearing red lipstick. It was humiliating as Auntie directed me blott on a tissue and then had me reapply.

All that over we returned to my room. She had me take off the baby doll top, and I was thinking it was all over, but I was really mistaken. She must have picked up that look on my face and smiling, as ever, told me, "No dear, you will be sleeping as your girl self tonight, it is just we have to get your bra on, and of course we need to give you breasts for the evening.", which she did. So then she helped me on with my satin sleep bra and stuffed it with panties and nylons. Again, it actually felt nice, which was bad. She explained, "We can't do every thing like a real girl...yet... and it would have been difficult to shave your underarms with the bra in the way, but don't think you will be sleeping on your stomach, like a guy, to night." And I slipped back into my nightgown. Auntie then tucked me into bed and told me I was to sleep on my back or I would get lipstick on my pillow and she would not be happy with

that. I fell asleep, my hands you know where, and that was a bad sign.

Chapter IX– Only a Temporary Respite from Being a Girl

Though it was meant to show me what girls really had to go through, the shaved legs felt nice and sleeping in the night gown and panties was also a turn on. The next day she dressed me up again from the skin out as a girl, but added a tight waste cincher and had me doing all the household chores under her instructions. She kept me in the high heels and skirts all day and ran me like a maid. Then she put me through my evening ritual, including the satin sleep bra with padding so once again I couldn't sleep on my stomach. I was so tired from my day of being a girl and actually working as a maid, and in high heel shoes that I fell into an exhausted sleep. I wasn't sure about the lingerie, but I knew I didn't ever want to wear high heel shoes again, or a waist cincher or a skirt; let alone wear all that and spend the day cleaning the house.

Any way by the next day Auntie had me swearing off her clothes, as if that introduction into woman's work and their more rigorous and painful rituals had taught me a lesson. Well it sort of did. I certainly didn't want to spend the rest of the summer as the maid, and I swore of Auntie's clothes happily, if that would rescue me from all that, but mentally just half heartedly. If I had a girl friend it would have been different, I could have sublimated, but I wasn't so lucky.

Any way the deal was that if Auntie caught me wearing any of her clothes she would let me have them

and I would have to wear them for the rest of the summer instead of the equivalent male garment and with no let up. And if I wanted to dress like a girl, I would also learn to act and pass as a girl and would help with the female work around the house. And there would be no half-way measures. I would have to be more of a girl than a girl would be. That is I would have to be totally feminine with no let up. And Auntie told me, she had every intention of taking me, dressed as a girl, out and about with her, so to make sure I understood the punishment would be for real.

But that being said and done, I was still to continue hand washing Auntie's and Samantha's lingerie, by hand; and I was to still give the manicures. I did not have to wear the apron, or paint my own nails, but every thing else was to remain the same. When I asked Auntie why, she simply told me, "Because I enjoy the work you do. You do really fine with my lingerie, and it is just so convenient to have you doing my nails. And since you are apparently a sissy, I think it is okay for you to continue to wash female lingerie and do the manicures. And I have just grown accustomed to you doing those things for me, I like it, and I don't want to change. And that is the price you have to pay for having worn my things with out my permission, torn my dress, and lied to me. You will just have to live with that situation." And that was that. And any back talk about it and your mom will be told all. And that finished that.

Chapter X – Tricked Back into Lingerie

The problem began right away. The problem being as I said I didn't have a girl friend and no amount of sports or cold showers could cool my attraction to

Auntie's silks and satins as long as I was having to handle them every day. And short of steeling a pair of her panties to use... there was no way I could get a pair of panties for that purpose as Samantha was as instructed by Auntie and was watching me like a hawk when I was around that stuff and I could not bring myself to purchase a pair.

So when Samantha offered me the deal I went for it. She told me that if I would once again be her sissy for one night she would keep me supplied with all of Auntie's panties that I would need to get me through the summer. I agreed and so that night she put me into a pair of Auntie's panties, her camisole and the nightgown that Auntie had made me wear. Then she had me do my nails in red and put on red lipstick, I argued about the red nail polish and the red lipstick, but she was insistent and she won. Then I join her in bed. She wrapped herself around me in that fashion of hers rubbing my panty and nightgown covered behind with her loins while playing with me.

Then she told me, "I want to hear how much you really want to be my girl, before I can bring you off! I can't really do this to you with out pretending you are a girl." I begged her no, but she was insistent. She would just leave me with out my finery and without her help and return to her room, unless I would be her girl. And so she had me telling her, "Yes Sammie, I really want to be a girl for you. I am really just a girl, just pretending to be a boy. And I do so want to be your girl, so I can wear Auntie's things." And she asked, "What things would that be Charlene?" And I had to tell her, "I want to wear Auntie's panties, and stockings and camisole." And I want to be your girl."

So I did what she asked me to do as embarrassing as it was for me to do it, but she stopped any way. She told me that she was too thirsty to continue and I needed to get her a drink from the refrigerator. No amount of convincing or begging could get her to go for water from the bathroom sink. She told me, "No, I want my pretty girlfriend to show her passion by braving a trip to the kitchen and bringing her sweetheart back a cold drink." I told her I would get caught and she called me a sissy and told me that Auntie was asleep and if I were quite I would never be discovered and would prove to her that I wasn't a sissy coward, and she would take care of my need.

Well I made the trip and of course I got caught. The back door had been left open, and it could have only been Samantha, and when I opened the door to the kitchen from the dining room side it caused that outside door to slam and of course Auntie came looking for me, thinking a burglar was about and caught me hiding.

So there I was in her nightgown with panties and a camisole and red lipstick and red nail polish. I told her Samantha made me do it, but Samantha only laughed and without admitting or denying asked rhetorically asked how she could make a guy dress in panties and put on red lipstick and red nail polish if he didn't really want to do it already. And that did it. Auntie sent me to bed, telling me not to change and she would deal with me in the morning. I tried to reason with her, but she did not want to hear it. She only told me, "Charlie, I had warned you and now you are going to have your way. It's Charlene for the rest of the summer. And now go to bed before I really get angry. And if you take off a thing you will be sorry.

Chapter XI - Dressed as a Girl and Staying Dressed as a Girl

I hardly slept at all that night worrying about what was to happen to me the next day, despite the pleasure of Auntie's lingerie that I was now again forced to wear. The next day there was no amount of convincing or begging that could get her to excuse me or make her believe I had been pushed into breaking my word. And even if I could have shifted the blame, she did catch me in her panties and she had already promised me what would happen to me if she so caught me wearing any of her lingerie again. So regardless of why I had gotten into her panties again, I had been so caught, and she was a woman of her word. And I knew what that would mean.

We had a discussion and she sought of made me realize she would have to punish me and if I didn't take it like a man, she would have to share my proclivities with my mother. She was convinced, base on her earlier experience of putting me through the feminine ringer, that after spending the next weeks as a girl I would never want to do that or wear girl's clothing again. I had no choice but to agree. I did not want to face mom under those circumstances.

So Auntie sent me up to her room to get ready while she with Samantha's assistance did what they had to do. Auntie didn't go for just shaving the legs this time. She had me use depilatory for my entire body, from the neck down. I did the front and she did the back. With all my hair gone she had me soak in an oil bath and when done pat myself dry

Mean while Samantha removed all of my things from my room and Auntie locked them away. And as I

was soaking Auntie was sewing, to modify some of her female garments to make them work better for me, so I would look and feel more like a girl. Auntie handed me a modified pair of panties for me to wear. It was a light control boy legged panty into which she had sewn a heavy satin panty and between which there was padding so my stiffness would barely show and once again I would have that feminized front. As embarrassing as that look was for me it felt wonderful.

