

Summer With Step-Mother



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A "New Woman" Novel



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Summer with Step-Mother

By Cheryl Lynn

Ever since the divorce David had a chip on his shoulder. He missed his father. David looked up to him and he wasn't around anymore. It's not like his father was around a lot when they were a family. He worked as a security specialist with an Army contract and often gone for a year at a time. David looked forward to when he'd get an infrequent letter. In an act of rebellion, David adopted a tough Gansta look.

The last letter his father sent was postmarked in Iraq and he said he wanted to see David over the summer and celebrate his graduation. David sure was happy to read that and couldn't wait. Graduation was only a month away. He wasn't that keen on visiting his stepmother or her bratty daughter but spending time with his Dad made it worthwhile.

His father had married Daphne soon after the divorce and moved in with his new family. David met his new stepmother and stepsister when he attended their wedding. He had been proud to stand as his father's best man. He spent a week and he didn't get along with his new family. Daphne was always on his ass about one thing or another. Stephanie, he thought at first, was a hot chick. She had a nice round cupable ass, long legs, a bit small on top with wavy blonde hair. He decided that she was probably a lesbian when she rudely brushed him off. His stepmother was a bossy domineering bitch in his humble opinion. Her daughter, Stephanie, was just like her he decided.

"Hell, she was two years younger than me and should have been impressed that I would even like her," David thought at the time.

The best thing about the visit was that he and his Dad spent a lot of time together. They went to a ball game, on a fishing trip and did other guy stuff. His stepmother didn't mind that they spent so much time together. What upset her were his attitude and the pranks he played on her daughter. Stephanie had come to her on more than one occasion crying her eyes out over something humiliating David had done to her. That visit was over two years ago before he decided on the Gangsta look.

David is a typical boy. He liked to play sports, especially baseball, even if he was not that good. He got into the occasional fight. He wasn't dating but not because he didn't try. All the pretty girls seemed to go for the better built guys. He was smaller and skinner than the other boys in his senior class. He looked forward to graduation at the end of the term. His attitude kept most of the bullies at bay but inside, he was very insecure. He wasn't smart enough to be a nerd nor was he tough enough to be with a gang. The other Gangsta's at school would have

nothing to do with David but put up with him. They believed he was too much of a wimp to be in their gang. The few friends he had were like him, outcasts from the school's general population. Misfits and oddballs the other students didn't want in their clicks.

David liked wearing his cargo pants low so his boxers were displayed. He developed this ambling shuffle when he walked and wore his hair long. Over time he became a real smart ass. He didn't listen to his mother or teachers. His attitude and slovenly appearance further isolated him.

His Mom didn't approve and was forever ragging him about everything he did. She didn't like how he dressed, walked and especially when he got into trouble. He just ignored her and kept on doing his thing. He figured his Dad wouldn't approve of his new look but he was older now and could be his own man. Maybe, to mollify his Dad, he would pull his pants up when he visited but he didn't plan on changing more than that.

Ooo

The day after graduation, David had his bags packed and Mom drove him to the bus station. It was six in the morning and he never ever got up this early but the bus ride would take ten hours. He forced himself to get up early so he could see his Dad. He had never been as bored in his life riding on that stupid bus. Fortunately the bus wasn't crowded and he had room to spread out.

"They could have at least bought me an airline ticket," he fumed.

The bus made a number of stops and he occasionally got off to use the restroom. He did that only when he had too as some of the men hanging around in there gave him

the creeps. He heard rumors at school of what happened in bus stop restrooms. When he used the urinals, he made sure not to look anyone in the eye and got out as soon as he could.

He was tired and all he wanted to do was go to sleep as the bus entered the terminal. Collecting his luggage, David started looking around for his Dad. He was disappointed when he saw Daphne and some older woman waiting.

"Augh crap! Where's my Dad," he thought as they approached.

"Hello David, this is my Aunt Mary she's staying with us for the summer. Is this all your luggage?" she asked frostily.

"Yeah, where's my Dad? I thought he'd be here?" he sneered back.

"Your father got held up overseas and we didn't find out until it was too late to stop you. If we had known, you wouldn't have had to make this trip. He said he would try to join us later but I'm stuck with you now. I see that you are still the rude ruffian that you were before. Show some manners and say hello to Aunt Mary," she replied coldly.

