

Stuck

By Cheryl Lynn

Christopher Lee was a scrawny seventeen years old. His mother was Caucasian and his father Asian and his features displayed that heritage. He took after his mother regarding his facial features and his father's raven black tresses and lack of body hair. He was five foot seven, weighed one hundred twenty pounds with his hair hanging just below collar length. He was a better than average student and enjoyed a healthy social and home life. His parents were happily married and, Alice, his girlfriend, had let him get to third base. Life was good and he was looking forward to his senior year when everything came crashing down.

They were driving home after spending the day at a balloon festival when they got caught in one of those nasty summer thunderstorms. The blinding rain and lightening caught them on the road with nowhere to pull over. His father touched the breaks to slow down. The car hydroplaned, spinning out of control sending it into a large oak. Chris didn't wake until two weeks later, his parents never would.

He was lucky. He was in the back seat, wearing his seatbelt and holding a very large pink teddy bear he had won at the festival. He couldn't wait to give it to Alice and the intimate thanks that would follow. His thoughts were focused on his reward when the car slammed into the tree. The accident claimed the life of his parents and he received a severe concussion and bruised shins. The teddy bear acted as a protective cushion saving his life.

His aunt, Christeen Biden, was his mother's older sister and being his only living relative, given custody over Chris' life and inheritance. She was a beautiful woman with long wavy ashen blond hair, sparkling cobalt blue eyes and curvaceous figure. She was always immaculately dressed and coiffed. Christeen was definitely a high maintenance woman with a cold calculating heart.

Christeen had gotten her wealth from her ex in a very nice settlement but that money was shrinking. She always had a tremulous relationship with her sister. She had been vehemently opposed to her sister's marriage and dropped all contact so Chris had never met her. She wouldn't have stepped in but when she discovered just how much money she would get control of made the sacrifice. The biggest problem she had with the arrangement was Christopher. It was her best friend, Susan, that had given her the idea of how to solve her dilemma. Christeen had called her to complain and was unloading on her about how devastating having a boy living with her would be.

Susan sympathized with her distraught friend and commented, "Darling it's a real shame Chris isn't a girl and I'm so sorry. At least if he were a young girl, you might have someone you could relate too." That conversation got her thinking.

If it hadn't been for all her ex's money, she never would have married and his mental and physical abuses left her detesting men. She much preferred the company of other socially equal ladies in her life. Bringing a young man into her life would be totally disruptive but the money made it worthwhile. All she had to do was figure some way to mitigate the disruption.

Chris wanted no part of his aunt and told her so. "I'm almost eighteen and old enough to be on my own. I'm considered an adult under the law and don't need you to be my baby sitter. When we meet with the lawyer I'm going to demand my emancipation and inheritance," he stated.

He was enraged over the way she had handled the funeral arrangements. The only public announcements of their deaths were the reports in the newspapers. Anyone that called or came by was rebuffed by Christeen. She told them that Christopher was too devastated and the funeral would be private. Over his vehement objections, she had them cremated and the ashes scattered in the wind. He would have done more if he could have but he was confined to bed rest. She made sure he stayed there by keeping him sedated. It wasn't until after the funeral that the sedatives were stopped and too late for him to interfere.

He wasn't stupid and did some research discovering that a judge could modify the will's requirement that he be twenty-one. He had thought Christeen was a beautiful woman when they first met at the hospital. It didn't take him long to realize what a real conniving bitch she was. When she put the house and all the contents up for sale, he was determined to stop her. He didn't want to move and he certainly didn't want to see the only home he had known sold. The house and contents held too many fond memories to go to some strangers. They had an appointment to settle all the legal issues with the lawyer handling the case. It was then that Chris planned on demanding emancipation. The only problem with his decision was telling Christeen.

When Chris revealed his plan in a fit of rage, she began her own research. Again her friend Susan was a big help by suggesting she contact Mademoiselle Boudreaux. Mademoiselle, as she preferred to be called, was a professional dominatrix specializing in humiliating and feminizing men. Not all of her clients were willing or volunteers. Many of her clients were sent to her by other dominant women or those that were just fed up dealing with a male family member. For those unwilling clients Mademoiselle made a very large amount of money. Her services were in such demand that she had set up a special school designed around turning unwilling male subjects into model girly-girls.

Christeen sent her as much information about Chris as she had along with several recent photographs. Between the two they came up with a plan that not only would keep Chris under control but for three years longer. Mademoiselle had told her how she could easily alter his age with a revised birth certificate and how to do it.

On the morning of their meeting with the lawyer, she emptied a capsule of Valium into his morning coffee. She had to support him as she took him into the master bath. There she stripped off his pajamas and sat him on the commode. It didn't take her long to shave what little hair he had on his legs, the thicker clumps under his arms and pubes. She filled the tub with bubble bath and assisted him with his bathing. Christopher was so far in la-la land that he didn't resist. She shampooed and conditioned his hair once she had him washed.