Then she put me in a bra she had constructed. I told her "Auntie I really don't need a bra, I don't really have breasts." But she just told me, "We'll just see about that." It was a satinesque long lined bra from which the cups had been removed and replaced with a front hook satin miracle type bra. So my arms went through the straps of the long line bra and Auntie hooked it closed and as she did if forced the loose flesh from under my arms forward, then hooking the miracle bra closed it pushed the stretched fatty flesh from my sides into my twin "A" cups. I had instant breasts. And Auntie told me with a gloating look, "You see dear, you are wrong, you do have breasts, very lovely "A" cup breasts, and just perfect for a sissy. " I couldn't believe it, but she was right. Where did all that loose flesh and softness come from? I couldn't figure it out. Gosh, if I had only known. But by the time I did, it was too late. Any way my new breasts did feel nice against my satin bra, and so I wasn't worrying about it... that much.

The long line of the bra had also reshaped my waste a bit. Then came a satinesque waist cincher, and Auntie put that on me and hooked that closed. Some how she actually got it under the long line bra, which I think she had put on me first for affect. She wanted me to have breasts. The waist cincher with the long line of the bra

it cut my waist by two to three inches, but more importantly it repositioned my waist about 3 inches above my old male waste to where a female's waste would be, and so I also had female hips.

Then came the girdle. I didn't know why I needed a girdle when I was wearing a control panty but I shortly found out. It had a satin front and stretch sides and rear panels. The panels were designed to lift and help create a rounder more feminine behind and to also augment my hips. As I pulled it into place Auntie gasped a bit and Samantha let out a nervous laugh, but neither actually said any thing.

Next were the stockings, very high quality and silky which I was given and of course put on myself, gathering them and rolling them up and smoothing them along and attaching them to my garters like I knew how, which I did.

Then I was given my own high heel shoes, the ones Samantha had gotten just for me, which I put on and strapped closed.

At that point Auntie told me, "It's a bit amazing what the right padding and support garments can do, but you really do look like a developing girl. I mean one several years younger than your actual age and perhaps a bit under developed, but none the less you really do look like a girl. I mean I may really be able to take you out sooner than I thought... Just take a look at yourself."

So I turned around to face the mirror and looked at myself and saw that I appeared to be a boyish girl. Not a girlish boy, but a boyish girl. I was devastated. The cleverly designed garments that Auntie had thrown together for me had done their work on my softening body. My chest definitely filled the "A" cups of my bra

and it looked like I had real breasts. My behind and hips were girlishly shaped, my butt more than my hips, but both were not masculine at all, which was accented by the way my waste had been reshaped. The body of the brassiere and the waste cincher had pulled me in creating a waste on me where a female waste would start and my wider male waste just melded into my hips and so I appeared to and did actually have hips. Ordinarily even with the support garments that may not have occurred, but as I may have mentioned earlier, my butt and hips had already started to unnaturally expand, I had thought under the influence of all the soy products I had been eating, and had become somewhat girlishly shaped already, so the girdle already had some curves with which to work. It was frightening.

Then Auntie put me in a slip and the cut down version of the black satin dress that Samantha had torn which put in to place the events that had led to all of this. Seeing that I recognized it she told me, "Yes, it is the dress you ripped when you first started wearing my clothing and is a fitting dress for you to now wear. I had the ripped area removed by hemming the skirt to a knee length. With this apron it really looks quite the movie maid's uniform and suits you" And with that she placed a matching apron on me and told me this is how I would stay for the next weeks, learning what it was like to be a woman of the house under her tutelage and the tutelage of my sister, and finding out if my attraction to her feminine finery was worth it. Samantha on the other hand while teaching me and monitoring my activities would continue with her preferred activities, of painting and repair on the house, the work that I was supposed to have done while I was also studying

and before I got involved in lingerie washing and manicures.

I on the other hand would return to those activities and all the other house work with which I had been involved on the day I had been punished. And I would be doing that full time, as well as learning all the things I would need to play my new role as the sissy maid of the house. Hopefully I would learn that I was better off a male and dressing and acting as a guy, and Auntie would find that the case. But if not, she felt at this time she no longer had a problem returning me to my mother as Charlene, a sissy.

Then to finish off my look and convince me that she could fix it so I would actually pass as a girl she then had me sit down at the vanity and went to work to complete my newest look. She took my moderate length hair and with some trimming of the front into bangs, and the shaving off of my side burns and trimming my back she created a nice feminine pixie hair-do for me, short but sweet.

I was already wearing red lip stick and red nail polish which she told me would be my new colors, no more clear polish or clear lip gloss or even pink versions of those cosmetics. She had plucked my eyebrows the last go around so they were some what thinned and shaped, but there had been some re-growth, and so she made me clean that up and then I had to continue with the plucking of my own eyebrows until my eyebrows were femalely thinned and shaped, and couldn't be confused as belonging on a male.

Then she continued to put me in full make up for the first time, with the foundation, powder, eye shadow, eyeliner, and rouge. Well when she finally let me take a good look at myself in the mirror, there was

a girl staring back at me. It was awful. With that she took some photos making sure I smiled and promised they would go to my mother if I misbehaved. I thought she meant by misbehaving, the continued filching and wearing of her lingerie, but that was not what she was referring to.

She told me, "Now from here on in, until your penance is over, you are to be the sissy boy you seem to want to be, but full time, and you will be treated as my niece Charlene. And if you even give any inclination of being Charlie I will make sure your mother learns about all of this. So tell me, who are you till vacation ends, and what will you be doing. And let's get it right dear, or things can even get even tougher. I don't want to have to pull this admission out of you."

And I had to tell her, "Auntie, I am a sissy with my just deserts having to spend the rest of my vacation as your niece Charlene, a bad girl, a former tom boy, who is going to learn to be a proper girl, to dress like a proper girl, to act like a proper girl, and to do what a proper girl does. I will cook and clean, and do the wash and the ironing and do it all as best I can, while behaving not just as a sissy but as a proper feminine girl and not as a bad tom boy, I am a girl."

Auntie seemed pleased that that was over. She told me, "Now Charlene that wasn't so hard, now was it!? Just remember the agreement that you are now for all practical purposed a girl. If you keep to that agreement and think of yourself as a girl things will go a lot easier for you. And I really expect you to be a girl Charlene, I really do."

After that Auntie had me move into the room with my sister. The room she had been painting and working on, which was now a feminine shade of pink, and

all decked out with the things that would make a room obviously suited for two girls.

Auntie told me that I couldn't be trusted to room alone, what ever that meant and I would be rooming with my older sister who would be keeping an eye on me and making sure I stayed in the sissy mode for the required time, all the time, as I would get no respite from that and that I had better listen to my siste'rs instructions about all of that, or else.

Then she emptied some baskets full of her old clothes from the basement onto my bed and told me that they were all mine, and hoped there was enough lingerie there to keep me happy and out of trouble, and for now that I needed to go through each and every article to see what I had been given, and that I needed to put them away in my draws, and that she would tell me how each article of female clothing was folded and stored and that I would do it so I would know how to do it in the future, as short or as long as that future might be. And there was all sort of clothing there for me. She had me go through the basic stuff first, the nylons, the panties, the camisoles, the brassieres, the half-slips, the full slips, the garter belts, and every type of girdle a girl could have. Then came the corselets, the torselets, the waist cinchers, and finally the actual corsets. I had to handle them all, every one of them, fold them, and put them away in my drawers, while Auntie watched. I certainly had been given enough lingerie to last months, let alone some weeks.

