

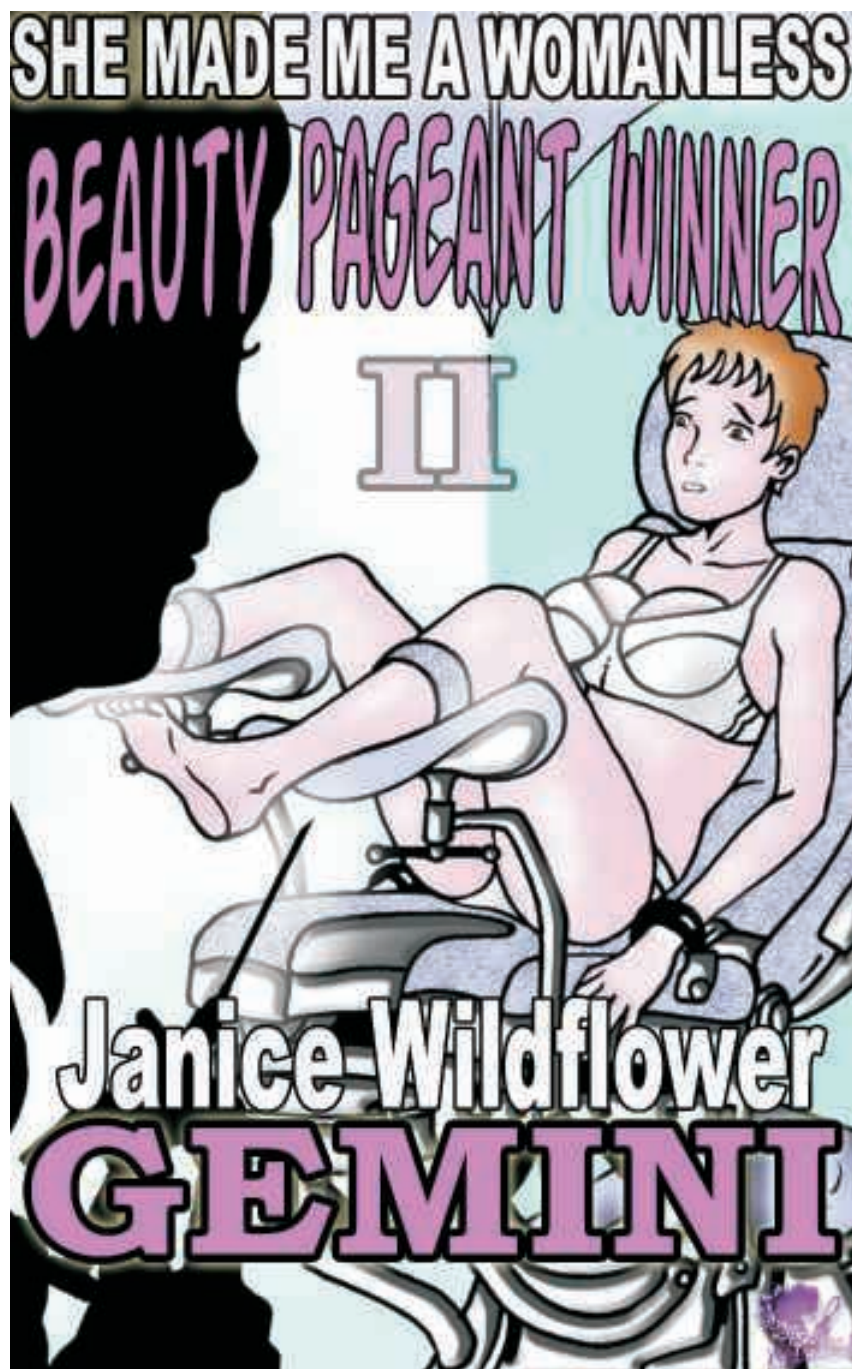
SHE MADE ME A WOMANLESS

BEAUTY PAGEANT WINNER

II

Janice Wildflower

GEMINI





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SHE MADE ME A WOMANLESS BEAUTY PAGEANT WINNER II

By Janice Wildflower Gemini

Chapter 11: All My Male Clothes Are Gone & Mother Wants to Keep Me in Dresses

Laura and Robin finally let me leave the dinner and took me home where my mom was waiting for me. She had a happy look on her face. She gave me a big hug and told me, "Why Caroline I am just so proud of you. You looked wonderful tonight as a girl and really carried yourself so well as a girl that I just couldn't believe it. And I can't tell you how happy you've made me by getting us reconnected to the Rotary, even if it is just so you can be trained in housekeeping and in

house work, even if it is as a girl. And I am just so happy that you were actually offered a job, even if it was as a waitress... again as a girl so to speak. So I am beginning to think this thing about you entering the Womanless Beauty Pageant may actually be working out for us. And I think I may just hold you to that bet of yours... And the way people are talking about you and wanting to help us, it is absolutely wonderful. And with that help you may actually win the contest and then be back in college. That would be wonderful."

Well I wasn't really paying attention to my mom. I was happy that she was happy, but I did not want to hear that she thought I should continue in my role as a pretend girl, as so I was blocking that out. Yea I was turned on by the lingerie, but the whole girl thing in public was just too embarrassing. I told her something about all that was nice but I had had enough of 'these girl things' and I was going up to change out of them. I wasn't even thinking about my glued on female figure. As typical of my male self, back in those days I was not paying attention to my mom and I did not really understand what she had told me as I did not want to understand. So then I did not listen to her reply before taking off upstairs to change, or so I thought, so anxious was I to end the horrors of that night dressing completely as a female and completely in public, and being exposed as a guy dressed completely as a girl.

So I just negotiated my way upstairs in my high heels and locked myself in my room, hoping to be free of my situation. Now much of it had been a turn on, but it was just too much, too much girl stuff and too much in public. I figured by the experience of the evening I was permanently cured of ever wanting to com-

pletely cross dress and cured of my lingerie fetish..., well for at least a while.

I stripped down to my panties and bra and then realized I was going to have problems. I still needed my bra for support as my glued on breasts were substantial and weren't easily coming off; and then I still had the rest of my girl figure "add-ons" and my male parts were still locked away. However, anyway I wanted some male outer clothing on to feel like a guy again. I was just really beginning to feel more and more like a girl and though surprisingly turned on by it all I was still not accepting it and I was bummed out about it. It had all just been to public and too long.

Any way I went to my closet to get a change of clothes and there was nothing there, and likewise my drawers were just the same. All my male clothes were gone. And then I saw hanging on the bathroom door a short satin nightgown and a short satin robe to match. I was about to go nuts. What was that lingerie doing in my room? It could not have been for me, or so I thought. Anyway there was a knock on my door and it as mom. I told her I was already undressed and asked where my clothes were.

Mom told me that my only clothing was what I had on or worn that night and the nightgown and robe along with a sleep bra and panties on the bathroom door, and that if I put on my robe and opened the door she would explain all. And so I put on the robe over what I was still wearing, a bra and panties. After all I was a boy and it was my mother and I needed to be covered. It was an expensive satin robe and fit my new figure rather well and likewise the panties and the bra fit well enough and all felt wonderful on me. So despite all I had been through that evening the satin panties and satin bra and the satin robe still felt rather

nice on my skin and had me stiffening. Fortunately or unfortunately bound as I was down there nothing showed to give my feelings of pleasure away.

I let my mom into the room and she let down the boom. She sat me down on the bed and then sitting next to me and holding my hands in her hands she explained how things were going to be, at least for the short term and until she had sorted some things out and that I had just better except the situation. And the situation was I was going to keep to my bet and that my mom wanted me to and that I would be playing at being a girl at least for a while... or else. So I would not have any need for my boy clothes.

She told me that she had decided to keep me to my bet. She told me that she had decided that I did make a passable girl. She told me that as by the agreement it was up to her if I passed as a girl and was a candidate for the Pageant that as far as she was concerned I had passed wonderfully as a girl and she was exercising the Pageant option for me. She explained that in her mind I had more than passed as a girl and by the terms of the agreement there was no reason why I shouldn't be entered in the Womanless Beauty Pageant.

However, she explained that she wasn't keeping me to the agreement of the bet just because she had found that I had unexpectedly made such a passable female and not just to teach me a lesson about making foolish bets. And it was not just as a punishment, though a well-deserved one, at least in her mind. She was keeping me a girl because I was better behaved as a girl and if I wanted out I had better learn my lesson....to behave and to be an obedient child...girl or boy, or I could stay a girl.

However all that aside mom explained that the overriding reason that she was going to keep me a girl

for a while was that because by my past behavior I had ruined her social life and most of my chances to hold down a job and now dressed as a girl and a possible Pageant entry it seemed I had reopened her social life and had gotten me a job offer. So I would stay a girl until I could parlay all of that into my boy side.

So it was her intent to keep me an apparent candidate for the Pageant, and a boy learning to be a girl and have us, through me, reactivate her participation in the Rotary and have me working, even if it was as a waitress, and bringing in some money into the house. And the fact that I might actually win something at the Pageant was just an added bonus. But in any case she wasn't letting me out of my deal and she was going to keep me dressed as a female and only dressed as a female for the time being, so that I could not back out of the deal. And she was going to keep me as technically a Pageant Girl until she had things figured out. And if I didn't like that I could leave at any time with whatever clothes I was wearing, and that was that. So for all appearances if I left I was leaving appearing to be a girl.

And telling me of my fate she actually seemed happy. She seemed to be getting a kick out of it all, controlling me and keeping me in panties. And despite my fear of it all I wasn't sure that I wasn't a bit turned on by it all. The thought of the lingerie was nice, but the having to stay dressed totally as a girl was not so nice a thought. But I could tell by that time that my mother was getting a kick out of my predicament and was not letting up on me. I was to stay for all appearances a girl.

So I was to stay a full time girl because she needed me as a Pageant contestant for at least the short term, and she could not trust me to return to practicing for the Pageant, to return to prancing around as a girl,

once she had let me return to being a boy. I had to be a full time girl as she could not trust me to be a part time girl and part time boy. So I could just forget about being a boy for the time being. But once she thought she could trust me I might return to being a part time boy. And if things worked themselves out and the Pageant was no longer necessary than I could return to being a boy. That is, if she thought I had learned my lesson. Otherwise I was just staying for all appearances a girl.

Meanwhile if I was staying at home I was staying in training for the Pageant, or so it had to appear, which meant I was staying as a full time girl, because she could not trust me as a boy. And that was that. The only clothes for me were those I had worn that evening and the night clothes my mom had picked up on her way beating me home. She had gotten home earlier and had tossed all my other clothes.

I begged and pleaded and even cried, an effect of the female hormones, but to no avail. Mom insisted that I give appearing to be a girl full time a try, or simply leave. I was terrified of being out and alone in my condition in any state of dress or undress at the time and so I knew I would be appearing to be a girl for a while. So the only way to keep face or to have a chance of escaping as a male was to play along and to get mom's guard lowered and to do that I had to pretend to give in to it all.

So I told her, "Okay mom, you win. It is whatever you want me to do mom....whatever makes you happy. And if you need me to dress up and play girl for a while that is okay with me." Well it wasn't really okay with me at that time but what else was I too say. And I guess that somewhere in the back of my mind it was okay to play the girl for a while as I really just loved the lingerie I was getting to wear. And on the



bright side with all that I didn't have to be worried any more about getting caught wearing it.

And so my mom got really happy, and gave me a big mother to daughter, girl to girl hug; and told me that she was happy. Then she told me, that she hoped if things continued she would eventually be able to treat me just like a daughter, but for now she still could not help but think of me as her son. So Robin would come up and show me what I had to know about cleaning myself up, my feminine hygiene, she smiled, while glued into my female parts. Wonderful I thought, but there was nothing to do about that.

So my mom left for the time being and Robin came in. She was all apologetic and all for the trouble she had caused for me, but based on all she had revealed earlier I am sure it was all pretend. But in any case, she explained my mother hadn't quite accepted me as a girl and so my mom found that she could not treat me as a daughter and help me out with my makeup removal and hygiene. But Robin assured me all that would change. She explained that if I didn't do exactly as she wanted me to do I would be a girl for so long that Robin wouldn't be able to get me out of the situation for my mom would eventually start thinking of me as a girl. My mom would start relating to me as a daughter and would slowly start instructing me herself in the finer parts of being female. And by then I would be stuck as a living as a girl. But for now it was up to Robin. I could have died. That was all I needed, my mom to accept me as a girl and forget that I was a boy.

Robin told me...a lie.... "If you do as I say and remain my sissy I will do what I can to free you from full time girl-hood. So think about it....you can be my sissy ...or you can be your mom's daughter." And I had to

think about that. I didn't trust Robin, as she was having too much fun with all of this. I could tell she was turned on having me dressing as a girl and appearing to be a girl. She just loved it. It seemed the deeper she 'dragged' me into all of this the more excitement and fun she was having with it and with me.

Anyway, Robin explained to me that I needed to remove the hair piece and that I had to remove my makeup as it would not be healthy for my scalp and for my skin if I didn't take the hair piece and the makeup off and take it off the correct way. And she told me that as she couldn't locate the solvents for my female add-ons and so I would be stuck with them for at least a while and so I needed to learn how to clean myself up; and besides my mom wanted me to remain a boy-girl for a while so the add-ons were not coming off anyway. At least not right away.

And so she brought me into the bathroom to show me and help me. And it was humiliating. She took off my hairpiece leaving me with my more boyish length hair. Then I learned to remove makeup, to douche myself like a girl, to put in a special type of boy-girl tampon like a girl and to wear boy-girl a sanitary belt like a girl. I just felt so humiliated. I did not feel I could hold up my head as a guy anymore. And what was worst of all was the tampon felt pretty nice in me! Robin was humiliating me so, but I did not have the audacity to stand up to her. And it all just felt so nice.

Robin had sort of a kit with her with my girl cleaning and sanitary stuff. The first thing that came out was the makeup removal cream. With that she showed me how to cream off my makeup. We worked on that for a while until my skin was free of makeup but saturated with the skin softening cream along with the fe-

male hormones with which all the creams for my use were saturated.

Then Robin had made me strip off my robe and panties. . It wasn't even embarrassing, as the privates showing weren't my privates and anyway I was already used to being exposed in front of Robin. I mean I just looked like a girl down there as my male parts were so well hidden. So it was almost as if I was wearing a cup. Then she had me sit on the toilet and take a position different from the one I had to take to urinate. In one position the plumbing was set down for urinating and in another position my plumbing was set up for cleaning, what the woman call douching. I can't figure out how it works like that but it does; a marvel of modern plumbing so to speak.

Then Robin introduced me to "Summer's Eve" a disposable douche for young girls. Any way she really pushed it into my attached feminine opening of my attached female looking covering and squeezed out the contents of that container. The rush of warm liquid actually felt nice. As instructed I sort of held it in for a while and then relaxed to let it flow out. Don't know how that works but it did and does. Then she had me do one on my own and I did it so she knew that I knew how to douche myself.

Robin seemed really turned on by it all. She smiled and I could tell she was turned-on. She told me. "Oh this is delightful. My Caroline's first feminine douche and now Caroline knows how to clean her girlish parts. Now you really are a girl! Just think about that Caroline. You are douching yourself. How much girlish could a boy get."

There was no retort and I kept silent. I noticed the smell about me was different. I had smelled a bit rancid, but after douching the smell about me was pleas-

ant and kind of floral. It was a horrible realization but I realized I would have to douche or I would stink like an old j-o rag. I guess despite any attempts on my part not to be turned on I was turned on and was leaking. And the leakage had to be cleaned or by the next day it would be foul and I would smell bad.

Next she had me shower. So off came my bra. It was funny but it really felt funny with my glued on breasts hanging down and pulling on me, and it was a bit uncomfortable. I really wanted to get a bra back on. But I wasn't admitting that to Robin. Anyway I washed down with a sweet smelling creamy soap and when finished Robin showed me how to pat myself dry with a fluffy towel, no rubbing for a girl, and then how to powder myself. Now that wasn't bad.

The next humiliation was that I had to wear a tampon and a type of modes pad and there was no getting out of having to wear either one.