He could barely stand as she helped him out of the tub. She patted his skin dry, massaged baby oil into his skin and dusted him in slightly scented talc. She sat him back on the commode lid, grabbed a comb and scissors, parted the hair across his forehead and trimmed it just above his brows. Next, she turned him around to face the wall then sectioned and rolled hot rollers all around the base of his head. She didn't want to give it a lot of curl but enough so the ends would tuck under in a very juvenile page boy style. Satisfied, she helped him back out into the master bedroom where she had everything laid out.

A pair of white nylon brief styled panties with a cute pink bow centered on the waist, matching white camisole and thin white cotton socks were quickly put on. Getting him into the white cotton dress shirt and khaki shorts was a bit more difficult as he was too relaxed to help. To complete his dressing, she put a pair of baby blue sneakers on his

feet.

Christeen stepped back and observed what she had done and was very satisfied. She had used one of his father's larger shirts which made him look smaller. Once she brushed out his hair he would look more like a sissy fourteen year old or younger. There was the hint of baby oil and strawberries in the air around him which made the illusion all the more.

By the time they left for the lawyer's office, Chris wasn't totally out of it but too relaxed to offer much resistance. As he sat in a big overstuffed forest green leather chair, there was something gnawing at his mind. He just didn't have the energy to figure out what it was. He could see a balding old man wearing spectacles sitting behind a massive oak desk but couldn't focus. When he heard his name mentioned all he could do was nod his head. He tried to say something but it came out too slurred for anyone to understand.

"Is the boy sedated?" the lawyer asked.

"Yes he is. The poor dear was so despondent over the death of his parents that the doctor put him on tranquilizers. He assured me that it is only temporary. I'm sure a change in scenery will help him overcome his grief," she replied.

The lawyer had been appointed by the court to handle the case since no immediate family member had stepped forward and Chris was unconscious at the time. The lawyer when he retrieved the Last Will and Testament from the Clerk of Courts was surprised at the amount of money involved. As the appointed attorney of record, he would receive a percentage of the estate as compensation. The name of the attorney that filed the document wasn't contacted. As the court appointed lawyer, he would be well paid and didn't want to lose that income to another attorney. So without any other background information, he accepted what Christeen gave him at face value. The quicker he settled the matter the quicker he could bill the estate. He had no reason or incentive not to complete the legal documents declaring Christopher Lee, fourteen years of age, to be the legal ward of one Christeen Biden until he reached the age of majority four years hence. Christeen would remain in control of the estate until Chris became twenty-one. That decision would give Christeen seven years to milk the estate.

Christeen left the office millions of dollars richer and the guardian of a fourteen year old boy. With legal documents in hand, she decided that they would leave for her place the next morning. The sale of the house and its contents would be left to the real estate agent. To be safe she would keep him drugged until they were out of the state and in her own home.

Ooo

Christeen had a nice house on the outskirts of San Francisco. Chris had slept during the long flight and was still dazed when they arrived. For the trip she dressed him in the same clothing he had worn to the lawyer's office. However she did make a few modifications to his appearance. The dress shirt was replaced by a translucent white capped sleeved blouse with a small round collar and pink floral embroidery on the bodice. She added a white satin training bra which was partially visible through the blouse. The cotton socks were replaced with white nylon knee highs. In addition to the clothing changes, she added a touch of glossy buttercup pink lipstick with matching polish on his finger nails and sweet floral perfume.

For the trip Christeen wore a low round necked red and white polka dotted sun dress. Her makeup was flawless. She wanted to look her best to draw attention away from

her drugged charge. If anyone should ask why the young girl looked dazed, she had a ready answer. Her niece had a terrible fear of flying and needed to be tranquilized for the trip. Chris did get a few looks but no one questioned them.

Susan met them at the airport where she greeted Christeen with a big hug and kiss to the lips. She was wearing tight white leather leggings, a bulky long sleeved bright pink cowl necked angora sweater and expensive UGG boots. Her raven hair was loosely piled up on top of her head held in place with a large silver banana clip. She was beautiful, a black haired carbon copy of Christeen. The big difference between the two was that Susan was still married. Hers was a marriage of convenience. Her husband was old money. He was also a closet homosexual and needed Susan as both eye candy and cover.

“Christeen darling, it’s so good to have you back. Ohhh, I see you took my advice. He’s absolutely precious. We’re going to have so much fun with him I can’t wait,” she gushed reaching down and lifting Chris’ chin.