Then she brought me into her room and gave me some of her jewelry. She tightly clipped a pair of loop earrings on my ears, placed a simple pearl necklace around my neck, a pearl bracelet on my wrist and a girl's watch on my other wrist. She then stood back and

took a look and told me, 'You know pearls are very becoming on you, though I am not happy with those clip on earrings. I really wish I could think of an excuse to pierce those ears of yours. So you had better be a good girl or else...'

That threat really put me in my place. I wasn't sure if she could carry it out, but regardless of styles with all I had gone through I did not want to top it off with having my ears pierced for loop earrings. I would have died of embarrassment.

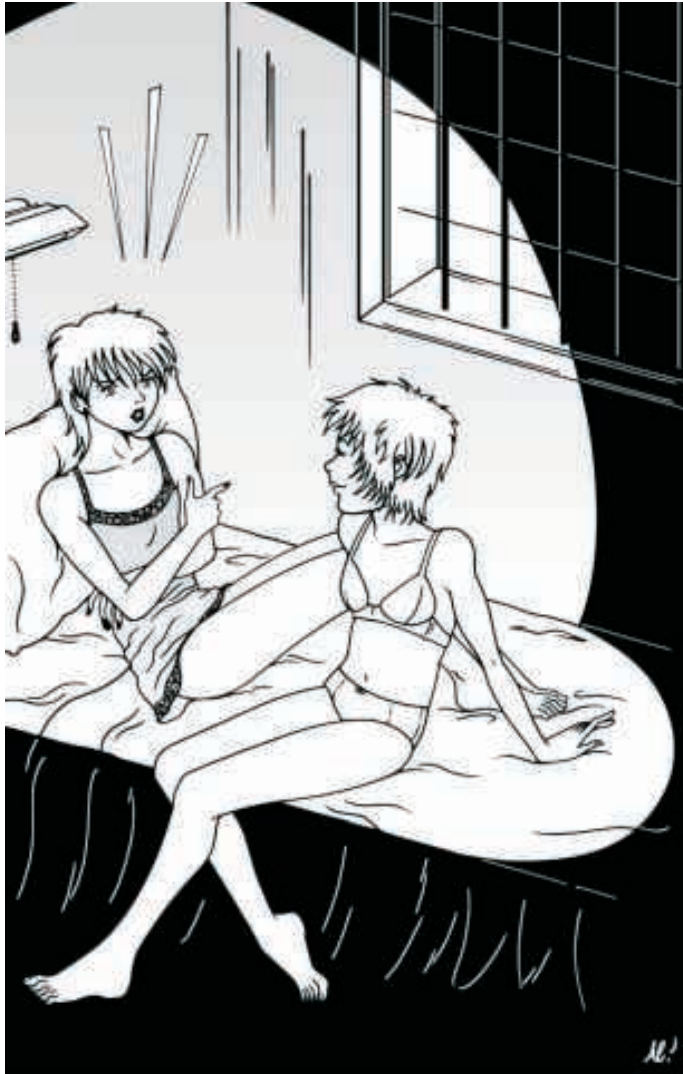
Finally I had to pick out some dresses, skirts and blouses, and Auntie took me down to the basement storeroom for that. However, my main attire would be the black satin dress that I was already wearing, that along with my apron.

By that time it was time for dinner. Auntie directed that I would be doing all the cooking and all of the house hold chores for the next weeks. Samantha and Auntie would direct, at least in the beginning, but I would be doing all of the female type work around the house.

That night Auntie stood over me as I practiced my evening rituals as a girl, she almost was shameless as far as that went. Then she tucked me and Samantha into bed explaining that I now had to consider myself Samantha's younger sister and act accordingly.

As soon as Auntie left, Samantha told me, that Auntie was just a bit wrong, from now on we would be more like girl friends, real girl friends, and that I needed to remember that she was Sammie and I had better ... Well we just continued where we had left off sharing my bed with Sammie in control and having her way with me and telling me what a sweet girl I made, and having me tell her how happy I was to be a girl

and her girl friend. I was really just a lot of rubbing against each other and her getting me off, it never went further than that, but I was always having to tell her how happy she made me and how she made me feel like a girl and how I just wanted to be her girl. Well it did have an affect on me, especially after she started giving me those pills.



Chapter – XII: I Really Get Put into MY Place, My Place as a Girl

The next day I learned that Sammie was going to be even tougher than Auntie; and that she intended to make sure I became the girl Auntie was giving her the opportunity to make me. While Sammie was giving me some instruction on how to do something like a girl rather than a boy I gave her lip and she read me the riot act, and put me right in my place... as a girl.

She told me, "If you think you are going to get me in trouble with Auntie by not getting a bit more feminine every day that you are under my care you have another thing coming Mr.! Or should I say Miss? Like it or not, you will learn to be a girl, like it or not. You will not give Auntie any trouble about it. You will get prettier and sweeter each day. And you will eventually act as if you are enjoying all of this, acting and dressing the part of a girl, Auntie's daughter in fact, or there will be consequences. And I expect you to do all the housework, and I know you know how, and to get even better than you where at home!

I told her, "That's not fair! I did all of this to help you! And it is absolutely no way on this getting any more girlie... no way, no how. I will be the worst girl going. I will...."

Sammie told me she was sorry, but all of this had gotten beyond her control and she really had no choice in the matter and would have to do as she was told, or Auntie would suspect. Suspect what I wasn't sure of as she didn't elaborate. But she did show me that I had better cooperate regardless of the fairness of it all. Sammie showed me photographs of me as Auntie had

dressed me up as a girl yesterday. They were awful for me to see. It was me yesterday, being dressed in feminine lingerie and looking like I had real breasts, hips and a feminine butt. I questioned her how she had gotten them, but it really didn't matter, she had them.

Sammie told me, "You will do as I tell you and behave yourself, and act the part of a sweet sissy content to dress, and act as a girl and learn how to be a girl or I will show these photos off to all your friends, and mom for good measure.

Well I grabbed them before she knew what happened and ripped them up to shreds. She just laughed and pulled out another set, and told me, "I've got plenty more and all well hidden and a number with some one who will send them all out to everyone if any thing happens to me. So there!" She had won, I was under her control and would be a good boy, or rather a good girl and told her so.

Then she held out a yellow football shaped pill and told me to prove my commitment I needed to take the pill. I asked her what it was and she told me, "It's a type of tranquilizer that woman take to calm them down and keep them feminine when they hit a certain age. Auntie takes them, and you can take them. It will relax you and you'll find this entire situation of becoming a girl a lot easier to take. I promise."

Well I didn't have much choice. I was at her mercy. I didn't think Sammie would poison me, and nothing really happened after I took the first one, so I continued to take them with out putting up a fuss, and in a couple of days I really did feel better about my situation, and thinking the pills to be nothing but a type of tranquilizer, I continued to take them with out a fuss. After all in the situation I was in there was nothing wrong with

taking tranquilizers. It wasn't till I needed a "B" cup bra and I was really filling out Auntie's clothing that I realized what had been done to me and what I had been given. But by then it was a little late. And by then even though Auntie realized things had really gone too far, she didn't totally mind. She thought I looked rather cute and made a nice girl.

