

Sugar and Spice



Cheryl Lynn

A "Spectrum Tv" Novel

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Cheryl's Sugar and Spice

By Cheryl Lynn

What are little girls made of? Why sugar and spice of course.

What are little boys made of? Why stiff crinolines and pretty frocks of course.

Taylor Learns About Tradition

Taylor Johnson was seventeen, a senior, looking forward to graduation. He was popular, good looking but not a “Man’s man” in build and had numer-

ous girlfriends. He was an excellent swimmer, spring board diver and participated on the school's team which kept him toned but not muscled. He grew up in middle class America. His father married an Asian girl much against her family's wishes. He had inherited his mother's black eyes and raven black hair. He had no signs of facial and little body hair.

Everything was fine until during the holidays when his parents were brutally murdered during a robbery. They owned a quickie-mart type of gas station and the holidays were both a good and bad time. Good because business was booming but bad as holdups were more frequent and dangerous. His father had no living relatives being and only son of an only son. His mothers were estranged and they hadn't spoken since the marriage. All except for her older sister but that was limited to phone conversations and seldom got together. Her sister Lhan, hated his father and especially the mixed race child she bore but loved her little sister.

The first time Taylor met his Aunt was at the funeral. She looked like his mother only five years older. However her personality was one hundred eighty degrees different. His mother had been loving, kind hearted and outgoing. Lhan was stern, reserved and very cold towards him. She made it very plain that it was only a matter of honor and promise to her sister that made her take him in. If she didn't he would be forced into foster care until he turned eighteen.

He knew enough about the system to know he didn't want to go there. The estate was large due to a hefty insurance settlement and sale of the business. Under state law, since he had assets, those

assets would be held in trust by the State. Any costs associated with being in foster care plus administrative fees would be deducted from that trust. Plus a school friend in the system told him horror stories of his experiences. While he didn't like his Aunt from the limited contact, he agreed to become her ward and administrator of his estate.

He had two hopes as he packed his suitcase, all that Lhan would agree for him to take. Everything else in the house was sold, went to charity or the dump. One was that his Aunt would become nicer as they got to know one another. The other was that she would treat his estate better than the State would have.

Ooo

Lhan, because she kept in contact with her sister, was also estranged from her father and three brothers. She was forced to move out of the family house because of her stubborn refusal to stop talking with her sister. Despite her husband's disapproval her mother, Dhin, wasn't about to lose her only remaining daughter. She was happy to talk and send money but tradition mandated that she not actually see her ostracized child.

Lhan worked at a nail salon and poor enough to qualify for subsidized housing and food stamps. If it hadn't been for her mother's financial assistance she never would have made ends meet. Now with control of Taylor's estate she could end that dependence and do what she wanted. The first thing she did was buy a nice big house; four bedrooms and three baths with a large kitchen and den - in an upscale subdivision, to be exact. She spent lavishly

on the oriental furnishings and décor but not on Taylor's room: His walls were painted a pinkish-white, with beige carpet - and the only window treatment was some dark pink and white pinstriped drapery. Taylor's room had a simple twin bed with a bedside table and on that table was a ceramic lamp and an alarm clock. A dresser, small vanity and padded stool completed the furnishings.

She did that as Taylor was finishing up his fall semester. He was currently staying with his best friend but once school let out for the New Year break he was moving in with her. He wasn't happy about the move but Lhan was looking forward to it. She had carefully planned how she would rid the world of that mixed race abomination that was her nephew. His birth had brought great sham to her family. Despite her love for her sister couldn't abide even the knowledge he existed. Lhan wasn't going to murder the boy but replace him. Destroying his identity and sense of self would accomplish the same thing. She would bring honor back to the family and get some use out Taylor in the process.

Ooo

She was waiting for him in her new sliver Mercedes, another recent splurge, in the driveway. When he came out the house, she forced a smile for the sake of his friend's family. Earlier she had refused to enter when they asked saying she didn't have the time. She popped the trunk telling him to put his suitcase there and get into the back seat. She kept the smile frozen on her face until she was back out on the street.

“Taylor you live under Lhan’s rules now. You call me Madam Lhan to show proper respect due one older than you. You no speak unless I ask you. You do what I say or I punish. Simple rules, you obey,” she bluntly stated.

“Fuck! What a way to start! So much for her liking me any better. Mom told me her family was very conservative and traditional but I never knew what she meant. Guess I can put up with her shit for a while. I’ll be eighteen in less than a year and free to do what I want. At least when I go, I should have most of my money. That lawyer said her expenses from the trust had to be submitted for review, so she shouldn’t be able to squander it away,” he thought as he settled down for the long six hour drive.

He was tired when the car finally pulled up into the driveway. He hopped out, happy to stretch his legs. Grabbing his trunk followed his aunt into the house.

“New car, new house and furniture from the looks of it. I hope that lawyer knew what he was talking about how the trust would check all the expenses,” he thought seeing the elaborately decorated and furnished inside.

Entering what was to be his room he was surprised seeing how Spartan it was compared to the rest of the house. It was a bit on the feminine side for his tastes and he wondered why a vanity table was there but not overly upset. As far as he was concerned a room was a room. He’d get new posters of his favorite athletes on the walls and make it look manlier. The vanity could be moved to another room. The curtains changed so he didn’t complain.

“You unpack, I make dinner,” Lhan said breaking him from his thoughts.

It was early evening and he was hungry. The beef jerky and chips he picked up when she stopped for gas weren't very filling. A good dinner certainly sounded great. It didn't take him more than a few minutes to unpack and go to the kitchen.

Ooo

Lhan poured the brown liquid into Taylor's tea and fish soup. She had gotten the mixtures in Chinatown from a wizened old medicine man. He didn't question what she wanted it for but did charge her a large sum of money. She just finished putting the food on the kitchen table when Taylor walked in. He stared at the bowl of soup, cup of white gummy rice and tea cup.

“That's not all, is it?” he questioned.

“That plenty, you sit, eat and no talking.”

He didn't like the fishy taste of the soup but he ate all of it and the tasteless rice. If nothing else it took the edge off his hunger. As he finished Lhan told him to clear the table and wash the dishes.

“What? I'm no friggin maid,” he thought but he rose and gathered up the plates.

As he filled the sink with hot water, she handed him a pair of pink rubber gloves. “When do wash, wear these,” she said then put a bibbed pink apron with an oriental floral design over his head.

“The respectful response when I do something for you is, ‘Thank you Madam Lhan’ and bow slightly from the waist. Now, what you say?”

“What? This is carrying the respect thing too far and I’m not wearing this damn apron,” he thought but couldn’t stop from complying with her demand.

After he had washed, dried and put away the dishes, she had him wipe down the counter top and kitchen table. When he finished she dismissed him to his room. Happily he removed the gloves and apron and started to leave but she stopped him.

“When you leave or come into my presences you show respect. You bow to me,” she demanded.

Again he was both upset and surprised when he complied. “What’s gotten into me? I wasn’t about to do that but I did. Fuck it! I’m just tired and need to go to bed. I’ll set things straight in the morning,” he thought going to his room.

Stripping down to his boxers and a tee, Taylor pulled back the black quilted comforter to reveal pink with white floral imprinted sheets. “Another damn thing I have to change,” he thought crawling into bed.

Ooo

The irritating buzzing of the alarm clock awakened him. He reached out and slammed his palm down on the clock hoping to hit the snooze button. It continued buzzing and he opened one eye to look at the clock. Both eyes opened when he saw that it was five o’clock in the morning. He never got up that early unless it was to go fishing with his father.

“Crap! Who the fuck set the alarm? I should have checked it before I went to bed. Now where is the stupid off button?” he thought coming fully awake.

Just as he shut off the alarm his Aunt entered his room. She was wearing a silk robe with a bright oriental floral design on a black background and carrying a cup of tea. She placed the cup on his bedside table and gave him a look.

Seeing only a blank stare in returned, said, "What you say."

"Huh? Errr....yeah....thanks but I want to go back to sleep."

"That not how I told you to show respect! You lazy boy! Drink tea, now. Then get out of bed. Much to do," she replied with a deep frown.

She had hoped that the drug would still be working but obviously it wasn't. The old medicine man had told her the effects were cumulative and to be patient. She could wait but now she needed him to drink the tea. Taking the cup she pushed it into his hands.

Taylor looked at it then up at his Aunt. "Don't you have any coffee?"

"Tea much better. You drink now!" she crisply answered.

Taylor was in the bathroom shaving the few sparse hairs on his chin and upper lip. He really didn't need too but he hoped that shaving would stimulate hair growth. He almost cut his chin when his aunt walked in carrying a basket filled with all sorts of bottles and jars.

"What...," he started but was stopped.

"Show respect when I enter!" she demanded.

His arms immediately went down to his sides and he gave a slight bow saying, "Madam Lhan how may this lowly one be of service?"

“Where the fuck did that come from?” his mind screamed.

“You know nothing. Today I teach you how to prepare for the day.”

Again he surprised himself by bowing and saying, “Yes Madam Lhan, this lowly one knows nothing. This lowly one is honored to get your instruction.”

Slightly over an hour later, Taylor left the bathroom. His body except for the hair on his head was gone even the brows. His testicles had been pushed back up inside his body and penis tucked and taped back between his legs. To hide the tape, a triangular mat of hair cut from a wig was glued between his legs. His body glistened with a floral scented moisturizer. His collar length black hair had been cut into a wedge style and bangs hung just above where his brows use to be. Two sections of hair fell to the jaw line framing his face, exposing his ears and tapered at the ends.

At the vanity his nails were filed into neat ovals and varnished a vivid red. Earth toned shadows were blended into his eyelids and black eyeliner and mascara highlighted the eyes. A rose blush added to his cheeks. Ebony black liquid eyeliner was used to draw delicate feminine arches where his brows use to be. Wet looking lipstick that matched his nail polish completed his look. A spicy perfume was dabbed on his neck, wrists, chest and between his legs.

Lhan stepped back and was very pleased with what she saw. Before her stood a naked flat chested Asian girl. Beside the lack of boobs the waist was too thick both problems easily solved. She had Tay-

lor lay down on the bed and glued a pair of pert B-cup realistic looking breasts to his chest. One deficiency solved one to go. With his hands gripping the top of the door frame, she laced a black satin steel boned corset as tightly as she could. When she finished his normal thirty-two waist had been narrowed by six inches.

The final step was to get him dressed. She showed him how to roll a pair of ecru support hose up his legs and fasten them to the corset garter tabs. He struggled to roll the stockings up his legs as the corset cut into his waist and just breathing took effort. A simple grey with blue floral imprinted wrap dress and pair of black leather strapped sandals completed his dressing. The shoes were a tight fit but like the dress would do for now.

In the kitchen she gave him breakfast and another cup of her special tea. It wasn't much of a breakfast consisting of half grapefruit and three rice cakes. As he ate she kept giving him instructions to reinforce what she told him after that first morning cup. When he finished the first thing she had him do was repair his lipstick then do the dishes and mop the kitchen floor. When he finished it was time to go shopping.

Lhan had gotten everything she could prior to his arrival but clothing. Until she had him under her influence, his new wardrobe had to wait. Luckily she had guessed right about the corset and dress both being somewhat adjustable to size. Now with him feminized and in tow she could have him measured and try on all the clothing she planned on getting.

She took him to a nearby outlet mall and entered the Bali store. There she purchased seven bras and

panty girdles. The color choices were only white, beige and black but she preferred something more colorful. Deciding the white could be dyed any color she wanted, purchased six white and one black set. The same with the panty selection and again she purchased mostly white soft nylon ones in a full brief style. She did the same with the seven full slips with lacy bodices and hems. Two dozen pairs of Hanes support hose in black, ecru and white were added to the cart before they left.

The next stop was in China Town at Lu's Uniforms. There Taylor was fitted with six below the knee traditional maid's grey uniforms with winged mid-arm white cuffs and stiff Mandarin collar. A more formal uniform in black with long sleeves, white cuffs and high chin touching collar of tight pleated white nylon was also purchased. Stiff maid's caps very similar to those worn by waitresses and one white lace cap to go with the formal uniform. Six white cotton waitress styled aprons and one ruffled lace frilled organza apron completed her transactions.

Around the corner from Lu's was the corsetiere where she purchased the black satin one he was now wearing. There she purchased six more but better fitted to his body. They were all stiffly boned and could be laced down to twenty-one inches. All were made of powder pink satin with a soft brushed cotton lining except one. It was a burgundy and raspberry satin with black floral lace frills. It also had an underwire push-up bra feature which the others didn't have.

A few more stops and they were finished. Added to his new wardrobe were three pairs of shoes. All patent leather three inch stiletto heeled pointed toed

pumps two in black and one white. One set of nylon black flare legged pajama bottoms and a scarlet Mandarin styled top with flaring three quarter inch sleeves and black embroidered rope trimming. The final purchase was several different dyes. Once Taylor had removed all the tags from his new clothing, she intended to have him dye the white lingerie into more suitable and brighter colors.

Ooo

The first thing upon arriving home, Lhan had Taylor strip down to his corset and hosiery. She handed him a pair of black semi-sheer full cut panties with a small lace applique at each hip. The black panty girdle went on next. He had a difficult time pulling them into place as she purposely bought them one size smaller. The Chinese medicine man had told her that the estrogen concentrate would work quicker if the testicles were pushed back up into the body and the groin retained heat. Heat, she was informed, would kill the development of sperm and over time the testicles would atrophy. The tight nylon crotch of the girdle would assure that his groin stayed hot.

She showed him how to adjust the small metal slides on the black full slip then had him step into one of the grey uniforms. She placed his hands behind his back so he could pull the zipper up himself.