“I can’t begin to tell you how glad I’m back sweetie. He may look precious to you but that’s only because he’s sedated at the moment. He can be a real handful when awake. Did you get the restraints and the baby reins like I asked? Good, come on, I want to get out of here before our darling can give us any trouble,” Christeen replied.

The old Victorian styled house was a six bedroom, three and a half bath and fully modernized. The décor reflected Christeen’s femininity with lots of soft pastels, plush throw rugs and antique rosewood furniture. The large hardwood floored room she led Chris to was painted an egg shell white with lavender, lilac and pink floral border. A white enameled wrought iron queen sized bed with cream colored satin sheets, white pillowed satin comforter decorated in a lilac and lavender floral design, four pillows covered with rose buds and lace pillow shams. A white two drawer bedside table had a brass lamp with small white pleated shade, alarm clock and small pink cut crystal bowl containing artificial lilacs sitting on top. A large white eight drawer dresser was off to the side and had a beautiful ceramic Victorian doll on top. Against the other wall was a white lighted five drawer vanity table with a soft pink satin box pleated skirt and matching satin covered bench seat. The window had cream satin drapes and the walls had large framed pictures of elegantly dressed and coiffed young ladies. The room smelled of lavender and lilac. It was a room that would delight any young lady.

Chris gazed with glassy eyed horror at the room he was led into. *“Ohhhmyyygawd! This can’t be. I don’t want to stay here much less with her but I’m so tired. I feel as weak as a kitten. Got to get away,”* he thought sluggishly as he tugged at the hand holding his.

“It looks like he’s starting to come around Christeen. What do you want to do?” Susan said holding his hand tighter.

“We have a lot to do yet. Let me give him another pill. Hold his nose so I can pop the pill into his mouth,” she replied as Chris tried to resist.

“No, no don’t wan...no more...pills,” he mumbled then clinched his teeth.

“Don’t worry Chris, after today I won’t need to do this,” she said.

As soon as he was back in la-la land he was taken into the bathroom. The room was large, decorated in pink and white. A white enameled footed tub/shower filled one side and a long twin basin mirrored counter was on the other. The floor was covered in pink tile with a large furry white throw rug covering most of it. A white commode with pink fuzzy seat cover was at the end of the counter. Opposite the commode was a large linen closet.

Chris was stripped except for the training bra and sat with his legs spread on the commode seat. Susan handed her a box she had taken out of her hobo purse. Christeen took it with a broad smile and removed the contents. It didn't take her long to push his testicles back up inside his body and secure the flesh colored chastity devise.

Mademoiselle had this device made to her specifications. It was made of stainless steel covered in an inert material and seldom needed to be removed for sanitary reasons. The chastity consisted of an inverted "V" plate to which a bent tube was secured. Three thin stainless straps coated in the same inert material connected in the small of the back to a small circular ratchet driven plate. With the straps connected to the ratchet plate, a special key would be used to tighten them securely. What made the device devious were the tube's barbs. While not sharp enough to cut would prove to be most painful. These barbs served two purposes. One was to prevent erections and the other to hold the flaccid penis in place. With it fastened only the round head of Chris' penis was exposed bent back between his legs and the plate presented a flat front.

"There, out of sight out of mind," Christeen said as she tapped his covered groin with her long red nails.

"He's not going to be happy when he finds out what you've done," Susan giggled.

"No but when he understands that I hold the only means to get it off, he'll be more controllable. Come on, let's get him ready for bed," she replied.

Back in the bedroom they placed him on the bed. Susan opened one of the drawers in the bureau and removed a thick terry diaper and translucent lavender plastic panties with several rows of pink lace frills across the back. Diapered, Christeen pulled a diaphanous chocolate colored empire cut chiffon and nylon baby doll nightie over his head. Its puffed sleeves were decorated in white floral lace and small satin bows. The round neckline was frilled with ruffled white floral lace and a larger white satin bow with long streamers at the center. His hands were incased in white satin balls and tied at the wrists with chocolate colored satin ribbon. A white chiffon sleep cap with chocolate satin ribbons was put on his head. Susan took a large pacifier from her purse and secured it in place with a pink ribbon tie. The mouth guard was in the shape of large red lips and the nipple was a fat three inches long. His right ankle was secured to the bed with a white leather cuff and small chromed chain that attached to the foot of the bed. The satin sheet and comforter was pulled up to his chin and they left him to sleep.

Ooo

Christeen and Susan sat on the plush sofa sharing a bottle of Chablis. "You know that when he awakens he is gonna be one pissed off kid. I understand the chastity but why on earth would you want to change messy diapers?" Susan asked.