"Yeah, sure, hi, you wanna get one of these bags for me," he replied reaching down to pick up the smallest bag.

"David, show some respect and pick up your own damn bags. We're not your servants," she snapped.

"This is getting off to a swell start," he thought as he followed them to the car. The bags were heavy and he was huffing and puffing by the time they reached the car.

They reached the car and David dropped his suit cases by the trunk and wiped the sweat off his brow with his forearm," Man you could have found a closer place to

part this thing," he mumbled as Daphne opened the trunk.

"Sorry to inconvenience you but this was the best I could do. Now get in the back and try to let us enjoy the trip back," she replied stiffly.

The ride to the house was done in silence. He sat in the back and just for the fun of it, kept kicking the back of the seat where Aunt Mary was sitting. She turned her head to stare and glare at him a couple of times but that was it.

"Damn, I hate to be stuck here without my Dad. I hope he can get here soon." he thought.

It took almost two hours to get to the house. It was out in the woods in the middle of nowhere. The last half hour was on a narrow two lane black top with nothing but trees. No houses, no towns and not even a gas station.

As they pulled into the garage, he had to ask, "Where the fuck are we? You weren't living here the last time I visited?"

"Watch you tongue or you will get it washed out with soap David. We're at your new home for the summer. That other place was my winter condo in the city. We come out here every summer to get away from the chaos and smog," Daphne answered.

"Oh is this just great or what? I'll be stuck out here in the middle of fuckin' nowhere with three bitches," he thought stepping out of the car.

It was a fairly large house with four bedrooms and three baths. The den was large and had a big screen television and hooked up for surround sound. One entire side of the room was glassed in overlooking a nice swimming pool and the forest beyond.

"Maybe my stay here won't be so bad after all," he thought. All he had back home was a thirty-two inch color set and no swimming pool.

Stephanie was in the room looking fantastic. She was wearing a pink leotard and white tights dancing to a Wii game on the TV. David got an instant boner watching her bounce up and down to the motions on the set. He would have watched her longer but Daphne told him to keep moving. He hoped she didn't see his boner as they continued to his room.

"Wow! That Stephanie was a hot chick before but she has filled out on top. Got a real nice rack there instead of those little bumps. Maybe this time she'll realized just how wonderful I am," he thought following the two older women.

When they got to his room he lost it. It was decorated like a little girls room. It even had a big dollhouse sitting in the corner with a white box filled with toy furniture and dolls. The bed, if you could call it that, was a pink chiffon canopied twin with a white satin pillow comforter covering pink sheets with a white daisy print. The pillows even had pink ruffled covers. There was a white bedside table with a Cinderella lamp and pink clock alarm. The rest of the room contained a large white vanity with lighted mirror, pink satin covered bench seat and a large dresser. The walls were a soft pink and covered with boy band posters, ballerinas, ponies and other girly nick knacks.

"I can't fuckin' sleep in here! This is a damn girl's room!" he shouted.

No sooner than the words left his mouth, he felt his upper arm grabbed in a vice grip and was dragged into the bathroom next door. There Aunt Mary thoroughly washed out his mouth with a horrible tasting soap. He

did his best to break her hold and get away from that soap but she was too strong. His mouth was foaming and spilling out over his chin. It was even coming out of his nose by the time she finished.

"This had better be the very last time I hear you say a cuss word in this house. If I even catch you thinking a cuss word, I'll wash your mouth out until it is squeaky-clean. Do we understand one another?" she hissed.

David had had more than enough. His nose and throat were stinging from the soap. He was nauseous and his stomach churned in agony. She was holding him by the scruff of his neck with the soapy washcloth not far from his face. He swallowed his pride and told her he would not say or think such words ever again. She released her grip and told him to wash his face and drink some water from the tap then get his sorry ass back to his room.

"My fuc....my room, I think I would rather sleep out in the woods than have to sleep there," he thought as he gathered up what pride he had left and walked out the bath. The front of his shirt was soaked.

"Alright, it is time for some ground rules while you stay with us. First, you will do what you are told by either me or Aunt Mary. You will be expected to carry your share of the chores around the house and keep this room neat and clean at all times. You will respect us and our privacy at all times. Any disobedience, any sass and you will be punished. Is that clearly understood?" his step-mother stated.