The tampon was special for boy-girls like me. It was much larger than the typical tampon. It came in a round tube just like any other tampon. But when inserted it opened along the middle and wrapped my male appendage in a silky like embrace that was just like being in a tight young girl. It felt really nice. And it was only partially absorbent so if I leaked at night I would eventually slide along it. It was a nice feeling. Robin explained that without the tampon my small male appendage being stuck inside of me like it was would get even smaller. The tampon would help stretch it out each night and keep it from disappearing. It sounded a bit impossible, but Robin really had me. It was my choice she told me, but sort of believing her what choice did I really have. And besides, when I was in bed it felt really nice against me. But it did, as promised, keep me stiff, and I did leak a bit. And without it I

was soft and I did feel as if it was getting smaller and so I used the tampon, but it kept me excited and I did leak.

So to catch any potential leakage I needed to wear a modes pad. And just in case I thought to take it off, if I did I would be de- masculinizing myself. Robin explained that as my orbs were inside of me, the inside body temperature over a 24 hour period, day after day, would just destroy them. So the modes pad was set up with a miniaturized cooling system, inside the pad. I would wear the pad at night and that would cool me off down there and keep me a male. And in fact I should wear the pad on occasion during the day if I wanted to be sure about remaining a male. She explained, "On your heavy days you would need to wear the pad," and she laughed. She explained that if I didn't want to wear my modes pad I would be a real girl in no time. So there I was putting on my modes pad. I felt totally emasculated and humiliated learning how to and actually inserting a tampon into me and then learning how to use and then actually wearing a modes belt and modes pad.

And then finally she explained I would have to douche every morning as she had already taught me. Well after all that I wasn't really feeling much like a guy any more. But if I wanted to remain a male I had better use my tampon and modes pad! So what choice did I have?!

So there wasn't any problem when she had me dress in my new panties and shorty nightgown and sleep-bra; especially since they were all top quality and felt very nice on my skin. Then she actually tucked me into bed. She gave me a kiss on my forehead and told me like I was a kid, "Now don't you worry. You make a lovely girl, at least for the time being. And I am

sure you will get used to doing all this girlish stuff. You may even forget that you are a boy. But I will try to get you out of all of this as it is partially my fault. But I think until we can figure a way out for you that you had best just play along and pretend it is not so bad. Otherwise who knows what your mom may do to you, as she seems to want to keep you her girl, at least for a little while."

And she told me, "So now between becoming a girl, your mother's daughter, or just being a sissy, my sissy boyfriend, you need to decide. It will be one or the other. So just make up your mind." And she gave me a kiss on the forehead and told me, "Sleep tight my little sissy princess...you do make such a sweet princess. It would almost be a shame to let you be a boy again." And I slept at first a fitful sleep worrying about having to pass as a girl or be humiliated which eventually turned into a more relaxing sleep as the tampon took affect and then I was having a wonderful dream about lingerie. It was all maddening for me.

Chapter 12: I Am the Daughter of the House

I had a wonderful time in bed that night. It was like a fantasy come true. The night gown and panties just felt so wonderful, and my special tampon kept me stiff and dripping all night. And I had such sensual dreams. I woke up with a bang and consequently a very wet modes. After that of course I just wanted to get back to being a guy. Satisfied I had enough of the panties and nightgown. I wanted my jeans and boxers back on. The problem was it wasn't a dream. Getting up the next day to the feel of my glued on breasts and my other changes made me realize as much as I felt

satisfied and no longer interested in satin and nylon clothes I was stuck a girl and there was no easily getting out of my new boy-girl mode that morning.

Mom came in to wake me up and bring me downstairs and I had to tell her in a roundabout way that I first had to clean myself. She actually smiled and gave me a hug and told me, "Not to worry dear. Nice to know you are still functioning and all this has not made you uncomfortable as you seem too have indicated. Now even young girls sometimes get these night time emissions, so I imagine we can deal with this...boy or girl-boy. I am sure nothing is wrong....but I'll get you an appointment with my doctor just in case. Now go douche and freshen up and come down for breakfast, you adorable sweet thing."

And she continued, "Now that you are easier to deal with in your new persona you will be helping out around the house more. No more macho attitude from you dressed the way you are dressed. Like it or not you need to be feminine and helpful and just sweet. And I am finding that I like that. So I need to explain to you your new chores now that I have decided you will be preparing for this Womanless Beauty Pageant. You really need to start acting just like a daughter so you will be feeling like a girl so you can appear to be a girl."

And mom explained, "Laura told me she believes that if a boy feels feminine he would always do better in such pageants. So I think in addition to keeping you dressed as a girl you will need to continue helping out with the feminine chores around the house. Gosh knows you weren't helping out with the manly responsibilities. And on the other hand for a while dear you were really a help with the household chores and a pleasure to have around. So I think you need to get back to vacuuming and dusting and cleaning dishes.



And let's add to that. I am really too busy at work for housekeeping at home....and you don't work....so I think now the way things are working out it is time you did your share of the house work. It will just have to fall on you. We'll see what training we can get for you over at the Rotary. I think you have the potential to be a wonderful housekeeper. You do seem to have a feminine side. We just have to nurture it."

I tried to get out of telling mom I was a guy and all this was not right, but mom just smiled and told me, "Sorry dear. This isn't about your wants and want-nots anymore. You blew that. This is about my wants and what I need if you are to stay here. And right now I want to keep you calm and obedient and helpful around the house and the key to that seems to be keeping you in dresses and feminine. So I think preparing you to win that womanless beauty pageant will keep you in the right frame of mind for all of that and is exactly how we are going to go. So I want you to stay dressed as a girl and appearing to be a girl and while we are at that I want you to do all of the house work. It should teach you a lesson. And I find that I am actually enjoying myself dishing out pay back. Now that I seem to be over this masculine feminine thing this is actually turning out to be fun. So be a good boy- girl and clean yourself and come downstairs for breakfast or you will find yourself out on the street in your nightie. And no more back talk....or else!"

And she finished with, "And I expect you to be obedient and well behaved if you want out of this. And with no money....no friends to help you in this situation....and no male clothes....and those glued on breasts and hips...I don't think you are really set to go out on your own. So you will prepare...full time....as I and Laura see fit for the pageant. And you've been de-

moted from my son a 26 year old young man to my daughter just under 18 years old and female... So as a minor and a girl you will do as you are told to do."

I started to object and my mom told me, "Stifle it Caroline. I know you are a boy. But for the time being until I am convinced you've learned your lesson you will be what Laura calls a sissy boy-girl. And as a boy girl you will be preparing to enter and win that Womanless Beauty Pageant. And in preparing for that you will be treated and you WILL act like an 18 year old girl...my daughter...until you WIN the pageant...or at least make a good showing. That is unless you are prepared to take off...to leave. So think about it...and I need your answer and who you are right now. I am done taking guff from you and because of you."

I was flabbergasted. My mom had never treated me with....let's say...tough love. So realizing I had little choice for the time being I had to give in. Also, under the effect of those female hormones I was not aggressive or tough at all and mentally and emotionally not up to battling my mom for my manhood. And so under the circumstances and under the effect of the female hormones I told her, "You're right mom. I will take my medicine. I understand that for now I am Carolin and that I am to act as your 18 year old daughter. I will do as you tell me to do."

My mom smiled. I had not seen her smile too often at me. So despite all I was enduring the smile almost made it worthwhile. It was minimally a positive reinforcement. And she told me, "I think you are going to make a wonderful daughter, and if not at least we'll or I will have some fun with it. For the short time you were helping around the house it was absolutely wonderful and you were so nice. So if lingerie and dresses

are what I need to control you than panties and bras and skirts it will be for you. I think you may even find it fun wearing silks and satins....you seem to like them. And once you get used to your new place around here and being a boy having to dress and act totally like a girl and having everyone knows you are a boy in dresses and acting like a girl....a boy in panties, I think you will be just fine."

"The women seem to really like you as a girl. They all seem to get a kick out of seeing you in a dress and pumps with shaved legs and nylons all made up and your hair in a doo. It will just take some getting used to...and you will get used to it....and you will accept itand you will make me a lovely obedient daughter. But in any case, get cleaned up and come down for breakfast as you are dressed. I have an apron for you to wear. Today and from now on you will be doing the cooking....the cleaning and the rest of the house work....And I think...I know that I am going to like this."

So my fate was sealed and I went and cleaned up and then went downstairs to the kitchen in my nightie and robe. I met my mom downstairs in the kitchen. She had a big flouncy apron for me and put it on me and tied the strings in a nice big bow, then stood back and admired me in the apron. She told me, "You know you look darling in that apron. I am no sorry I was so anti letting a male do anything feminine. Putting you in skirts seems to have straightened you out. And you do look sort of pretty in a tom boyish way. And you do look cute in that apron with your shaved legs. And now I can relax with it and sort of appreciate how cute you look as a girl and the positive affect it has on you. Anyway dear...You need to make us breakfast. I'll

work with you. But you know how to make omelets, so go ahead."

I made breakfast and we had a nice talk and then of course I did the dishes while my mom got dressed. Over breakfast mom explained her plans for me. I was going to the doctor for an exam to make sure gaffing wasn't going to damage me. She still wanted grandkids, and she was assuring me that my new status was not permanent so that at some time I would be returning to living as a guy despite my current status. She had an outfit that Robin had provided that should fit me, an outfit suitable for an 18 year old girl. Then if everything was working we would meet with Robin and Laura to find out if Aunt Laura was still of a mind to help me prepare for the pageant.

Then time permitting or the following day it would be over to the beauty parlor to prepare to meet the ladies of the Rotary. After the beauty parlor it would be over to the Rotary to find out if the ladies there would work with me. And mother warned me that I had better make them want to help me learn those house-keeping skills or I would be in for a rough time of it taking care of the house, because regardless I was going to take care of the house and my mother. Then if all that worked out, and it had better, finally we'd do some shopping for clothes and some of the other things I would need to start my life as a boy-girl. I would be dressing as a girl full time and one borrowed outfit from Robin would not do it for me. Though mother let me know that Robin might have some additional clothes for me.

I did try to raise an objection, but it was useless. I could only hope the good women of the Rotary would want to have nothing to do with me; for if I refused I would have to find another place to live...so I did not

have much of a choice. And mom finished off with, "And dear I think you are really going to like being or learning to be a girl. You really seem to have taken to it, despite your denials. And I really enjoy that. I can't believe how much fun it is to dress you up as a girl and parade you around as a girl. And you are just so much better behaved and obedient and helpful as a girl. I mean I almost have no choice but to keep you as a girl-boy for at least the time being. That is until I can get all this figured out. And the ladies around here just seem to love it. It is payback. And it is fun. And you do seem to make such a cute girl."

Mom told me that she had a nice out-fit for me. But before I could dress it was back into the waist cincher. That killed me. But no amount of complaining would deter my mom from putting me back into it. Mom explained that girls do have to suffer a bit for their figures and I was going to get that experience. Then once slimmed I was ready to dress. I had my satin long line bra, stretch satin panties, support garter belt, lycra stockings, satin boy short girdle and pumps from yesterday which I could wear again and mom helped me get into all of that, teaching me how a girl puts all that on and making me with her assistance fasten my own bra.

She explained, "Now dear you will be wearing bras for a while and dressing like this for a while so you need to learn to do it all for yourself. And this is really the easy part. You'll also have to learn how to do your own makeup." I was dying. The clothes all felt really nice, but I was spent and really not interested in wearing lingerie! That is I was again enjoying the feel of the lingerie but I was spent enough to feel guilty about it.

Then once I had all that on she handed me a short full slip which I put on. That slip really felt just won-

derful against my panties and the back of my nylon covered legs. Despite my earlier release I was once again getting turned on by my lingerie that I was being forced once more to wear. I really did not want to give it up or take it off. It was crazy. And I started to feel really feminine. But I certainly did not want to be paraded around town in lingerie and dressed up as a girl. But what choice did I have? Finally she had a white tri-cot blouse and a pleated skirt for me to wear. I put on the blouse which buttoned the wrong way and again it really felt wonderful over the slip and my bra. I couldn't believe it. And then I stepped into my skirt and my mom pulled it into place closed the back button and zipped it up. It was humiliating. I was dressed as a school girl.

I looked at myself in the mirror and realized I was passable; though without the hair piece my hair was a bit on the short side for a masculine looking girl and so I really needed makeup to soften my male features. With all the padding I had a female figure. My shoulders weren't that out of proportion to my hips. My hair was long enough. And my shaved legs in high heels and a skirt cut just above my knees looked female enough to pass. I was by no means a hot babe, but few people were going to think of giving me a second look....especially once I had my makeup and hair piece on. It would depend on how I moved and held myself; which at the time wasn't good, but was tomboyish enough to pass. And looking at my exposed legs I felt sexy. I couldn't believe it. My own nylon covered legs were a bit of a turn on. Gosh I was worried and thought it might be a good thought to wear my modes pad.

I had to give it one last try to get out of the situation. I had to ask my mom, "Mom, can't I have my boy clothes back. I've learned my lesson....please."

Mom ignored me. She told me, "I just had to do that sweet heart. I felt wonderful zipping you into your first skirt. And I just love the look. You do have nice legs. I can't believe I was so resistant to all of this...." And then she instructed me to twirl myself and let my skirt flair out, which it did. It was an embarrassing as heck, but mom loved it. "Now that was adorable," she told me. I just love it. If the doctor okays it I really just want to keep you as my 18 year old daughter for a while and have you trained for that pageant. I think I may just love watching you learn to do everything like a girl. I do want to find out what I missed by having a boy. Oh this is just so much fun!"

I said nothing. Mom continued, "Now remember to tuck your skirt when you sit, and when getting into the car to tuck and sit first and then swing in your legs, or you'll be showing off to much. But Laura is going to teach you all of this for the pageants. I imagine that she'll have you acting like a girl in no time. You seem to take to it naturally. She is an expert with pageants. I can hardly wait. Any way let's visit the doctor and find out if you'll survive all of this."

Chapter 13: The Doctor Further Feminizes Me

Mom gave me a choice of going to her doctor, her female gynecologist who specialized in female youth therapy, who was the physician who had diagnosed my hormone imbalance, or to one of those walk in emergency clinics. I didn't have a personal physician. I

did not have a health plan and I did not have any money so either way I wasn't sure how my mom planned to pay for the visit if I needed an extensive exam. Anyway since there was no way I was going to a walk in clinic as a guy dressed as a girl so it was going to have to be her gynecologist and anyway I really did not think I was getting treated.

The doctor was a bit taken back at first by my look since despite my masculine face and boyish hair I appeared to be a girl. So he was a bit unbelieving despite knowing about my hormone imbalance. Mom explained my appearance and about the bet and so how I had come to be in a blouse and skirt and the glue ons. And then she told the doctor about the pageant and how she hoped to rehabilitate me in the eyes of the town and pay for a college education through it; and so since I had gotten myself into girl's clothing she was going to keep me in girl's clothing and have me train for the pageant...until I had learned my lesson. The doctor laughed a bit and seemed fine with all of it.

However she still wanted to be a grandmother and bound as I was she needed to have me checked out to make sure everything was okay down there. She wanted me functional despite my appearance. She wanted grandkids. Though on the side mom told the doctor she really was going to keep me as a girl as long as she could, and make me as feminine as possible.

Doctor Jane as I was told to call her explained she could help, but that it could get expensive. So I felt a reprieve, but that did not last long. The doctor continued, however that despite my age under the circumstances if my mom was my medical guardian then my mom's insurance plan should cover me, and so at my mom's insistence and with the threat of having to give

the walk-in-clinic a try I signed the papers making my mother my medical guardian.

Then as instructed I went to the examination room and I undressed down to my panties and bra and donned an examination robe and Doctor Jane started the exam, all of which was pretty standard. That was until I had to get the internal, the check of my male parts, which because, as she explained, of how they were hidden necessitated I lay down on the gynecological exam table with my feet in the stirrups, which I did. Then without warning I found myself strapped onto the table and I realized that I would be unable to get off of it or remove my feet from the stirrups.

The doctor conducted her exam which was embarrassing for me to say the least, and told us that I was okay, but that my mom might want to store some of my sperm just in case. While mom was thinking about that and I was still immobilized Doctor Jane told my mom that she could assist and increase my chances of placing in the Pageant by further feminizing me with hormones, some other medications and some feminization surgery....the hormones now and the feminization surgery later...if necessary.