Finally he stepped into a pair of black patent leather pointed toed pumps. He wobbled uncertainly, his ankles threatening to collapse at any movement. He had just put them on and his toes were protesting already. Lhan spent the next

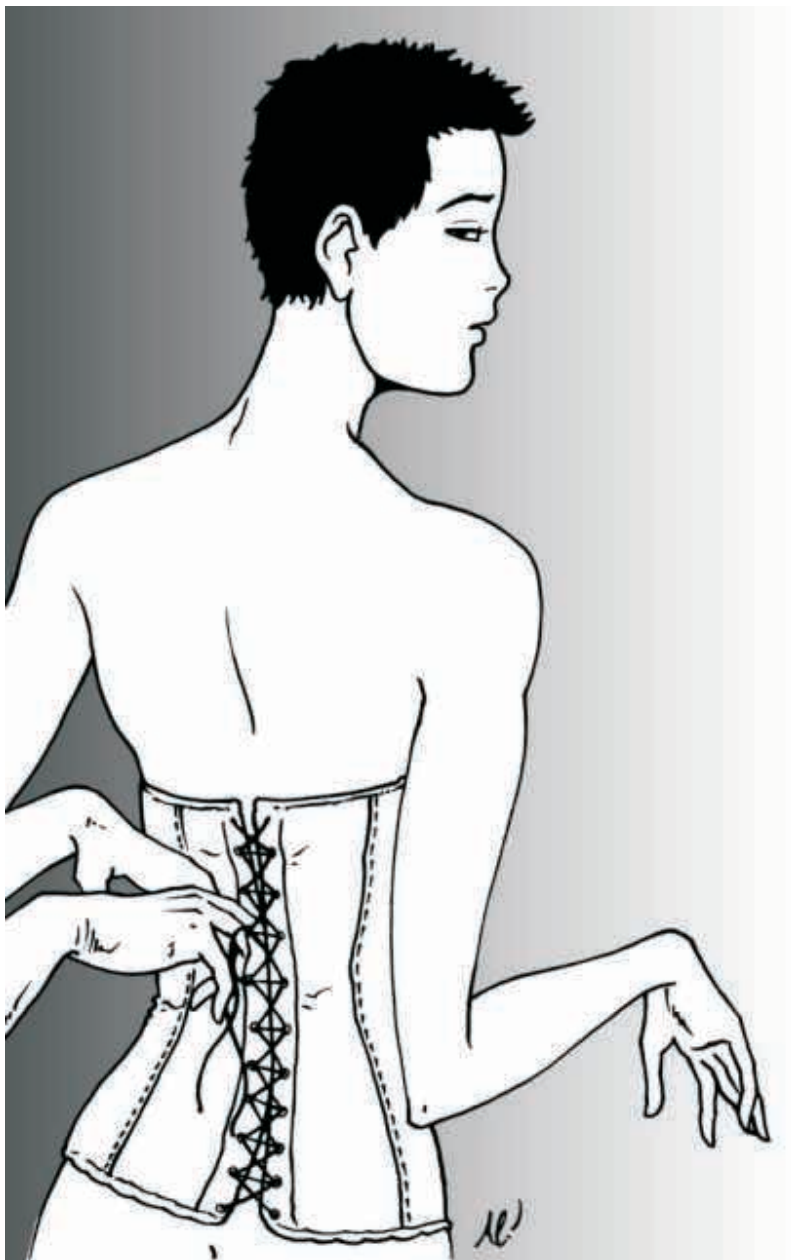
forty-five minutes teaching him how to walk in the high heels. He could manage after the lesson but would need a lot of practice to be graceful. She gave him a pair of pinking shears and showed him how to remove labels and tags without damaging the material.

With the clothing folded, hung and put away it was time for him to have another cup of tea. As he sipped Lhan told him that he was a lowly maid and would never be anything else. As a lowly maid he could never associate with those of a higher station only other maids or janitors. Everyone else had to be held in the highest respect and always obeyed. As a lowly maid he needed a proper maid's name and his name was Ki Ki. Being a lowly maid was what he had always longed to be. It was his deepest fantasy brought to life. He would act and do as Lhan said happily as she fulfilled his desires. She would repeat this once every day to make sure it was firmly implanted.

After his brief lunch and tea break, Taylor dyed his white lingerie into matching more colorful colors. One set of panties, bra and girdle was dyed a bright lavender, one aqua green, one scarlet and one set grape. Since he was already in the laundry room had him do her dirty lingerie. She instructed him on how to hand wash then iron her delicate intimates.

At suppertime, she taught him the basics of cooking. While she had roasted chicken with all the trimmings, Taylor was given a bowl of fish soup, gummy rice and tea. The tea she had spiked with his psychotropic drug and the soup with his daily dose of concentrated estrogen. Of course he served and didn't eat until his mistress had left the table.

Even then he ate at the counter top as befitting a lowly maid.



Ooo

His first day living with Lhan had been the most traumatic and humiliating day of his entire life. It started in the bathroom that morning with her marching in without even knocking. Unable to stop himself he bowed but mortifying were the words that came out of his mouth, unbelievable words. “How may this lowly one be of service?” Words completely foreign to his very nature yet they flowed smoothly from his lips. The words were horrifying to begin with but what happened next was mind numbing, terrifying beyond imagination.

The events that followed were shocking and harrowing but not quite to the degree of what happened in the bath. It wasn't until she started lacing him into the corset that he fully understood this was no nightmare. This was all real and it was happening to him. What he couldn't fathom was why he was so compliant. His mind screamed defiance at every step yet his body and voice refused to act.

Another thing that shocked his system was how quickly he caught on to what Lhan was telling him. Whether it was how to mop and clean or how to apply makeup he was good. He was not perfect by a long shot but good at what he tried for the first time. There were more times than he could count that he wanted to bash his aunt's head in but his body refused to act.

Worst of all he believed that he had always wanted to be a lowly maid and have the name Ki Ki. When he stood before the mirror in his bathroom that night, he tried to say otherwise. No matter how hard he tried to say that he was Taylor Johnson, a

male and wanted to go to college it didn't happen. Instead he heard a soft higher pitched voice say that he was Ki Ki a lowly maid.

Giving up at the mirror went back into the bedroom. There he put his new pajamas on over his corset then slipped his feet into the pointed toed pumps. Lhan had told him that constantly wearing the corset and heels would help his body quickly adapt to them. He was totally exhausted but sleep refused to take over giving him some relief. Between his racing thoughts and the pain from corset and shoes it was very late by the time sleep let him escape.

Ooo

By the end of six months of being Ki Ki to all outward appearances, Taylor was a very demur and shy pretty Asian girl. He was very efficient in applying makeup and doing the household chores. From the strict diet of fish soup and gummy rice his waist could be narrowed down to twenty-one inches easily. Lhan had worked hard on his voice and vocabulary giving him a decidedly Asian accented sing-song pitch. He pronounced "R's" as "L's" and "V's" like "B's" among other mispronunciations. Whenever coming into or leaving the presences of Madam Lhan or any other adult, he automatically clasped his hands in the prayer position and bowed his head.

His artificial breasts and taped groin were freed and cleaned once a month. Lhan was very pleased at his last cleaning to see that Taylor's nipples had popped out and about the size of half a pencil eraser. His areolas were larger and had small

bumps and the underlying tissue firm sticking out from the chest a full inch. She was more than pleased to see that his penis was smaller and his balls felt spongy. A sure sign he was impotent just like the old Chinaman had told her.

By now Taylor had let his Ki Ki mind set take control letting his own sense of self hide in the background. It was so much easier that way. The only time he let himself take control was at night but even then it was hard. Each night he desperately tried to rid his mind of the control Lhan had over him. Each night left him frustrated and dispirited. All his aspirations of a good future were dashed and splintered. There was one bit left, a very small glow of hope. He would be eighteen in two months. That meant his freedom and a required meeting with the lawyer overseeing his trust. There was no way his Aunt could send him to that meeting as he was now. Once he told the lawyer what she had done, he would get his revenge.

Stoically he endured the next two months, keeping the house clean, making simple meals and behaving as a lowly servant must. For her part Lhan was more than pleased. When she cleaned his chest and groin this last time his nipples were eraser size and the breasts a full B-cup. His butt had developed a nice round inverted heart shape. When she measured him she smiled from ear to ear. He was a natural 34-B, 20, 36 weighing one hundred five pounds. Best of all his penis was smaller and his testicles none existent. He had become everything the medicine man had promised and more.

Ooo

For his meeting with the lawyer, he wore his black formal uniform. He didn't have anything else to wear but uniforms and this would be a formal occasion. He was use to wearing uniforms out in public as Madam Lhan took him out often. Usually grocery shopping always with him walking three paces behind. Once a month she took him to her old nail salon to have his done with one inch ceramic extensions. She took him there more to gloat and rub her former fellow workers nose's in her success.

So wearing the uniform to meet with the lawyer was no big concern for Ki Ki but it did bother Taylor. Today he would be free and his Aunt in prison. He couldn't wait to get back his boy identity and clothing. It didn't surprise him when they entered the lawyer's ornate office when the lawyer asked where Taylor was.

"Oh man am I ready to tell you a story and get this bitch sent away for good," he thought.

What hit him like a lightning bolt was what he actually did. He stepped forward ahead of his Aunt which gave him a funny feeling and bowed. "My name now Ki Ki. Taylor no longer exists."

"What the hell! Miss. Wu tell me what's the meaning of this!" came the lawyer's shocked reply.

"I think best if Taylor, rather Ki Ki tell you herself. Go ahead tell him."

"Is this some kind of trick? How do I know this....this woman is really Taylor? There had better

be a good explanation,” the lawyer fumed obviously shocked and upset.

“No trick. I have photos that prove what Ki Ki will tell you.”

“And I thought I had seen everything. Go ahead and sit. This better be good.”

As Taylor sat carefully draping the hem of his skirt over his knees, he was more than ready to spill his guts. Instead with eyes lowered began telling the lawyer how much he had always wanted to be a maid, a female maid. His wonderful understanding Aunt had reluctantly agreed to help him become the best maid he could possibly be. It had always been his greatest fantasy and now he was proud to say that he was very happy with his life. He loved being a maid and serving his gracious Aunt.

As Ki Ki was telling her story, the lawyer, open mouthed, looked through the small photo album. Picture after picture showed an ever increasing transition of an obvious boy into a girl. There was no disputing what Taylor was saying. Photos could be photo-shopped but combined with the verbal and visual evidence there could be no doubt. It was weird, strange and unsettling but the lawyer accepted what he was seeing and told. With him convinced, it was only a matter of time to get him to fill out a legal name change from Taylor to Ki Ki Wu Sung. At Ki Ki’s insistence and against the lawyer’s advice, Lhan was to remain administrator of his funds.

Taylor was screaming, “No, no, no!” over and over in his mind but could do nothing. As he was leaving, he knew that he was well and truly fucked. No will of his own, no money and no way to get out.

Back in the car Lhan looked over at him, “Ki Ki now that you are eighteen it is time for you to settle down. I have arranged a marriage for you to a nice older man. He is a gardener but willing to wed a lower class woman. His name is Hung Lo Wei. You will meet him this afternoon and I need to get you a proper dress.”

“What the fuck! No fucking way I’m going to marry some old man or any man for that matter,” his mind screamed. “Yes Madam Lhan. This lowly girl is most pleased that you would arrange such matters.”

Ki Ki was wearing a semi-sheer white puff sleeved blouse with pearl buttons that clearly showed the delicate floral lace of the bodice of his full black slip. A black satin lined woolen mid-thigh straight skirt with a wide black patent leather belt with square gold buckle. For the first time he wore sheer black nylons and a pair of four inch stiletto heeled white leather sling back pumps. He had pinned some white silk roses into the side of his hair. His makeup elaborate with crimson glistening lips. For accessories he wore a single strand of artificial pearls around the neck and pearl studs in each lobe.

“Berry dlessy for a low class girl,” his Ki Ki mind said aloud as he viewed his image.

“Yes, now come Mr. Wei is waiting. When you meet, bow and wait for him to make the first move. Remember tradition, it’s a wife’s place to be humble, loving and subservient.”

“But Madam Lhan what happens when he discovers my secret? While I always wanted to be a

maid and a girl, he will not be fooled long,” he replied blushing.

“Oh that, nothing to worry about. Of course I had to tell him all about you. He is gay and happily agreed to this marriage. He also pay a nice dowry of \$500 for your hand.”

Ki Ki was disappointed when she met Mr. Wei but like a good lowly maid accepted that he would be her husband. He was at least twice her age, bald headed with a scarred pock marked face wearing gold-rimmed glasses. His bib overalls were clean but couldn't hide his large beer belly. She was hoping for a much younger and handsome man. Hiding her dissatisfaction, clasped her hands into prayer mode and bowed.

##

Sweet Robin

Robin Mitchel was thirteen when he was made a ward of his grandmother. He was an awkward boy with a mop of curly brown hair and big brown eyes. He was right at five foot tall and weighed ninety pounds and one of the smaller boys in his class. He couldn't wait to have that growth spurt his father told him he would soon have. He was beginning to notice girls but still preferred his video games and sports. His parents had been killed in horrible accident and his only relative living within a thousand miles was his mother's mother. His few other relatives lived back east and were lower middle class with children of their own. While his grandmother was not the best choice the others couldn't afford to take him in. Reluctantly the state social worker in charge of his case agreed to his grandmother's guardianship. The social worker was always reluctant to place a young child in the care of such an older woman. The generation gap was always so large, it would be hard for the both of them to relate.

Harriet Winslow was fifty-nine, prematurely grey, over weight and widowed. Thanks to a hefty insurance policy and husband's financial shrewdness, she had plenty of money and a nice secluded house. When she was talked about by Robin's parents, the word "eccentric" was often used. Robin's father didn't like having her around, so her visits were few and limited to when he was a small child. What she had was a form of obsessive/compulsive disorder. Once she got something into her mind, be it right or wrong, she did whatever necessary to fulfill that idea. Her husband was a tolerant man and put up with her condition not realizing it was a sickness.

She had never been treated for or seen by a physician for her compulsive behavior.

When informed of her daughter's demise, she of course agreed to take Robin in. She had always loved having her little girls around and looked forward to having another one move in. She had only seen Robin three times. Once as a baby when he was wrapped in a pink blanket. Her next visit was for his baptism where he was wearing a white lace christening gown. The third, when he was a toddler wearing a pale blue overall and a head full of long brown curls. Like many mothers, she had let his beautiful hair grow long. With a name like Robin and only seeing him a few times, it is easy to see how Harriet got it into her head that he was a girl.

Ooo

She arrived for the funeral a couple of days before in order to get all the formalities out of the way. She planned on taking Robin from the funeral back to her place. Her first stop was the social services office to sign the required paperwork. The next day it was the lawyer's office handling the estate and finally to pick up Robin who was staying at a temporary foster parent house.

The family taking care of him seemed nice but Robin surprised her. His curly brown hair was in a layered Bob style, cut in long layers all over with the sides and back only slightly shorter. He was wearing bulky jeans and a San Diego Chargers jersey.