But of course there were personality changes also, and with Sammie's subconscious training during our night time trysts, I really began to think of myself more and more like a girl and less and less like a boy. I think I was becoming as Auntie had described me, a real sissy. Not really a girl, but absolutely not a boy, some where in between, a boy who knew he was a boy, but really felt so much like a girl. So I was dressing entirely like a girl, and learning how female clothes were worn. And Sammie continued with my female deportment lessons where Auntie had left off, and she was really strict about it. And in a day or two as I began to relax and soften it was all becoming pretty natural. I just was losing the will to fight it. After all I still really enjoyed the feel of the lingerie, and my trysts with my sister, now girlfriend, and that in it self was keeping me pretty mellow and under Sammie's control.

Now I was fairly competent around the house with what's typically thought of as woman's work. Mom didn't believe in that sort of stuff and both Sam and I shared in the traditionally female and traditionally male work around the house. So it wasn't as if I needed to learn that stuff from scratch. I already knew how to cook, and clean and do the wash, along with the basics of baking and sewing and ironing, but just the rudiments and the basics. And Sammie only knew a bit more than I did. So Sam got me a bunch of books to teach me the finer points, and along with my school

work she made sure I read and memorized them and tested me from the books and made sure I had to apply what I had read and learned. So there I was really learning all the finer points of home economics and practicing them.

I knew how to cook but now I was cooking meals from scratch, with the mashed potatoes from real potatoes and the vegetables from fresh vegetables, and the like for every thing else. I was even making homemade ice cream. There was no end to it for me. I could bake a bit, but now I was baking pies and cakes from scratch. Auntie was getting home made meals like she couldn't believe, and really loved.

I could run a washing machine and drier but now I was doing the laundry the right way, separating the clothes properly, adding the detergent and bleach and fabric softener at the right times, running the right cycles, and drying the clothes just right on the right setting for the right time. And before I could just barley use an iron, but now I was really doing it all the right way, and could iron just about any thing and well. So Auntie was not only getting her lingerie hand washed she was getting it touched up with an iron and all her blouses, and skirts and dresses were ironed, and the pleated skirts were done to perfection.

I knew how to clean, but that was basically running a quick vacuum and a bit of dusting. Now I was scrubbing and mopping and polishing, and doing the dishes by hand and I was learning all the tricks and getting every thing spotlessly clean.

And Sam insisted that I continue with the make-up though Auntie hadn't really pressed the issue. Sam taught me what she knew about make-up and then again got me a bunch of books for teenage girls on

makeup and had me practice from the books with Auntie's makeup and some of my own makeup that Sam had gotten for me. And of course I had to wear perfume. And I got better at it every day, and it just made me better looking as a girl every day, and more convincing as a girl every day.

And something Auntie had not thought of, but Sammie did, and that was to get me speaking and sounding like a girl. Sammie started me on voice modulation practice. She got me some books and tapes for teaching men to talk like and sound like women. I learned not only to pitch my voice into a higher more female like range but also to phrase like a female would rather than a male. And Sammie had me constantly practicing when we talked. And she read the books also, and would tell me, "Girls don't say that, now say it like a girl." And I would have to rephrase what ever I had said to speak like a girl would speak. And of course if my voice sounded too low Sammie would comment and I would need to get it up into a higher more feminine range. And as I practiced it seemed that my voice was actually softening an changing a bit, which I was to later find out was the effect of the pills Sammie had me taking. Auntie just assumed it was me being the sissy I really was and just getting better with it as I had come out of the closet. It disturbed her, but the benefits I offered as a sissy boy maid did not, and so she really let things get out of hand and go further than she had intended.

And of course the better I did during the day, and the more pleased Auntie was with my work and appearance the nicer Sammie was to me at night. And by nighttime, after a day of being rubbed by my nylon and satin clothing I really needed it.

And the hormone tablets weren't enough for her. She really meant to get me. Of course under the influence of the hormones my breasts and nipples were expanding and getting sore, and the opposite was occurring down below. So Sammie got me some cream to sooth my sore skin. And she would apply it to me as part of our nightly rituals, as long as I was a good girl. She would rub it into my expanding nipples and breast tissue and it felt more wonderful than I would admit, as my nipples not only were sore but also sensitive in a way new to me. And then she would rub the cream into my male organ and for some reason it would let me just go on and on before finishing, which was also so pleasurable. And of course when I thought to bring up the question of my expanding chest and shrinking organ she explained that a bra always had that effect due to irritation, until a girl got used to it and then things would go back to normal, and a tight girdle was bound to cause shrinkage due to cutting back on the circulation, but I shouldn't worry, things would return to normal when Auntie let me back into my male clothes. Any way every thing felt so nice and it didn't seem I had much of a choice, so there was not much I could do about it. And I didn't feel that male rebelliousness in me about being feminized, the pills had done away with that..

Then at times I would ask Sammie if perhaps she was taking this a bit too far. I would tell her, "Sammie, I don't mind doing all your work. I mean I did this sort of stuff at home. And I don't mind getting really good at it. I don't even mind the lingerie and girl's clothes. In fact I even like the lingerie... But why do you have to make me such a girl?! I mean all this makeup and voice lessons, and deportment training. I can't even move or act like a guy any more. It is no longer natural for me. I

am sure that is not what Auntie wanted when she told you to keep me dressed and acting like a girl." But Sammie told me I was wrong, though I wasn't, and continued with the over-the-hill training, because that is what she wanted. She told me, "Charlene, if Auntie did not want you to be all the girl you can be she would just say some thing about it, and she doesn't. She only tells you that you are doing a wonderful job around the house and that you are making a convincing girl and how well you are taking your punishment. She never questions how girlish you have become. And her orders were that you are to become more feminine and girlish every day of you punishment and that is exactly what we are doing and are going to continue to do. And I don't want to hear another word about it, or no pleasuring tonight!" And that would always end that issue.

Auntie on the other hand really didn't know what to make of what was happening and was beginning to think she had taken things a bit to far, but didn't exactly know how to or if she wanted to stop things. She never expected me to do so well as a girl, nor to look and act so convincing as a girl. She sort of expected that I would traipse around in her clothes as embarrassed as heck, like a boy dressed as a girl, and do a somewhat passable job with my female chores. She never thought her nephew would learn to be a girl and basically pass as a girl and make such a wonderful homemaker.

But she was reluctant to put a stop to all of it. To begin with it was like she had the perfect wife. Meals were on time and wonderful. The house was cleaner than it had ever been. Her clothes were cleaner, felt better, and looked better than they had in a long time. She got wonderful manicures and pedicures. And she had some one to teach to mend and so and alter ladies

clothes, her hobby, which is what we did on weekends. She had just sort of forgotten that I was a guy.

And over that period when the female hormones really kicked in and I got better and better with my makeup, and my deportment became more and more feminine and more and more naturally feminine, Auntie was really having mixed emotions, thinking perhaps this punishment had not been such a good idea. But when she thought about how wonderful I kept her house she couldn't bring herself to release me. And as she saw the daily changes she really forgot that all of this was supposed to have been a punishment. I was making such a fine girl and wasn't putting in a complaint that she sort of convinced herself that I must have wanted all this and did want to learn about being a girl, and that it would probably do me some good, and we would all have a nice laugh about it some day.