I objected telling the doctor I didn't need any more feminine hormones and reminded her of my hormone imbalance. Doctor Jane then explained, "Yes you have some female hormones. Enough to soften your skin, thicken your hair, grow your nails, and make you feel a bit effeminate and even act a bit swishy; but not enough to really feminize you. With an injection of female hormones we can force your body to really feminize. Your hips and derriere would fill out and you would develop breasts. You would feel a lot more feminine. And there would be other changes....."

Mom then interrupted. She told her that would be wonderful but she was afraid I would get resentful and uncontrollable. But Doctor Jane told her part of the feminization injections which she might be able to give me that day would leave me very controllable. A shiver went down my spine. I started to try to get off of the examination table, but that wasn't happening. I was beginning to feel trapped and that I had been set up.

The doctor continued with the explanation, "It is all done with injections. First we give Karol...or should I say Caroline...or let's say Carol Ann, some really substantial doses of estrogen and progesterone, the feminizing hormones, which would introduce much more of those hormones to his body than has resulted from his hormone imbalance. Not enough hormones to change him into a girl but enough to really feminize his body for the pageant. Based on his responses to his earlier hormone imbalance, the feminization of his body and the calming down effects from the imbalance, he should respond really well to massive amounts of female hormones injected into his body."

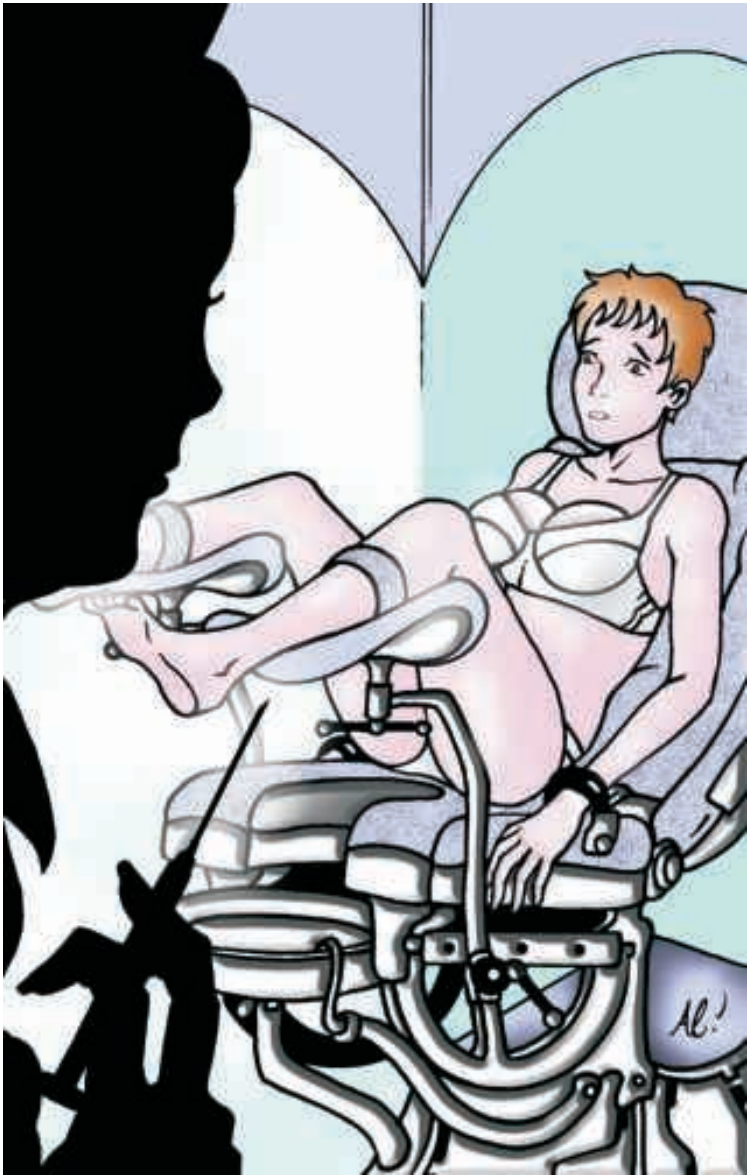
"More fat will deposit in his chest creating moderate sized breasts and fat will deposit in his hips and thighs and migrate from his waist further feminizing his figure. These glued on feminizing pieces will become unnecessary. He will have his own real breast and hips and shapely bottom. It will give him a nice smooth and somewhat shapely feminine look perfect for a contestant in a womanless beauty pageant. He'll at first be looking like a prepubescent boy...but very feminine and then the curves will develop. It will be a much better effect than padding. And his male parts should shrink a bit so will be easier to hide, or at least more comfortable for him when hidden."

"And at some point he may actually feel feminine and may start acting feminine. The hormones can re-program some guys. In any case he will be much nicer and much less aggressive. And a number of the pageant contestants have taken these injections. Some mothers really want their sons to win and pull out all the stops. So it has been done before and is sort of accepted."

"Now I can also inject his ankle and calf tendons with a medicine that tightens the tendons. This way he'll be more comfortable walking in pumps with heels. We use that medication typically for woman who have stretched out their tendons so they can't wear high heels. So shortly after he is injected flats just won't be comfortable to wear. This gives the boys not much of a choice but to stay in high heels most of the time and to practice that runway walk most of the time. And they really learn to walk quite femininely and often more femininely than the typical girl."

"Finally so you can control the bad boy if necessary. We can give him multiple injections in his major muscle groups with medications which desensitize those muscles so they can no longer contract and he very quickly loses his male strength. It is a bit on the experimental side. It is used on criminals right now. And after a while the muscle tissue deteriorates and is replaced by fat. He would shortly lose his male strength, so you won't have to worry about him getting nasty. There are female prison guards handling former toughs who have been so injected".

"And after the pageant if and when you decide he can return to his male self we can take him off the female hormones. And once off the female hormones with nutrition and exercise he would return to a normal male self in time. That is if you want that. That is if



he by then wants to be a guy again. He just may want to stay on female hormones and remain girlish. I would not be surprised."

"I am always suspect of fellows who allow themselves to be so called tricked or forced into woman's clothes and even worse feminized. More than likely he is quite happy enough to be dressed and acting like a girl. A lot of these troublesome fellows are gender dysphoric and really are just fighting the desire to act feminine and even become a girl. They act how they think a real man should act. So with this treatment....let's say therapy....some of the boys just calm down and realize then are naturally feminine and then find then just want to remain girls or at least appear to be girls. They are just happier being girlish. I think that sometimes the estrogen just push them over the edge and just has them feeling so much like the woman that they secretly want to be that they just feel that they are just happier remaining that way and girlish and staying in all their feminine finery. So after a while on female hormones he may find that he is so much more comfortable and happier feminized and living a girlish life and has become so feminized that he would just want to stay that way....a female for all practical purposes. Now that is where and when the feminizing surgery comes in."

At that point I was saying "No, no, no," and pleading with my mom, but I could tell my mom was seriously considering having all that done to me. I struggled to get off the examination table but that was a no go. I was trapped. I was on my back, my feet in the stirrups and looking and feeling like a female patient and secured such that I was unable to get off the table.

The doctor continued and told my mom, "You are now Carol Ann's medical guardian. If you and I be-

lieve Carol Ann is gender dysphoric...has some desire to be a girl....then for his or her best interest we can ...or you can decide for me to administer such a therapy in the best interest of your son. And based on his appearance and apparent comfort level dressed in panties and a bra I think the strong estrogen therapy would be warranted. And if there is some concern over his reaction than the muscle reduction therapy would also be warranted. And I will include the tendon therapy regardless."

My mom asked Doctor Jane. "Now would I really be stronger than Karol...I mean Carol Ann?" And Doctor Jane told her that after all the injections that I should be relatively weak, like any young girl who did not exercise and was not particularly physically active. And the doctor told my mother that if she had any strength that she should be able to physically overcome me....and in fact take me over her knee and give me a good spanking if it came down to that. I wanted to cry. Gosh what had I gotten myself into? I told myself if I got out of this I would never want to wear panties again. It was too dangerous! I begged, but my mom ignored me. I told her that I would be good and that I would be obedient and all of this was not necessary, but she just laughed and told me she had heard that one before.

My mom said something to the effect of, "I really shouldn't...it's would not be right." And so I felt some relief. But it was only momentary. For then with a wicked smile on her face and looking at me strapped down on that gynecological examination table she finished with, "But I feel wicked today! And as much as I love my son pay back is turning out to be wonderful. And I am having so much fun with him dressed and

acting like a girl and making him appear in public that way. "

"I can't believe it. I never thought I would allow let alone enjoy seeing my son in panties and off all things a bra; and dressing completely as a girl. But it is just so much fun! And I do so want him to see him compete as a girl in the pageant and win that pageant, and get to go to college. And I do so want him to learn everything about being the weaker sex...about being a girl...as much as he can and remain a male. He has been such chauvinist heel. And with work it should be reversible. So let's go for it. Let's make Carol Ann all soft and feminine and needing to wear high heels and nice and week so I can spank him if he gets out of line. Yes let's go for it. Let's feminize the boy like you suggest. I do so want a daughter. It should be fun! And after all he can always go back to being a boy. I think I am going to just love having him have to appear to be a girl with no choice in the matter. It does make the whole thing just so much more fun."

I begged my mom not to let the doctor inject me and promised to be good. But mom told me I had promised to be good in the past and it never lasted. Then I told her she didn't have the right to do all that to me....or that it wasn't right to feminize me like that. But Doctor Jane interjected, "But of course it is right to feminize you Carol Ann. That is if your mother agrees that you are transgendered and need to live as a girl for a year to prove to her son, for who she is the medical guardian, that he is transgendered. So I will fill out the papers that Karol...our sweet Carol Ann is transgendered and needs to live as a female for about a year....or so... which would be the best treatment for her...for you. Then your mother can sign those papers and everything will be legal and everything will be

paid for by the insurance company. So we absolutely can do it. We can legally feminize you, and you don't have a say in the matter and there isn't much you can do about that."

My mom just smiled and told the doctor, "When can you get started before I change my mind?" And mom and the doctor left the office. The doctor was telling her you'll sign the papers and I'll send a nurse in to get started. And the nurse came in and started the injections. I couldn't prevent it. I couldn't move much. And so I started to yell and the nurse warned me that I had no choice in the matter and this was all the best for me and if I continued to not cooperate she would have to gag me. But under any circumstance I was going to get my treatment and I was going to get injected. It was all for the best. The doctor had decided I was transgendered and would be more comfortable as a woman, and I needed to give living as a woman for at least a year a try. And that was all for the best. And she told me that she was sure that I would find out that I would just love being a girl. She was sure of that. I was dying.

I told her, that all this had been a joke the result of a lost bet and I did not want to be a girl or continue to dress as a girl and that she should not inject me and she should let me go and I would make it worth her while. But she knew me. And she told me, "Nonsense Karol. You may not remember me but I remember you. You embarrassed me way back in High School. I can't believe that I had a school girl crush on you. No this is real payback. I am going to enjoy helping you change from a prankster into a sweet well behaved young girl. Perhaps we can be girlfriends. I am hoping we can double date once you become a real girl. Now wouldn't that be wonderful for you to be a real girl?"

I realized I must have had some run in with her in High School, maybe a girl I had ignored and she remembered me. Talk about pay back. I told her whatever I had done to her in High School I was sorry and would make it up to her and that I was a changed person. But in any case I didn't want to be a girl so she should not be injecting me. It was against the law. I would sue her and have her nursing license taken away.

But she told me, "Nonsense Carol Ann. Of course you want to be a girl. That explains why you stole my panties in High School, and left me without underwear, when I had a bit of a crush on you. I could never understand that. Now I can. You wanted to wear my panties and to be a girl. You just embarrassed me so. And I should have known. Why your best friend was a girl. You just wanted to be a girl yourself."

"I would love to get you in front of a judge dressed the way you were dressed when you came here for your appointment and looking the way you do and have you tell the judge you don't want to be a girl. Anyone can see you want to be a girl. Look at how you look and look at how you are or were dressed. Yes indeed...you are going to make a pretty girl. I am just so happy for you."

I couldn't believe it. Talk about pay back. If I had taken her panties it was because I was too shy at the time to buy them, and I was too embarrassed now to tell her the reason I had taken her panties. But in the state I was in at the doctor's office I had no choice. I told her that I had a panty fetish in High School and it wasn't that I wanted to be a girl.

But she wasn't convinced. She told me, "Sweetie look at you. This is so much more than a panty fetish...no matter how you think it started. Your male

“thingie” is hidden. All the boy-girls hide their male thing...they just can't stand it. I guess you never liked to use it. Why else would you have ignored a 'hotie' like me when we were in High School You can lie to yourself about pantie fetishes all you like. I am surprised you didn't have your thingie it cut off. But perhaps we can do that for you. I am sure you no longer need it. You certainly didn't use it with me when you had the chance. You were more interested in my panties. But typically sissies need to wait a year or so and live as a girl for a year or so before we are allowed to make them into a real girl. Though you don't really need it, after all you didn't use it when you had the chance so I guess you weren't very good with it.”

“And you have breasts and hips glued to your body so you look like a female. Of course you want to be a female. And dressed from the skin out in girl's clothing...looking just like a High School girl. Of course you want to be a girl...whether you admit it to yourself or not. What else would explain all of this?”

I couldn't answer and she continued, “But not to worry dear. We're not making you a complete girl today, as much as I would like to. We're just getting started turning you into a girl. We're just going to help feminize you a bit more to help you with the pageant. And we're just going to fix you so you can't give your mom much of a problem...so she can handle you. We all want to see you compete in the pageant. I know I am going to love seeing you up on stage in the bathing suit and the evening gown competitions and talking about your girlish experiences in preparing for the pageant, and about how much you learned about being a girl. You really are just such a sweet thing.”

“So today I am just going to fill you with female hormones which will soften and feminize your body

so by the time of the pageant you will really be looking like and feeling like a girl. You'll just feel so feminine you won't even want your male thingie anymore. And all your wonderful silky girl clothes will feel so nice on your soft skin and will fit you so well. And I am going to shorten some of your tendons so you can't walk comfortably in flats and need to wear pumps all the time. You'll, just feel or so feminine in heels. And you won't be running away. And then I am going to inject you all over with a muscle numbing injection so that your big male muscles will all sort of just disappear and you'll be as soft and as weak as a female, a feminine 18 year old girl. That will be the best part. For the next time I see you even I will be stronger than you will be. I may just take your panties! Now that would be fun for me."

I pleaded. I told her. "I don't want to be a girl. I just liked panties when I was in High School and I was afraid of girls. It wasn't you...it was me." And admitting to my panty fetish I was embarrassed as could be. But she didn't believe me. I was telling the truth and the nurse wouldn't believe me.

She replied, "Well for someone with a simple panty fetish, which is bad enough, you seem to have let yourself get into quite a predicament. You know I could almost believe you, but not quite. I was a very understanding girl. You could have just asked me for my panties. You didn't have to embarrass me by steeling them and leaving me without underwear. Your best friend was a girl....you could have gotten her panties. So I can't really believe you don't really want to be a girl. So dear you had just better get with the program and do what your mother tells you to do and become the best girl you can be. And you had just better win that pageant and make us all proud of you."

And with that she injected me into a twilight sleep. While I was under she must have completed the round of injections and it was over and there was nothing I could do about it.

When I awoke I had been repositioned but again could not move. I was now on my knees with my butt up in the air. I was still a bit groggy, but knew what was happening to me. And at that point she whispered into my ear, "Now darling, you didn't take me but I am going to sort of take you. And now I am going to take you just as if you were a girl. Let's find out if you are really a girl. We need a sperm sample before you are so feminized that the sperm won't be useful. So I am going to milk you. You should love it. Most sissies love this. It will make you feel just oh so feminine. I am going to do it to you like you are a girl. So just dream and enjoy it, you sissy you."