"Oh my, I didn't expect Robin to be such a tom-boy. Well, I will sort that out as soon as I get her back home," she thought when they met.

“Come along Robin, say goodbye to these nice folks. We have to get you some proper clothing for the funeral tomorrow,” she said taking his hand.



“You don’t have to do that Grandmother, I have a suit at the house,” he replied as they walked to the car.

“Dear, Grandmother makes me sound too old. I grew up in south Louisiana and it was proper for a young child to call an adult by his or her first name as long as they added the Mr. or Miss. first. So whenever you address me say Miss. Harriet, okay? And we will get you something new. I don’t think it wise for you to go back to the house as it will bring back sad memories. Besides, I have already told the lawyer handling the estate to liquidate it and everything in it.”

“What? What about all my stuff? My clothes? My bike and computer games?”

“Robin don’t get upset but as you can see my Mercedes doesn’t have the room to pack much of anything. As far as your stuff is concerned, it can easily be replaced. We’ll stop at Macy’s on the way to the motel. It shouldn’t take long to find you a nice black dress and shoes.”

“A dress! You’re as crazy as dad said you were. There’s no way I’m wearing a friggin dress! You’ll have to kill me first,” he shouted in rage.

Harriet reached out and slapped his face, hard. Hearing what he said especially saying that she was crazy set her off. She was more determined than ever to scrape every last vestige of tomboy out of Robin. When she calmed down, decided it would be best if she took him to the motel. She didn’t want the attention Robin would raise with such unruly behavior. The poor girl was just upset with her parent’s death, nothing that some tranquilizers couldn’t solve.

“Robin I’m sorry that I hit you but you’re foul mouthed. I will not put up with such language. There are tissues in the glove compartment. Dry your eyes and blow your nose. I’m taking you to the motel. It’s a shame this town isn’t big enough to have a real hotel but I got the best room available,” she said still somewhat angry that a girl would use such language.

“I’m still not wearing no da...dress,” he mumbled remembering at the last second not to say damn.

“Who raised this child? I thought I raised my daughter better than that. Probably should blame that no good husband of hers. Never did like that man. I never expected my grandchild to act and sound so un-ladylike. It looks like I have my work cut out for me,” she thought pulling into the motel’s parking lot.

She had rented the so-called “Honeymoon” suite and it was at the furthest end of the motel. What made it the “Honeymoon” room, was the extra-large king bed, hot tub and small refrigerator. Robin stood gazing from the red pillowed satin comforter covered bed to the hot tub sitting near an artificial fireplace.

“Eeerrr, where am I gonna sleep. Aren’t you getting me a room of my own?”

“What, no, there’s plenty of room for the both of us in that big bed. I have some sodas in the fridge, I’ll get you one.”

He didn’t see her empty two capsules into his drink. He took it, sipped it then said, “Grandmother could you get them to put a cot in here. I don’t feel right about sleeping in the same bed.”

I told you to call me Miss. Harriet! And no, the bed will be just fine. Now give me your suitcase and I'll put your things in the dresser.”

If she was dismayed by what Robin wore she was even more so when she saw the contents of his suitcase. Boxer shorts, tee shirts with hard rock and rap decoration, three bulky jeans one cut off into shorts among other equally distasteful items. For a moment she couldn't believe her eyes then remembered someone telling her about a horrible trend teens were getting into. Something called Emo and Goth. Shaking her head, she put them into the dresser.

Another thing that disturbed her was that all the clothing had been dumped haphazardly into the suitcase. She made “Tsking” sounds as she carefully folded them before putting them into the drawer. By the time she finished, Robin was sitting in an overstuffed chair, out like a light, the two Librium capsules having done their work. She easily lifted him and placed him on the bed. She dug into her black leather hobo purse and found the cloth measuring tape she always kept there. It didn't take long to pull off his jeans and jersey frowning at the sight of the green and black checked boxers, the hairy legs and underarms.

“She should have learned to shave by now even if she hasn't started puberty yet,” she thought.

Harriet quickly got his measurements then pulled the comforter to cover him. She picked up a discarded sneaker and checked the size before grabbing her purse and heading out the door.

Her first stop was in the lingerie department. There she purchased a package of “Days of the

Week” nylon briefs and two training bras. Both bras were simple white satin with slightly padded AA-cups and a delicate pink rose sewn between them. From there she went to the young teen’s department to find a suitable dress. As she browsed, decided since Robin had put up such a fuss, to get a black silk pants suit and white cotton blouse. The final stop was shoes where she selected a black patent leather square toed one inch block heeled pair.

“This will have to do until we get home. I would have preferred a cute black dress but that can wait,” she thought.

Back at the room, she decided to take advantage of Robin’s drug induced stupor. Dragging him into the bathroom, she sat him on the commode while she filled the tub adding her floral scented bath beads and oils. As it filled she got out her pink razor, shaving gel and depilatory. The depilatory was not recommended for sensitive areas like under the arms or around the groin. There was very little hair under the arms but it needed to go. With everything ready, she removed his boxers.

“Oh my lands! No wonder Robin is like she is. My poor grandbaby is deformed!” her mind screamed.

Seeing Robin’s small penis and scrotum told her that he was not the girl she had assumed. However she just knew Robin had to be a girl, so her mind dismissed what she was seeing. Instead of changing her mind that his gender was male, she believed her grandbaby was deformed.

“Oh Robin, my dear Robin, I’m going to do everything in my power to make everything right. You won’t have to be that rebellious Emo or whatever

any longer. You'll be the graceful elegant young lady you were supposed to be. I promise but first let's see if we can hide this deformity of yours."

Using super glue that she always carried in case she broke a nail, it didn't take long to hide the problem. First she pushed his testicles back up inside the canal they descended from, glued the underside of his penis pressing it back between his legs then, glued and pulled the flaps of scrotal skin over it. From a short distance Robin looked like a normal pre-pubescent girl with a small thin patch of hair growth. Finished, she coated his legs in the depilatory. She waited twenty minutes then bathed, shampooed and conditioned and shaved the sparse hairs under his arms.

Ooo

Robin was groggy, his mind clouded over when Harriet roused him from bed. He was wobbly on his feet and he needed to pee in the worst way. She had to help him to the toilet and pull his pajama bottoms down. He sat dazed as he did his business. He was alert enough to be embarrassed that his grandmother had to help him. As he finished washing his face and hands Harriet came back in, placed a small green with black banded pill in his palm and told him to take it. He was still too woozy to argue and swallowed it with some water.

He didn't realized he was naked from the waist down until she helped him back into bed. "I'll get ready while you rest a bit more Robin then it will be your turn."

He knew that something was terribly wrong but unable to think straight or had the energy to respond. As he lay in the bed his feelings of urgency and wrongness dissipated. When Harriet pulled the black nylon panties with the word "Saturday" embroidered in pink script up his legs, followed by the white satin training bra he was barely aware. Reality began to reassert itself as he sat in the funeral home. He was vaguely aware of his parents' friends and his coming by offering condolences. His mind was clear enough at the grave site to realize his clothing felt weird. There was a strange pulling and tugging at his chest and shoulders, the flutter of wide pants legs around his ankles and the light weight and fit of his jacket. As the service finished, he was even aware of the strange looks he was getting mostly from his friends but others as well. He might have reacted but he was feeling so mellow, it wasn't worth the effort.

They didn't linger once the service was completed. Harriet rushed him to her car and helped him in. Explaining to everyone that she had a long drive ahead and needed to get on the road. She had noticed how everyone was looking and reacting to how he was dressed. She thought Robin looked cute with the black satin bow pinned to the back of her head and silk suit. It was obvious from the whispers and glances, not everyone agreed.

"No wonder the poor girl looks and acts so tomboyish. With family friends like those she had to be that way. What's wrong with people in this day and age? Too much of that women's liberation philosophy going around trying to make our girls forget their femininity. All that atheism the courts are pushing by taking God out of everything isn't

helping. The Good Book tells us that girls shouldn't be trying to compete with boys in the first place. The big designers aren't helping either. I miss the petticoats and full skirts, the lacy nylon and chiffon lingerie, things that made me feel feminine. Forget the media they're the worst of the bunch. I don't know what this world is coming too but I guarantee my Robin will become a good old fashioned girl. Better call Thelma and let her know we're on our way. Robin hasn't eaten since lunch yesterday and is probably starving," she thought getting behind the wheel.

Robin became more awake as they drove and fully aware of how he was dressed. He wasn't sure of what he was wearing underneath but whatever it was felt very weird. Seeing the flare legged pants with no front zip and a jacket that fit too tight down his arms were almost as weird. The shiny black shoes bothered him as well. They were very tight and just didn't look right. He remembered his conversation with his grandmother from yesterday and happy he wasn't wearing a stupid dress. What distressed him the most was that he couldn't remember anything after that with any clarity. He did remember to call her Miss. Harriet though.

"Miss. Harriet what have you done? Why am I dressed this way and where are we? Why can't I remember shit?" he asked concerned and somewhat afraid.

"Watch your mouth Robin. I won't tell you again! The next time I will give you a soapy mouth washing to get that filth out of there. I haven't done anything that I didn't think proper and I gave you a tranquilizer to calm you down. Now behave. We're almost home and lunch is waiting."

He wasn't satisfied with her answer but from her tone decided not to pursue it. "What have I gotten myself into? Why the hell did she dress me in this sissy looking outfit? Dad was right, she is one crazy old bitch," he thought.

As she pulled into a long driveway, Robin reached up and touched his shirt, feeling a stiff but soft give as his fingers pressed down. "OMG! I'm wearing a fucking bra!" he yelled in shocked surprise.

Harriet pressed on the brakes bringing the car to a sudden halt then slapped him hard across the face. "I warned you Robin! Now you're getting that mouth washing I promised as soon as we get into the house and a spanking too. You'll act like a proper lady or I will blister that behind until you can't sit down for a month."

"Act like a lady? What? How can she think that? I'm a guy! I've got to get away from this crazy woman as soon as I can. She's nuts!" his still clouded mind screamed.

Parking in front of her house, she jumped out and before he could get the door fully opened, she had him by the ear. Painfully dragging him out and through the doorway, she whisked him past a startled old woman wearing a grey maid's uniform.

"Thelma, lunch will have to wait a bit longer. It seems my granddaughter needs to learn some important behavior lessons," she shouted as he was screaming in pain and telling her to let him go.

The perfumed soap filled his mouth, foam slid down his mouth and coming out of his nose. His ear was throbbing and his stomach growling and cramping in protest. What little he had in his stom-

ach came up as he vomited into the commode. Even after washing his mouth out several times the strong taste and smell of the soap remained. He was just getting his sobbing under control when he found himself over the large lap of his grandmother. Sharp heated pain filled his mind as the backside of a wooden hairbrush slammed relentlessly into his upturned butt. For him time stood still filled only with a searing pain. He had been spanked by this father several times over the years but never something like this. When she stopped, he fell to the floor and curled up into a ball crying his heart out.

When his crying settled down into soft sobs, she picked him up and gave him a hug. “Robin I truly hated doing that but it was necessary. Don’t think because I don’t like spanking you that I won’t hesitate to do it again. I’ll do it as often as I have to until you learn how to behave. Now go into the bathroom and wash away those tears. If you have to use the facilities, make sure you sit. Thelma has lunch waiting.”

He stood over the commode, he was ready to burst and it took in a moment to find the button and zipper to his pants on the back. Quickly he shoved the pants and panties down, reached for his dick finding only a bump where it should have been.

“OMG! Where’s my dick?” his mind screamed as pee began dribbling down his leg.

He quickly sat, and the dribble became a strong stream splashing loudly into the water below. His low wailing moan more than silenced the noise of urine hitting water. Harriet heard and rushed in to see what was wrong.

Robin looked up, anguish and misery etched across his tear stained face. “Wha...what did yo...you do to me? Where’s m...my dick?”

Harriet looked relieved, she had thought that she might have gone too far in his spanking and really hurt him. “Oh, those little deformities? Why nothing dear. I just glued them out of the way for now. Just remember you need to blot with some tissue when you are finished. You don’t want to stain your pretty panties.”

“Little deformities? She called my dick and balls deformities? I have landed in the loony bin,” he thought as fresh tears began streaming down his face.

Ooo

“Lunch, you call this lunch? I’m starving and all I get is a small skinless baked chicken breast and some awful vegetables. I hate vegetables!” he thought sitting tenderly in the wooden chair.

He noticed the old woman in the maid’s uniform staring at him as he picked up the knife and fork. “This is Thelma. She’s been my maid and cook for nearly as long as I can remember. She’s become more of a very dear friend over the years. So you will show her respect at all times and I don’t ever want to see you treat her like a servant. If she tells you something, you act like it came directly from me, understand? Now get those elbows off the table and keep your mouth closed when you chew.”

He wasn’t about to give her any trouble as his butt still hurt and throbbed. He nodded his head and started to cut off a piece of chicken.

“Robin, I want to hear that you understand. Do I need to get my hairbrush so soon?”

“I...I’m sor..ry Miss. Harriet. Yes, I...I understand. I won’t give Thelma any trouble,” he stut-tered.

“How did I tell you to address those older than you? Have you forgotten that too?”

“Errr, I...I meant Miss. Thelma. No..no I won’t give Miss. Thelma any trouble.”

The rest of the meal was silent as they were both hungry except when she told him to cut his food into smaller pieces and chew at least ten times. She didn’t have to tell him more than twice.

With the meal finished, she told him to follow her and she would show him his new room. Robin almost lost his lunch as he entered the room. It certainly looked nothing like his old one and definitely one no boy would be caught in. It was a room any little girl would love. The walls painted a powder pink with lavender, violet, purple and green floral boarder. The single window draped with pink satin curtains, the trellis hemmed in four inches of white lace. A queen sized spindle brass bed, covered with a bright white with pink rose buds pillowed satin comforter. The pillows had pink lace frilled covers and there was a large red satin stuffed heart with white lace trim sitting between them. A large white with gold piping dresser, matching vanity with pink satin skirting and bench seat, one straight backed wooden chair in front of a small white table with the same gold piping and one bedside table. On the bedside table were a white ceramic lamp with pink shade and an alarm clock. The small table held a pink computer and crystal bowl of pot puree. The

room to his nose had a distinct almost overpowering aroma of flowers.