"Ye....yeah....sure....whatever," he sullenly replied. The hard slap across the face was hardly expected and he reeled back, tears filling his eyes.

"You call that respect? Now stop crying like a little girl and apologize," she demanded.

"Yes ma'am, I...I understand," he contritely replied.

"That's better. This will be your room while you stay here. It was Aunt Mary's granddaughter's room. Mary Beth and her family moved to the coast last year. There are still some things of hers in here. Just move them out of the way and put your clothing away. Change that wet shirt after you finish and meet me in the kitchen," she stated and they both left the room.

He stood fuming in the middle of the room for a few minutes before he put his bags on the bed and began unloading them. There were more than just a few things of Mary Beth's in the dresser. Almost all the drawers had pieces of lingerie and other girly stuff in them. He removed the neatly folded and stacked lingerie and stuffed them haphazardly into the bottom two drawers before putting his stuff into the top three. His fingers did linger a bit longer than necessary when he picked up her panties, bras, slips and other lingerie.

He was holding a pair of what he later learned was called rumba panties to his nose when he heard a sound from behind. It was Aunt Mary. She stood in the doorway with her fists against her hips staring at him. Shocked, he dropped the violet colored nylon panties with rows and rows of frilly white lace on the back to the floor. He turned four kinds of red as she looked at him then the panties lying on the floor.

"Pick those up and neatly fold them before you put them back into the drawer," she said with a strange smile. He bent down and picked up the garment. Not knowing what else to do, folded the panties in half and turned to put it into the bottom drawer.

"Not so fast. Don't you know anything? Bring those to me and I'll show you how to properly fold them," she said walking over to him.

She took the panties, flapped them out then folded them over once then once again. "There that is the proper way to fold panties. Now I want you to take everything out of that draw and fold each piece of lingerie properly," she demanded.

He was thoroughly embarrassed as he sat on the bed amid a pile of feminine lingerie. Picking up lingerie and folding it neatly as she instructed before placing them carefully back into their original drawers. There had to be at least twenty pairs of panties in various styles, cuts and colors. A dozen bras and other items he was unfamiliar with were folded and placed neatly into their drawers.

When he asked about where he was going to put his stuff, she informed him to neatly fold his underwear and place it in the bottom two drawers. He never had to do that before but complied. There were little silk pillows reeking of floral perfume in each of the drawers.

"I don't want my boxers and undershirts to smell like this," he said pointing to the little pads. When he went to pull them out, he was told to leave them. He wanted to protest but seeing the look on her face didn't dare. She was much bigger and stronger than he was.

The closet was like the dresser, more than amply full of her things. Dresses, everyday and special occasion dresses, blouses, skirts even nighties were hung in neat array. He barely had room to hang his few pairs of slacks and jeans but was too afraid of Aunt Mary to complain. Besides, he was stuck in the middle of nowhere with no place to run.

Aunt Mary had him take his empty suitcases down to the basement and then led him into the kitchen. There she tied an apron on him and told him to help fix dinner. The apron was a frilly almost transparent rose color bib apron

with floral embroidered bodice and lace frilled straps. It reached down to knee level and had a ruffled hem.

Seeing the ultra feminine apron he forgot himself and shouted, "Damn it! I'm not some sissy girl and I'm not wearing this piece of shit!"

She not only washed his mouth out with soap, liquid soap this time, but bent him over her knees and gave me the spanking of a life time. When she finished, he was dumped unceremoniously to the floor where he cried like a baby. His ass was on fire and his pride washed away in his tears. It was going to be a very long summer unless his Dad showed up soon.

"What's going on in here?" Daphne asked walking into the kitchen.

"It seems David has an attention deficit disorder darling. He's already forgotten about cursing in this house. I washed his mouth with soap and gave him a spanking. Maybe now he will remember to keep his tongue under control," Aunt Mary replied.

"David, get up and stop that sniveling. You're acting like a little girl. Go to the bathroom and wash your face then get back here. We need to get dinner on the table," his stepmother snapped.