And with that warning she began. She ran a soft greased finger around my entrance playing with it in a fashion that was a bit erotic and then she gently penetrated me. And all the while she was softly whispering in my ear what a sweet girl I would eventually make as she proceeded with the process to milk my prostate. I could have died. I let out a sigh as I was penetrated. It was after all a bit erotic. The nurse giggled a bit and told me, "You see sweet heart you are a sissy. You are going to just love this. All sissies love being taken and penetrated. It makes them feel just oh so feminine." And it was almost enjoyable. Once her finger was in she started to massage what must have been my prostate. It felt lovely.

Despite the pleasure of it all I force myself to ask her to stop but she continued. She told me, "Now don't be silly. A sissy like you really needs to learn to submit to penetration and learn to climax with it. Now that

you've been injected with such a high dose of feminizing hormones you'll just become too soft to do any penetrating of your own. You will be useless as a man and even more useless as a lover than you were before all of this. If you will need to orgasm this is how you will have to do it. Like a lady, a sweet lady. You will need to be penetrated. And I hope your boyfriend has a big one; or your girlfriend for that matter has an even bigger one. That should teach you a real lesson."

Now it was embarrassing but eventually I did orgasm and she collected my ejaculate as it dripped out of me. And I hated the fact that she got me to ejaculate without touching my male organ. I felt like a female. It was a crazy type of orgasm. And still a bit under the effect of the twilight sleep and so it was almost like a dream. Even stranger was the nurse seemed to enjoy it herself, and I think she had at least a bit of an orgasm bringing me off. It was weird. I figured it was probably a dominatrix submissive sort of thing. It was new to me then.

Anyway she excused herself for a minute, telling me with a giggle, "Now don't go anywhere dear," knowing full well I couldn't go anywhere, as I was still secured to the examination table. Afterwards she helped me clean myself. I had to douche in front of her with her help. Again it was all just so embarrassing. She told me, "Why you are already almost a girl. You can douche yourself. You are just so sweet. I can't wait to see you in the pageant. I really hope we can become girl-friends."

Then she helped me to dress and kept telling me what a sweet soft girl I was going to make. I wanted to deny it all. But I wasn't much in the mood for talking, it was too late for that and the effect of the injections made me a bit woozy. I had been taken like a female

and injected to turn me feminine and docile. There was nothing I could do about it. There was nothing I wanted to say. And there I was again all dressed up like a teenage girl from the skin out. I no longer knew what I could do about all of it. I was just getting deeper and deeper. Once again, spent... I was not interested in these feminine clothes or acting like a girl. And so I just wanted out of there. But it was just all too late. I was going to learn to be a girl.

Then before I left she threw her arms around me and gave me a hug and told me, "Now not to worry dear you will make a sweet boy-girl and do lovely in the pageant." And with that she gave me a kiss on my lips, a long pressing and dominating kiss. It sort of took my breath away and I couldn't help but respond. It was a nice kiss. Then she gave me an odd look and told me, "You really are a sweet thing. I hope we get to see more of each other." And with that my mother walked back in and all that was over.

The nurse reported to the doctor and my mother that I had been given all my injections and that she had taken a sperm sample. The doctor smiled, thought my mother didn't quite get it. The doctor didn't elaborate but explained they would maintain the sperm sample just in case, which my mom understood.

The doctor then gave me a cursory exam to make sure I was okay after the injections. She told my mom she should take me home and let me sleep off the side effects of the injections. She told my mom that the injections worked quickly and worked best if I was relaxed or asleep.

The doctor then told me, "Now Carol Ann, go home and get some sleep, and when the grogginess wears off in five or six hours you should feel fine but very different. The female hormones are going to take affect

right away, as you have already been under female hormone influence due to your hormone imbalance. So there will be an immediate effect on your emotions feminizing your feelings and making you femininely passive. You will lose that male aggression right away. Also, the muscle disruptors will have taken some affect and you will be a lot weaker, and it may take a bit to get used to your loss of strength. And you will continue to get weaker, until you will find yourself only as strong as a teenage girl. So go home and get some rest and enjoy the new feminine you. And we'll see you in two weeks to check up on you and for another sperm sample, or earlier if there are any real problems."

Then almost as a second thought she told me and mom, "And Carol Ann just relax and have some fun with this. You are stuck as a girl for a while...at least until all the drugs wear off. You might as well make it a learning experience. No use in being a sore loser about it. Not many guys get the chance to sort of be a girl for a while and find out how the other half feels and reacts and lives. Make your time as a girl a learning experience and have some fun with it. You will find that you will relate much better to your mom after all of this and won't feel the need to be such a 'bad-ass' fellow when it is all over. Who knows....you may just like it. Some guys do like being a girl and you do seem the type."

And then she told my mom, "You'll have a daughter for a while so make the best of it. My suggestion is you just think of Carol Ann as your daughter and treat him as her and sort of forget he was ever a boy. It will be much easier for you and just better for Carol Ann, despite the pageant thing. Remember Carol Ann for all appearances is your daughter and you might as well treat her as your daughter. And remember Carol Ann

has been a bad girl and really does need monitoring. So good luck with this and I will see you both in two weeks."

And she finished with, "And to be honest with you, I for one am having a good time with this. I am really looking forward to seeing how much of a girl Carol Ann is going to become. And I have some ideas to help make him beautiful for the pageant. But we can discuss this when Carol Ann is in a more feminine receptive mood once the medications have had some time to work and Carol Ann is happier as a girl."

And with that she gave me a girlish kiss on the cheeks and my mom ushered me out. I was terrified of where all this was leading and just too fogged out to say a word.

My mom got me to the car. I had not been privy to whatever other conversations she had with the doctor or Aunt Laura and so did not realize how far my mother was willing to go with this, on the road to control of her only son through feminizing of her only son, if I were to give her trouble with what she had planned for me. The doctor had told her everything medicine had to offer to help with my feminization. It was probably better I had no idea of what could be in store for me and then what might be in store for me.

Mom just told me, "Dear I really feel sorry about all of this. I don't know what happened to me back there. But I just couldn't help myself. Don't worry...once the pageant is over and the effect of the hormones and other medicines are over...when the effects wear off... I swear I will let you go back to being a boy...if you've learned to behave properly that is."

And as an afterthought she added..."That is if you want to. At some level you seem to like being the girl. Though I am not quite sure what that is all about. So if

you decide you want to remain a girl that is okay with me. I would just love having a daughter."

And then she continued, "But anyway for now we are stuck with you being almost more of a girl than a boy. If those injections take affect the way the doctor explained them I don't think it would be safe for you out there pretending to be a boy. You will be so weak and gentle and so soft and feminine and having to wear high heel shoes. I can't believe it. If you got into trouble you'd just wind up being some predators girlfriend. It would be terrible for you. Who would have thought....? So for now we might as well just go forward with all of this. So we really need to do something about your hair and about your makeup. Especially if now with those injections we really have to continue with this feminization project or you will just look silly and all this sacrifice will be for naught. I am so sorry. But surprisingly enough I am finding that it is rather fun...for me!"

So there was really nothing to be said on my part. I was turned on by being forced to wear the lingerie, but the thrill of it all was damped by my public humiliation and the extreme to which this public cross dressing had been taken. And I wasn't really interested in the beauty parlor or lessons at the Rotary. But it did not look to me like I had much of a choice. I regretted not just having let Robin have her way with me. I could have gotten to wear her panties again and avoided all the rest of the feminizing.

Chapter 14: The Shock of Change - I Am Feminized

Mom got me home. I had little to say on the way home as I was in such shock over what had happened to me and what I had been told was supposed to happen to me. Mom just hummed and had a pleasant look on her face apparently happy with all that had happened to her son and all that was going to happen with her son. My facial features were drawn with worry and I just felt in shock. I could not help but worry about my body being even more feminized and appearing even more girlish. I was hoping this was all a joke and a few hours from now, whether I had slept or not I would still feel more like a male than a female regardless of what the doctor had said or how my mom had me dressed. But I was scared that what I had just gone through was not a game and was not just meant to scare me, but was as stated actually meant to change me...to change me into some sort of girl-boy.

Mom put me to bed. She undressed me down to my bra and panties and put a night gown on me just like I was actually her daughter. She was smiling all the time. At least one of us seemed happy. She gave me a kiss on the cheek and told me, "Now Carol Ann you just get some rest and let your medications do the work those medications are supposed to do and let's find out how feminine the medications make you feel and how accepting of your situation you are when you awaken. And regardless I think you will make a lovely daughter. So let's just do our best to accept this and get you ready for your new life and for the pageant. I know I am going to do my best to make you feel just like if you were really my teenage daughter...a teenage girl. I am just so excited with the idea you might

just turn out to be a help around the house and get some sort of job, even if it is only as a waitress."

I could have cried. Things were closing in on me with control of my life being taken away from me. Regardless I was exhausted, both emotionally and physically and soon fell asleep.

I awoke what must have been hours later feeling unusual and weak but pleasant. Mom came in to help me. She got me up and walked me to the shower. I felt strangely weak and her assistance was welcome and so I did not resist. She got me into the shower and then undressed me. I started to object to a mother undressing her adult son.

Then she laid down the law...again. She told me, "Don't be silly Carol Ann. You must be dreaming about being some sort of boy. Why you are now my teenage daughter. You Carol Ann do not look like an adult son. You don't look like an adult. You don't look like a son. You don't look like an adult son. And any way you are now for all practical purposes my teenage daughter and need to be treated as if you are actually my teen age daughter. And in that vein you will do as your mother tells you or you will be punished. And don't think I can't punish you. And I myself am eager to find out if I am now really physically stronger than you are, so you can push your luck and find out."

"You've lost your male privileges by your behavior and your foolish bets. You've agreed to enter and try to win a womanless beauty pageant and follow directions and I mean to see that you comply. In this family we keep our promises and we keep our bets. And my directions are that you are to keep that bet and to do everything you can to pass as a teenage girl. So you are to live as a girl, my teenage daughter to prepare to win that pageant... and to punish you and teach you a les-

son for your past laziness, and misbehavior, and for making foolish arrogant bets."

She let that sink in and then told me, "So Carol Ann as far as I am concerned and as far as you are to be concerned you are a girl, a teenage girl, or at least you will be living here as if you are a teenage girl. And I will be treating you as if you are a teenage girl. And so there is nothing wrong with your mother helping you bath and dress when you are a bit under the weather... so not another word. And with that modesty devise you are wearing there is nothing for me to see that would embarrass either of us. Why there is nothing for anyone to see that would show you are a male. So there is nothing to be embarrassed about. You are covered. I understand you are a male and that this is about role playing, but you totally look to be a girl and I am going to treat you like a girl...in all ways. And I am having fun with it and these are the roles we will play. So you will just have to get used to it, to being treated by your mother, and others, as if you are really a girl even though we all know you are a boy...like it or not!"

And so to my embarrassment my mother finished undressing me, bathing me, drying me, powdering my body with feminine body talc, and then dressing me. And that was dressing me back in my female clothes. By the time she was getting me dressed I was no longer feeling dizzy. I felt weak, but not dizzy. I told her I would give dressing myself a try but she insisted on dressing me. It was humiliating.

Mom told me, "I enjoy dressing you dear. I enjoy dressing you in your new feminine finery. It is fun. I know you are my son. I know you are a male...a privileged male...yet I can dress you in girlie panties and girlie lingerie and you have to put it on. For some rea-

son I am finding that fun and amusing. So I will help you dress."

So there was nothing for me to do about it. She held out my panties and I stepped into them. Already I was recovering and the panties felt nice. Next came my bra. I actually liked it because wearing a bra took the pull of my glued on breasts off my chest tissue. She had me close it myself, guiding my hands. She told me, "You know you will be wearing a bra for a long long time and so you had just as well learn to clip it closed the correct way." And she got a kick out of telling me that. And it was as humiliating as it had been the first time I had fastened my own bra.

Then it was back into my corset. Gosh it still felt tight as she fastened me into it. Next she pulled the garter belt around my corseted and narrowed waist and had me closed it. She let me put on my stockings, pulling them up and smoothing them, which again felt so nice against my shaved legs. And then she helped me pull the garters through my panties and with attaching the garters to my stockings. Then she gave me the pink satin stretch boy leg girdle to put on and I did. As always it felt nice and the feel of it was beginning to be a turn on again.

She held my slip open for me and pulled it over my head and let me pull it into place and smooth it out. That also felt nice. I almost didn't want to stop smoothing it. It put me in another world. In fact my mom had to tell me enough of that already. I don't know if she was getting suspicious yet of my affection for nylon and satin. But in any case she didn't press it. Then she handed my blouse which I buttoned up and then she held out my skirt which I stepped into and she pulled it into place, zipping it up and buttoning it into place. It fit well over my cinched in waist and glued on hips

and wasn't going anywhere. Looking at myself in the mirror I pretty much looked like a girl.....except for hair which only looked boyish...maybe tomboyish, and of course my face which still looked like the face of a boy, though softened somewhat by the female hormones I already been taking without my knowledge.

Mom sat me down at the vanity and she brushed out my hair and used some spray to keep it in place and had my long locks looking feminine enough. She seemed to enjoy standing behind me and brushing out my hair. Then she clipped in some berets with satin bows to give my hair a more feminine look. I wanted to tell her not the bows they made me look like a girl...but what was I thinking and who was I kidding. Finally she had me apply my lipstick and powder, which took some of the masculinity off my face.

Mom told me, "You look very cute and with the exception of some masculine attributes of your face you can certainly pass as a girl in appearance. And I am sure with the proper make up even that bit of masculinity can be toned down a bit. We'll just have to see...now won't we? I can't figure out why I ever thought you were so manly, and let you get away with being rude. But in any case we'll just have to make up for that now."

She let that sink in and then told me, "Now dear we are invited over to have dinner with Robin and 'Aunt' Laura, who from now on you are to address as Aunt Laura. We will be discussing the pageant and how Aunt Laura is going to prepare you for the pageant and how you are going to prepare for the pageant. I expect you to be serious about it, to be grateful about it, and to act like a girl. You are to forget you are a boy....until the pageant is over. That is if you win the

pageant. Otherwise I am not so sure. Do you understand?"

Well at that point I lost it. Even with all the female hormones going through me I just couldn't take it anymore, my mom bathing me as if I was a girl and dressing me as a girl telling me that I was a girl. I guess it was my last bit of rebellion before the female hormones really kicked in. I told my mom, "No...no...no...I am not a girl...and I won't do this!" And with that I got up and started to undress. My mom just let me get my blouse and skirt off and then put an end to my tantrum and put me in my place.

She showed me there was no getting out of my agreement. I was going to learn to be a girl. I was going to practice appearing as a girl for the pageant. I was going to do exactly as I was told to do, like it or not, or suffer the consequences. And in any case there was no escape. I was trapped. It was too late to get out of my predicament. I would have to just accept my situation and learn to be the best girl that I could be and accept the humiliation of my situation, a boy learning to pass as a girl, and everyone in town knowing that.

My mom told me, "I was hoping you had learned a lesson and that you were getting into being a good child and accepting your... well petty coat punishment as a girl, but I guess not." I told her that I was an adult male and that I wasn't a girl and that I did not have to listen to her and I did not have to let her dress me like a girl. And I told her I was not going to pretend to be a girl. I am a boy," I told her.

She said something about the bet and I told her that I didn't care about the bet and that it was just too horrible to go through with and I was done with 'acting' and dressing the part of a girl.

Mom told me, "I told you that we don't welsh on bets. You've done enough already to ruin the family's reputation around here. So we will just have to see about you backing out of this ... now won't we!" And with that she grabbed me by the wrist and started to pull me over to her.

Well I thought that was a joke and I pulled away but nothing was really happening. I mean I pulled away a bit but then my mom gave it her all and I was unable to fully pull away or break her grip. I tried again, but my mom gave it all her effort and she was apparently just a bit stronger than I was. Then she really exerted herself and using some sort of leverage on top of all of that she pulled me over to her despite my struggling and then got me over her knee with some difficulty but never the less I was over her knees and into a position to be spanked.

I couldn't believe it. Then I realized those chemicals the nurse had injected into me had really worked. My muscles were just not working...at least a good proportion of them. I mean I wasn't as weak as I would eventually get, but weak enough for a strong woman with some difficulty to still control me. And in addition to that my mom had been taking woman's defense course and actually had used some of those leverage techniques on me to control me, and let me think that I was weaker than I actually was.