He looked wild eyed around the room then gasped, “Don’t you have something else? I really don’t mind sleeping on the couch.”

“Nonsense Robin this room is perfect for you. It’s also one of the few rooms that has its own bathroom. Wait until you see the large Jacuzzi tub. I’m not surprised that you don’t like it now but in time you will come to love it as I do. I know you are used to being a tomboy but from today forward those days are over. Tomorrow we’ll go shopping and see if we can fill all those dresser drawers and closets with some pretty frillies. So you get familiar with your room while I go out to the car and get you a change of clothing.”

“Shit! Get used to this room. No friggin way that’s going to happen. Why does she insist on calling me a tomboy? OMG! She really thinks I’m a girl! Now I know I have to get the fuck out of here,” he thought going over to the window.

Pulling the curtains and blinds out of the way, he tried to open it but it didn’t move. For a moment he thought about using the chair to bust out the glass. He was on the second floor and there were dark green thorny holly bushes lining the side of the house. On second thought he decided he would have to find another way to escape.

When his grandmother returned carrying two shopping bags he was sniffing sitting in the chair by the computer. It was on and colorful ballerinas were bouncing around the screen.

“Oh I see you’re using your new computer. I don’t know much about those gadgets but the sales-

man really helped. He scared me so much about what could happen with a computer I almost didn't get it. I still don't understand those things but he guaranteed me that it had the highest parental controls and restrictions on websites. He assured me that you can do all the homework for your grade level but definitely no porn or social media access. Why that nice man even set up some what he called "favorite" websites that kids your age love. You know, like, the major cosmetic firms that have instructional videos and I requested he add in a bunch of ballerina stuff too. I would so love to see you dance for me. Listen to me rattle on. I'm sure you know more about that than I do. I brought you something to change into and for bed time. Here let me help you get out of that pants suit."

Robin shivered as he looked down at his partially clad body. He was wearing a pair of black nylon panties and a white bra. He suspected as much but until he actually saw them on his body it didn't really hit home. Now his grandmother was handing him a semi-sheer white capped sleeved blouse with a peter pan collar. It had a ruffled front placket and small pearl buttons that were almost impossible for him to close. They were so small and on the wrong side giving him fits. His hands were actually shaking as he took the black woolen knee length straight skirt from her. He would have refused to step into it but the hairbrush was sitting conveniently on the bed. Tucking the blouse into the skirt, he zipped it up and buttoned it on the left side. The smooth satin lining of the skirt felt strange on his hairless legs.

"Put your shoes back on and let's go downstairs. Those nails of yours are hideous and in desperate

need of a good manicure but I'll do what I can. Tomorrow I have you scheduled for a spa day at my salon. There you can get a professional mani/pedi."

With the skirt and blouse on he had a whole new set of sensations. The tightness of the skirt forced him to take much smaller steps. The satin lining felt cool and sensuous as it rubbed across his upper legs and around his butt. The light weight of the blouse and its soft caress of his skin were all new. All his clothing bothered him but seeing the outline of his bra through the blouse most disconcerting.

After she painted his nails in a soft coral, she had him spend the rest of the afternoon prancing around the house. She did her best to teach him how to walk, stoop, and sit while holding his arms and hands in a graceful manner. Even the way he held his head was criticized. He was more than ready when Thelma called them to supper.

Supper was skimpier than lunch had been. It was nothing more than a bunch of different types of lettuce with a few strips of white chicken meat, four saltine crackers and a glass of iced tea. As soon as supper was over, it was back to practicing. Only this time Harriet had her hairbrush and used it to correct his lack of performance. When at eight o'clock she said it was time to go to bed, he didn't think about arguing the early time. He was exhausted both mentally and physically.

Harriet, holding his hand led him back to his room where she helped him undress. Stripped down to his panties and bra she handed him a semi-sheer nylon flare sleeved shorty robe with a boarder of red rose buds at the hem and cuffs. He took it looking very confused.

“Dear even though you are in the privacy of your own room, a girl should never be caught in just their lingerie. Now put it on and step into these mules,” she said pointing down at a pair of clear plastic shoes with a pink tuft of feathers on the toe strap and one and half inch slender heel.

He thought the whole idea was stupid as he was only a few feet from his bathroom door. Plus he could practically see his lingerie through the thin material. Protesting would be futile and all he wanted to do was get this day over with. He complied with her demand and followed her into the bathroom. She had to hold his elbow as he wobbled in the unaccustomed shoes.

The bathroom was larger than the one back home and decidedly more feminine. The floor was white marble covered with a fluffy bright pink throw rug by a large oval tub. It had the usual toilet, sink and counter top with large mirror but no shower.

Harriet walked over to the linen closet and remove a couple of jars. One held colorful gel balls and the other some kind of crystalline powder. She took several of the balls and poured some of the powder into the tub then turned on the water. As the water level rose, the room filled a sweet floral aroma and bright multi-colored bubbles filled the surface.

“A bubble bath? Hasn’t she done enough to me for one day? Crap! I’m so tired all I want is for this day to be over,” he thought.

Actually the bath was enjoyable though he would never admit it. The hot fragrant water soothed his aching muscles and the jet spray was marvelous. He’d never been in this kind of tub before. He laid

back up to his neck in bubbles and closed his eyes. They quickly popped open when Harriet using a sponge began washing him.

Out of the tub, she handed him a fluffy pink towel and told him to pat not rub himself dry. He wanted to look down and see what she had done to his groin but not with her standing there watching. Dried he started to tuck the towel around his waist but she pulled it away. Handing him a round container with a fluffy puff top, he was instructed to dust his body with the scented talc. When he finished, she handed him his robe and told him put his shoes back on. She led him over to the vanity where she applied facial cleanser then moisturizer to his face. He was handed the wooden bristle brush and told to brush his hair one hundred times, counting out loud while she gathered his pajamas.

When she presented him his new pajamas he halfheartedly asked for his old ones. "I left those behind along with all those other ugly things of yours dear. These are lovely and better suited now."

Seeing the so called pajamas she wanted him to wear Robin's fight or flight instincts rose to the surface. After everything that had happened the new pajamas were the last straw. His hands balled into fists, his whole body shaking and his anger fighting away his exhaustion. Then he saw Harriet pick up the hairbrush. Fighting was impossible; his grandmother much bigger and stronger. Flight was impossible, too. He had nowhere to run much less the means to get there.

Fighting down the urge, he reached out a trembling hand. Taking the double-layered yellow chiffon very full cut panties with rows of white floral lace covering the back, he stepped into them. As

the soft caress of the panties went up his legs and settled around his hips, goose bumps ran up and down his spine. He was startled when his imprisoned penis tried to stiffen. The high-waisted baby doll puffed sleeved top went over his head. Again tingles ran up and down his spine as the soft nylon and chiffon top slid down his torso. Like the panties the top was a bright yellow with large pale yellow chiffon puffed short sleeves threaded through with bright satin yellow ribbon at the lace-frilled cuffs. The bodice was knife pleated and a white satin sash tying into a pert bow just below the breast line. As a final insult she placed a matching mop cap on his head after pinning his hair up.

She kissed him on his forehead as she tucked him into bed. Telling him they were going to have a fun time shopping in the morning, she left locking the door behind her. Sleep didn't come easily and when it did filled with nightmares.

Ooo

He was awakened from a deep dreamless sleep. To Robin it seemed like he had just closed his eyes. "Come along dear time to get up. We have a lot to get done today. Put your robe on and get into the bathroom your bath awaits. I'll be in in a minute to help."

"Stupid robe, stupid shoes. I'm only wearing this for a minute. Shit!" he softly mumbled getting out of the bed.

His whole body shuddered as the flimsy nightie swished about his upper thighs and torso. It was a funny feeling and he wasn't sure if it was pleasure

or something else. The sensations he was getting from the shoes was definitely not pleasant. His ankles wobbled and threatened to collapse at any second and they made a loud click-clacking sound on the hardwood flooring.

He broke out in tears as he sat on the commode doing his business. In a way he was relieved as for the first time had a clear view between his legs. While it looked like a puffy slit, he could tell what she had done. He still had all his male parts even if they couldn't be seen.

Back in his room Harriet dressed him in a fresh set of pink panties and white training bra. She had him put on the skirt and blouse from yesterday then sat him at the vanity. There she gave him a morning facial showing and telling him what each product was for. She took down his hair, placing the bobby pins on top of the vanity and brushed it. Before she let him up she applied a coral pink lip gloss to his lips and some black mascara on his lashes.

“At your age young girls are allowed some makeup. Just some lip gloss and mascara to bring out those lovely lashes of yours. You can use this old purse of mine to put your gloss and mascara in until I get you your own today,” she said handing him a beige leather clutch with a thin shoulder strap.

Seeing his reflection in the full-length mirror was more than he could take. Gawking back at him was the image of a young, pretty teenage girl.

“I’ve had it with this crazy old bitch!” his mind screamed.

Turning to face his grandmother, his face red in anger, forgetting everything in his rage screamed,

“I’m not some stupid girl! I’m a boy! Why can’t you get it through your crazy head! I’m a boy, damn it! You crazy old bitch!”

At first his grandmother’s face looked shocked then an instant later rage. Not just an angry or mad expression but one of fury. Seeing her wrath, he wanted to run but stood frozen as she descended on him, grabbed him around his slender waist and carried him like a sack of potatoes to the vanity bench. Even she didn’t know how long she blistered his butt with the hairbrush. She was hoarse from screaming and could barely raise her right arm when she pushed him from her lap. As he was bawling on the floor, she looked up and saw Thelma standing in the doorway looking terrified.

“Harriet! What have you done? I’ve never seen you so mad. What’s going on? Oh dear, that poor child’s backside is positively glowing. We have to get some ointment on that immediately. Pick her up and put her on the bed. I’ll get the salve.”

Harriet wasn’t sure what had possessed her to spank her granddaughter in such a savage manner. She was crying as she picked Robin up off the floor and carried him over to the bed. His sobbing was heart wrenching but in her mind it had to be done. She just wished that she had stopped sooner.

Thelma was back in a flash handing the jar of ointment over to her. “That bum is going to be black and blue by this afternoon Harriet. The salve should keep it from blistering. Now tell me what did Robin do to make you so mad?”

“I...I just lost it Thelma. One moment everything was just fine and the next...well I lost it. I don’t really have an excuse but she screamed at me

an...and called me crazy. You know how I get when someone calls me that," she answered then broke out in tears once again.

"It's alright Harriet. I understand but I think it best if we cancel today's activities. I'll call the salon and cancel the appointment. I'll bring up an ice pack when I finish. You just stay here and comfort the poor girl."

Between the lotion and ice pack Robin was feeling much better. His ass was sore and sensitive and sitting wasn't comfortable. His eyes were red and blood shot but no tears flowed. Harriet had been with him, hovering over him, kissing his cheeks and forehead telling him how sorry she was.

"Listen Robin, I'm truly sorry for losing it and spanking you so hard. I promise that won't happen again but whatever you do don't call me such horrible names. Despite what happened I do love you Robin. You're my only granddaughter and all I want is to bring out that pretty young girl, not some gangly tomboy. I understand that you don't know any better. Between your father and those so called friends, you wanted to please him by trying to be the son he always wanted. I got carried away this morning but I will still punish you when you misbehave. Now you get some rest and I'll see you later."

"Bu...but I am his son," he whined.

"Robin, I don't want to hear any more of that nonsense! You are living under my roof now! Under my rules! Or you can go back into foster care. But while you are here, you are Robin Mitchell, my granddaughter! A lady! I will not tolerate a tomboy in my house. Get that through your head and be-

have accordingly or else,” she fired back getting angry once more.

Robin was very scared seeing the anger in his grandmother’s eyes. He didn’t want another beating and he didn’t want to go back into the State’s system. While only in foster care a short time, it was long enough to make him hate it. The foster parents were nice but uncaring. They were in it for the money. The other older boy under their care was mean. He used Robin as a punching bag and threatened to “do” things to him. Fresh tears flowed down his cheeks as he nodded his head. With that nod, Harriet smiled gave him a hug and kiss to the forehead.

That’s much better my sweet Robin. You’ll see and come to love frilly dresses and lingerie. Trust me, one day you will thank me. Now put on your panties and skirt then go wash up. When you are ready meet me in the kitchen. Thelma will have breakfast waiting,” she said giving him another quick kiss then walked out of the room.

“I never want another beating like that and I won’t go back to foster care. I don’t have any other place to go. I can’t run either. Miss. Harriet is crazy but I think she loves me. I guess I can dress like a girl for a while.” He thought as he pulled the soft panties up his legs. They sure felt better than his boxers ever did.

##

Dance For Me

It all started when David moved in with his Aunt Lucile and her obnoxious daughter Liz the summer before his junior year. Liz was short for Elisabeth but everyone called her Liz. David and Liz had never gotten along as she was willful and bossy plus she was stronger than he was. It didn't help that Lucile always took her daughter's side in any altercation between them. It didn't matter who was right or wrong, Liz could do no wrong. The reason he moved in with them was because his parents were moving.

He wanted to finish high school here where all his friends were. His best friend Joey's parents offered to let him stay with them but his parents wouldn't allow it. They felt that it wasn't right to put that kind of responsibility on strangers when a sister lived not that far away. None of David's pleading or begging would sway them. They were moving clear across the country and needed someone they could trust. He was given the ultimatum to either stay with Lucile or come with them. Moving from the sunny beaches of California to frigid upper New York was not an option to David.

David was small for a sixteen year old and considered to be somewhat of a nerd. He would have been a nerd if he had the grades. His small social circle was very similar and like them had a hard time getting dates. He had other friends that he played video games with over the Internet. Other than Joey, the other gamers were his closest friends but lived in other places. Playing games took up most of his free time. The rest of his free time was spent out by the beach. He had always wanted to

be a surfer dude but wasn't a good swimmer plus he was chicken. The stories of shark attacks and ramming into dock pillars kept him out of the water. He wore his hair long like they did and had the tan but that's as far as it went.

Liz on the other hand was also sixteen but tall and stout. Without heels she stood five foot six, an inch taller than David. She was big boned rather than obese out weighing him by twenty pounds. Her face was considered pretty by most observers. What kept her from being pretty in his eyes was her overbearing and demanding attitude. An only child, her single mother spoiled her rotten.