"Mademoiselle recommended it. She told me that there is nothing more mortifying for a young man than to be stuck in messy diapers while dressed like a baby girl. According to her, it should break his spirit in a few weeks. The chastity will let him know that I control him. The diapers will let him know just how much I do control his life. Once he understands that, it will be a lot easier to make him do everything that I demand. As a matter of fact, when I bring him to Mademoiselle's for the first time dressed as a little girl in diapers, whatever disobedience left will evaporate. That's the plan anyway. By the way, I won't be changing him. You'll have to do it the first few times. Don't give me that look. He knows me but having a stranger change his diapers

will be more humiliating according to Mademoiselle. Besides, I know how much you will enjoy it. After he's been broken we can do away with them," Christeen answered.

"I'm not thrilled by the prospect of changing messy diapers but admit I will love seeing him humiliated. You just have to promise me that after this I still get to play with him," Susan replied.

"You were a beautician before you found true love weren't you? So sure make him as girlish as you possibly can. That's what I want in any case," Christeen said.

Susan broke out in a fit of giggles, "Yeah, true love, that's a good one. If Ralph didn't have to appear at his brokerage firm every day, I would seriously consider sending him to see Mademoiselle. Okay, I'll change him a few times as long as I get to play with him," she answered.

Ooo

Christopher lay in bed staring up at the ceiling. He had been up for some time and had the chance to see what had been done to him. His first reaction when he noticed the bulky diaper between his legs was to pull it off. However, after a futile struggle, gave up in disgust. The satin ball mittens he wore prevented any possibility of success. When he tried to remove the pacifier all he managed was to move it slightly from side to side. He then turned his attention to the soft silky nightie. Wearing such a feminine garment made his stomach turn and he wanted it off. Again the mittens ended those efforts as well. When he attempted to remove the diaper he saw the leather cuff and chromed chain binding him to the bed. All he could do was wait for somebody to come and free him. As he waited he thought of a number of very unkind and blasphemous commentaries he was going to make.

There was only dim light in the room with the curtains drawn. He couldn't see much of the details. He wrinkled his nose at the heavy floral scent. What details he could make out sent a shiver up his spine. Everything he saw and smelled told him that he was in a very feminine room. He wasn't up long before the urge to urinate made itself known. When it got to the point where he could hold it no longer, he yelled out. He yelled and screamed but only muffled sounds came out. Squeezing his eyes tightly closed and with no other choice, he let the flow go. He peed for what felt like forever and when he finished, his diaper was saturated. When the hot urine cooled then became cold, he began to whimper. Telling himself that he had no choice didn't ease the embarrassment. His tears only made it worse.

Finally the door opened and the lights turned on. A woman entered that wasn't his aunt and increased his humiliation. "*It's bad enough having to face my diabolical aunt but a total stranger...I don't know if I can stomach it. Damn, I can't pull up the covers with these infernal mittens. Oh, shit, she's seen me,*" he thought.

"Hello sweetie, I'm Susan. We met at the airport yesterday. You were a little sleepy so I don't guess you remember me. Well I'm here to get you out of bed and ready to meet the day. Did you make wetties in your diapers? Aunt Susan will change you then get you into a nice hot bubble bath. How does that sound?" she said smiling broadly.

Chris tried to scoot out of the reach of the woman but between the satin mittens and satin sheets, he just wiggled in place. He watched in horror as the woman reached out and stuck her fingers into the diaper. He had never been so mortified. His body flushed bright pink as Susan removed her fingers.

"Oh you are wet and I bet you would really like to get out of those diapers. Before I do that Chrissie, I need to make sure you will cooperate. Are you going to be a good baby and do what I say?" she asked as she removed the pacifier.

“Get these fucking diapers off me! I’m not some little baby and my name is Christopher bitch! Where’s my stuff? Get this damn cuff off my leg and these fucking mittens off my hands. Then get the fuck out!” he screamed in both anger and embarrassment.

“Chrissie is that any way to talk to your Auntie Susan? Such a cranky baby you are this morning. If you are going to act that way, you can just stay in that wet diaper. Maybe later when you behave I’ll come back and change you,” she said replacing the pacifier and walked out of the room.

Christopher banged his hands on the mattress as fresh tears flowed down his cheeks. Slowly his embarrassment and anger changed to fear. *“I can’t get this damn cuff off and my hands are useless. What if she doesn’t come back? What if I’m left here? They can’t just leave me here like this, can they? Shit I’m so fucked,”* he thought.

He was uncomfortable as the nightie was twisted around his body fully exposing his diapered groin. To make matters worse, he had a growing urge to take a big dump. Susan had left the light on and seeing how girly the room was didn’t ease his fears. He was all boy and being in such feminine surroundings only increased his fear. The clock on the bedside table seemed to take forever to tick off the minutes as he lay helpless on the bed. With each passing minute, his fear and confusion grew.