So mom had me over her knee in the position to be spanked like a little girl and pulled up my slip exposing my pantied behind and gave me a whack. It hurt and I suddenly realized my position both literally and figuratively. At first, if it wasn't my mom...I would say it was almost erotic...being over a woman's knees so exposed, with my nylon covered lap over her lap and the force of the spanking pushing me into her lap.

But after all it was my mom and I was never into my mom in that way and then again after a while it began to hurt and I am not into pain.

My mom gave me a number of paddles on the behind and I struggled but to no avail. Once she had me across her knees whatever our relative strengths at that time I was stuck. She told me to stop and that she would continue until I stopped struggling. She played the mind game with me. She told me, "I am stronger than you and I intend to keep you to your agreements. If you continue to struggle I will continue to spank you like a naughty little girl. And I can keep this up all night. If you can cooperate and do as you are told and show me that you can keep your word and that you know your place than we can get the punishment over with and get on. You will be spanked just like a little girl for you misbehaving." And she let that sink in.

Then she continued with, "Otherwise as I said I will continue to spank you. It actually works for me. I find it very relaxing and actually cathartic. I only wish I could have taken you over my knee a long time ago. Perhaps it would have prevented all the grief you have given me! But now it appears I can physically control you and I intend to do so. I am really not that happy about having you in panties and skirts, but it is turning out to be fun and if that is what it will take to straighten you out than panties it is. I can live with it and you certainly will do so. So stop fighting all of this and do as you are told...or else things can get far worse for you. You can remain a girl permanently and forever."

I stopped struggling. I think at that point if I had really kept up the struggle I could have broken free. I probably still had enough manly strength left for that. She told me she was stronger than me, but she wasn't, but she just about had me convinced, as I had already

been told by that nurse that I would be losing strength. I hadn't realized what a struggle it had actually been for my mom to physically overpower me. But she had by her initial overpowering of me broken my male spirit. It was just so humiliating. And then once she had me the eroticism of it all had just transfixed me for a long enough time for the woman to get started with the humiliation of actually spanking me. At that point she had won as I was mentally and almost physically exhausted and so I was stuck over her knees.

So I stopped struggling and then my mom not releasing her hold on me and keeping me over her knees asked me, "Now Carol Ann are you going to be a good girl or do I need to continue to spank you?"

What could I say? I told her, "Yes mom I will be good! Please stop with the spankings. This is humiliating!"

My mom told me, "Yes dear, it is meant to be humiliating. So if you want the spanking to stop you need to show me you now know your place and will keep your word. Tell me that you will be a good girl and you will do as you are told and accept your position, so to speak, as a girl in training and will do your best to win the pageant. And tell me nicely so I know you have accepted your position. And if you want this to end you need to speak in full sentences so I know that you understand your position."

Gosh it was going to be as bad as a fraternity initiation; but I knew what was expected. I had to just humiliate myself and let my mom know I knew she was the boss and there was no getting out of my situation. I started out with "Mom...." However, my mother interrupted me and told me, "Honey I think when we are alone I want you to address me as, mommy. I think addressing me as mommy will remind you of your

new place in this house and it makes you sound as if you really want to be obedient and that you understand you are to behave like a girl...and a young girl. So let's try 'mommy instead of mom and let's give it another try.

Well I was humiliated but by that time I had caved and for the time being I was totally under my mother's control. So I told her, "Mommy, I will keep my word....I do so want to keep my word. I will do my best to learn what I have to learn and do what I have to do to win that pageant and go back to college."

But my mother wanted more than that. She wanted my total admission of surrender. Mom told me, "Very nice dear....you are getting the idea. But tell me exactly what you are going to do in order to keep to your word and in order to win the womanless beauty pageant."

I told her, "Mommy I am going to do my best to learn how to impersonate a girl for the womanless beauty pageant. I want to win the pageant. I want to be able pass as a girl for the pageant. And I will do whatever you tell me to do. I want to be a good....a good..."

My mom finished my sentence, which I could not, "Why you want to be a good girl. Now don't you dear?" There was silence and my mom gave me a spank and told me, "What do you want to be for mommy."

And as humiliating as it was and almost on the verge of tearing I just had to tell her, "Mommy I want to be a good girl for mommy."

"Very nice and sweet of you Carol Ann," my mother told me. You are beginning to please me. And she continued, "And now for the record tell me your new name and new gender."

I told her, "Mommy my name is Carol Ann and I am aI am a girl."

"Wonderful Carol Ann," mom answered, and continued with... "Not a real girl of course; but a real enough girl for the time being. Yes dear, I know that you are not a real girl...but as far as you are concerned you had better think of yourself as a real girl...or else. I think it will make everything just so much easier for you especially with all those girlie hormones with which you've been injected, as well as making it easier for everyone else." And she finished that off with a hard spank. Then she continued, "And how is Carol Ann going to dress and act?"

I told her, "Carol Ann is going to act and dress as a girl. Carol Ann is going to wear panties and bras and garter belts and nylon stockings and slippers and skirts and blouses and dresses. Carol Ann is not going to wear any male clothes what so ever." And the thought of that was making me hard. The thought of wearing silky panties against my skin and nylons against my legs and a slip tickling the back of my legs was once again a turn on and I could not control it.

And I had to control myself and continued, "Carol Ann is going to wear makeup and grow long hair and long nails like a girl. Carol Ann is going to walk like a girl and Carol Ann is going to talk like a girl, and Carol Ann is going to move like a girl. Carol Ann will think of herself as a girl in order to appear to be a girl for the womanless beauty pageant. Carol Ann wants to win the womanless beauty pageant."

But that was not enough. Mom asked me, "How much does Carol Ann want to win the womanless beauty pageant?"

I told her, "Mommy Carol Ann will do anything to win the pageant; to win it for mommy and to make mommy proud of Carol Ann."

My mother asked, "Will Carol Ann think of herself as a real girl to win the womanless beauty pageant?"

"Yes mommy," I told her, "Carol Ann will think of herself as a real girl if that is what it takes to win the womanless beauty pageant." And I finished with, "Carol Ann will learn to be a real girl to win the womanless beauty pageant." And frightening enough by that time I pretty much meant it. It was horrifying."

Mother told me, "Now that is wonderful Carol Ann. But I still need to give you your well-deserved spanking for all the trouble you have given me over the past few years. I don't think you will like it. But it will make me feel so much better. And I think that is what is now important for my little Carol Ann. Yes Carol Ann needs to please her mommy. So to make sure you are telling me and yourself the truth and that you really want to learn to be a girl and will give passing as a girl your best effort we are going to play a little game and give you a little test." It was getting scary.

And she paused and let that sink in and then she continued, "So this is the test. I am sorry but I am going to have to spank you... Actually I am not really sorry. I find I do so enjoy spanking you. And with each spank you need to tell me that 'Carol Ann is sorry for having been bad and that Carol Ann promises to learn how to be a girl and how to be a good girl.' And when I think you really believe that and are telling mommy the truth I will stop spanking you. I need you to convince me that you will accept your new gender as a female and your new position as a teenage daughter and that you will be obedient and that you will learn all you have to learn to actually win the females beauty pag-

eant. And know that if you don't win the pageant you need to understand you will remain a girl until you fulfill your promise.....and I think you have learned your lesson and are ready to act like a proper adult."

She let that sink in and then told me, "And so it is time to begin." And with that gave me a really hard and hurting spank to my satin covered behind. It hurt and I let out a scream. Much to my surprise the scream was more girlish than like a boy would sound. I struggled but it did no good and I knew I was stuck. And I quickly told my mother as she had instructed, "Mommy, Carol Ann is sorry for having been bad and Carol Ann promises to learn how to be a girl and how to be a good girl." It was humiliating but what choice did I have. By then I was pretty much broken as a male.

Well it wasn't enough and my mother told me, "Not good enough Carol Ann. There isn't any feeling there. You still sound like a petulant naughty male child." And my mother continued with the spankings. Well after about a dozen or so I finally really was broken as a disobedient adult child. I would do anything. I told my mother, "Mommy, Carol Ann is really sorry for having been bad as a boy. Carol Ann really promises to learn how to be a girl and how to be a good girl. Carol Ann really wants to learn how to be a girl. Carol Ann does not really like being a boy any more. Carol Ann really wants to be obedient and help mommy around the house just like a real girl. Carol Ann is really tired of being disobedient and causing trouble. Carol Ann really wants to learn how to be an obedient and helpful daughter."

And with that my mother eased up and told me, "Much better Carol Ann. But tell me more about the new Carol Ann."

So I bared my soul so to speak, though my mom didn't realize it and thought it was part of the process of teaching me to be obedient. I told her, "Mommy, Carol Ann really does not want to be a boy any longer. Carol Ann wants mommy to be happy with Carol Ann. Carol Ann wants to be a daughter and help mommy and Carol Ann won't be happy as a boy any longer. Carol Ann just loves wearing her panties and her satin boy short and her nylon stocking and her bra and a slip. Carol Ann now knows how wonderful nylon and satin feels and how much fun it is to be a daughter. Carol Ann never wants to have to wear horrible men's clothing. Carol Ann feels like a girl and likes feeling like a girl. Carol Ann wants to show mommy what a good girl and what a good daughter Carol Ann can be. Carol Ann wants to win the beauty pageant and learn everything a girl has to know to win a beauty pageant. Carol Ann is forgetting about being a naughty son and just wants to be mommy's obedient daughter." And I finished with, "Mommy, Carol Ann just wants to be mommy's obedient daughter. "Mommy....please let Carol Ann be mommy's obedient daughter."

Well that did it. My mother let me up and gave me a big hug. She held me tightly for a few moments; our breasts were touching, her real ones and my glued on prosthesis, and it really felt weird. She told me, "I think dear that you are now on the right track for redemption. So now go put your skirt and blouse back on and not another tantrum or I won't be so forgiving. I don't want any more temper tantrums or talk about you backing out of this bet and your agreement. We both know that you are really a boy. But for now you will keep your promise and just think of yourself as a girl and act and dress accordingly. I think by the time



you are ready for the pageant you may find out that you do actually like some aspects of being my daughter. But in any case...you will be my daughter for a while and you will learn to be a girl and you will enter and at least try to win that femaleness beauty pageant."

She let that sink in and continued, "Now get dressed and wash those tears off your face and fix your makeup as best you can and I will meet you down stairs. And be quick about it. Don't make me come back up here to get you or you will be sorry. We are having dinner with 'aunt' Laura and Robin. And you will comport yourself as you are dressed and will remain dressed for the future, as a teenage girl. And you will ask your 'aunt' Laura to help you with preparing for the pageant. And you will promise to and will do as she tells you....And you will do as Robin tells you. Think of Robin as an older cousin."

And mom finished with a warning to hurry up and I did. My only hope was to convince Robin to help me out of all this. I was hoping that if I promised to wear lingerie for her, as she had originally asked, I could get her to help me out with some clothing for a guy, some money and a retreat to hide away from my mother. I was forgetting the major part Robin had played in my fall into femininity. I forgot about hormone problem I was going to have, I was panicked. So at that point I actually wanted to get over to Robin's place.

I washed up. I repaired my makeup, applying a new coat of lipstick and some powder. That was the extent of my makeup abilities at that time. I finished dressing, putting on my blouse and skirt. The clothing Robin had provided. And wearing my moderate heels the pink pumps Robin had given to me I walked downstairs. I met my mother, who gave me a once

over, passed me on my efforts, and told me, "Carol Ann you look adorable," and we walked over to the neighbors, to my 'aunt' Laura and 'cousin' Robin.

Chapter 15: Neighbor Laura becomes my aunt and guide into the world of the pageant

We walked next door and once again it felt strange outside dressed completely in the clothing for a girl. I felt very embarrassed but for some reason I also felt very feminine. But none the less it was once again just strange with my legs all exposed in nylons and a short skirt. I felt so exposed. But I dared not complain. I was just that intimidated by my mother who had just spanked me as if I were her little girl.

It was strange enough that I felt so very feminine. But there I was sort of naturally walking in my pumps as I had been shown and had practiced. And I was walking like a girl without really thinking about it. So my thighs were together and my hands were out and it was one foot in front of the other as I swayed femininely as I walked. I felt my nylon covered thighs brushing against one another and the entire feel was just one huge turn on for me.

I was terrified with these new emotions from my forced feminization. Mother didn't seem to notice. So we got to the house and mom rang the bell and Aunt Laura let us in. She saw me still dressed as a girl in Robin's old clothing and smiled which showed me she was enjoying all of this and my discomfort and there would be no rescue from her.

I was pretty sure she must have known about my mother's plans to keep me dressed as a girl, though

perhaps she had thought it was just for last night, but in any case despite the earlier talk of the womanless beauty pageant she played it as if she was surprised to find me still in a dress.

She smiled nicely and invited us in to her home. "Why Karol, you haven't tired of panties and dressing as a girl yet. Shame on you, a tough guy like yourself letting yourself be dressed in skirts last night was really terrible enough, but to be walking around all dressed up like a girl a day later and during the day for all the neighbors to see is really going to ruin your reputation." Then she had me turn around so she could get a better look at me. My mother gave me the look and I knew I had to comply. So I twirled and my skirts flared out. It was humiliating.

Aunt Laura continued to smile and told me, "Oh you do that so well. You are a real natural as a girl. I am pleasantly surprised. And you look so cute and young as girl. You look like an older teenager. I wouldn't have believed it. And if you keep this up you'll have me believing that you really enjoy wearing girl's clothing. I understand that some boy's do like wearing panties and the like and masquerading as girls and only pretend to be tough to overcome that desire. I wonder if that is your real secret. I think we have more of Robin's old clothing for you if you really like dressing as a girl."

I didn't accept the offer. I kept quiet and just looked down all embarrassed. She was humiliating me as it were. And then she continued, "Actually you do make a rather cute girl. Last night I was in too much shock seeing a bad boy like you all dressed up from the skin out as a girl. I realized you were sort of passable. But now in the light of the second day seeing you dressing like a girl I realize you actually make a rather cute girl.

Not to say you aren't still a bit boyish under all your makeup and clothing but I think we can cure that and have you really appearing to be all girl. You mom really should keep you in panties and skirts for a while longer. I don't think there should be any shame on your part if you enjoy panties. You can play dress up all you want over here. Your mom doesn't seem to mind. And it was Robin's idea so she doesn't mind. And now I find that I don't mind at all. I find it cute. I might even be persuaded to help feminize you so you could more readily pass if you want to carry on in public dressed as a girl. You wouldn't want to appear butch. But of course I would expect something in return. We'd have to work that out. But for now you look divine and don't feel at all embarrassed. You make a sweet looking girl. "

Then mother told Laura and Robin, "It is nice you are so accepting of Karol in dresses, because he will be stuck in skirts for a while and some moral support and help will be nice. However, there isn't any more Karol... This is Carol Ann. And Carol Ann is going to remain in skirts and continue to dress as a girl from the skin out, until Carol Ann has learned a lesson about not being macho and has learned to behave. And she now has other lessons to learn to show she can behave herself. And among those lessons will be learning to behave as and pass as an older teenage girl. And that is in preparation for winning that womanless beauty pageant that you mentioned. And I hope... that is Carol Ann and I hope that you will help to prepare Carol Ann for the pageant and teach her all she needs to know about being a female beauty pageant contestant so that she can compete in the contest for real....and win it."

Then mom told Laura that she needed to talk with her a bit before dinner and that I would help Robin with whatever woman's work was needed in finishing up with dinner and getting it to the table. I needed the training anyway. So with Aunt Laura voicing no objection Robin took me into the kitchen and mom and Laura went to the living room to talk.

Once Robin got me into the kitchen she told me, "Why Carol Ann it is so nice to find out that you do enjoy dressing up totally as a girl and trying to pass as a girl. When we started all of this I sort of expected you had more than just a panty fetish...but I wasn't so sure. You did fool me into thinking you were still manly. But now I can see that was really just an act. I was hoping for a boyfriend I could control, but I still like you as a girlfriend with something extra. And regardless of my mother's plans...I will be more than happy to teach you all I know about being a girl and to teach you to pass as a girl. I been through my mother's pageant preparations and I am sure I can help you with your pageant preparation. It will be fun. I really do so enjoy seeing you petti-coated by your mother and having to act as a teenage girl. Why this is even better than having a boy to dress up as a girl part time. Now with you having to dress up as a girl full time, for me it will be just like having a younger sister to....to play with. This will really be fun...for me. And if you are a good girl I will make it fun for you too."