As they were growing up the families often got together. One time Liz was wearing a pink leotard and white tights practicing ballet in the den. When David walked in he broke out laughing loudly. Pointing at her he said she looked like a one of those hippos dancing in Disney's "Fantasia". Liz never forgot that insult and the resulting altercation ruined the visit for both parents. Back then Liz was still smaller than her cousin.

Later when she was bigger, he made the mistake of asking her if Liz was short for lesbian. He received a bloody nose for that one but it didn't keep him from calling her "Lezzy" from then on. He just had the good sense to be able to run when he did.

Hearing that David would be moving in, Liz objected. For one of the very few times in her life Lucile refused her demand. At first she was peeved that little pipsqueak would be sharing the house with her. Then she had an idea after watching the Jerry Springer Show. This particular episode featured a young man who had been transformed into a she/male by an older sister. His tale of woe and

humiliation got her to thinking. She had a few weeks before he would be moving in. She had plenty of time to develop a most humiliating life for David. The first part of her plan was to re-decorate the guest bedroom. Lucile thought it was a wonderful idea and approved. She was a bit surprised by Liz's change of attitude towards her cousin so didn't ask for any details.

The first thing Liz did was paint the walls a powder pink and put new drapes on the window. The drapes were in a floral pattern on a dark pink background. A white lace doily was placed on the bedside table under a new pink ceramic lamp. The bed linens replaced with pale pink sheets with a floral pattern and the blanket with a white satin pillowed comforter. She finished off the decorations with several posters of her favorite ballerinas and floral scented deodorizers.

Lucile wasn't happy when she saw the finished product but it was both too late to change and too expensive. She doubted that David would like it despite what Liz said. Her nephew wasn't macho by any means but acted like it. She didn't think he was gay like Liz said either. Another thing she did that Lucile didn't see, was to put some of her old ballerina outfits in the back of his closet. She also hid several panties, bras and some of her girlie magazines on the top shelf in the closet. A shelf David couldn't reach without standing on a chair.

Ooo

David's jaw dropped when he saw his room. Liz immediately piped up, "See, I told you he would like it."

Seeing his reaction and hearing what Liz said, Lucile mistakenly misinterpreted it. “Oh I’m so glad you like it David. We spent a lot of time and money redoing it just for you,” she responded.

David’s mother was standing behind him and knew that David definitely didn’t like the feminine room. She knew he would raise a fit and she couldn’t allow that. Reaching out she dug her fingers into his shoulder, a signal he knew said keep your mouth shut.

“Why of course he likes it Lucile. Really you didn’t have to go to all this trouble. Any room would have been just fine. We can’t begin to tell you how much we appreciate you taking David in for us. I’ll help him get settled then we can chat for a bit over the rest of the details before I go,” his mother replied.

“It was no bother, no bother at all sis. Liz and I will go put on a pot of coffee while you help David,” Lucile replied with a big smile.

As soon as they left, she turned to her son, still keeping a grip on his shoulder. “David I don’t care and don’t want to hear any complaints about your room. You were the one that wanted to stay to finish school. Be thankful that Lucile agreed to take you in and put up with you. I expect you to behave and listen to your aunt. If I hear of any misbehavior or trouble making, I’ll yank you to New York in a heartbeat. Understand?”

“But mom, this is a girl’s room. I bet Liz did this on purpose just to piss me off.”

“Like I said, I don’t care and watch your mouth. You and Liz have never gotten along I know. However if you want to stay you had better be nice to

her. If you can't promise me that you will do your best to be nice to both your aunt and cousin then you can get back in the car. Now what will it be?"

"Yea...yeah I promise," he reluctantly agreed.

"Okay, go get the rest of your things from the car while I have a chat with Lucile."

As David was putting the last box down in his new room, his mother, Liz and Lucile walked in. "David, Lucile is taking me to get your father then drop us off at the airport. We won't be needing that old clunker anymore. Remember what I told you. Now come give mommy a big hug and kiss as I won't be seeing you for a long time."

As he and Liz watched the car turn the corner, Liz punched him hard in the stomach. With a loud whoosh the air went out of his lungs, he doubled over and fell to the ground. She didn't leave him there groaning and moaning in pain for long. Reaching down she took his arm and pulled him to his feet, twisting the arm behind his back and pushing up. He screamed as he was lifted up on tip toes.

"It's time for payback you pipsqueak faggot. You've given me shit all my life now it's your turn. You give me any trouble or don't do what I say, what I'm doing to you now will seem like a walk in the fuckin' park. Understand? I said do you fucking understand?" she yelled as she pushed him back inside the house.

The push sent him sprawling across the hardwood flooring, scraping a knee in the process. Liz walked over to him and kicked him in the ass. "I fuckin' asked you a question?"

"Ye...yeah, wh...whatever you say," he managed through his tears.

“That won’t do faggot! Tell me what the fuck you’re going to do from now on?” she screamed giving him another kick. Only this time she hit his groin.

“Stop it! Please, you’re hurting me,” he yelped in pain.

“I can do this all day faggot, now tell me what you’re going to do!”

“I...I will do whatever you say,” he said as a fresh set of tears poured forth.

“Good, now that we understand one another get your sorry ass up.”

Back in his room she made him empty all the boxes he had brought in. After she went over them, sorted them into two piles, Liz told him to repack the largest pile. That pile contained his video games, CDs, “Playboy” and gamer magazines, his posters and anything else she considered too masculine. He then carried the boxes out to the garage and stored them in the attic. It must have been over one hundred degrees in that attic causing him to sweat profusely. It wouldn’t be long before his games and CDs were warped beyond use. About the only things left by the time he packed the boxes into the attic were his clothing, play station, laptop and CD player.

“You’re sweating and smell like a pig. You need a bath. Get some clean clothing and meet me in the guest bath.”

Sullenly he collected some clothes and went to the bathroom. He stopped dead in his tracks as he opened the door. The smell of flowers was almost overpowering to his senses. Liz was getting up from

beside the filling bath tub, a froth of multi-colored bubbles covering the surface.

“Just don’t stand there, shut the damn door and strip,” she commanded.

“I never take baths and I can’t strip with you in here,” he exclaimed.

“I didn’t think you were that stupid perv. Do I have to show you whose boss already? Now strip! Or do I have to do it for you and you know I will,” she snarled.

As he began taking off his clothing, she went over to the linen closet and removed a can of shaving gel, several pink razors and two bottles of Nair hair removal creams. One was Nair Moisturizing Facial Hair Remover and the other Nair Body Hair Remover. Placing the items on the counter, she turned her attention to a blushing David. He was naked, his hands covering his groin and tears trickling down his cheeks.

“You really are a pipsqueak aren’t you,” she said as she pulled his hands out to his sides.

She released his hands and picked up the bottle of facial hair removing cream. Handing it to him she told him to cover his beard and sideburns with it. Again she had to threaten him to get him to comply.

“You don’t have that much facial hair anyway. Instead of shaving you’re going to use this stuff instead, understand,” she said giving his ass a swat before continuing. “You’re anything but a man with that little thingy and using a razor would make you a hypocrite now wouldn’t it?”

When he didn't respond, she slapped his face. "I asked you a question numbskull," she spat.

"Ye...yes, okay I'll use this stuff," he whimpered.

"The directions say leave it on for three minutes but I think today we'll leave it until you finish your bath. Here, now this one I want you to cover your body from the neck, skip the underarms, down to the groin. You're not man enough to shave but certainly feminine enough to shave your pits and legs. Come on, hurry up then I'll do your back."

They emerged from the bathroom an hour later. He was still blushing and eyes brimmed but did not flow. While he was dressed in his boxers, shorts and tee shirt he left a floral smelling wake. His torso totally hair free, the legs showing only a minor cut here and there. His long hair had been shampooed and conditioned with strawberry scented lotions.

He was left to his own devices while Liz gathered up items to replace some of the stuff she made him pack away. Several video games made for girls like, "Just Dance," and "Disney Princess Enchanted Journey" along with a pile of boy band CDs, a stack of her magazines and one book. The magazines were mostly old copies of "Seventeen" and "Cosmopolitan." The book was "Beginners Ballet."

She would love to put him in a dress or better yet one of her leotards and a tutu but she couldn't. Her mother would freak as it was; especially if David said anything. She didn't worry too much about him ratting, figuring he was too much of a coward. No, she had planned carefully. Making him change gradually and in such a way her mother would accept them.

Lucile pulled into the driveway fearing that one or the other kid was dead and the house a shambles. She was pleasantly surprised when she walked into the house. It was quite, still in one piece and both children occupied in their own rooms.

“Those two have never gotten along and I feared the worst letting him stay with us. If I didn’t feel really obligated to sis I never would have done it. I just hoped that their bickering wouldn’t get totally out of hand. I must say though this was totally unexpected. They’re both in their rooms, Liz sorting through some old clothing and David reading a magazine. I just hope this peace lasts a while longer,” she mused going to her room.

When she poked her head into David’s room to tell him dinner would be in a couple of hours, she didn’t notice he was reading a “Seventeen.” She did see the ballerina posters were still on the walls. She shook her head at that as she went to tell Liz about dinner.

Ooo

The next morning when Lucile left for work, Liz walked into David’s room without knocking. She was wearing white denim cut offs, pink shell blouse and sneakers. David was still asleep wearing pajamas. Usually he only wore a tee shirt and his boxers but without body hair didn’t want to take any chances. Yesterday’s humiliating events had given him nightmares all night long. It wasn’t until almost daylight that he fell into a deep undisturbed slumber.

Liz crept up to the bed being as quiet as she could. In her hand was a wide black patent leather belt. She let out a giggle just before she brought it down hard on his upturned ass. She struck two more times before he had fallen screaming to the floor in a tangle of sheets and comforter.

“Wha...what did you do that for? It hurt,” he whined rubbing tears from his eyes.

“It was supposed to hurt dumb ass. Go get cleaned up and get back here. I left something for you to put on in there. Unless you want me to beat your ass to a pulp, wear what I left out and be quick. What I gave you this morning was just a love tap to get your attention. I won’t let you off so easy if you disobey me this morning.”

David was horrified when he entered the bathroom. Sitting on the counter top was a fuchsia nylon/spandex leotard, shiny pearl colored tights, a stiff net pink tutu and pair of black ballerina slippers.

“OMG! She can’t really expect me to wear this shit,” he gasped.

Thirty minutes later he walked back into his room to be met with a peal of laughter. “OMG faggot I swear with a little work you could actually be pretty. We’ll see what we can do about that later but right now I want you to start learning how to dance for me.”

“Please Liz haven’t you done enough already. I put on this stupid outfit and did all that other stuff yesterday. Look, I promise to leave you alone and not bother you at all if you’ll stop this nonsense. Come on, enough already,” he pleaded only to get

several stinging swats to his upper thighs with the belt.



“Alright my little fairy, you gave me a ton of shit over me wearing this and practicing. What was it you said, oh yes, something about looking like a fat hippopotamus? Well it’s your turn and you better pay attention. If I think you’re not trying your best, my belt will give you incentive,” she paused slapping the belt into her palm.

“Okay, to begin your first lesson, when learning ballet one of the first things you will be taught is the five basic positions. They are important because every basic move in ballet begins and ends in one of the five positions. Got that faggot!”

“I’m not a faggot! And I got it,” he petulantly replied.

“We’ll see how much of a faggot you are later but now pay attention. When I’m teaching you how to dance for me, I think it best if you refer to me as Madam Liz. It’s more professional that way. So let’s begin. The first position,” she said picking up the book, “Beginning Ballet.”

She opened it and showed him a page with the picture of a young girl in a black leotard with her hair up in a tight bun. The balls of her feet were turned out completely. The heels touched each other and the feet faced outward forming a straight line.

“This is called the first position. There are a total of five classical positions for the feet in ballet and five positions for the arms. The first position of the arms as well as the others can be executed with the feet in any of the five positions. For example, many times the feet will be in the first position while the arms are posed in the fifth position,” she paused to flip to another page.

The picture was of the same girl. She was holding her arms low at navel height in front of her body with the hands almost touching. The arms were rounded and slightly bent at the elbows. This time her feet were in a different position. One foot was in front of the other with the heel of the front foot touching the middle of the back foot.

“Now this is the first arm position combined with the third foot position. Today you are going to learn the two first positions. By that I mean you will do it without thinking whenever I say first position after today. However before we start, you need to learn the preparatory position, called the *premiere en bas*. The preparatory position is a beginning pose used to start and end a floor combination. You will keep your back straight, head held high and allowing your arms to relax in front of you. Slightly extend your arms away from the body, keeping them rounded with the fingers almost touching,” she said flipping the pages to another picture.

For the next two hours David practiced imitating the positions of the girl in the book. As he went from the *premiere en bas* to the first foot and arm positions he had to describe each one. It was humiliating assuming any of the dance positions but mortifying when she made him describe them in a high girly tone. By the time she told him to stop, he ached all over and his throat was sore. During the first hour she had used her belt frequently but not so much during the second.

Throughout the lesson she took pictures on her cell. She laughed a lot and would tease, “So who’s the dancing hippo now? Come on keep that voice nice and girly and smile.”

She made him take another fragrant bubble bath and wash his hair. Again he used the floral scented body lotion and deodorant. Dressed in his own clothing, she sat him at her vanity and rolled his damp hair onto bristle curlers. She covered them with a pink hairnet and brightly colored silk scarf. Telling him it would be a constant reminder of who was boss. Then she made him do all her household chores including making them lunch. He didn't talk much but when he did she made him use his girly voice. When it was almost time for her mother to come home, she let him go to his room and remove the curlers.

She hadn't used any setting gel. However no matter how much he combed it, it retained more curl than he wanted. When he complained she told him "deal with it" and showed him a picture she had downloaded from her phone.

"What? You took pictures? OMG! You can't let anyone see these," he gasped.

"Of course I can and I just might unless you cooperate with anything I tell you. We got a deal?"

"Crap! What choice to I have. Yes, whatever. Just promise you won't let anyone else see those pictures."

"Good, I thought you would go along. Now after supper, I want you to volunteer to clear the table and then wash the dishes. Don't forget to put on that frilly yellow apron hanging behind the kitchen door either."

"Come on Liz, I'll do the dishes but please not the apron."