About that same time Stephanie walked into the room. She had changed into a pair of skin tight white Capri pants with a floral print and a pink nylon camisole top. As soon as she saw him, she started giggling. Her entrance made David blush even harder. It was bad enough having two older women see him like this but a hot teen girl made it much worse.

As he stumbled from the room wiping his arm across his eyes, she quipped, "He looks more like a little step-sister than my step-brother. Maybe we should keep him in dresses while he's here."

"It's not a fucking dress. It's a damn apron," he said as he hurriedly walked past.

Hearing what her niece said, Aunt Mary got this funny look on her face. "I think my little Stephanie might have something there. I remember my Mother telling me how Granny would do that to her brother when he misbehaved. Maybe that's just what the doctor ordered. It's obvious he hasn't learned a thing from getting his mouth washed out with soap or a spanking," she thought.

As punishment for his behavior, David not only had to help prepare dinner but serve and clean up afterwards. To add to his shame, Aunt Mary had him put on a pair of pink rubber gloves to wash the dishes then clean the counter tops. The apron didn't come off until the kitchen was spotless. He was more than happy to be told to go to bed. He was exhausted and his nerves shot. Stephanie didn't let him forget for a second that he was wearing a frilly girlie apron.

He was stepping into his worn but comfortable pajamas as Aunt Mary walked into the room without knocking. "Wha....what? I'm half naked. What are you doing in here?" he said surprised.

"You're not going to bed without taking a proper bath. You stink to high heaven. This is not a sty and I will not allow you to make it one," she said walking over to him and grabbing him by his earlobe.

"Ahhhhhh, that hurts. Let me the fuck alone!" he yelled in shock.

"It seems that you do have an attention problem after all, now doesn't it? Well, you will learn not to use foul language much less think it. I have plenty of soap," Aunt Mary stated.

David sat on the commode, naked, his hands covering his genitals and crying. The soapy washcloth stuck firmly

into his mouth, as she filled the bathtub. She had added bath beads and oils to the water and the tub was filling with millions of tiny multicolored bubbles. The heady aroma of flowers didn't overcome the smell of soap filling his nose.

In the tub, Aunt Mary scrubbed his body with a vengeance. She was determined to get every particle of dirt and grime off. Once she had his body a nice rosy pink, she shampooed and conditioned his hair. With his hair done, she wrapped it in a lavender towel turban style and had him step out. She handed him another towel and told him to pat himself dry. His rosy glow only deepened as she began patting floral scented talc all over his body. His cheeks flushed red as she applied the talc to his groin.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of. I've seen more than my share of little boy's wieners and your little tadpole aint no different," she stated blandly.

She had him wrap the towel around his chest and tuck it in under his arm before leading him back to his room. She marched him over to the vanity stool and removed the turban and placed it across his shoulders. Using a rattail comb, she parted it down the middle and across the forehead.

"When was the last time you had your hair trimmed? It's a positive mess and nothing but split ends," she said more to herself than to him.

She picked up a pair of scissors and began trimming the split ends evenly across the back. Then, more out of whimsy than anything else, decided to cut the hair across the front just above the eyebrows. Putting the scissors down, she picked up a boar bristle wooden brush and began stoking it through his thick brown hair.

David saw what she was doing in the mirror but couldn't react in time to stop her from giving him bangs.

With the way she had trimmed the back, he now had a cute girlish pageboy hairstyle.

“OMG! What have you done to my hair!” he exclaimed.



“Nothing but trimmed off the split ends. Do I have to remind you again about your choice of words? For that outburst, I think I can find a suitable punishment,” she replied as she began brushing one side gathering the ends into her hand. She efficiently braided them and tied them off with a narrow pink satin ribbon. When she had finished, David had two pigtails sprouting from the sides of his head.

Aunt Mary was very pleased with herself as she put the brush down on the vanity top. As David sat staring into the mirror with disbelief filling his eyes, she walked over and picked up his pajamas where he had left them on the floor.

“These are disgusting. They smell and have holes in them. I can’t let you wear these. Guess I’ll just have to find you something else until you can get some new ones,” she said walking into the closet.

“What the fu...,” he almost said “fuck” but stopped himself in time. Seeing the pigtails wiggling every which way as he moved his head, reminded him not to cuss. “What? You can’t expect me to wear that,” he finished.