I had become the daughter she never had. She couldn't stop complementing me on what a convincing and lovely girl I was making. Why she couldn't believe it, I was just getting more and more feminine every day, if that were possible and I was doing a better job with my house hold responsibilities each and every day. And of course Sammie made sure I did not complain and had the appearance that all was fine with me. And in actuality I found that I was just oh so comfortable being a girl. And Auntie convinced herself that she had done the right thing in all of this.

Chapter XIII: Auntie Tries to Put a Stop to it all but I am already a Girl

I think Auntie would have just gone with the flow. She really wasn't trying to punish me any more, it had-

n't worked. She was just treating me as a favorite niece, a girl. It seemed she forgot I was a guy. I wasn't fighting the punishment, I was becoming a girl, and not objecting and she was becoming very comfortable with all I provided as a girl and had rationalized that all this was okay and that I had just in her mind become her niece. Well she must have been talking it over with some one because she came home one day after the fourth week and told me "we" had to stop all of this, it just had gone too far, and she had been to strict with me. I was all for it. I mean I could have kept a couple of panties and camisoles for that thrill and gone back to being a guy, as far as I was concerned. Not that I hadn't become quite comfortable being a girl, but I think because of the hormones really kicking in I wasn't getting that male sexual drive that made the silks and satins just feel so addicting wonderful, though I still found them so pleasant to wear.. So while on the female hormones they still felt nice, but it was more of comfortable nice, evening activities aside. And I was really getting tired of all the cooking and cleaning and all of those household chores and other female activities, the makeup and preening and all of that.

So Auntie came home one night after the fourth week and gave me some of my male clothes and told me I had been punished enough and I should change back into my old clothes before dinner so things could go back to normal, I did as she told me or at least tried. However, my old clothes would no longer fit me. My old pants wouldn't go up over my femininely expanded hips and butt and my shirt wouldn't button over my breasts, which I had to then admit to myself weren't swellings but were actual size "A+" breasts. So there I was in my jockey shorts and t-shirt, both really

stretched out, and with out being able to get my male outer clothes on.

Realizing I had breasts and at a lesser worry hips and a female shaped behind, I let out a screech. On those hormones I was really typically reacting in a feminine fashion. Auntie hearing my screech ran in and when she saw me she let out a screech. She was followed in by Sammie who just let out an "Oh my" and a slight smile, as she knew exactly what had happened, as she had planned and was very happy with the result, but of course could not let any one know about that.

Sammie had planned on my transformation for some time. As I was attracted to her she had been attracted to me. But she liked her boys to stay boys and the more feminine the better. She did not like men, having been abused as a young child, which is how she came up for adoption. So at home she had been feeding me anti-androgens for some time, so my secondary male characteristics never really overwhelmed my body which remained somewhat gender neutral. She just let enough male hormones get through to let me develop on the real low side of normal, a male, but still nice and soft, which kept me looking so young. Which is how she liked her boys, and she liked me. And she liked my company and didn't want me to leave home. She figured keeping me juvenile would also keep me at home. I never developed that male aggressiveness that caused a fellow to leave the nest; though it had probably also had some affect on my studying or lack there of. And I thing my boyish mind set and still soft skin left me open for the lingerie problems.

Then this summer at Auntie's from day one she had me on the soy products pumping me up with female

hormones to the point they over whelmed my low male hormone levels and set me up for the physical changes. Then she added the estrogens to my regime, the tablets and the cream and my pent up female characteristics just exploded. By the time Auntie had started my punishment the soy had already set me up, my hips and behind were already pushing at the confines of my male pants, and I only did not realize it because Sammie already had me in my aunt's girdle. And my chest had already softened and was expanding, but in the camisole I just didn't pick up on it. But once she put me on those heavy doses of the female hormones I just morphed. The explosive changes all happened in a relatively short time, but the underlying changes had been a while in the making.

Auntie, I cried, "I can't get into my pants or shirt! What am I to do?"

Auntie cried out, "Oh my gosh I can't believe it, you've got real breasts and real hips! You are turning into a girl! How did this happen. I mean your figure in your girl clothes was never that different. How can it be so different now? And why didn't you tell me about all this?"

I told her, "I thought it was normal Auntie, I mean, I discussed it with Sammie and she told me it was to be expected... what with all the tofu, and the tight girdle and the bra. I thought the girdle and bra were changing my figure, what with all the soy protein, but it must have happened slowly and I didn't realize how much. You know just a little each day, I must of gotten used to the changes.

Then Sammie explained, "I thought the bra and girdle would do it, and Auntie, I thought you must have know. After all, with all the squeezing on his waist and

torso the fat had to go somewhere? Didn't it?" And then Sammie had the explanation as to why the changes went unnoticed by Auntie until then, for as Sammie had planned it was then too late to stop. Sammie explained, "Why Auntie, Charlene's figure has been changing since day one. I thought you knew. I think a lot of it has to do with all that Tofu and soy that we eat, and all the fatty deserts he eats. You know Charlie, before he was punished would go out and get hot dogs, but since he started wearing your lingerie and not going out he just eats what we girls eat, and the thick shakes I make for him and he probably has been getting a lot of those soy estrogens. And then after I started him on those tranquilizers of yours he seemed to really have changed. And as his figure has been changing I've been changing the padding in his support garments, so he would still fit his dresses and I guess his outer appearance stayed about the same. I would take out the padding as his shaped changed and as filled in and then I gave him different girdles and bras to wear as he developed so his figure looked the same.

Auntie asked why Sammie would do something like that and Sammie said it just seemed the natural thing to do. It seemed to her that Auntie must have known what was happening. Auntie had commented to me how girlish I was becoming and how girlish I looked, and wasn't doing any thing to prevent my figure feminization and so Sammie naturally thought the changes were okay with Auntie and that if any thing Auntie was just changing me into more of a girl than she had threatened, and Sammie didn't want to get involved. So Sammie thought that she was just doing as Auntie had told her to do and that was to train me to be a girl and to keep me girlie.

Auntie explained she had not intended to physically turn me into a girl. She had originally intended to feminize me until I had had enough of that and begged to go back to male clothing, all male clothing, as she felt so guilty that I was wearing her lingerie. She just got so comfortable with me as a girl and how as a girl I was helping out around the house she sort of forgot the plan and that I was a boy.

Then Auntie then got to the bottom of the tranquilizer situation and realized Sammie had been feeding me large doses of estrogens and I had apparently responded to them like no bodies business. At that point knowing what the problem had been both girls looking at me let out a giggle and I of course wanted to die, even as messed up as my mental gender may have been.

Then knowing it wasn't totally her fault Auntie didn't feel so bad. She explained that those tranquilizers are female hormones and had really changed my body. Then realizing I couldn't wear my old male clothes and would have some difficulty passing as a guy, which would take an effort, she told me that I might as well change back to her, or that is my female clothes, and we would discuss the situation over dinner. Then she told me, "As bad as this situation may seem, you might take some comfort in knowing you have filled out very nicely. It's hard to believe, but I mean, you actually have a very nice girlish figure, and look a lot like your mom and I did at your age. And until we get a handle on this, you should know that I don't think you would have any trouble passing as a tomboyish girl. And it need be, I will come up with some explanation for all of this for your mom that won't embarrass you any more than necessary, though I don't know what." I don't know how comforting all that was, that I made an okay

looking girl and could pass for a tomboy, but I thanked Auntie and as she left started to redress as my "girl" self.