"You'll wear the apron and for bitching about it no television tonight. Instead, go back to your room

and read the articles I highlighted in 'Seventeen' and 'Cosmo' that I left on your bed. Once you have done that, write and it better be in a neat script, a general description about each article. When you've done that, put your leotard back on and practice today's ballet lesson for an hour."

"Wha....what if your mother sees me? I can't do that. It's too risky."

"Like I said before, that's your problem but you have a choice. You either do what I say or I share all those cute pictures I have."

After supper Liz and Lucile were watching Dancing with the Stars. During a commercial break, she asked Liz if she thought David was acting strange.

"What do you mean mom? If you mean not being the trouble making royal pain that he usually is, you ought to be happy."

"Well of course I'm pleased that the two of you aren't fighting like cats and dogs but I've never seen him so....so docile. Maybe I should have a talk with him. He could be sick, you know."

"Mom now you're being melodramatic. There's nothing wrong. I bet now that his father isn't around to show off for, he's acting like himself. You know how much Uncle Matt likes to brag about his macho son. You know just as well that David is anything but macho. I personally think he's gay. Yeah, maybe that's why."

"Elizabeth Anne Warren how could you say such a thing about your cousin?"

Liz knew that when her mother used her full name that she was either in big trouble or whatever she said or did shocked her. "Well its plain to me

mom. I mean according to Aunt Jill he rarely goes out on dates and look at how long his hair is. When I went past his room a while ago he still had my old ballerina posters on the walls. What straight guy would do that? He even helped me cleaning the house today. Well, I did threaten him but just a tiny bit and he seemed happy vacuuming. Like I said, with his father away he doesn't have to keep up that stupid male macho shit."

"That may be true but still it's not right to call your cousin names."

"Mom, this is the twenty first century and being gay is no big deal. It isn't like calling him names," she replied with a big smile. Another important part of her plan was set in motion. It was essential that her mother believe that David was gay. Getting her mother thinking he was gay was the first step. When she discovered the dainties Liz had hidden in his room, she would be convinced.

Ooo

The next morning David was wearing a black cap sleeved leotard and pink tights. Before she started the day's lesson, she put his hair up into a large donut bun and lacquered it place with hairspray until it glistened.

"Today you're going to learn the second position for the legs and arms. I want to see how well you remember yesterday's lesson and describe what you are doing. Don't forget to use your girly voice or Madam Liz will spank."

With a soft groan David got into the premiere en bas position. After describing what he had done, he

moved effortlessly into the first leg and arm positions. Liz was actually surprised at how smoothly he performed. Of course his movements were less than graceful, too mechanical, but he would get the hang of it.

“Very good, now for the second position. In this position both feet are turned out completely like in the first but the heels separated by the length of one foot. Go ahead and start practicing while you tell me what you are doing.”

After a half hour she showed him the second arm position.

“Okay that was alright but your foot separation really needs work. Now I want you to do that and add the second arm position as well. See, you raise the arms to the side, keeping them slightly rounded. Lower the elbows a little bit below your shoulders. Make sure the wrists are lower than the elbows, palms facing down. To do this right you have to always remember to keep your shoulders down, your neck long and chin up. Always keeping a smile on your face,” she instructed moving his arms into position.

At the end of three hours, she had him go through the all the positions before dismissing him to take a bath. Again she put the bristle curlers into his hair and set him to work cleaning the house. Today was laundry day. After stripping the beds and collecting the dirty clothing, she showed him how to separate and work the washer and dryer. She got a big kick out of seeing his embarrassment when he hand washed their lingerie. Out of meanness, she made him go outside and hang it on the clothesline. After lunch she taught him how to iron. He was sent to his room to clean up about an hour

before Lucile was due home. This time she gave him a bristle wooden hairbrush.

“After you take out the curlers I want you to brush your hair one hundred, and I mean a full one hundred times. Leave it full and don’t put it into that low pony tail again unless I tell you to.”

David was horrified seeing his hair full of gentile waves. Feminine waves, even after brushing it one hundred times. “Shit! How am I going to explain this to Aunt Lucile? Man, I hope she doesn’t notice.”

“Liz please let me put my hair back up into my pony tail. Look at all these waves. How can I explain that to Aunt Lucile when she gets here?”

“Like I told you before, that’s your problem. Maybe you should tell her you wanted to experiment and borrowed my curlers. After you clean off the table tonight and get the dishes into the washer I want you back in your room. I selected some more articles you need to read and write an essay on. What you wrote last night was unacceptable. I want to see a better effort tonight and much improved hand writing. You will find some dance gear in the back of your closet, put on a leotard and practice for an hour. If you have a problem with any of this, you might want to look at this,” she said handing him a photo of him hanging the lingerie wearing an apron with a lime green silk scarf on his head.

David was surprised when Lucile didn’t say anything about his hair over dinner. However as she sat with Liz watching television, she said, “Sweetie I never realized David had such wavy hair. He’s always kept it in that low pony tail.”

“Mom I have a secret but you have to promise me that you won’t say anything to anyone. Okay, David snuck into my room this morning and took some of my curlers. While he ate lunch, I went to his room and found them. Not only that, but his computer was on a website showing how to roll hair. I left everything like it was so he doesn’t know that I know. I think he is experimenting with his feminine side. You know, so he can attract the boys. Actually I think he looks really cute with his hair in waves. With his oval face and weak chin, he looks pretty with that style.”

“After all these years I never would have thought he was gay, much less trying to attract a boyfriend. After our talk last night and seeing him today maybe you’re right. Without his father’s presence... I don’t know, maybe I should have a talk with him.”

“Mom, you promised not to say anything. Let’s wait and see what happens. Maybe I’m wrong. If I am then you talking to him could be very embarrassing for the both of you.”

“You have a point dear. Let’s wait and see.”

Ooo

Over the next three days David’s routine didn’t change. He learned the next three leg and arm positions. He did most of the housework and helped in the kitchen. The only difference was that she was now using setting gel and making him roll his own hair. The first time he saw the results of using the gel, he became very upset. Liz just showed him a picture of him seated at her vanity rolling his hair. When Lucile didn’t comment or seem to notice any-

thing out of the ordinary, he was pleasantly surprised; yet, bothered. He was happy that she didn't tease or ridicule and worried why she didn't. His dad would have used his belt then grabbed the scissors. His mom would have freaked out. Lucile acted like it was nothing but another day.

Now that he had the five basic positions Liz put on some music and had him dancing. At first he moved through the positions one at a time, then had to mix them up. Now that he was "dancing" she made him wear a dance panty under his leotard. Plus she decided that a sports bra would remind him to keep his back straight. The dance panty was elastic and tight forcing his testicles up inside his body. The dance panties were in bright shiny colors in red, black, yellow, pink and baby blue. The bras were in white, black and beige. To make the crotch look "neater" she had him tuck his penis back between his legs. His complaints fell on deaf ears and as punishment told to wear the bras and panties all the time. She liked the fact that his groin now looked just like hers did when she danced. She also enjoyed his obvious embarrassment of wearing a bra. Liz didn't know that when testicles were kept like that over a period of time they would cease to produce sperm and atrophy. If she had it wouldn't have made much difference.

Lucile noticed the much wavier hair but said nothing. Over the past five days, David had surprised her in so many ways. Before he moved in if someone told her he would be volunteering to clean up the dishes and wear a frilly apron, she would have called them a liar. For as long as she knew him he was loud and obnoxious but now spoke

softly. She didn't understand but welcomed the changes.

After a week of "dancing" practice she moved on, teaching him the two basic moves for beginners. The first move was the *passé*, which involved raising the leg and touching the knee of the opposite leg forming a "P" with the legs. The second gave David fits. The *Developpe*, as with the *passé*, started from the first position, raising the leg to *pas de bas* but continuing on to bring the knee as close as possible to the chest. Then gradually extending the leg completely with the toes pointing towards the ceiling, holding it for as long as possible. The leg is then gradually lowered back to *passé*, then to first position.

As with the other positions, he had to describe what he was doing in his girly voice. It took him almost a month before he could perform the two basic movements with any degree of grace. Even then he couldn't hold them for as long as Liz wanted. To encourage him to work harder, she gave him punishments. The first was to pluck his eyebrows into more feminine lines. The first time she just neatened them up. With each succeeding punishment they became thinner and more arched. She didn't stop until they were very feminine and couldn't pass as a man's. The next was to make him file his nails into ovals and varnish with nail strengthener followed by clear coat. The final punishment was to wear lip-gloss. As with the eyebrows, it was a gradual progression from clear to a pinker than normal plumping gloss. As with all the punishments he couldn't change what was done. With each feminine enhancement, Lucile on Liz's advice seemed not to notice.



It was towards the end of July when Liz decided it was time to show her mother what she “discovered” hidden in David’s room. Things she had planted before he had even moved in. Lucile was

surprised to see her daughter's "stolen" panties, bras and leotards. She was shocked when she was shown all the "essays" he had written in an increasingly feminine script. Essays on how to get and keep the boy of your dreams, the best fall fashions and makeup trends to ironing pesky pleats. She left David's room without any doubt that her nephew was not only gay but probably a transvestite to boot. Again she agreed that it was best if she didn't say anything to David or his family.

At the beginning of August she gave him a new pair of shiny pale pink ballet en ponte shoes. "Today you start the long and hard process of learning how to dance en ponte. Basically that means you're going to be dancing on the tips of your toes. Unlike your black flats these are covered in satin and have a box within the front end of the shoe that incases and supports the toes. It also has a shank, which is a piece of rigid material that stiffens the sole providing support for the arch of the foot. These here," she said handing him two items before continuing, "are toe pads. You insert them between the foot and toe box for cushioning. You are going to thank me for giving them to you later. So put them on and I'll show you how to tie the ribbon so you don't trip all over yourself."

After he had the shoes on, she told him that en pointe dancers employ a technique to determine foot placement and body alignment. When done properly, a dancer's en pointe foot is placed so that the instep is fully stretched, with the toes perpendicular to the floor and the body in perfect alignment.

"We don't have a barre so you can hold onto the edge of the dresser. I'm going to go easy on you for a couple of days but if I don't see improvement.

Well you know what will happen. Let's see you've been wearing dance panties and sports bras for a least a month so....if I don't see improvement it shouldn't be that difficult for you to wear feminine outer wear all the time. Your first punishment will be wearing my hand me down short-shorts. You keep screwing up and eventually you'll be wearing my old skirts and dresses."

He immediately objected but all that got him was a pile of her old panties and bras. "These haven't fit me in a while but I think are your size. As of today you will wear panties under your dance panty. When not dancing, you will wear one of my bras this time suitably padded. To show you that I can be nice, I'm giving you several pairs of my old heels. You will wear them constantly as they will help train your feet to do en pointe. Before you say anything, other than thank you Madam Liz remember what I said about wearing dresses."

By the end of the week he was wearing eye shadow, mascara and eyeliner full time. Wearing cosmetics full time were for minor infractions. Wearing heels none of which was less than three inches was awkward. His ankles tended to turn but by the end of the week managed not to wobble. His toes were in constant pain from his en pointe practicing. He legs and feet constantly ached and the heels didn't help.

At the end of the second week, he was wearing her cast off short shorts, flare legged shorts with coordinating pull over blouses or extra-large tees that were tied in knots at the side above the hips. He hated what she was making him do. However the treat of posting photos of him all over the internet kept him in line. Lucile's apparent acceptance of

his ever increasing femininity confused and bothered him. With each change she would act like it was a normal everyday event. Sometimes she would even compliment him.

Ooo

David was in his room reading an article on the five best flirting techniques to get a boy's interest. A lot of his girlie readings were revelations like the one he was reading now. Not in a million years would he have thought that girls put so much emphasis on attracting boys. Some were down right devious. Others like the ones on feminine hygiene, made him shiver in disgust. Absent-mindedly, he reached up and pushed a bra strap back into place. He had been wearing bras long enough not to notice what he was wearing. At first he was constantly aware of what he had on under his clothing. Other than his wavy hair, he looked normal and didn't mind going outside or visiting his friend Joey. However as Liz made him more and more feminine, he dreaded going outside.

Towards the end of June it was too hot to keep wearing his jeans and a long sleeved shirt. He was too embarrassed to be seen outside the house in shorts and tees with his hairless legs. Plus with the lotions and creams Liz made him use daily, most of his tan was gone and the skin on his legs looked just like a girls. A tee or pull over shirt would reveal that he was wearing a sports bra. Joey would certainly notice and give him fifty kinds of hell. He couldn't let that happen. To keep from being discovered, he picked an argument with Joey ending their friendship.

The only friends he had were his gaming buddies on the Internet. That didn't last as Liz made him play on-line games that only girls played, mostly younger girls. For those games he had to register as Darlene and also chat with them as they played. The chat part was mortifying as it forced him to talk about makeup, fashion, music and worst of all boys. Liz was even calling him Darlene when she wasn't calling him a faggot or fairy.

He didn't go outside except to hang the lingerie during July. He passed on going to the Fourth of July fireworks display claiming to be sick. Watching the fireworks had always been one of his favorites. Instead, that night with both women out of the house, he was dressed in a red, white and blue sequined leotard and white tights going through a dance routine. Earlier Liz had put a video camera on his computer so she could watch him practice.

“Now I won't have to come into your room to make sure you are doing whatever I told you. This camera is linked directly to my computer so I can watch from wherever I am. You ever turn it off and I will beat your ass to a pulp and send out all those sweet pictures of Darlene that I have.”

At that point he should have told his aunt to call his parents and tell them he was coming home but he didn't. Ever since he had moved in his life had become one big embarrassment after another. So far nothing had been done that couldn't be undone or go away once school started. That all changed in August, when he was forced to wear a real padded bra and Liz's hand me down shorts and tops. Combined with the makeup and heels, he appeared to be a cute girl. He figured that once school started Liz would stop having had her fun over the summer.

He also noted that his nipples seemed bigger and itched.

Last Friday Liz had given him a copy of all the photos and videos she had of Darlene. In everyone it looked like he was happy, even thrilled in some cases, to be dancing, dressing in lingerie or putting on a shell blouse and tight short shorts. Some of the worst were the ones showing his face screwed up in deep concentration as he learned to put on makeup.

“Shit! If any of these get out I might as well call Dad and tell him to send me a ticket back home. Damn, if she sends these to my folks they probably won’t let me come back. Dad will kill me and Mom will have a stroke. That bitch would do it too. I got to find some way to get her to destroy all this. I’ve saved up all the money they sent me, maybe I can pay her off,” he thought before going to see Liz.