I didn't know what to think. I denied it all. I told Robin, "I don't want to be a girl. I don't want to dress up as a girl. I don't want to learn to act like a girl. My mother is making me dress up like a girl. You did this to me. You dressed me as a girl and convinced my mother to allow it. And now she thinks it is good idea to keep me dressed as a girl to teach me a lesson. And

not only that, my mom now wants me to be her daughter. That is my punishment for having been so rotten over the last few years."

"Mom wants me to learn and do everything a stay at home teenage girl would know and do to help out around the house. She wants me to take care of our home while she is at work and to take care of her when she gets home. And mom wants me to be able to pass as a girl so I can win the damn womanless beauty pageant. And she intends to keep me dressed and having to behave like a girl until I do win that damn womanless beauty pageant. And I don't want to do this. I want to be a guy again. I want out of these clothes. And this is all your own doing. You have to help me. You've got to get me some male clothes, some money and help me get out of here. I am begging you. I will do anything. I will wear your panties under my male clothes. Just get me some of my male clothes and help me to get out of here. Please get me out of here. You are my only hope... please." And I was almost in tears.

Robin just laughed and told me, "If I am your only hope to escape then you have no chance of escaping and escaping this fate....at least not until I have had my fun with it and you have learned your lesson. And the lesson is that you are mine and you need to do and will do whatever I tell you to do, whether you like it or not. And I prefer you don't like it and have to do it anyway. I get a kick out of that. And I want you as my obedient boyfriend and in lingerie until I tire of it."

I didn't know what to say. She let that sink in and continued, "Even if I wanted to help you escape it would do you no good to escape. Escape to where? Like it or not for the time being you are stuck appearing and behaving as a girl...like it or not. And that is because you did not do as I told you when you had the

chance to just be an obedient sissy boyfriend. You could have just been my sissy in secret. Now because you fought it you will be every one's sweet thing...a boy learning to pass as a girl....and everyone will know it. And the ladies just love that and will just have so much fun with you."

"But you needn't be too embarrassed as pageant boys are an accepted phenomena in these parts, and all the girls just love pageant boys and helping sweet pageant boys learn to pass as girls. Just be sweet and feminine with the woman and girls and you won't have any problems. Now if you try to be macho about it and fight it you will just look silly and you will die of embarrassment, so you had just better settle in as a sissy boy. Woman and girls can be intimidated by macho boys and will react poorly if you act macho. But woman and girls just love effeminate males who want to be more feminine. As long as you aren't their boyfriend, and sometimes even if you are, girls just love making men behave femininely and dressing them up as girls. All the girls are just going to love you and to love feminizing you and dressing you up in dresses and teaching you to do woman's chores."

"Now remember you've be injected with a substantial dose of female hormones and you will become soft and shapely before the hormones run their course. And you won't have your male strength that has also been taken care of. So dressed as a boy and looking so feminine you would be an easy target for any predator. You know the type and you know what would happen to you. No there isn't any place for you to hide the way you look and the way you will look and the way you will find yourself acting. The only safe thing for you is as a pageant entrant. It is the only thing

which will allow your feminization to be acceptable. So you are stuck sweetie."

"And that you are doing it for your mom to make up for having been such a jerk and for the college scholarship possibilities which makes the whole thing quite acceptable. You should be able live with that and to live that down...afterwards...if there is an afterwards for you. So you had just better stay with mom and under her protection. If you aggravate her and she does throw you out of the house you are in real trouble. You had just better do everything your mother wants you to do and make yourself over as her sweet obedient dutiful daughter until this is over."

I didn't know what to say. I was afraid she was right. Robin continued, "So just think about that. But while you do you need to start in your new girl role so let's get you into an apron so you can help out in the kitchen and learn what a good obedient daughter needs to learn to help out around the house." Then she held up an apron and told me, "Carol Ann let me help you with it."

Still in shock she just took me and she slipped the apron over my head. Then she turned me around and tied the straps with a big bow. She told me, "You will have to learn to tie your own apron straps behind your back. But I did so want to put my little Carol Ann in his first apron."

Once she had tied me into my apron she remained behind me. She placed her hands around my waist controlling me from the back. Then holding my waist and me with one hand she moved her other hand up and under the front of my skirt and down my stretch satin panty and onto my satin panty and over my hidden manhood. And what was left of my manhood under her touch through the satin panties I was wearing

was beginning to harden. I struggled a bit but it was useless. I could not break away.

Robin then whispered into my ear, "I want you to be my sissy and you will be my sissy...or else." And with that she gave me a kiss on the ear, a very affectionate kiss. And she told me, "You are a natural sissy and panty waist. Stop pretending to be a tough guy. You will be my sissy. And you will find that you love it." And she kissed me again and kept holding me tightly.

She told me, "Now don't pretend that you don't like wearing panties and lingerie. I can tell that you do love your panties and always have love wearing panties. Your meter gives you away. And you will be my sissy boyfriend and you will do everything I tell you to do or I will arrange for your mother to turn you into a real girl, from which there will be no escape. We both know the nurse from high school. And I can tell you that she was miffed with you for ignoring her when we were in High School. So she was quite happy to help with all of this. I arranged for the nurse to give you those hormone shots and I can arrange for her to make even worse mistakes; the type of mistakes which will give your mother little choice under my direction but to turn you into a real functioning girl. And if you give me a hard time I will make sure that your mother finds out that she prefers you to be a full time functioning girl. You know I convinced her to allow me to put you in dresses and to help feminize you a bit, so don't doubt my influence over her with this. If you do you will truly be sorry. There is a point of no return with all of this. I can have you made into a real girl and there will be no return from that."

She let that sink in and when I didn't object, I was so shocked; I knew she was not kidding and was telling

me the truth. Then she continued, "Understand this: When and if I let you return to appearing to be a male you will remain feminine under your outer male clothes. If you are good and obedient I will allow you to appear a guy again... but underneath it all you will remain more girl than guy. You will keep your body clean shaven. In fact eventually you will have full body electrolysis. I don't want you ever to grow body hair again. I don't like it on my lovers. You will never wear male underwear or even cotton underwear again. You will only wear female lingerie and you will wear everything that a girl wears...including a bra, a bra suitable for a sissy boy. You will continue to wear soft silky stretch satin panties and satin support panties."

And hearing about the panties I was getting hard as I was getting excited and could not help myself and Robin felt it. And she told me, "Yes we can see that the thought of wearing satin panties excites you. And that is what I like. And I like that. And you will agree to shave yourself and to wear panties."

And she continued, "And you will learn to enjoy all lingerie as much as you enjoy wearing your panties. And yes you will wear a bra. You will wear soft satin padded bra all the time. Nothing like wearing a bra and panties teaches a boy his place and keeps him obedient and fearful of exposure. And the bra will close in the back and you will learn to close it yourself from the back, just like a girl would. And I promise that you will learn to love wearing a satin bra as we will keep your nipples nice and sensitive and feminine with estrogen injections localize to your chest, to keep your breast developed, though small, even after your body returns to normal." And she continued to play with me as she whispered all this into my ear soft and lovingly. Gosh

she had me so excited. I could not believe it. What had happened to me?

And she continued, "You will wear stockings...no socks. And you will wear a garter belt to hold up your stockings. Sometimes you can wear a gartered support panty. We'll just have to see what suits you. But you will always wear thigh high nylons. I will allow you to wear lady's trousers socks over the nylons if you behave yourself, but otherwise just the nylons and pants cut short to reveal you ankles."

Then she told me, "And of course you will wear a camisole...a nice satin or nylon camisole. You should love the feel of that. And finally you will get to wear a pants slip. You should just love the feel of a nylon or satin pants slip gliding over your pantied butt and against your nylon covered legs."

I couldn't believe it but I was breathing hard and was hard and she had her hand over my hardness and knew I was being turned on.

She told me, "And don't lie to me anymore. I can already tell you are going to be happy with this arrangement." And she started to rub me and I thought I was going to release, but she kept it under control. I was almost ready to cry. I hated that I was turned on by all she was telling me, but what could I do.

She continued, "I am not sure yet what type of shoes you will wear; perhaps ladies loafers...perhaps men's loafers? But I am sure we will keep your ears pierced. After all pierced ears are just so feminizing. Every obedient sissy should have pierced ears and wear earrings. Don't you think?"

But she didn't wait for an answer. She continued with, "Yes pierced ears suit you. You can wear boy's earrings when we are out, if you are good and obedient. But when you are at home you will wear nice fem-

inine hoop earrings. Hoop earrings will show your station."

And finally you will need to maintain a nice unisex haircut...so people sort of can wonder if you are a feminine boy or a masculine girl... a nice feminine haircut. And of course you will need to keep your eyebrows trimmed and thinned, just like when you were learning to be a girl. That will be very becoming on you." And she pressed down on me and I was still hard.

Finally she told me, "And you will always wear some makeup. I am not quite sure how much or what type, but at the very least clear nail polish and clear lip gloss....and perhaps a bit of face powder. We'll just have to see when the time gets here."

And she finished with, "And if you do all of that to maintain your femininity I will allow you to be my sissy boy rather than a girl. And you will be allowed to wear your male pants and shirts...at least most of the time and when you are well behaved and obedient."

Think about it sweetheart. I can feel that it turns you on. Think about it and tell me yes you will do as I tell you or you won't get to be my sissy boyfriend you'll be your mothers daughter....and a real girl daughter at that. I can arrange re-assignment surgery for you and you won't be able to prevent it."

Gosh Robin had me completely terrified and completely turned on. I couldn't help it. With all that had happened to me I didn't want to be a girl or a sissy, but the thought of being Robin's sissy was better than being turned into a full time girl for my mother. I wasn't crazy about the pierced ears or the makeup or the unisex hairdo. But the thought of wearing the panties and the nylons and the pants slip and a camisole all the time was despite my situation still for me a turn on. I wasn't crazy about having to wear some sort of bra,

but I guessed I could live with it. I was hoping Robin would find making me wear the lingerie was enough for her and she was teasing about the rest. But whatever, anything was better than becoming a real girl and remaining my mother's daughter forever.

So I told Robin, "Yes I want to be your sissy. I want to wear panties and nylon stockings and a camisole for you. Just save me from all of this... please. And please I am dying... let me release.

Robin laughed, "You bet you will be my sissy. And it won't just be panties and stockings and a camisole that you will be wearing. You are way past that now. But I can't save you from all of this. I can and will save you from having to become a real girl. But I can't save you from having to become a pageant girl and from living as a girl and learning to pass as a girl and from living as your mom's daughter until you win the pageant. It is too late for that. And besides you will be much happier as my sissy once you have lived as a girl for a while. Life as a sissy boyfriend won't seem so bad... and you will be nice and obedient by that time, wear anything I tell you to wear and do just about anything I ask you to do. You will be just a wonderful obedient sissy boyfriend. You won't be able to help yourself. You will be hopelessly addicted to lingerie and naturally obedient. It will be just wonderful."

"And there is no release for you now. I want you nice and turned on and feminine feeling and obedient tonight. I know how you can be once you release. That is not the sissy boy I want my mother to see. I want mom to see you at your feminine best... all turned on in your feminine finery and all plugged up. I want you under her wing for the pageant training. She will turn you into more of a girl than your mother will believe, and she can do a better job of it than I can do. But if not,

if she doesn't want to help turn you into a sweet obedient girl, rest assured I can get you ready for the pageant."

"So here, there is a wash room off the kitchen which you will use. You will find your tampon and modes pad in there and so insert your tampon and strap on your modes pad. That should keep you excited enough to remain docile and obedient. And there is some Midol for you. It is a girl's best friend for the pain of that time of the month, which sissy boys have more frequently than girls. Take two and that should help you out with whatever pain you will be in from your condition. I will take care of you later. Believe me I will. That is if you please my mom. Otherwise you can take care of yourself when you get home." And with that she gave me a final kiss on the ear and then a whack on my behind and sent me off to the washroom.

So like a girl I dropped my panties and sitting on the bowl inserted my special tampon. It felt wonderful. Then I slid on my special modes belt and clipped on my special modes pad. After pulling my panties, both pairs, into place it really felt nice and I felt nice. As I walked around I had my special tampon and special modes pad massaging me where a guy likes to be massaged and it felt just wonderful. But I was kept on edge and I leaked but there was no climax. So I was just kept in a nice soft turned on and obedient mind set.

I came out of the powder room and Robin gave me my orders. She told me, "I know you must now feel really turned on and all happy being nice and feminine. And I want you to stay this way for the evening. I want you to be nice and obedient and feminine and happy as a sissy boy girl. You will help me serve. You will wear your apron all night. You will sit lady like with your knees together at the edge of your chair and with

your hands in your lap. You will be at my mom's beck and call all night and your mother's beck and call all night seem happy about it. You will act as feminine and girly as you can."

"And you will be happy about getting the chance to enter the womanless beauty pageant. You will ask for my mother's help. And you will tell her that you do so want to win the contest that you have decided to stay in your girl mode until after the contest and that you won't and don't even want to think of yourself as a boy any longer, and that you want my mother to turn you into the most feminine girly creature that she can turn you into so that you will win the pageant. And if you do anything tonight or in the future so that my mother does not agree to help turn you in to a sweet feminine creature and actually turn you into a sweet feminine creature capable of winning the womanless beauty pageant I will see that you become a real girl and forever." And with that I was given serving dishes to carry into the dining room where my mother and Robin's mother were waiting to be served by Carol Ann, the new daughter.

I brought the food in on the serving dishes and myself into the dining room and place the platters on the table and then told mom and Laura in the most feminine voice I could muster, "I'll be back in a moment with the rest of dinner and some beverages." And I did as I said returning to the kitchen and walking as femininely as I could, knowing that mom and Laura were watching me. I came out with Robin with the rest of dinner and after placing the rest of the serving dishes on the table I made a final trip for the beverages and a pitcher of water. I asked who would like what and poured. Then still wearing my apron I sat down tucking in my skirts and sitting with my knees together

and my hands in my lap and on the edge of the chair. Both my mom and Aunt Laura seemed pleased. And I smiled.

I was turned on and feeling very feminine from what Robin had done to me in the kitchen and from having been walking around and moving like a female while wearing my special tampon.

I could tell that Laura approved of my walk and how I was sitting. Mom asked about me continuing to wear the apron. I told her that I wanted to be ready to serve or clean up as needed and felt more comfortable wearing the apron as I only had one outfit and wanted to protect it. That also seemed to please the ladies.

The serving plates were passed around and I took a small portion, which killed me. I had an appetite but felt rather full due to being corseted. It was a crazy feeling. Anyway mom, asked why such a small portion and I told her that I was watching my weight for the pageant, as I wanted to fit in a nice gown and so really thought that I should diet. That also seemed to please the ladies.

I ate very slowly and chewed well and smiled as much as I could and tried to be as docile as possible and I imagine that I was at that. Mom and Laura would glance at me once in a while. I imagine for any sign of rebellion of which there was none. And each seemed pleased. And I could tell Robin was satisfied that I was at least attempting to do as she had instructed me.

The ladies talked and I just ate slowly, smiled, listened to their conversation and tried to appear as docile as I could, while interested in their conversations about female topics. When dinner was over I, without being asked, cleared the table, telling Robin to relax that I would take care of it, brought out desert, and de-

clined it myself, I was watching my weight, and did the dishes...all without being told; all the while moving about as femininely as I could.

When I finally shed my apron and joined the woman in the living room my mother was beaming. She told me, "Now Carol Ann you do make a wonderful daughter. I can't remember when I have had a more relaxing and enjoyable evening with you. I just love you when you are so helpful...as helpful as a girl....And I think if you can maintain this demeanor we might be able to convince Laura...that is Aunt Laura to you, to help you out with your aspirations to win that womanless beauty pageant...So why don't you ask Aunt Laura if she would be so kind as to help you. Robin and I have half convinced her to help you...but she wants to hear it from you. She doesn't really believe a former bad boy like you is interested in participating in a womanless beauty pageant or even learning to just pass as a girl for a while for that matter."