“Well, I am certainly not going to allow you to sleep in the nude. Your pajamas belong in the dumpster, so this will have to do for now,” she stated.

She was holding a peignoir set by its pink satin padded hanger. The tricot nylon robe was pale chocolate with ornate balloon sleeves trimmed lavishly in scalloped ivory floral lace. The delicate lace also hemmed the robe which tied off with a wide chocolate satin sash. The matching spaghetti strapped gown was a rich dark chocolate with round ivory colored lace frilled bust. The very full skirt was nylon with tricot over skirting in pale chocolate. In her other hand, she held a pair of three inch spiked heeled mules with a tuft of white feathers at the toe.

She saw his wild eyed stare first at the peignoir then at the shoes. "Well, you can't possibly walk around in your bare feet. Let's see if these mules will fit but first, you need to get dressed," she said in explanation.

She handed him the matching panties. They were full cut dark chocolate nylon tricot with four rows of ivory colored floral lace across the back. The nylon was cool and sensual as it touched his skin. It was a very new feeling and not a bad one. As the gown went over his head and flowed between his legs. David was sporting a raging erection to his great embarrassment. The shoes were another thing altogether. They were tight and totally disrupted his sense of balance. Aunt Mary took him by the arm, steadying him as he swayed on the high heels.

"Come along David, you'll get use to them soon enough. Take small steps. Keep your elbows in close to your sides. It's alright to swing your lower arms but keep your wrists limp and try to move from the hips. You'll find it easier to walk in heels if you do that. Don't forget to keep your back straight, it will help you keep your balance," she instructed as she guided him around the room.

David got the strangest sensation as the soft nylon flowed between his legs and rubbed across his thighs with each step. It was both disconcerting and sensual at the same time. As the fabric rubbed against his body, his erection became even stronger. He glanced down several times trying to see if it was obvious only to be told to keep his head up.

He was totally spent by the time she tucked him under the covers. His last thoughts before falling into a sound sleep were of the smell of the sweet talc and sensuous touch of the soft nylon. His sleep was slightly disturbed when he moaned loudly and ejaculated into the nightie. He had no idea of that event or what caused it, his sleep was so deep.

Ooo

David was being chased by a long armed monster. She was screaming and spouting flames from her nostrils as she chased after him, getting closer and closer by the moment. He gasped for breath and pumped his legs as fast as he could but wasn't getting anywhere. He looked down at his feet, wondering why he wasn't getting away from that hideous monster. He was wearing a pair of pointed toed shoes with twelve-inch dagger like heels. He screamed in his sleep as the monster reached out and grabbed one of his pigtails and jerked back.

His eyes sprang open as the monster pulled him into her tight grip to see Aunt Mary standing above him. She was pulling his hair telling him it was time to get up. Groggily, he sat up, pulled the covers off and started to get out of bed.

"What have you done, you naughty naughty boy? Just look at the mess you made of your pretty nightie," she demanded.

He was still sleepy and had no idea of what she was talking about. "Wha..what are you talking about? I didn't do nuthin'" he sleepily replied.

"That stain on your gown says otherwise. What do you think I'm talking about? It looks like you really enjoyed wearing it, didn't you sissy boy?" she sarcastically replied.

"Wha... what stain?" he said as he looked down and saw the dark blot. He quickly thrust his hands down between his legs trying to hide the embarrassing spot. His face went crimson and while his lips moved nothing came out.

"Well just don't sit there like a fish out of water. Get up, put on your mules and negligee. Once we get into the bathroom, you can wash out that horrible stain," she ordered.

She had to hold his elbow while he clomped in his unfamiliar heels. His head was reeling in confusion and humiliation. He had night time emissions before but why oh why did he have to have one last night? He asked himself.

"Little boys and their toys, tsk, tsk, we'll have to find some way to solve your little problem. It should be tucked away. Out of sight, out of mind or so they say," she said as they entered the bath.

She filled the sink with Woolite and warm water, telling him to be careful and only rinse out the area where the stains were. He was surprised at how sensuous the wet nylon felt in his hands. He hoped as he washed the nightie, he wouldn't get another woody.