“Liz you have to stop all this and destroy all those images. Please, you’ve had your fun over the summer. I did everything you said, even danced for you. School starts in two weeks. I’ll give you all the money I saved up, almost five hundred dollars. Come on, you’ve got your revenge and totally humiliated me. Now destroy all those pictures and videos. Here’s the money.”

For a moment he thought he was home free when she took the money with a broad smile. That’s all it lasted as she replied, “Darlene I’ll tell you what. I promise to think about it if you’ll do something extra special for me. Tomorrow Mom scheduled an appointment at the beauty salon. I want you to go and beg, if you have too, to go with us. Tell Mom you want to get a style, highlights and a perm. You do that and I’ll consider your request.”

“What? I can’t do that. What will she think of me an...and,” he began but stopped by her raised hand.

“Of course you can Darlene. Besides she already thinks you’re gay and into wearing women’s clothing. You’ve been wearing my old padded bras, blouses and shorts for a week plus makeup and heels. You dumb enough to think she’s blind or stupid? If you want me to stop, then get your sorry ass down stairs and ask her,” she retorted.

Saturday was absolutely the worse day in his life. His aunt was surprised by his request especially when he asked to be called Darlene. With a sigh, said she would arrange it. He left the salon with his brown hair streaked with auburn highlights, styled into a shoulder length wavy page boy with feathered bangs. None of the salon staff or his stylist thought he was anything other than another female.

David was numb as he got into the car to go back to the house. He couldn’t believe that he had not only allowed but asked for this. With the style and the clothing he was wearing he was all girl. What really got to him was his aunt’s gushing approval as the stylist finished with him. Over the past three months he had hoped she would step in and stop all this but never so much as blinked an eye. Now he had to face the fact that not only did his aunt not step in but approved of all the changes Liz had forced on him. Two things kept him from breaking down in a flood of tears. First and foremost, Liz said she would stop. The second was the knowledge that he could get a buzz cut. Surely this wouldn’t go any further. With school starting in two weeks, his aunt had to stop Liz and let him be a boy again.

Back at the house David confronted Liz. “Alright, are you satisfied now? You got me looking the complete fool and a girl at that. I want to see you delete all those photos and videos like you promised.”

“But Darlene you look amazing. Why you fooled everyone at the salon into believing you were a girl. You even sounded like a girl talking to your stylist about the latest fall fashions and that new lengthening mascara. Oh, you want to see the pictures I took of you at the salon? I’m sure your dad would just die if he saw them.”

“You bitch! You said you’d erase them! You know dad would kill me if he saw what you’ve done to me. Now stop this madness.”

“So I’m a bitch now! You’ll pay for that. Tomorrow we’re going to the mall and get your ears pierced. Mom won’t be going to work until Monday so the spanking I plan on giving you will have to wait. Now get up to your room, put on a leotard and spend the next two hours practicing. You call me a bitch ever again and I guarantee your parents will be getting a whole lot of pictures.”

Ooo

Monday morning Liz kept her promise. Using the wooden hairbrush she spanked him until his bottom was pink and tears flowing. He spent the next three hours dancing for her. He was actually getting good and capable of going en pointe but not for long. He had been wearing heels a short time and walked with a sexy sway easily in the three-inch heels. The six inch spiked platform heels she had purchased on Saturday, however, were giving him problems.

They were black patent leather pumps with a pointed toe. The shoes pinched his toes painfully as the shoe height put all his body weight on the toe pad of his foot. Lucile had dropped them off at the mall Sunday afternoon. Keeping her promise, Liz took him directly to the Piercing Pagoda where his ears were pierced three times in each. Once the keepers were taken out she had bought some pearl studs, large gold hoops and chandelier earrings for him to use.

The piercing didn't take long and they had plenty of time before Lucile came to pick them up. Liz decided to do some window-shopping and that's when she saw the shoes. They were in the front of the Mr. Fredrick's store and the stripper shoes displayed in the window. Liz dragged him in and had a clerk fit him with a pair. They weren't cheap but she had David's savings. While he was being fitted, she looked around. In a display case were several falsies, not mastectomy quality but close. She purchased the most realistic C-cup ones in the case. When David joined her carrying his box of shoes, asked what she had. She gave him a sly smile and said he would find out as soon as they got home.

She had him strip down to his waist and lay on his bed. She was a bit surprised to see that his nipples and the flesh under them were puffy. Using the special glue that came with the artificial breasts, Liz carefully set them in place.

Standing up and smiling down at him said, "Okay Darlene, you now have your own little girls to play with and look at. The glue should keep them firmly attached for about a week. So now you don't have to look down my blouse like I have seen you do. You can play with them later. Get dressed,

your blouses and bras will fit much better now and wear your new heels. They're going to take some getting used to but will help your en pointe."

The new heels and added weight on his chest altered his balance. Keeping close to something to grab hold of, he minced around the room. His stride was reduced even further and his pace slowed down as he adjusted to the new height. From all his dance practice his back was ramrod straight, his chin raised and shoulders back without thought. The wiggle in his butt became more pronounced almost a bump and grind strut. Due to the exercises, dancing and diet David had the figure of a young woman. The shoulders sloped slightly, the arms held loosely at the side, elbows almost touching the side and wrist limp. His waist tapered before flaring at the hips and a tight round butt. With the addition of the breast forms, he could easily pass as a girl wearing panties and bra.

David had lost over twenty pounds over the summer. While his aunt and cousin weren't vegetarians, they consumed a lot of soy products, fruit and vegetables. What meat was served consisted of fish, mainly tuna, and chicken breasts. The only "vice" food was cake. Both Lucile and Liz loved homemade cake and had it after supper daily. David hated cake and seldom ate it but loved the aroma as it baked. What none of them realized was that soy products were high in natural estrogen. With his balls now permanently stuck up inside, the estrogen was making changes. By August he was almost an A-cup with nipples no boy should have.

The week before school, Liz decided it was time for Darlene to put on a recital but not for her. No he would perform for his aunt and a few friends. Once

Liz had David under control, she would often go out with her friends leaving him to the household chores. Until the recital she seldom had her friends over to the house. When she did he made sure to stay out of sight in his room. Aunt Lucile had friends drop over during the weekends but David seldom saw them. It would be his first exposure to other younger girls and adults within the confines of the house. He begged and pleaded for her not to make him perform to an audience.

In response, she marched him over to the full-length mirror. Standing behind him with her hands gripping his shoulders said, "Darlene take a close look and tell me what you see. Is that image staring back at you David? Do you see anything other than my GIRL cousin Darlene looking back?"

He looked carefully first at the face. He could see a bit of David in the shape and nose but otherwise it was the face of a pretty girl. The arched brows, blended eye shadow, mascara darkened long lashes, smooth hairless face and puffy coral pink lips said, Darlene. Gazing down from the face reflected back was a wine colored chiffon blouse with high neck frilled with a jabot ruffled tie. The front of the blouse was tented and a hint of a black bra visible. Further down, the blouse tucked into a black wool blend straight skirt that fell to just above the knee. Sheer wine colored hose hugged feminine legs and the feet clad in black six-inch stilettos. Other than his nose and shape of his face, the image screamed Darlene.

Ooo

Saturday afternoon, David stood in the premiere en bas preparatory position behind a make shift curtain, a bed sheet. Lucile had rented two spotlights for the occasion. When the curtain fell, literally as it dropped to the floor he was blinded by the brightness. He was wearing a strapless purple and lavender sequined leotard with a sweetheart neckline frilled with white feathers, fingerless opera length white lace gloves on his arms, pearl colored tights, stiff white net tutu and his en pointe shoes. His hair set in a tight bun on top of his head and lacquered stiffly into place. A wreath of white feathers fastened into his hair. His face was adorned with heavy theatrical makeup. As the music began to play he went en pointe and began the routine Liz had set out for him. He looked every bit the ballerina that Liz wanted.

The performance lasted a little over half an hour but David was exhausted more mentally than physically. The only reason he had gone through with it was Liz's promise to destroy all her evidence. This time he made her swear on a Bible before he would agree. As humiliating as it was he felt it was worth it. Now he could be David again.

He was standing back in the preparatory position as he looked up to see his audience. The room was filled with polite clapping and the spot lights turned off. He could see for the first time those that had watched his performance. Sitting next to his aunt was his mother. She had a bright smile and was applauding happily. David fainted.

When David's eyes fluttered open his head was resting in his mother's lap, a cold towel pressed to his forehead. "Are you alright?" he heard her ask.

"Mo...Mom! Wha...what are you doing here?" came his startled reply.

"Why to see my lovely daughter's dance recital of course. You don't think I would miss something as important as this do you?"

"Daughter? But," he began but was hushed by his mother.

"Shhh dear, we have guests and we can discuss this later. Now do you feel well enough to get up? It's impolite to keep your guests waiting. Here let me help you."

A bit shaky more shocked than weak, he stood as several older women and about a half dozen of Liz's girlfriends greeted him. His mind was more focused on the how's and why's of his mother being there than on the comments. Shortly Lucile announced that refreshments were availing in the dining room. As the guest of honor, Darlene got to cut the German chocolate cake. Besides the cake there was a small pile of gaily wrapped presents on the table.

After everyone had their fill of cake, coffee, tea or milk he was handed one of the presents. He looked confused when Lucile handed it to him. "Oh, just some recital presents from our guests. Go ahead and open it," she said.

It was from "Grace" a friend of Liz's and contained earrings. The earrings were a pearl stud with six attached thin golden chains interspersed with small freshwater pearls.

The second, from Liz, was a half dozen high thigh nylon panties in bright colors and fancy floral lace trim around the waistband. Of course she had him hold up each pair to show everyone. There was a pink blush to his cheeks as he said how cute they were.

The third, from Helen, a friend of Lucile, was a bottle of Channel No. 5. Other gifts of a similar vein were opened and the giver appropriately thanked. The final gift was a large dress box from his mother. Inside was a black velvet dress with a rounded neckline framed in white lace with a flare skirt. He didn't know what to say as he pulled it out and showed everyone. His face went scarlet when as the dress unfolded a pair of white satin panties with pink lace appliqué and matching bra fell onto the floor.

Finding his voice managed a, "How could you?"

"Well I thought you would like something nice to wear when we get on the airplane Monday morning dear. Lucile sent me your size and I hope it fits. Besides, every girl should have a sexy LBD in their wardrobe."

His head was spinning and he had to grab onto the table to keep from falling. "OMG! Even my own mother is determined to make me into a girl," he thought fighting to keep his composure in front of all the strangers.

Ooo

When all of the guests had left, his mother helped him to his room and out of his dance uniform. He stood trembling with fear, humiliation and

adrenalin in a strapless purple satin bra and matching dance panty. His mother made a twirling motion with her finger and he dutifully spun on his heels.

“I must say Darlene when Lucile first told me about what you were up to, I didn’t believe it possible. But seeing you like this, well, I must say you do make a very pretty young lady. The pictures and videos Liz emailed just didn’t do you justice. Here, let’s see how this fits,” she said handing him the LBD.

“Mom! You think I wanted this?” he replied but took the dress and stepped into it. He didn’t want to be half naked any longer than necessary in front of his mother.

She watched as he quickly zipped it up the back. “You know dear I’ve always had a hard time doing a back zip. I guess that’s why I kept your father around for so long.”

“Mom I’m your son David, not some girl named Darlene. Liz made me dress this way and forced me to learn ballet. I hate every minute of this. All I want is to be me again!” he almost screamed he was so upset.

“No dear, I’ve seen enough and it doesn’t matter if you want to be Darlene. If you had been any kind of man, none of this could have happened in the first place. David is gone just like his father. I’ve always wanted a daughter and now I have one. No, I didn’t plan this and I know it was all Liz’s fault but I approve. Besides, she has taken it to the point where you can never be a real boy again. Just look at you and how easily you zipped that dress.”

“You can’t be serious! I can’t help what I look like now but,” he began and again stopped.

“Darlene, hush, you are my responsibility and until you turn eighteen will do exactly what I say. David is gone just like his father. I’m sick and tired of putting up with men’s shit. You will do what I say and do it happily. So far your father doesn’t know but he could find out if you get my drift.”

“What are you saying?” he asked finally understanding what she was saying about his father but not wanting to believe.

“I’ve left your father dear. So it’s just you and me now. Don’t look so shocked. You know perfectly well that we haven’t been getting along for a while now. The move to Buffalo was just the straw that broke the camel’s back. I left your father last month and moved to San Francisco. Monday you’re coming back with me. I’ve pre-registered you at a new school as my daughter Darlene. Liz is an accomplished dancer but you need professional instruction. This school’s arts programs are the best in the state or so I’m told. Since your grades weren’t that good last semester, I had them enroll you as a sophomore. Now put on some black heels and let’s go downstairs.”

##

Prissy Sandy

Sandy stood before the full length mirror. After two years he found it difficult to believe what Mrs. Abernathy had done to him. Mrs. Abernathy a neighbor from down the street had changed him so completely. At one time he was a typical teenaged boy doing typical boyish things and now so totally different. She had moved into the house four houses down from his when he was sixteen. She was a widow in her early forties but had a fine figure and always dressed nicely with makeup. Something most of the mothers in the neighborhood didn't do unless they were going out for the evening.

He first met her when he knocked on her door after school let out for the summer wanting to cut her grass. He had cut most of the neighborhood's lawns for the past two years to earn money for college. She looked him over carefully and smiling agreed to let him cut it every other week. She also asked if he was available to do other chores for her around the house to which he readily agreed. It was a decision he would come to rue.

In less than a week she had called wanting to know if he would baby-sit her cat, Theodor. When he arrived that evening, he had what every sixteen year old boy feared the most an instant erection. She was wearing a little black dress with a scooped neck that revealed a wondrous amount of cleavage. The rose lace design woven into her sheer hose and skyscraper black patent leather heels only added to her sexuality. With a broad smile she bent exposing even more to his bulging eyes, took him in a big hug and mashed his reddened face into her bosom.

“I can’t thank you enough Sandy for agreeing to watch Theodor. He’s getting old like me and doesn’t like to be left alone. Now help yourself to anything in the fridge and I’ll be back around ten,” she said kissing him on the cheek.