“Why are they doing this to me? Why am I in a fucking diaper and dressed like this? Why this room? What is that bitch trying to do to me? Hell, I don’t even know where the fuck I’m at. I remember something about being on a plane but that’s about it. Where am I?” his mind asked but there were no answers.

He was clutching his butt cheeks together trying not to mess the saturated diaper. Just when he thought he couldn’t hold back any longer, the door opened and Susan walked in.

“Are you ready to be a good baby girl for me now or do I walk back out the door?” she asked standing just inside the room with her hands on her hips.

“If I don’t agree I’m going to shit all over myself and I don’t want to be left waiting another three hours like that,” he thought as he nodded his head.

It didn’t take Susan long to free him from his restraint but left the mittens and pacifier. A quick thought about making a break for it entered his mind but was dismissed. Once he had his legs draped over the edge of the bed, Susan put a pair of clear plastic open toed mules with a pink powder puff on the toe and three inch heels on his feet. With the shoes on, he wobbled, his ankles threatening to buckle on him. Susan’s supporting hand steadied him as she instructed him on how to walk in heels.

Slowly they made their way to the bathroom. Susan smiled as she took her time helping him out of his shoes and nightie. *“A wet diaper I can handle but I’m not so sure about a messy one but Christeen said it would be better if he did. From the way he is acting I think he’s about to do that too,”* she thought folding the nightie.

Christopher was clenching his cheeks as tight as he could, a grimace on his face. **“Come on bitch, hurry the fuck up. I’ve got to go now,”** his mind screamed as Susan took her time undressing him.

“Oh my, what a sour look you have. I bet a nice tickle will put a smile on that pretty face,” Susan said gleefully.

“No, no, please, I have to use the toilet now,” he mind yelled in panic as only mumbled nonsense could be heard through the pacifier.

Susan reached out and began tickling his rib cage. “Aren’t you just the cutest little girl, yes you are. Oh you like the tickle fairy don’t you. I see that smile oh yes I do. Come on sweetie give your Auntie Susan nice big smiley faces, come on, you can do it,” she teased.

It didn’t take her long before he suddenly stiffened, a look of complete disbelief forming on his face. Then as his disbelief turned into a pasty white look of horror she knew he had filled his diaper. Tears began flowing freely down his cheeks and the ashen color quickly changed to a bright pink.

“Has little Chrissie had an accident? You poor thing, here let me help you step into the tub and we’ll get you all cleaned up,” she said taking his hand. Once in the tub Susan had him hold his hands over his head, cuffed them then hung the chain over the shower rail securing him in place. Before she removed his plastic pants and very messy diaper she gave his bottom several good squeezes. The look in his eyes as she did that sent a jolting thrill up her spine.

“Oh my gawd, what a charge seeing him grimace and wiggle like that. It must be so mortifying for him feeling that mess moving around in his diaper. This is going to be more fun than I thought,” she mused as she removed the plastic panties and then the diaper.

“Baby girl made a really stinky diaper didn’t she?” she said pulling the shower nozzle from the bracket and turning on the water.

“Can this get any worse? I’ve never been so embarrassed in my life and what’s with all this baby girl bull shit? Damn, at least she could have let the water get warm before hosing me down,” he thought blushing even brighter as his body twisted and turned.

Susan quickly rinsed, freed him from his shackles and mittens then had him dispose the soiled diaper. Once he had the tub scrubbed clean, Chris was told to fill it. As the tub was filling Susan dumped several capfuls of floral scented oil and bubble bath beads into it. Putting on a white plastic apron she instructed Christopher to get in.

As Susan’s attention was on adding the fragrant lotions to the bath, Chris thought about pushing past her and escaping. However he was naked, didn’t know where he was and she was bigger. He might get away but there was Christeen to consider. He decided to wait until he had a better knowledge of where he was and some decent clothing before making an escape. So he stood, fists clenched in frustration at his side as the room filled with the aroma of lilacs and lavender.

It wasn’t until he squatted down into the bath that Chris noticed the chastity device. He squatted half in and half out of the bubble filled tub trying to comprehend what had been done.

“What the fuck! What has my crazy aunt done to me now?” flashed through his mind as Susan’s laughter echoed in his ears.

“Christeen get in here! You’ve just got to see the look on your nephew’s face. It’s priceless,” Susan shouted.

By the time Christeen entered Chris was sitting in the tub crying. “So Chrissie you discovered that I have put you into chastity. Maybe now you’ll understand who’s in charge around here. That device won’t be coming off unless I decide to take it off. If you try to remove it, I can promise you that it will prove to be impossible. Without the key, the only way you’ll get it off is with a blow torch and that will be very, very painful. I suggest you behave and do what Auntie Susan tells you. When you are finished up in here, we’ll have a little talk and I’ll explain just how things are going to be,” she said.