So I again put on my female attire and my apron and served dinner as I was used to doing. Sammie took the lead again, she had it all planned out, and the idea was that if I stopped taking the hormones I would probably just revert to my old self in the same amount of time it took me to morph into a girl, and until then things could stay as they were. As I wanted to avoid the embarrassment of going to a doctor which at that stage of my change would have most likely entailed going out as a girl and presenting my breasts and shrinking maleness for exam I agreed and of course Auntie also thought it best as was also a bit embarrassed by the situation and did not want to make it known and she had gotten used to me being a girl and running the house for her. And another two weeks I would be finishing off the summer as her girl and after that I would be off home any way, and hopefully returned to my male self, at least mostly if not completely.

Again Sammie had other plans; she really liked her stepbrother as her stepsister with my new soft figure and carrying out all the female chores. So, claiming to have felt really bad about my whole situation and trying to make amends she got me some androgens to take, from a black market source, to help reverse my problems quicker. She explained that if Auntie's estrogens had made me so girlie so quickly than male hormones should do the opposite and quickly. After all we really did not have the time to wait, unless I wanted mother to see her son with breasts. However, the pills were actually some other type of estrogens and progesterone that she had substituted for the male hormone

weight lifting cocktail. And so over that next two weeks my body just continued to feminize and I got even a bit more shapely, with slightly wider hips and more bottom heavy and my breasts just went from an "A+" to a full "B" cup, which with the bra Sammie had me wearing gave me for all appearances a "C" cup. And my body continues to soften with my new fat disposition and my face rounded out a bit.

So as summer ended and I was supposed to go home, I really looked even more like a girl, and did not know what to do. And I was as female effeminate as could be so there was not doubt of my gender, if and when I appeared in public I could pretty safely pass as a girl. The shoulders were a bit large as were the hands and parts, only parts, of the face were still a tad boyish, but for the most part I looked and certainly was acting as a female. And the touch of my nylons and satins had lost none of their comforting feeling and since Samantha had added the new pills I again just got more and more comfortable and addicted to my feminine finery the longer I wore it, and the softer my skin got and the more sensitive my breast became. I realized that even when I did change back to a guy, which at that time I fully expected and sort of wanted I would still be enamored with lady's silks and satins. However, the fetish I had developed was the least of my problems.

So when it was near time for me and Sammie to go home and Auntie couldn't send me home, not as a girl chance stepped in to give us some more time. . Fortunately as far as that went, mother's had opportunities in Europe and after a family discussion, thankfully over the phone and with out a video link up, we agreed it would be best for all if mom stayed in Europe and Sammie and I told her we would rather stay in the old

USA for college if Auntie would have us, and of course Auntie was more than happy. So mom would stay in Europe and we would try for a late registration into one of the local colleges, which should not be a problem. However, if I had a problem returning to college, Auntie was supposed to put me on a flight to Europe as mother already had a spot for me in a private college.

That having been settled and a respite gained; Auntie wouldn't take no for an answer as far as me having to be seen by a doctor. And of course due to the nature of this embarrassing situation, both for me and for her, it would have to be her doctor, who to my embarrassment was a female.

Chapter XIV – Turned into a Girl with no Quick Recovery in Sight

The result of the exam was that I had appeared to have retained part of the estrogen so that my body had still been getting estrogen for the last two weeks which was the reason why things had not started to revert to normal. However, I was lucky that had happened, because under my particular situation if I completely stopped the estrogens I would empty out like a stretched balloon and my skin would not return to normal. Unfortunately for me, I had to let the process slowly return to normal to give my skin a chance to shrink back normally, which meant I could not go cold turkey, I would have to continue on estrogens only at a lower dose to let the body slowly reshape and the skin withdraw. The process would take at least 3 months

and up to 6 months if I had passed what the doctor called the tipping point.

Auntie decided under those circumstances I would just have to register for school as a Charlie and attend as Charlene. If I didn't go to college my mom would have a fit with her. No one would be the wiser. The doctor would do my physical and as no one checks on a student's gender and I could certainly pass as a girl I would just tell people my birth certificate name had been incorrectly put down as Charles instead of Charlene and had never been changed.

And so I was going to be a girl for another 6 months, whether or not I reversed in three months as I couldn't change half way through the semester. And as I was going to have to pass as a girl at school I would have to maintain my masquerade full time, both at school and at home. Every thing would just continue as it was. I would still be the lady of the house, though due to school with lesser responsibilities, but nonetheless I would have to remain in my female mode. I thought I would die.

Foolishly I raised the question of passing as a girl in public trying to get out of the whole situation of attending school as a girl and Auntie's doctor laughed and said I should have no trouble, at least from the neck down, I actually had a nice figure and would attract more attention as a girl than I might even want. However, my face was a bit on the masculine side as the underlying bone structure was male, regardless of the other changes, and if I was doubtful of passing because of that she had a friend who might be able to help. Auntie told her, why not, and the doctor made a telephone call, explained the situation to her friend and as chance would have it, her girl friend was going on

vacation but would see me today and hopefully be able to help and "take the masculine edge of my face and me".

Her girlfriend was a plastic surgeon involved with gender reassignment. When she saw me she and heard my story she was pretty much amazed at how quickly my body had feminized. She explained to Auntie, that she could feminize my face a bit, which was reversible and also fit me with a devise that would make male attributes virtually undetectable and thus my gender virtually female in appearance, and while she was at it she could easily add a size to my breasts to increase them to a "C" cup, so that even striped down to just my devise I would appear to be a female, though she had to have me strip down for an examination first before she could be certain I was a candidate for the devise and the breast augmentation. Auntie told her she wasn't sure that all of that would be such a good idea but agreed to the exam and I was helped to change into a hospital gown. The doctor examined my breasts for fullness and nipple and areola development and for plasticity of my skin and told Auntie that she could do the breast augmentation today or when ever, and Auntie told her we would talk about it. The doctor explained, "The breast augmentation was completely reversible and if I was undergoing a reverse estrogen therapy I would probably need the breast augmentation to carry me thought the last part of the therapy, and the "A" size inserts once removed would leave me flat. It was the way to go. I don't know that I was convinced by Auntie appeared so. But I think part of it was Auntie really wanted to keep me a girl as long as possible, now that she had the excuse. She liked me that way. .

Then the doctor examined my face and explained how she could with minimally evasive surgery grind down my brow ridges, giving me a female brow line which could be rebuilt to a male brow line after the reversal, and that with a couple of sutures at my hair line she would give me a mini brow lift that would lift and reshape my eyebrows to a feminine arch. She could also insert collagen in my cheeks to round out my face and in my lips to plump and feminize them, all of which was pretty much reversible.

I went for the face feminization. I knew collagen reabsorbed with time and that I could always cut the sutures and the brow lines could be replaced, and if not it wouldn't be the worst look in the world. So the doctor cleaned me up and went to work. I didn't get a look until she was done. I was a bit swollen, but I could definitely see the change over to a more feminine look. The reshaping of my eyebrows and lips were pretty dramatic. The changes to my face were less so, but truly feminized, with soft female brows and a rounded female face. I was actually relieved as I thought that I was then pretty unrecognizable as me, limiting the sisters future black-male possibilities, or so I thought, and even if recognized as a guy, which I doubted after the facial work, I would not be recognized as me.