Well I knew that if I didn't win that pageant mom was going to keep me in dresses until the next one rolled around and the same warning applied. And I knew the longer I stayed in dresses and on female hormones the worse it was going to get for me. My mom seemed to have gotten used to the idea of her son in dresses and acting the daughter and once she got really comfortable with it I could be stuck. So I really did want to win that contest, get to college, get away from home, and get out of skirts. I would deal with Robin and the lingerie situation after I was out of dresses. Acting the sissy boy for Robin was beginning to look good to me compared to acting the daughter for my mother. And I guess that had been Robin's idea all along. How I wished I had just stayed in panties for

her. It all would have been so much easier for me and so much less humiliating.

So with actual sincerity I told Laura, addressing her as Aunt Laura of course, "Aunt Laura I would really appreciate if you could help me out with this womanless beauty pageant thing. I really need to win it and I don't know how I would learn what I have to learn about being a pageant contestant without your help. I would do anything if you could help me win. I promise I would do everything you told me to do to prepare for the pageant...honest, and whatever else you needed me to do in return for your help." And despite it breaking my heart to demean myself like that I did it and did it with a smile on my face. Robin I could see just loved it. And my mother seemed happy, though for other reasons.

Laura told me, "Well Carol Ann seeing you here tonight dressed as you are in a skirt and blouse and wearing an apron and helping out as you did I am almost convinced that you are sincere about changing around your life and wanting to win this beauty pageant and that you will give it your all. But you have such a bad boy history I can't really be sure, though your mother has assured me you have learned to listen to her and that you will behave and listen to me and do what you are told to do to prepare yourself to win the pageant and to pass as a girl so you can win the pageant."

Thinking of Robin's threats I told her that I would be good and I would listen.

Then she told me, "You know I have never done this before. You know training a boy to compete as a girl would compete in a beauty pageant. I am not sure it would work. Even real girls have trouble maintaining the beauty pageant aura without practicing con-

stantly. But a girl can practice constantly. You know a girl can walk the walk and talk the talk without seeming out of place. She can practice dressing up and applying pageant makeup whenever she likes and does not seem to out of place. She can diet and watch her figure and not seem unusual. I don't know how a boy would do all of that. And a girl falls back on her everyday actions I don't know how a boy learning to be a girl learning to be a beauty pageant contestant could maintain the necessary mind set and memories for this. It isn't easy you know. It isn't easy for a girl. It has to be impossible for a boy and especially a boy like you."

"You know that most of the boys don't give this competition their all. Some are dedicated to it, and really try, but it is still a part time thing for them. And I just don't think that you a part time girl, a half boy and half girl so to speak could really compete for real in this type of pageant. No I would just be wasting my time on this. And I don't like to waste my time."

Robin looked ticked off and my mom did not look that happy either. Well I had no choice. I knew I was stuck as a girl anyway, and without Aunt Laura's help I would be stuck for a longer time. So I did not tell Aunt Laura that I was stuck as a girl anyway, as I did not think that that would have played well. I told I that I wanted to be a girl full time for the pageant. It killed me to say it but I told her, "Aunt Laura this is no half-way thing for me. I really want to win. If you think I need to spend more time as a girl than I am a girl. That is in my mind I am a girl most of the time or all the time until the pageant. I am no longer a boy in my mind. I need to win the pageant. I am not in this half way. I am in this to win the pageant and to pass as a girl in the beauty pageant. I think my mom will be happy if I just

decide that I will spend my time from now to the beauty pageant living full time as a girl and learning everything there is to know about being a girl. My mother would probably just love having me around as a daughter for a while. And I find that it is difficult to think of myself as a boy when I am all dressed up like a girl from the skin out. I can't even think of myself as a boy any more. So you won't be training a boy to win a womanless beauty pageant you will be training a boy who is already a girl in his mind to be a girl to be a feminine enough girl to win the beauty pageant."

And I told her, "If it is okay with my mom," and I knew that it was, "I won't go back to being a boy or thinking of myself as a boy until we win the beauty pageant. Until we win I am a girl. Please Aunt Laura I need you to help me be that girl." And I was dying of embarrassment, but what else could I have done.

My mother then chimed in, with a smile on her face, "Well I may have lost a son, but I have gained a wonderful daughter. Yes, Carol Ann it is okay with me if you stay dressed and behaving like a girl from now until you win the beauty pageant. In fact if your Aunt Laura thinks it is alright, from now on you are a girl as far as I am concerned and I will treat you totally like a girl and I will expect you to behave totally like a girl." And she let that sink in and no one objected. Gosh there was no way out for me. I was going to become a girl.

And mom continued, "And in fact I think we will keep you this way and teach you to behave as if you are truly an 18 year old or so girl. It should be fun. Yes, I think it should be fun. You do make a nicer girl than you did a boy. And I think I will just love having a daughter for a while, even if that daughter was a boy for a while. Stranger things have happened around

her. So, yes, it is okay for me if you stay a girl, and learn to behave like a girl and think of yourself as a girl and in fact think like a girl and just become a girl and my daughter. But you will have to do it for real and I am going to treat you from here on out as my teenage daughter and I won't hear a word from you to the contrary. None of this, but mom I am a boy. From now on if Aunt Laura thinks it is the way to go then you are to think of yourself as a girl. And you are to be the best girl that you can be. So if Aunt Laura thinks it best then from now on you are not a boy. Remember that from now on you are my daughter and are to behave and act like an obedient daughter."

Well I already knew that, but it was horrible having to hear it again and hearing it in front of Laura... Aunt Laura and Robin made it worse.

Well Aunt Laura seemed delighted. She told us, "Why Carol Ann I never realized you were so serious about all of this and so serious about learning to be a girl and a beauty pageant contestant; nor would I ever realize that your mother would be so accepting of having her son live with her as her daughter. My, you both are serious about all of this. This has really gone beyond Robin tricking you into passing yourself off as a girl for one night and your mother and I teasing you about passing as a girl. Robin must have found or awakened some hidden desire of yours, a bent toward the feminine."

I sort of expected Aunt Laura to say something unpleasant but she actually seemed pleased with me. She continued with, "I think that is just wonderful. It is sort of a secret feminine part of you no one knew about. How lovely. And if you really want to spend the next six or so months living as a girl and denying any boyish thought or act and learning to in affect be a girl and

more than just a regular girl but a beauty pageant contestant it would be my pleasure to assist you in to the world of femininity and to teach you all there is to behaving and acting and passing as a girl."

"But it will not be easy. If I am to help you then you will have to think of yourself as a girl and act like a girl and behave like a girl. And if any boyish affectations sneak in you will be severely punished or I will not be able to help you. So I am almost willing to train you, but I need to hear from you again in front of your mother that for the time being you are done with being a boy and that you really want to so to speak be a girl. And more than that I need you to be a docile obedient girl if I am going to train you to compete in a beauty pageant....womanless or not. This is not an easy training for a girl or for a boy learning to be a girl. So just forget you were ever a boy and think of yourself as a girl and all this will be easier for all of us. "

Well there was nothing to be done about it. I had to tell her and my mother, "Yes, I do want to win that beauty pageant. And if that means I must think of myself as a girl and become for all appearances a girl than I will give up being a boy. I want to win that beauty pageant, whatever it takes. So I guess for the time being I really do want to be a girl." And I really did not want to be a girl. But I really did just want to cry.

And watching Robin as I had to claim that I now wanted to be a girl I could tell she was almost ready to orgasm. She was loving it. She was loving watching me totally humiliated in front of her, her mother, and my mother, and asking to be trained to be a girl.

Aunt Laura told me, "Well I guess then I will help you become a girl. I think that is lovely. But I know your mother is a really softy and will most likely let you backslide. So I also need her promise to keep you

to your word and not to allow you to get away with a single masculine act or a single masculine thought. And if she finds you backsliding she must agree to punish you. And you must agree to be punished. I think a nice spanking would serve to convince you to keep your word. Yes if you act at all masculine your mother is to give you a sound spanking. Do you agree to that Carol Ann? Will you be docile and let your mother spank you as if you are a little girl?"

What else could I do but agree and I did. But that did not seem to completely satisfy Aunt Laura. She told me, "Now Carol Ann I have to tell you that much of changing a mindset from masculine to feminine is about verbalizing and fully verbalizing your thoughts and emotions. So I need you to prove to me that you are will to accept your mothers punishment if she finds you acting or even thinking at all other than like a female."

Well I was getting the idea this was all about breaking me and about humiliating me and finding out if I would show anger, which I knew I could not show. I knew I would just get spanked if I gave any of them a difficult time about this and so I had be obedient. I had to be docile. I had to be feminine. I had to behave like an obedient little girl.

So I told my mother, "Mom I really do want to learn all I can about passing as girl and all I need to know to win the beauty pageant... You already know that. So please help me. I understand that I have to learn to think and act as if I am really a girl. And I understand that I have to start thinking of myself as if I am really a girl. So I really need you to help me with this. So if I do anything which is not totally girlish and feminine I need you to punish me. And if Aunt Laura believes a spanking is the punishment than that must be the cor-

rect punishment for me. So if I am not acting and thinking at all times totally as if I were a real girl please spank me, and spank me hard to remind me I am bad."

And it totally embarrassed me to say it, but I had to tell my mom, "Mom, I really do want to be a good girl and an obedient daughter." And I said all that but none of it was true and I wanted to die. Gosh all I had ever really wanted was to wear Robin's panties once in a while. I never wanted to wind up dressed fully as a girl and having to learn to pass as a girl. It was horrible. The only nice part was the lingerie. It still felt wonderful, most of the time. That was beyond my control.

My mom got up and gave me a hug. She told me, "Oh that is so sweet of you dear. I can't believe that my tough rebellious son really must want to pass as a girl... to be a girl. I actually am beginning to think that all of that is sort of wonderful. I find that I like having you as a daughter. And I do promise to work with you on this, despite my initial misgivings, and to help you to pass as a girl and to become a nice obedient girlish daughter... whatever it takes; even if it takes an occasional spanking...no matter how humiliating."

And then my mother finished with, "And Carol Ann understand that Aunt Laura has my permission as the mother of a new teenage daughter...you, as your titular Aunt to also punish you as needed and that includes by spanking you if and as needed. And Robin as your new older cousin may also so punish you if you are disobedient or show any signs of a male gender. After all you need to start acting like an 18 year old teenage girl and Robin at 28 makes the perfect older cousin. Unfortunately I think such punishment is the only source of keeping you to your promises, as fine as your intent may be at this time."

Mom let that sink in and then she continued with, "And there is no going back on this for you. You've given your word and we are all now committed to train you to pass as a pageant girl. And we don't want this to be a waste of time. We are all so committed to help you with this. So until the pageant you will train to be a girl and you will for all practical purposed live as if you are a girl. And you as promised are not even to think of yourself as a boy anymore....or it is spankings for you. You are my daughter Carol Ann. And from now on you are to really think of yourself as my daughter and act as a daughter."

And so Aunt Laura agreed to take me on as a student, a female student learning to compete in a beauty pageant. And she was going to teach me to be a female. And she intended to have me more female than male by the time I was competing on stage for the pageant. Aunt Laura told me, "Well surprising as this may be we all are in agreement and seem to find this is wonderful. So Carol Ann from now on you may call me Aunt Laura. And Carol Ann from now on you are to think of yourself only as a girl. And as far as discipline goes, Carol Ann and I can discuss that in private later. There is a discipline for pageant girls not too different from an over the knee spankings but it is a bit more humiliating and it teaches obedience a bit quicker and is easier on the discipliner than having a person over her knee. But I will discuss that with Carol Ann as needed. I am sure she intends to be a good and obedient girl and learn her lessons so discipline will not be needed here."

"Now that Carol Ann has agreed to all of this and I am committed to all of this Carol Ann will learn to be a girl. And I am not to be trifled with and I will not allow her to back out of this agreement. Now at home Carol

Ann may backslide, and so I am sure an occasional spanking by her mother will serve a good purpose."

"So for now let's just set up lesson times and talk about some additional classes we need to arrange for Carol Ann to make up for some of the things a real girl would have done growing up and will help Carol Ann out with the pageant."

And once again I was terrified and I felt so helpless. And I was thinking that the only way out was to win that pageant and so I had better really learn to pass as a girl, or as the women were telling me...to be a girl. And to that end, to learn to be a girl, what sort of training did this woman have in store for me? And I wondered about a punishment more humiliating than spanking...I wondered what that could be. And what sort of class did she have in mind to teach me things girls learned when growing up...how humiliating was that going to be?

I did not have to wonder long. Aunt Laura explained. "Now Carol Ann, your Aunt Harriet, from the dinner is anxious to sponsor you and bear some of the expenses of your training and to also offer you a job. And it is a job in which you can maintain your girl persona. She wants you to work at the dinner as a waitress. I think that would be wonderful. So we want to move your training along so you won't be embarrassing yourself when dressed in a short skirted waitress uniform and working as a waitress. And that will be a wonderful experience for you. That is unless your mother objects to you working as a waitress."

I wondered how Aunt Laura who was not sure if she was going to train me or not knew about all of that, but I didn't dwell on that. I just hoped mom would object to having a son out in public in a waitress uniform and apron, but she was all for it. Yes, she was now on

board with this whole feminization thing for her son and she didn't object to that public humiliation or any of the other public exposures in dresses while learning to be a girl that me her son would have to go through.

Mom told us, "I don't object to any of this anymore. I find that life with Carol Ann is much easier than before and until the lessons are learned that it is and will be just fine for Carol Ann to find hi....that is herself as a girl and as a girl in public. So Carol Ann in her other life could never hold down a job. So let's find out if Carol Ann in her new life can hold down a job. And if it is a job as a waitress then that is just fine. It will fit in perfectly with Carol Ann's training. I am committed to the idea here that Carol Ann will be living as a girl from here on out so he...she can learn to think like a girl and behave like a girl and win the pageant. So as far as I am concerned as we have already agreed, Carol Ann is a girl and will be living as a girl. So why would I object to her working as a waitress and dressing appropriately. And I am sure her tips will be much better when she is wearing a short tight fitting dress and high heels. I am all for this."

And Aunt Laura continued. "And as I recall from our conversations at the dinner Harriet was going to arrange for a beauty parlor appointment for Carol Ann, which is just a wonderful experience for her. Now Carol Ann your mother should bring you for that and I will discuss with her what needs to be done. But everything needs to be explained to you so you understand what is being done to you as a girl and some instruction would be helpful in addition to all the instruction I will be giving you. "

"Also Harriet is going to try to enroll you in the homemaking courses for teenage girls given at the Rotary, so you can get the feel of what girls need to do.

Also there is some charity aspect to the scholarships and Harriet feels it would be best for you to work on the charity aspect through the Rotary as a girl. It will just impress the judges at the pageant so much more. So your mom can also bring you over to the Rotary for that."

"Meanwhile tomorrow while you and your mother meet with the beautician and with the woman at the Rotary I will check out the local dance school for you and find out if we can get you dance lessons while you maintain your girl persona. For the talent part of the pageant for the skit I have in mind for you, you will need at least some training in modern dance....the woman's part of that. And besides I will see if we can get you some training in ballet. Ballet training goes a long way in embedding one with a real feminine feeling and a real feminine aura. And while you are at it some tap training would also be useful. Yes you need to get used to wear tights and short skirts, maybe even a tutu on stage in front of a mixed audience. And if the girls and woman at the school accept you as a girl in training that would just be wonderful. But of course we will have to make sure you are really bound as we absolutely don't want to embarrass you or anyone if something shows. You really will need to look just like a girl. And it all should be so much fun. You know I think you will actually like it. You always did have this thing about you that....a feminine dance aura."

"And now that I am taking this difficult job on. I plan to enjoy all of this and to have a good time with this and I think most of the women teaching you what it is to be a girl should have a good time with it. It is fun to give a boy that experience. And we all expect you to show your appreciation and show us you are having a good time of it and we all expect you to enjoy being a

girl. If I hear from any of the ladies that you are not appreciative of all the work it will take on their part to teach a difficult boy to pass as a girl or if I hear that you don't seem to enjoy learning to be a girl I will teach you the error of your ways....That is of course with you mother's permission. So I expect you to become in your own mind a girl learning to be nice and feminine and useful. And if we see anything different you will not like the consequences."