As soon as he was bathed, his hair shampooed and conditioned Susan immediately replaced the white satin mittens on his hands. Disabled, she removed the pacifier to brush his teeth, clean out his ears and apply a floral scented body lotion with a dusting of floral talc. His protests of being doused in the feminine smelling lotion were stopped when she replaced the pacifier. Wrapping the towel around his upper body, she led him back into the bedroom. During the entire process Christopher couldn't stop the tears falling down his cheeks.

A pink plastic covered changing mat had been left out on the made bed along with a fresh snow white cloth diaper, soaker pad, baby powder, pale yellow with white daisy print diaper cover, a yellow satin training bra and yellow with large white polka dot sun dress were neatly placed nearby. The chastity device had momentarily taken the fight out of Chris and he allowed Susan to dress him in the infantile dress. After she put a pair of white leather strappy sandals on his feet with a two inch heel, she led him over to the vanity. Using a hairdryer and bristle brush she quickly styled his hair into floppy pig tails tied off with yellow satin ribbon bows. Attaching a pink baby harness around his chest, she guided him out of the room.

"Chrissie baby you're going learn how to respond in your baby harness. When I pull back you stop immediately. When I pull the left rein turn to your left and the same if I pull the right, understand? Goodie, now let's go see your auntie in the kitchen."

They found Christeen sitting in the kitchen sipping a cup of tea. She was wearing a silk champagne colored lounging outfit and three inch silver spiked heels. Her makeup and hair was done as if she were planning an evening out. She smiled broadly as Susan led a forlorn looking Chris into the room.

"I guess we had better set some ground rules Chrissie dear. First, you will do everything I or Aunt Susan tell you if you ever want to get out of those diapers. Additionally, you will only be fed baby food and treated as a toddler during that time. Until I'm assured that you are obedient and do as you are told without complaint, you will not only wear but use those diapers. Is that understood? I'm gong to have your Aunt Susan remove your pacifier but if I hear one cuss word it goes back in," she said when everyone was seated.

"Yo...you can't be serious? I'm almost a grown man and this has to be illegal. You can't do this to me! Let me go right now and I won't press any charges. All I want is to be as far away from you as possible," Chris replied flabbergasted that she would even suggest such a thing.

His response was met with laughter from both women. When they stopped, Christeen glared at him and snapped, "Look Chrissie, I can damn well do anything I damn well please with you. I have a court order placing you under my care plus no one knows where you are or for that matter that you even exist. You are in my house now! You will do what I tell you and do it happily or wind up being treated like a fucking baby until you forget ever being who you are. From now on you are Chrissie my fourteen year old niece and will behave accordingly! If not, then you can be my one year old baby niece. In either case the choice is up to you. Be treated like a baby or a young lady. Those are your only choices."

Chris sat, his mouth opening and closing but no words came out. He couldn't believe what he had just heard but then his anger gave him voice. "You fucking bitch! I won't allow it. I'll find some way to get away then you...", he yelled but quickly silenced as Susan popped the pacifier back into his mouth and tied it securely behind his head.

"Oh Chrissie you have so much to learn. Auntie Susan, why don't you take our little

baby girl back to her room for a nap. She seems a bit cranky,” Christeen said smiling wickedly.

The next three weeks passed in a full blown nightmare for Christopher. His mornings started with a diaper change, being bathed and redressed in toddler attire suitable for a very frilly fussy little girl. His meals were force fed and the bottles filled with baby formula. He was never allowed out of some form of restraint except for his baths. After being cleaned up and fed in the mornings, he was secured inside a padded play pen filled with stuffed animals and dolls. Children’s cartoons and shows were his only entertainment. In less than three days the sound of Barney’s voice made his stomach turn. His diapers were changed after a miserable lunch and given a two hour nap. Upon awakening, if he hadn’t messed his diapers, was taken back to his playpen. After the second day he was messing and wetting his diapers frequently. Christeen was giving him diuretics and laxatives without his knowledge. His accidents were really beginning to scare him. He was given an evening bath, rubbed down with moisturizers, dressed in a frilly baby doll nightie and put to bed no later than seven each night.

Every fifth day he was coated from his neck down in depilatory cream to make sure he stayed hair free. To make matters worse, Aunt Susan had dyed his hair into a soft auburn with blond highlights, gave him a perm so that his long hair now hung down in tubular bouncy curls and plucked his brows into high feminine arches. Despite what they were doing to him Christopher stayed belligerent and refused to give in to Christeen’s demands.