So Auntie settled up with the doctor, sighing some forms and writing out a check, and we left, with the doctor telling us to give her a call if we decided to go with the breast augmentation and the device, both of which she recommended under the circumstances, if I was going to be at this for at least 6 months and perhaps longer, as these reversals weren't as predictable as I was being let to believe.

At home Samantha just loved the changes and just cooed over what a pretty girl I made. She told Auntie, that they shouldn't even think of letting me change back until mother saw me and got to add her opinion to the matter. I was just so much sweeter as a girl, and could certainly pass at that point. Auntie, seemed to think about it, eyes glazing over a bit, her happiness with me as a girl getting the better of her sense of what was right, but then came out of it and told Samantha, absolutely not....but it was Charlene's,....Charlie's decision, and she would support what ever I wanted to do. And it was left at that. But the seed had been planted.

Chapter XV – Enrolled as a Girl in College and as a Cheerleader

The next day we tried to sign me up at the local and relatively local schools, as living at college in my condition was out of the question. We were having no luck at all. And down to the last local 2 year college, a technical school of sorts we were pretty desperate and having no luck. I mean, after all I had undergone this feminizing facial surgery just so I could attend college and be comfortable with myself passing as a female.

We were sort of on the way out, not knowing where to turn to next, when one of the gym teachers took notice of me and came over to talk up the cheer leader gym and squad. I told her in a nice way, as I was appreciative of the complement, a cheerleader yet, but knew I wasn't getting into the school and didn't want the coach to waste her time. She asked surprised and asked to see my transcript. She told us even with that transcript with her approval, if I was joining the cheer leading team, and by taking a mix of academic and technical courses she might get me in. However, I had to join and stick with cheerleading. Auntie was all for it, as she was beginning to forget that I was a boy and as she and mom had both been a cheer leader she thought it would be a hoot if I was. I was a bit less enthusiastic, but if it would get me into any college program, this late in the school year, I would agree to almost any thing. Other wise I did not see how I would avoid having to explain to my mom what had happened, and there was the lingering fear, that with her sense of humor and beliefs in sexual equality she might just let me, so to speak, stew in my own juices, and stay this way for a while.

The coach explained, that all thought it was just a two year college, the girls took cheerleading and the practices seriously as many of them got to sub on the sister team for the nearby 4 year college, and some even went on to attend that college, and having cheered at the 2 year college they could just roll right into the cheerleading team at the 4 year college. Unfortunately this year the team had lost their biggest girl, the one who had supported the formations and so far I was the only one the coach had seen come by that could fit that bill, by virtue of my size and my prior gyms, which included gymnastics. The coach told me she could probably get me a tentative admission pending my try out and if I passed the admission would be pending appropriate grades.

I agreed I didn't have much of a choice, with out really knowing what the try out or cheerleading would entail. Auntie let me run with it, even thought she had an idea that it meant a return trip to the doctor, or perhaps because of it, as she was getting into making me into the proper girl.

We sat down with the gym teacher to try to pick out a schedule. Unfortunately most of the academic courses were gone. There was only some English and basic computer courses, and I picked one of each, and the remaining had to be commercial or technical. The adviser recommended some secretarial skill courses. She explained that they helped with the academic courses if I stayed in college, and the skills were good to get a job if college didn't work out. A job I thought, as a secretary. I hoped not. But typing/key boarding was a no brainier and should help me get my GPA up and keeping me in college and short hand/dictation would help taking notes, and so I signed for those two. Then Auntie got a look at the technical course and in-

sisted I sign up for a nail technician certificate course. I didn't want to take it, but she really insisted. She told the councilor that I already did a marvelous job on nails and had a real talent for it, and had been offered a weekend job and our beauty parlor. The counselor agreed that under those circumstances it would be a good idea, and pushed me into taking it, and then signed me up for the companion skin and hair care technician course. I had a full schedule, but I am not sure one that I could share with my mother. Auntie told me, regardless, I had gotten into some college and that was the important thing, but I still had to pass the cheerleading try out, which was scheduled to take place in a few days.

Chapter XVI – More Feminizing Surgery – “C” Breasts and a Flat Front

At home we discussed the situation with Sammie, as she had done some cheerleading in high school. She told us it wouldn't work, and I wasn't going to pass the try out. My support bra just wouldn't stand up to the rigors and even if it did, I wouldn't look natural enough to pass as a chesty cheerleader. And in a short skirt and tight cheerleader panties I would be too exposed. We thought for a way out and then Auntie told me, "I hate to think about this, but the only way out is for you to finish up with the Doctor, as she told us she could fix all of that." And she explained to Sammie the other procedures that Doctor had available for me.

All I could say was, "Oh no Auntie, and Auntie agreed with me, that the alternative was unnerving. "Why, Charlene would almost be a real girl," she told us. "As I think about it I am not sure I could deal with that."

Sammie told us, like it affected her too, "I don't think we have much choice here Auntie. You have to get Charlie or Charlene into college, or we are all in trouble. This is the only college that has accepted him, though conditionally. And the only way he will stay in is as a cheerleader. And the only way to make that squad is to even better pass as a girl. And that is going to require his breast augmentation, at least up a size, and that his male thing to disappear, and that device that the doctor fits is the answer to that. So Charlie needs it to be Charlene the cheerleader. I mean, look at his face. If that isn't a commitment to being a girl, I don't know what is? After all, what is a few more changes. He is already such a girl."

Auntie told her, "I don't know if I could cope with seeing Charlie like that. I mean size "C" breasts and completely looking like a female in his panties and having to walk like a girl. I don't know if I could live with myself feeling responsible for that and thinking of Charlie as a boy when he will just look and already acts so completely as a girl."

Sammie then told her "Auntie that is the answer. We'll have no more Charlie. From now on, for the next six months, while he is reversing back to a he, Charlie is Charlene as far as you are concerned, and he is your niece and a girl, and you are always to think of him as Charlene and to treat him as a girl. As far as you are concerned Charlene is a girl and that is it. So if he looks and walks and acts completely like a girl it is because he or she is a girl. As far as you need to concern yourself Charlene is you're a girl, your niece." Now you go to bed and just keep telling yourself Charlene is a girl and when you wake up tomorrow Charlene will be a girl, and you are to treat him like a girl."

Auntie told us she would feel a bit guilty if she did that and Sammie told her, she should not feel guilty as this whole thing was Charlie's fault to begin with for playing with her lingerie and wearing her lingerie, and I had no one to blame by myself for my situation and for having been turned into a girl. For that is what I had just about become, a girl.

Auntie told us, "Well putting it like that. I mean you are his or her sister and should know best. So, I will give it a try. He, I mean she or I don't know what I mean, does make a wonderful niece. I am really happy with her here and I think that is a good idea. Sammie, you handle this and I will just think of Charlene as a girl from now on, until this silly thing resolves itself. Thank you."

So the next day Sammie took me back to the doctor for my breast augmentation and device fitting, and I didn't have a choice. One because, I really did have to pass for a girl under some potentially real revealing circumstances, and two because Sammie said so and Auntie had put her in charge and she had the blackmail photographs.