Theodore was a lazy fat neutered cat and as far as Sandy could tell could care less if he was there or not. He left the cat snoring on its bed and went into the kitchen to get a soda before turning on the television. A bright scarlet nylon full slip with embroidered and lace frilled bodice with lacy hem was across the back of a kitchen chair. It immediately caught his attention and couldn’t resist picking it up. The smell of her fragrant perfume filled his awareness once again as it had during the hug. If it were possible his dick would have gotten even harder as he held the slinky fabric in his hands.

The pressure was too great and he quickly slung it back over the chair and went to find the bathroom. It wasn’t hard to find. Once inside noticed a white wicker clothes hamper with a pair of scarlet red full cut nylon panties with a lace appliqué on the front hanging from under the lid. If asked he never could answer the question of why he picked them up and held them to his nose. It would be even harder for him to explain why he used them to get his rocks off. In less than fifteen minutes he was back in the kitchen. This time he ignored the slip and retrieved a soda.

Over that month he baby-sat Theodor at least once a week. Sometimes during the day sometimes at night. Each and every time there would be some sexy, colorful piece of lingerie scattered about. Each and every time he would get a big welcome hug and kiss to the cheek. Each and every time he would

find a pair of panties in the hamper and beat off. Each and every time he was ashamed about what he had done. He didn't worry about it too much as he didn't think she would notice. After all the panties were in the dirty clothes hamper and he did it behind closed doors.

Babysitting the cat was one thing but cutting her yard always left him with the biggest boner. After he cut the grass he would go to collect and each time Mrs. Abernathy would have him come in and have a glass of lemonade with her. She was always dressed sexually with full makeup as they drank the cold drink.

Sometimes she was wearing the tightest short shorts with a low cut blouse tied into a knot just below her magnificent breasts. At other times, skin thigh jeans and equally revealing blouses or cami-sole top. Once she was only wearing a skimpy emerald green bikini. It was more than he could stand and as soon as he got home hurried into the bathroom. When he saw her in that bikini he didn't even make it home before he stained his shorts. Fortunately, the shorts were already sweat stained. It was embarrassing, nonetheless.

It was the middle of July when she called him to her house. He expected she wanted him to baby-sit again, instead he got the shock of his life: Videos of him sniffing her panties and masturbating in them!

He was called all kinds of vile names and she threatened to call the police. His face was as white as a ghost, his body trembling in both fear and humiliation by the time she had finished her tirade. His only defense was to beg forgiveness, say he would never do such a thing again and promised to do whatever she demanded.

“Very well, Sandy. I won’t call the police even if you are a perverted panty-sniffing sneak. However you will have to do penance for the foul acts you did in my house. Penance? That’s a term meaning you will be punished and forfeit certain rights. No I won’t punish you, you have to do that yourself.”

“Now I can’t possibly wear those expensive panties after what you did in them. So you will forfeit the right to wear boxers or jockeys from now on. Instead you will wear panties every day. I will come by your house, you won’t know when or how often to check to make sure you are wearing panties.”

“As for punishment, I want you to let your hair grow. No more haircuts for you unless I say it’s okay. Where’s the punishment in that you ask? With such long hair you are going to have to really take care of it. That means washing and conditioning it at least weekly. It also means that you will have to brush it one hundred times in the morning and night. That task will be the real punishment as it will remind you of your wicked ways. Unless you want your mother to help you take care of your hair, you will come over here every morning once your parents go to work. I will show you all you need to know about proper hair care. Now take off your shorts and underpants.”

“What? Here? Now?” he gasped.

“Yes of course, how else am I going to see if my panties fit you? Hurry up. I’ve seen more than my share of penises.”

His face scarlet, he slowly pulled down his shorts and boxers trying to keep one hand covering his exposed groin. Standing with both hands covering his privates, she knelt down holding the scarlet panties

he first used for him to step into. He had a clear view down her blouse and instantly against all his will power he sprang a boner. For a few horribly embarrassing seconds she let the waist band of the panties linger under his upright member before snapping it around his waist.

“I think this might not be the worst forfeit I could come up with seeing that. It looks like you are enjoying this way too much. I should have known you were nothing more than a pansy and would love wearing girly panties. Well it’s done and I’m not going to change my mind. I’ll just have to think of another forfeit. The rest of your panties are in the bag, take it and go on home. I think I’ve seen more than enough for one day.”

Over the rest of the summer Sandy was at Mrs. Abernathy’s beck and call. Every morning after his parents left for work, he was at her house until shortly before they came home. As soon as he arrived she made him drop his pants and show her his panties. On arrival she always gave him a big hug which guaranteed he’d have an erection. Since he was “enjoying” wearing panties so much, he agreed to another forfeit. This forfeit required him to keep his body from the neck down hair free. The only hair she would permit below his neck was a small neatly trimmed pubic covering.

During that time she taught him much more than how to care for his hair. Only now she was usually wearing lounging pajamas or a sexy peignoir set in the mornings before changing into something suitable for daytime. He had a constant hard on which she always pointed out and teased him unmercifully about. She didn’t help matters by standing behind him as he brushed his hair with her

breasts pressed into his back. Whispering taunts and degrading insults into his ear as she did so. More and more often she would take a pair of her dirty panties and rub them around his face.



Finally when he was about to burst, she gave them to him and sent him into the bathroom. After which she would laugh and degrade his manhood all the more. Adding that he could never satisfy a woman because he squirted much too soon.

Now that he was wearing panties, he had to know how to care for them. She taught him how to hand wash not only panties but all of her lingerie by hand. Of course that led to lessons on how to iron them. As long as he was ironing her lingerie, he might as well learn to iron other things from sheets to skirts.

One of the first things she taught him was how to pleat his hair. She liked seeing him in pleated pig-tails with pert bows securing the ends. Since he looked so cute, she soon had him putting on pink lipstick, eyeliner and mascara. This of course required a knowledge of facial care techniques. It wasn't long before she had him putting his hair in different feminine hairstyle and full makeup as well.

Now that he was in pigtails and wearing makeup, the next obvious step was skirts and blouses. Of course blouses needed something to fill them out so they would fit correctly. A black satin A-cup uplift bra would make them fit so much better she said as she attached it behind his back. It wasn't long after when he could easily hook and adjust the straps all by himself. Wearing skirts required a knowledge of skirt management. Soon he was walking, sitting and stooping like a lady. Naturally to walk properly in skirts he needed high heels. She started him off on low heels but by late August he managed quite well in three inch spikes.

By the end of summer he was proficient in a lot of feminine activities. While he still cut the neigh-

bors yards, his earnings went to pay for clothing, makeup and hair care supplies. As a result his college savings fund stayed stagnant which put Sandy in a difficult position with his father. Failing to explain satisfactorily where the money went, his dad was very upset with him.

Ooo

With the start of school he only had to see Mrs. Abernathy every day after school until his parents were due home, Friday nights and Saturdays. Friday nights were so called babysitting Theodor nights. Actually it was to keep him from going to the high school football games and dates. Saturdays were grass-cutting days. Having to spend all day cutting all the lawns keep him from watching college football and dates. Sundays he would seldom be called over and then only for panty checks.

His parents were concerned over the amount of time he spent every weekend at her place. They had no idea how much time he really spent there as both worked. Nor did they know their son was wearing panties full time. He washed them when he did Mrs. Abernathy's lingerie.

Mrs. Abernathy kept up his feminine training while he attended school only now it was somewhat limited. Instead of hands on training she gave him more reading and essay assignments. As soon as he got home from school he would go to her house and change into whatever girl's clothing she had laid out. Dressed he would arrange his hair in a feminine style and apply makeup. He would then do whatever reading she required. While their time together was limited, it was making it hard for Sandy

to act like a normal boy. With each passing day, it was getting harder and harder for him to revert to boyish mannerisms.

Once somewhat popular at school he was becoming more of a recluse. His feminine slip ups didn't go unnoticed by his family and friends. His father was becoming more and more frustrated with him for not getting a haircut. His father's frustrations had more to do with the growing feeling that his son was gay. His mother was also concerned. She had noticed the traces of makeup that men wouldn't see; the hints of color in the cracks of the lips and crease of the eyes. She tried to talk to him but he brushed her off and pretty much stayed in his room.

Other things had been changed that summer — things that carried over into the school year. When not learning beauty care and household chores at Mrs. Abernathy's she had him reading. Reading women's and young teen girl magazines. Reading and giving book reports on romance novels from the heroine's point of view. Watching the recorded talk shows on morning TV and Jerry Springer Show in the early afternoon. Never allowed to watch the news or sports of any kind.

Missing sports programs and news was detrimental to his relationships with the guys. By the start of school he could easily spend half an hour just comparing the various mascaras or discuss various ways to use a colorful scarf to accent an outfit. If asked about the Red Socks or the Lakers, he was left mute. Missing the high school football games and other sporting events further alienated him from the guys. By the end of the first semester he was a loner and his grades dropped from A's to C's. It didn't help when as a Christmas present Mrs. Ab-

ernathy gave him seven nylon camisoles with delicate lace hemming. No more undershirts from then on.

The second semester was no better. Fellow students who knew him or saw his feminine mannerisms assumed he was gay. On his seventeenth birthday as he carefully opened his presents, making sure to save the paper, his father called him a sissy. It didn't help his father's image of him that Mrs. Abernathy had gotten his ears pierced as her gift. Plus his hair was almost touching his shoulder blades. When she presented him with a subscription, in his name, to "Play Girl" he had no choice but read it from cover to cover. Other reading materials related to girl-boy relationships followed that magazine. Literature that presented ways girls could make themselves more appealing to boys, and have safe sex and hygiene.

The summer of his seventeenth year Mrs. Abernathy stepped up her domination and demands. Sandy had tried to get out of her clutches. Besides the original videos, she had many more of him traipsing around in cute dresses, skirts and blouses. Between the videos and some pictures of him in just panties and bras, he had no choice. She had had access to his computer and knew all his social media pages and passwords. She could destroy him if she posted what she had. Sandy could only bow his head, resigned to whatever fate she had planned for him.

By the start of that summer other changes, physical ones, could no longer be ignored. Sandy could no longer get an erection, which was the most worrisome. His chest sported two small mounds with enlarged nipples. Nothing that significant, really, yet

big enough that they could not be ignored. Additionally his hips and butt had filled out. His ass was now round and firm filling out his baggy boy's jeans. Mrs. Abernathy had been giving him low doses of female hormones in his lemonade all along. After a year of taking them, his body was finally showing their effects.

When he approached her about what was happening to his body, she laughingly replied, "I've been giving you birth control pills since the day I caught you sniffing my panties. I knew then you were a prissy panty boy. So I figured you'd love having a body that would enhance the fit of your clothing. Now that you know there is no reason to sneak them in your lemonade. Take this and from now on you will swallow one pill every day when you come over. I will know if you don't. You haven't had your lemonade yet so go ahead and take one now."

Sandy looked at the round dispenser of birth control pills in his shaking hand. Half of them were gone. With a trembling hand, he popped a pill out and just stared at it in his open palm. She handed him a glass of water and he swallowed. She took the dispenser back and placed it on the top of the dresser in the guest bedroom. The room was his whenever he came over and contained all his girlie clothing, makeup and such.

By this point Sandy was good enough in his girl persona that no one would guess that he was a boy. This summer was devoted primarily on getting him more public exposure. She started off slow by taking him to early matinees to watch chick flicks. Then to the busiest mall in the city. At first it was just window shopping, the food court and getting him used to using the women's toilets. In early July

she began taking him into the stores and the lady's department or cosmetic counters. There she made him pick out outfits and try them on using the lady's dressing rooms. She had him get makeovers at the beauty counters.

Now as they ate lunch in the food court, she would make him pick out a cute boy and actually flirt. He had the knowledge from his readings but there was nothing better than to have him actually practice. Before the month was out boys were actually joining them at their table. Mrs. Abernathy thoroughly enjoyed watching Sandy interacting with whatever boy sat with them. She never intervened until the boy asked her for a date. She had to draw the line at that but she allowed them to exchange cell numbers.

The only reason she kept Sandy from actually going on a date was because she wouldn't have control. Without the control, a boy might get too aggressive and discover his secret. The last thing she wanted was Sandy getting beat up or maybe killed by some irate boy. No Sandy would be dating boys but boys Mrs. Abernathy could exert control or knew to be safe.

By the end of summer Sandy was more girl than boy. He easily filled out a full A-cup bra and his overall body proportions were more female than male. His public exposure had given him confidence as everyone accepted him as the young girl he appeared to be. He had even passed muster under the close scrutiny of the hairstylist that styled and added highlights to his hair.

The style, a modified retro Raquel Welsh with blond highlights was the last straw for his father. When he came home and saw what Sandy had

done, kicked him out of the house screaming, “You’re no son of mine.” Sandy wasn’t given time to pack or get any of his things. With no other choice, he moved in with Mrs. Abernathy.

Ooo

He was eighteen now and standing before the full length mirror. He was dressed in a cream chiffon blouse that clearly showed the lacy hemming of his pink camisole. The cap sleeves were a froth of lace as was the round neckline. A short box pleated black wool blend mini flare skirt, sheer thigh high nylons and cream leather four inch spike heeled open toed pumps completed his look. Underneath he had on a pink satin wonder bra, pink embroidered lace embellished garter belt, pink half-slip with two inches of lace hem and pink satin high thigh panties.

As he raised his hand to pat a curl back into place six thin metal bangles jingled around the wrist. Around his neck on a golden chain hung a boy’s senior ring. His face was covered in full night time makeup with three blended layers of eye shadow and magenta colored wet looking lipstick. The smell of his spicy/floral perfume filled the air.

Satisfied with his look, he double checked his clutch. His makeup, tissues, hairspray and brush, some money and several condoms were all there. All he had to do was wait to be called to meet Jeffery. They were going to the spring dance at his high school. Sandy had dropped out before his senior year to spend all his time under the tutelage of Mrs. Abernathy. Two months ago Sandy gave

Jeffery his first blow job. A month earlier he had let Jeffery have access to his B-cup breasts.

Jeffery had given Sandy his senior ring and asked him to go steady last week after taking his boy cherry. This time Sandy was more prepared. He had douched several time and lubricated. The first time was very painful and messy and he didn't want to go through that again. Jeffery wasn't the gentlest of lovers and very demanding but Sandy didn't have a choice. Mrs. Abernathy had insisted.

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