Going into his fourth week of enforced babyhood, his determination was beginning to crumble. A bout with diaper rash didn’t help in keeping his resolve. Plus his inability to control either his urine or bowel movements was seriously worrying him. He was becoming afraid of what would happen if he kept refusing. Every Friday afternoon Christeen would ask him if he were ready to cooperate and become a big girl. He had been treated like a one year old for three weeks, he was weakening but refused. The next morning Aunt Christeen and Aunt Susan took him to spend some time with Mademoiselle.

“Since you absolutely refuse to grow up Chrissie, I think after spending some time at Mademoiselle’s you’ll change your mind. If you don’t then I will have to assume that you want to stay my little diapered girl.”

When the women came to pick him up that next Friday, Christopher was eager to beg his Auntie to let him grow up. He’d do anything to get away from that place. He had been given enemas, diaper changes, spankings, and forced to play with dolls in front of other people. He spent time with other “little gurlie-girls” holding hands and even kissing each on the lips. It was humiliating just being seen dressed as he was but mortifying in front of others. Having to hold hands and kiss the other little boi-girls, some whom were more than twice his age, was nauseating and repugnant.

Ooo

“Christeen your Chrissie is a delight, so stubborn and resistant but I think ready to submit. With work he will make a very passable young lady. I’m really looking forward to his enrollment in my Level 1 class. Shall we go into the playroom and see if your little darling is ready to agree,” Mademoiselle said as they watched him through the plate glass window.

Christopher was sitting on the rug playing with some paper dolls. A pot of glue and elementary school scissors by his side as he pasted a dress on his doll. Four other

little gurlie-girls were doing the same. They were all dressed in brightly colored satin little girl party dresses and contrasting crinolines. As soon as he saw his aunties, a hope that they would take him away from this horrid place came to life. While he hated having to give in to his evil Aunt's demands, anything was better than this.

"Well Chrissie are you ready to become a young lady or do you wish to stay a little girl? You may remove your pacifier dear," Christeen asked.

The little girls at Mademoiselle's were forbidden to remove their pacifiers without permission. All the little girls learned that rule quickly as the punishment was most painful. Forgetting the rule resulted in having a small perfumed bar of soap to suck on. Christeen was amused to see that the rubber tit of the pacifier was in the shape of an erect penis.

"Please Auntie Christeen, please let me be a young lady and take me away from here. I promise to be good," he answered almost sounding eager.

"Chrissie I only want the best for you. Of course I will let you become a young lady but.....if you don't apply yourself to become a proper young lady then its right back into diapers. Do you promise to do as you are told promptly and enthusiastically?"

"Oh yes Auntie I promise," he seriously replied. Mentally Christopher was resigned to doing whatever his Aunt wanted. He knew he couldn't make it another day being treated as a baby.

"Very well then. Since we are already here, I think a trip to Mademoiselle's beauty salon and boutique is in order. Come along Chrissie," Christeen said.

Auntie Susan took his hand and led him down the hallway. As they entered the old fashioned nineteen fifties styled salon, Christopher was shocked. The surprise didn't necessarily come for the strong smell of ammonia and hairspray rather what was happening in the first styling chair.

It was occupied by a young boy wearing blue jeans, tee shirt and well-worn sneakers. Half of his head was wound tightly into horizontal rows on small bright pink curlers. A large big boned woman in a white nylon uniform stood behind placing another curler onto a section of hair.

The boy had tears flooding down his cheeks and was pleading with his mother. "Mom, please you have to stop this. I promise to be good and not tease my sisters anymore. I swear, just don't give me a perm. The guys at school will kill me."

"Billy, you keep this up and I promise before we leave here you'll not only have a nice tight perm but wearing a pretty frock to school. I've warned you for the last time about your behavior so stop your sniveling and behave," his mother stated.

"Oh yes, mommy. Let's get him that pink party dress with all those fluffy white petticoats we saw when we came in," a younger girl in pigtails said gleefully standing at the woman's side.

Christopher had stopped in his tracks hearing that exchange. A picture of that boy's face with a head full of Shirley Temple curls sent a chill down his spine. Susan gave his hand a tug, breaking him from that thought as he began walking.

"It's bad enough wearing diapers and this silly little girl's dress. I just hope Auntie Christeen doesn't plan on giving me a permanent like that. Man, I feel really sorry for that kid though. Oh shit, I'm peeing my diaper just thinking about having to go to school looking like this," he thought.

He was seated in a pink leatherette styling chair and a vivid pink drape was tied around

his neck. As his stylist, a large Afro-American conferred with his Aunties, Christopher stared at a young girl across from him. She appeared to be Christopher's age, wearing a white translucent blouse and black mid-calf length skirt. What drew attention was her beautifully made up face and scowl. She didn't look at all happy as the stylist removed her drape.

"Now George smile and thank Miss. Thelma. I think she did a lovely job on that short hair of yours," a grandmotherly looking woman admonished.