. The doctor than injected my penis which shortly became very limp and then taking from a box a flesh colored elastic device slipped it up my thighs. At that point she took some ice packs and placed them on my scrotum and kept them there despite my protests until what was left of my testes shrunk. Then she pulled the device up my waste and into place which pushed my testes right into my body. The device was still open in the front. The doctor took her hand and placed it under the front of the garment and positioned my flaccid penis facing down into a smooth satinesque pocket. She then some how closed the front of the garment and

tightened it and the bump that had been my penis disappeared but left me with a very comfortable feeling. Additionally the front of the garment gave the impression that there was nothing but female underneath it. I looked just like a girl down there and looking at me felt like a girl. The doctor had me walk around in it to check the fit and explained that it was designed for me to walk like a female in it as if I walked like a male the pressure on my testicles would be such that I would get very uncomfortable, while if I walked and sat femininely there would not be any such pressure and the feeling to my sheathed penis could be quite pleasant. She told me to give it a try and sure enough sitting and walking like a girl sent some pleasant sensations to that region while clumping around like a guy was painful.

She explained to me and Sammie how to take it off and put it on and how to inject myself, supplying me with a months worth of injections. It could be worn up to 18 hours a day, but I needed a rest for at least 6 hours or I would demasculinize myself.

Next the doctor had me lay down on the operating table and went about inserting my breast augmentation forms. A simple incision under each already feminized chest, now breasts, the insertion of the forms and then the suturing and I was now a natural looking "C" cup. I stood up and felt the change in the weight I was carrying on my chest. The doctor obviously expected the reaction and told me, "Don't worry honey, you will get used to carrying around the added extra couple of pounds very quickly, and the added size and enhancement to your feminine appearance will more than make up for it. Believe me; if you are like the rest of my boys to girl patients you will really love it. And size "C" breasts do look much more natural on you. You are a natural "C" cup."

She had a large cup bra for me and I put it on. I felt a bit better. After all with my bra I had been a "C" cup for some time, so I was used to that look. It is just with out the bras I was used to seeing a smaller breast, and carrying around a lighter weight. After the procedure, with or with out the bra I was a natural "C" cup. And there was some thing about looking at "C" cup breasts with out a bra that had just made me feel more like a woman.

Sammie could not get over my new look and was actually quite pleased with it.

When she got me home she had me strip down to my panties and introduced me to Auntie as her niece Charlene. Auntie was amazed. She was pleased with my new look, with my new breast size and with the disappearance of the offending organ. She asked in amazement, "Where is it? This is incredible; he looks just like a girl down there. Why he can't be a boy any more! Sammie what did you let them do to your brother?"

Sammie gave me a look and I told Auntie that it was still there only pushed up and tucked in. Auntie was amazed and actually came over to feel it, which I allowed. There wasn't really much of a choice. She told me, "Why you not only look like a girl down there, but you feel like a girl. There is nothing to give you away. It's wonderful. And you new fuller breasts are really you. You look so much nicer with a "C" cup. Your really do" And with that she gave me a womanly hug. Then Sammie let me get dressed.

Again she told Auntie. "I think it's best for all concerned and the doctor agreed that we treat Charlene as a girl and do not think of him as a boy at all. He needs to be a girl at least 16 hours a day, and remain in his

device for that time, as a girl. And you Auntie need to treat Charlene as a girl and think of him as a girl. Auntie actually agreed, and told us, "After seeing Charlene looking like she does, she is a girl as far as I am concerned, and that is all I can think of her as, and that is exactly as she will be treated from now on, all the time.



And then Auntie looking right at me and sending a chill through me she told me, "Charlene you naughty girl you, for ever pretending to be a boy!" And that being said, Auntie did not let on again that I was a male, and always treated me as her niece, a girl. And after a while I always felt like a girl around Auntie.

Over the next several days I healed up and got used to my new larger and heavier breasts and my device. And the swelling on my face went down and I looked even more feminine and prettier than before. Sammie just loved the new look. She would have me put my device on in the morning and she and Auntie would only see me as a girl for the entire day.

Chapter XVII – I Become A College Girl and Cheerleader & No Turning Back

The cheerleader try out went fine. Auntie dropped me off and then had to take off, but I was to call when I needed a lift home. I showed up in shorts and a t-shirt, with my sports panties and a sports bra underneath, and a change of clothes if there was a problem. So dressed I showed the coach I could still do gymnastics, tumbling and what ever. She was impressed and I was ready to continue. She issued me a cheerleader outfit, and had me put it on to continue the try out, as she needed to make sure I looked okay in it. I returned to the locker room to put it on and it was a real shock to realize that I, a guy, was then wearing one of the most girly outfits going, a cheer leader outfit, and that I looked good in it and that and I wasn't showing any thing that would give me away and that I was only an easy tryout from becoming a cheer leader, and then would be performing in front of a crowd in a tight blouse and a short skirt and shiny nylons; and there

was no way out. I couldn't flub the try out or I would have had worse problems. I wanted to die, but realized I had little choice in the matter if I wanted to remain in college. And I had to remain in college. So I stripped down and change into my new team outfit, my sport panties, my stockings, and my cheerleader outfit, cheer leading panties, cheer leading skirt and cheer leading blouse and returned to my try out.

I was really feeling embarrassed, thought I could not show that and came out bouncing and with a smile. The coach had me do a few more tumbles to check that with my skirt went the wrong way and with my panties totally exposed I didn't show any thing embarrassing, as a girl. And with the device I did not, even though I was a boy. Then she had me heft a couple of the other cheerleaders and form a base for a structure, and I passed it all, and the coach was really happy and so were the girls.

The girls were really happy, because with out a base there would have been problems with the club performing the gymnastic part of the cheers. And as they wanted to get to know the new girl who had saved the team the girls took me out for a soda at the student union, and of course we all stayed in uniform. Some thing girls who were proud of being cheerleaders did .Again; I didn't feel the same and was just so embarrassed. But it was some thing that I would have to get used to, showing off my legs and my breasts and my panties, and wearing a cheerleader outfit, in fact being a cheerleader, and I eventually did get used to it.

Whatever the reason I really clicked with the girls, and having been in "lock-up" at Auntie's for so long, I was very social once let out, and I sort of clicked with the girls. So we made friends and they became my so-

cial group. With that any thought of being masculine was lost, as I was then one of the girls, the cheer leading girls, and just gave in and learned to fit in with my group. Any way, I didn't have to call Auntie, the girls were happy to let me off at home and we didn't even change. Sammie just loved me in my cheerleading outfit and wouldn't let me change out of it until Auntie got to see me in it. And Auntie also loved me in it. In her mind I had just about become her niece, a girl, and was carrying on the family cheer leading tradition. After that she never thought of me or ever treated me as a boy again, and really never had to.

Eventually mom had to find out. She was a bit surprised and upset, but Sammie put a spin on it as if it was the only thing that had saved me from a long downhill slide and convinced her it was really the way things were meant to be! After all I was so much more successful and reasonable living as a girl than I had been as a boy. My success in college had mom partially convinced, and then when she saw me cheerleading she couldn't control her emotions, and couldn't bring herself to do anything to stop that. She was just so happy to have an offspring following in her footsteps, even if it was her boy and not her girl. And of course she couldn't get over my figure and my ability to pass. And then Auntie couldn't understand what the problem was as in her mind Charlene was a girl. And the kicker was when Sammie had me model mom's wedding dress, which with a bit of alterations fit me perfectly and looked wonderful on me. And again mom cried, and let Sammie convince her that I really needed to remain a girl, until she and I were married, so that I could be married wearing mom's wedding dress. And mom just cried and told us, "yes... yes... yes.

And it was a lovely wedding. I made a beautiful bride. And you know what...Sammie made me her wife for life. And it really is a wonderful life.

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