Again I thought my mom might object... but that wasn't happening. Mom chimed in, "Yes Carol Ann you take your marching orders from Aunt Laura and Aunt Harriet and comport yourself from here on out as an obedient young lady. If not, then the ladies do have my permission to take action."

Then Aunt Laura told me, "That being settled, you can get into your new female personality and pick out some of Robin's old dresses and blouses and anything of her things that fit you that she wants you to have. And enjoy trying on your new clothes. From now on you will only have female clothes to wear. So Robin, take Carol Ann upstairs and see if you have any old clothes for her, and none of your tom-boy things. Help Carol Ann with clothes that will make Carol Ann feel feminine and girlie. For from now on she is only to think of herself as a girl!"

Chapter: 16 - Virginity Lost

And so Robin escorted me to her room to pick out some clothing, skirts and blouses and other articles of clothing that an 18 or so year old girl would wear....and that 18 year old girl was me. I tried to engage her in a real conversation but she warned me, "Carol Ann stop it. You need to remember you are

from now on to think of yourself as an 18 year old girl and act appropriately for that gender and age. We should be talking about dresses right now. And you should be excited about your new clothes."

"So I am trying to help you. So now you are here to pick out some nice clothing for a girl. You are to feel as if you are a girl and to behave as if you are a girl. It is part of your training...and you brought it on yourself. If you talk to me as if you are a boy....which you are to no longer think of yourself as.....then I will have to report that to your mother and your Aunt Laura which I do not imagine would not be good for you. So you need to realize that our new relationship is that of female cousins, with you as the younger and still somewhat of a teenager. So just continue to keep your promise to my mother and think of yourself as a girl and act accordingly or I will have to report your transgressions to my mother and I am sure you will suffer the consequences."

Objections did not good and at the point Robin told me she was about to lose her patients I had no choice but to have morphed into how I thought an 18 year old girl would act and stopped acting at all like a guy. I told her, "I am sorry Robin. It is just I was looking forward to some newer clothing and more fashionable styles. Your old stuff is very nice but it just makes me look so young. Though I do like the way short skirts and showing off my legs."

Robin then smiled and got right into her role and told me, "I may have some nice dresses for you also. We'll just have to see. And I am just going to love this. You are really just so cute."

Well I still wasn't really happy about trying on hand me down girl's clothing from Robin and I guess it showed. So Robin still didn't like my attitude. She

told me, "You know if you aren't happy with my things I can take you shopping for skirts, dresses and lingerie in town. I am sure once we tell the sales ladies that you are a boy practicing to pass as a girl for the womanless beauty pageant there won't be any problems. They will just love helping you pick out your new lingerie and outfits, after finding out you are dressed as a girl from the skin out. Thought I don't think you mom would be too happy about the expense."

Well the thought of having to actually go shopping dressed as a girl for girl's clothing with the sales persons, male or female, knowing I was a guy was just awful to think about. It gave me an immediate change of heart about trying on Robin's things. I told Robin, "Not at all Robin. I am just a bit distracted. I really appreciate you helping out and offering me some outfits of yours. Mom will be so pleased if I can save her a bit of money. And it should be so much fun trying on your stuff. I just love the clothing you've shared with me so far. It is all just so nice."

With that submission Robin told me, "Then you had just better get into trying on dresses and act as if you enjoy it and are happy about it if you want to avoid, at least for now, a more public outing for shopping. And the word public outing got my attention."

So I told Robin, "Oh please Robin I would love more of your clothes and to try on some skirts and dresses and whatever you may have for me. It is all so nice. I really like it. It does make me feel so girly, and I do like feeling girly. It is the new me!" Ad it killed me to say all of that, which Robin seemed to like to hear.

I seemed to have pleased her and she then let me know, "You need to convince yourself that you are a girl. And girls love trying on clothes and prancing in

front of the mirror and asking how they look in their outfits. So take off your skirt and blouse and I have some nice outfits for you to try on and if you don't seem to like the outfits and enjoy trying on clothes then we can stop at any time and head downtown to do some shopping for you."

Well with that I dropped my skirt and removed my blouse and tried on whatever Robin provided. And made sure it appeared as if I was enjoying myself. I twirled in my new skirts and dresses and reveled in whatever lingerie Robin provided. And I modeled everything for her and asked how I looked in each article of her clothing and took my time.

And so then we spent an hour or so going through her things which were too young for her with which she provided the beginnings of a wardrobe for my new girl self. And she kept me in character the whole time, having me try on everything and look at myself in the mirror and comment as if I were truly a girl about the fit and the look of the clothing and whether I liked it or not. She knew she was punishing me and she seemed to thrill from it and there was a slight smile on her face as she treated me like a younger girl and I had to respond as if I were that younger girl.

I could not leave character and I was not allowed to and could not think like I was or think of myself as a boy. I had to respond as if I liked nothing better than to try on skirts and blouses and nice dresses and lingerie. It was just humiliating. But I was already dressed in girl's clothing and was already feeling feminine due to all the female hormones coursing through my body and so it was not as difficult as one would imagine to think of myself as a girl and to behave as best as I could as I imagined a girl would react...It was just terribly humiliating.

Robin provided me with an expansive temporary wardrobe all of which fit me fairly well, thanks to my figure transformed by my cinched waist and glued on hips and butt.

For every day wear for this 18 year old boy-girl there were several pleated school girl type pleated skirts, which matched the one I was wearing and a couple of bibbed and pleated school girl type dresses. Then there were the blouses to wear with those skirts and dresses, feminine blouses which buttoned up the back and sported rounded collars. All of which together was very school girlie and would serve for everyday wear for this 18 year old well behaved girl.

For night time wear I was provided with several baby doll nighties, some of cotton and some of satin, with corresponding panties.

And there were some bathing suits and tennis outfits and gym outfits. I had to try them all on and model them all for Robin and seem happy with the clothing. I think the bathing suits were the worst, having to wear a female bathing suit for the first time was just another humiliation. I had to strip down to my panties and take off my bra and let my breasts hang and then put on the suite and then walk around in it to see how it moved with me. Robin was happy with the look and I got to keep a number of old fashioned one piece suits.

She mentioned bikinis but I told her my mother would not be happy about that, but that was after squealing like a young girl how wonderful that would be, but then bringing up the issue of my mom's conservatism on that issue and the fact that such a revealing suit might not work well with my glued on figure enhancers. Again Robin seemed to revel in that role playing. In fact she seemed to get a bit hot with it. Finally she told me, "Well for now the bikini might not

be a good idea. But not to worry, your figure will change with the hormones and you will develop some darling real breast and curves and then I am sure the bikini will work for you. I am going to love taking you to the beach and showing you off." I could not imagine the horror of that.

Then there was a black nylon dress Robin had worn when she had been a waitress, which she provided to me to wear when I had serious house cleaning to do. It also came with a waitress apron and corresponding lingerie, a black slip and black panties and a black satin bra. I realized that I would look like a maid when I wore it around the house to clean. I think that was the idea. Robin looking at me so dressed smiled and told me, "Why dear, if you can't be your mother's daughter she can still keep you around as her maid. You look wonderful in that outfit. It does bring out the maid in you." And later when Robin explained the dual nature of the outfit and told mother about the maid aspect mother thought it was a cute idea.

And to finish up there were a couple of special occasion dresses of stretch satin. One in pink stretch satin and one in red stretch satin, both with short skirts, one with a tight skirt and one with a skirt that flared out, each typical of what a young girl would wear to a party or to a dance. And there were the slips and panties and stockings that went with the dresses.

I am not sure that hand me down lingerie is typically supplied to a younger female cousin from an older female cousin but in this case Robin regaled in doing so. She wanted me in her underwear.

Robin had me down to my lingerie and had me try on everything. And I had to model each outfit for her and tell her if I liked it or not.

And of course she would not provide me with any slacks or masculine cut blouses.

I had just gotten into the last outfit I was given to try on, the pink satin special occasion dress I was given, when Aunt Laura called up from downstairs. She called, "Girls," and naturally I had to answer along with Robin, which pleased everyone. She told us that she and my mom were stepping out for an hour or so to meet with a voice coach who they had just gotten through to, a potential voice coach for me, and would return. I was told to be a good girl and to listen to my older cousin.

So there I was in that pink stretch satin party dress with the flared skirt underneath which I was wearing a pink satin slip and pink gartered nylons and the rest of my lingerie walking around in my pink patent leather pumps and I was left alone in the house with Robin. Robin waited for the front door to close and then put on some music, some slow dancing music. And looking at me in such an amorous fashion which really made me feel as if I was a girl, she told me, "You know Carol Ann you really are attractive in the outfit. Gosh I just want to eat you. And you are just so feminine I almost feel as if I am a lesbian. But I do know the truth about you."

Then she came over to me with a tube of pink lipstick and handed it to me and told me that my lips look dry and I needed to refresh my lipstick. Well I did as instructed. I took off the cap and turned the base of the lipstick tube and the pink lipstick appeared, like a you know what, and I went over to the vanity and looking in the mirror refreshed my pink lips with the lipstick. It was all very sensual. It really seemed to make Robin hot. I couldn't believe it.

I then faced her and I didn't know what to say. But I didn't have to say a thing. Robin told me, "You know you really look ready for a dance. And you are just so cute and girlish. I really just have to have a dance with you. I want to feel you close to me." And there was nothing I could do. Robin put her arms around me and pulled me close for a slow close dance. It was strange as she was leading, and started to dance slowly with me to the music. Well there was little I could do but respond. She was just at that moment overpowering and I was suddenly feeling very feminine in my outfit and high heels after having coated my lips with pink lipstick and with the feel of my stockings pulling against my garters and I was under her control as she led me around the room as we slow danced to the music.

I didn't fight it and I let her lead and danced in my high heels and dress as best as I could. But it didn't stop with the dance. She moved her hands to my behind and cupped each cheek as we danced. Well despite myself the feel of her hands, which I felt through my artificial glue-ons, on my satin covered behind, on my satin dress over my satin slip, over my satin stretch panties over my satin panties just felt wonderful. And as her hips ground into my front it was that wonderful slippery satin feeling and pressure on my front, sort of like doing it to myself but so much better. I found myself lost in the sensuality of my female lingerie, which had always been my turn on since my forced panty wearing days, and just trapped in a web of feeling feminine and comfortable feeling feminine. I was lost to the sensuality of it all....the sensuality of my female lingerie and having to act feminine while dressed from the skin out in satin, while being lovingly held by my dominating girlfriend.

Then Robin started nibbling on my ear and blowing into my ear and I was melting. And then the kissing started and I had no choice but to respond in like as I was overcome by the moment and I returned her passionate kisses.

That went on for a while with us moving to the music and Robin overpowering me with slow deep passionate kisses until I was turned on and responding with abandonment but docile like a teenage girl. Well she moved me to the bed and pushed me down on to it, where I stayed, out of breath and a bit mystified. Well I wasn't wondering for long. Once she had me down she kept me overcome as she reached under my dress and removed both of my panties. I by reflex struggled a bit but I was no longer a match for her strength.

I was helpless and at her mercy. She told me, "Sweet heart, now stop it. This is all part of your training. You need to know how a girl feels about these things and what a young girl goes through to please a date. So now just be a good girl or I will have to spank you before I take you and it will ruin my mood. And with a spanking you may lose your mood, though one never knows about these things. But this is not the time for us to experiment. And believe me you don't want to ruin my mood." And so I stopped my reflex struggle. Then she released my male aspect, I don't know how but she did and I felt that I was stiff and it was standing at attention. And it just felt wonderful to be freed like that.

Robin smiled down at me and told me, "This is wonderful. You are still useful. And if you are good about it and listen then I will see what I can do to keep you this way and useful to me. Otherwise I might as well let them finish the job of turning you into a com-

plete girl. I am sure your mother will find she does prefer you that way. After a while she is not going to have any use for you as a boy."

And so out of fear and out of pleasure I let Robin have her way with me. She finally pulled up my dress and slip exposing me to her and to myself. I was relieved to see I still had it and it still worked. She put the hem of my slip and skirt by my hands and told me to hold up my dress and I did. The feel of nylon and satin along with my exposure with my pulled up dress felt nice and sensual. Finally she used her knees to spread my legs and so there I was with my dress and slip pulled up exposing me, my panties gone, my legs spread apart and I looked and felt just like a girl being taken by her date. Except as the expression goes I was a girl with something extra; but since Robin was a real girl that worked out perfectly for us.

And Robin mounted me and slid down my wet stiffness. It felt wonderful. In fact I couldn't believe how wonderful it felt. It was the nicest I had ever felt. It was the nicest thing I had ever felt. I was a 26 year old virgin having real sex for the first time and being taken, not taking a girl, but being taken by a girl. And it was wonderful and it was slow and it was steady and because of the female hormones it took me a long - long time to release.

And as Robin moved up and down on me and eventually planted her passionate kisses on my lipstick covered lips I dropped my skirts and put my arms around her in abandonment of any masculinity on my part. And in pure submission I passionately hugged her and released her and hugged her again in time as she rode me. And when she had me on edge she seemed to know it and would stop and we would just

hug and kiss until I calmed and then she would start again.

She told me she loved me and that I would always be hers and I didn't know what to say. It was all too much for me to take in. And I sort of wept a bit like a girl. It must have been the effect of the hormones and of all the new feelings Robin was awakening in me. I went to say something but she just kissed me and then told me, "Don't say anything... just stay sexy for me. This is just wonderful. I can't explain how happy this all makes me."

So both Robin and I just had a wonderful time. And Robin was wonderful and kept pleasing me and herself for as long as I imagine it was possible; and then we eventually just came together. And I screamed, just like the girls do in the movies. And so did Robin. And I was exhausted and Robin stayed on me until there was nothing left for her to ride.

And I found that despite all she had put me through and the humiliation of it all, that I was in love, and I was in love with my tormentor. It was the nicest experience I ever had and I was in love with Robin. After all she had done to me to ruin my life I was never the less in love with her. Passion and sex is a strange animal.

Lying there exhausted Robin told me that she loved me. I was trying to tell her that at least I thought I might love her back, but was once having released I was just too embarrassed. Robin must have realized the situation for me. She told me, "I know this is a lot for you to take in. So for now you don't have to say a word. Just think about this all. And know that I will take care of you." So there was nothing for me to have said. And I didn't really know what to have said.

Then I cried just like a girl. Robin comforted me until I regained control over my emotions. After we had

relaxed Robin would not let me touch myself. She gently took me into the bathroom and undepressed me. Then she cleaned me off and showered me down and after drying me off packed me away again and so I was flat like a girl once more. Then she helped me get dressed in what had been her, and was then my teenage clothing.

Finally she broke the silence with, "Carol Ann you are a teenage girl again. But if you are a good girl... we can do this again." And right then and there I was figuring as I was stuck having to appear as a girl I was going to be the best girl I could be. The afterglow of our passion had re-emerged and I was under Robin's control and power. I would be a good girl. The sex had been that wonderful for me.

So after it was all over our relationship returned at least outwardly to that of an older female and younger female cousin. Robin packed all her gifts, the hand-me-downs to me, in a red suitcase; obviously a girl's suitcase and we brought them downstairs to show to our mothers, who were coming in the door as we walked downstairs.

And so ends Part II of *She Maid Me a Womanless Beauty Pageant Winner*. In part III the male Carol Ann is fully feminized as the female hormones start to fully take affect and feminize his body and he develops wonderfully sensitive breasts and attractive hips and a lovely posterior. And he just feels so different. And as the female hormones feminize his mind he finds himself acting based more and more on the emotional side of his thoughts and the feminine desire to please his mother. And those changes are complemented by his forced intensive training to be a girl. So Carol Ann finds that he is unable to automatically act like a male any longer. And he finds himself in many ways think-

ing as a female and finding it more and more difficult to think of himself as a male or to even think as a male. And mean while he is being taught to act like a girl, speak like a girl, model like a girl, learning to dance like a girl and wearing wonderful feminine outfits, learning all the typical female skills he will need to keep home for his mother, also working as a waitress, and doing charity work as a young girl. And all the while all know that underlying it all he is still a guy forced to masquerade as a girl.

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