"George? *Oh my gawd, that's a guy,*" Christopher thought. "*And I thought she was hot?*"

As George stood a bit wobbly in three inch heeled black patent pumps, Christopher had to blink hard. A black camisole frilled with lace and the straps of a black bra were clearly visible through the blouse. From the neck down he looked like a small breasted female. While the short pixie cut and makeup indicated female, the face was boyish. The nose and chin a tad too large and the lips too thin. When he thanked Miss. Thelma, the voice was definitely male though spoken softly.

"*Is that what I asked Auntie Christeen to do to me? Oh crap, what have I gotten myself into?*" he thought as the grandmother took George by the arm and led him off.

"Hurry up George, we don't want to be late for your Level 1 class," was the last he heard as they departed.

"Chrissie, Miss. Jo-el will style your hair and you will do whatever she tells you without complaint. While she is doing that your Auntie Susan and I have some business to conduct with Mademoiselle," Christeen said bringing him out of his thoughts.

Christeen's comment did nothing to ease his nervousness but nodded his head in answer. The stylist immediately began working on his collar length hair using a straight razor.

Seeing the razor Chris froze. "*I've never had anyone cut my hair with a razor. Hold still she said. Like I'm going to move with her holding that razor,*" he thought.

"It's a good thing your hair has such thickness and body," was all she said as she worked.

When she finished with the razor cut, his auburn hair was in a thick pixie wedge cut. His sideburns trimmed into sharp "V's." He thought she was finished and started to get up but stopped as she pressed his shoulders down.

"Aint finished yet girlie-boy. That auburn dye job needs some major work. Ya jest sits tight," she admonished.

His aunties returned just as Miss. Jo-el was removing his drape. Christopher's hair was now a ginger blonde. His nails sported half inch extensions varnished a vivid plum that matched his toes. A cosmetologist had applied a heavy evening makeup. Black liquid eyeliner was extended past the corners giving his eyes an almond look. Purple blended into lavender finished with pink eye shadows made his eyes pop. His complexion was smooth and softly toned with foundation and powder. The cheek bones emphasized with dusty rose blush. His lips glistened in a wet plum lipstick. The most painful of his makeover was the waxing of his brows into high feminine arches. The tears brimming his eyes weren't from the waxing, rather seeing the surprisingly pretty girl's face in the mirror.

"Oh Chrissie you look absolutely stunning," Christeen gushed pulling a hand up to her lips.

“Whoever said you can’t make a silk purse out of a cow’s ear,” Auntie Susan added as they reached the trembling boy.

“*I look like a total freak!*” Chris thought as he looked into the full length mirror. Reflected back was from the neck up a very pretty teenaged girl. From the neck down he looked like an overly large little girl wearing a diaper.

“Chrissie, give Miss. Jo-el a nice curtsey and tell her how much you just love what she has done,” Christeen ordered.

Chris looked at his Aunt confused. “*Curtsey? I don’t know how to curtsey and who does that anymore?*” he thought.

Seeing that he had no idea of what she asked, shrugged her shoulders, sighed and said, “Never mind, it’s obvious you’re in desperate need of Mademoiselle’s etiquette and behavior class. Thank you so much Jo-el, he looks fantastic. Come along Chrissie, we need to stop at the boutique before we head home.”

Mademoiselle’s boutique was just down the hall. Though somewhat small contained a vast amount of clothing. Everything from the frilliest lingerie to the finest ball gowns. Most of the lingerie and foundations were modern vintage styled. The lingerie was soft and slinky, flowing like water over the hands. The foundations while visually pretty, confining and restrictive. Some of the girdles even had pink rubber lining that would prove most uncomfortable. There were racks and racks of skirts and fancy blouses, dresses from simple A-lines to elaborate bridal gowns. The few slacks on display would never pass as men’s wear fitting tight at hips and groin flowing into wide flared cuffs.

As they entered an older woman with gray hair fashioned into an elaborate Gibson Girl style greeted them. She was wearing a crème semi-sheer long sleeved blouse with high collar accented with a cameo and lacy jabot. Her straight skirt was black satin and reached to mid-calf. The shoes matched her blouse and had five inch spiked heels. Her makeup was understated except for a too red rouge on the cheeks and scarlet red glistening lipstick.

“Hello, welcome to Mademoiselle’s boutique. I’m Ruth and at your service. How may I help you ladies today?” she greeted in a surprisingly deep voice.

“Yes, we need to get my Chrissie here his level 1 ensemble and I think some basic lingerie,” Christeen answered cheerily.

“Of course Madam. First, I need to get his measurements. If you’ll please follow me,” Ruth said turning toward the changing rooms.

To Be Continued...