As he was doing that, she started the tub and began taking things out of a cabinet. He wondered what she was doing as she placed a roll of surgical tape, scissors, lady's shave cream and pink razor on the counter top. He was still blushing as he finished his task and carefully placed the clothing between two towels to dry. By that time the room was filled with the aroma of flowers.

In the bath with a pink plastic shower cap to protect his hair, she again attacked his body with a sponge. With his skin glowing pink she had him get out and pat himself dry and dust with the scented talc. She sat heavily on the commode lid and ordered him to stand in front of her. He thought for only a moment about running for his life but knew that he wouldn't get far. Fearing a worse punishment for running, he did as instructed.

Without blinking an eye, she took the scissors and trimmed off his pubic thatch. Then she spread the femi-

nine shave gel over the stubble. He winched and blushed even harder and couldn't stop a moan as she began removing it with the razor. With his groin free of any hair, she picked up the tape and cut several strips. Next, with the flat of her palm she pressed his testicles back up into his body, then pulling his penis tightly between his legs, taped everything into place.

"There all done, out of sight out of mind. This way you can put a sanitary pad into your panties. So if you have a recurrence of last night, it will catch any fluids. You'll need to sit to pee but otherwise you shouldn't have any problems. I'll be checking that every day. We don't want any more accidents, now do we? You finish up in here and meet me back in your room. Don't take all day," she said.

David stood in shock as she got up and left. He couldn't believe that what just happened actually had. It took him several minutes to do anything but stand there looking down at her handy work. He was as flat as any girl down there. He finished his business in a daze, pulled the negligee on, stepped into the mules and made his way back to his room on shaking legs.

"I was going to take you down to breakfast in your peignoir but you made a mess on the gown. So, I guess we'll just have to find you something else to wear," she greeted as he walked back into the room.

"I'll get my boxers, jeans and a tee," he said.

"Oh no dear, you don't understand. Until you learn to stop saying curse words and develop a more pleasing attitude, I'll decide what you are going to wear," she said with a big smile.

David was horrified as Aunt Mary went to the dresser and removed the pink rumba panties she had caught him sniffing. She also took out a pink with ivory lace trim

training bra and pink nylon camisole with eyelet lace hemming. Next she went into the closet and took out a white cotton blouse with rounded collar and short puffed sleeves and a bibbed baby blue corduroy short-skirted dress.

"You've got to be kidding me! That's girl clothes. I'm a guy and guys don't fu...errr...don't wear that stuff. You can't be serious?" he stated.

"I did catch you more than admiring these darling panties yesterday, didn't I? It also seems that you haven't learned to control that cursing either. You will wear every stitch of clothing that I give you as punishment until you can learn to control your foul language. I should wash that filthy mouth out again and give you a good spanking but that doesn't seem to work. So we are going to try this as punishment," she replied sternly.

David looked at her as if she were crazy but didn't want his mouth washed out with soap again or a spanking. He also knew that she was capable of doing anything she wanted to him. She had proved that yesterday. Meekly, his skin turning a deep rose red, he took the clothing from her.

Putting on girls clothing was embarrassing enough but when she handed him the panty liner, he went scarlet. "Guy's aren't supposed to even know about this let alone actually touch it. How gross," he thought.

The panties were no problem putting on but with the bra he had major difficulties. Aunt Mary had to step behind him and show him how to grasp the ends and hook it in the back. She made him unfasten and refasten the bra a dozen times before she was satisfied. His embarrassment only got worse with each try. Putting on a bra was revolting for two reasons. A bra was totally unnatural for a boy to wear and secondly, it was such a feminine gar-

ment that putting it on stabbed his male ego right in its heart. His humiliation didn't end with putting on the bra.

He had to learn how to adjust the narrow satin straps. Moving that very small slide up or down on the slippery straps was difficult. Having to concentrate so hard making that adjustment, drove the dagger deeper into his masculinity. In his mind, he could excuse the panties even with all that lace because they were similar to his briefs. He could do the same with the camisole and even the dress. The camisole was just like his undershirts and men did wear kilts. A bra could never be justified.

Dressed, she sat him at the vanity and put a pair of white nylon socks with ruffled baby blue lace and a pair of black patent leather Mary Jane styled shoes on his feet. To complete his look, she applied coral lipstick.

After switching out the pink hair ribbons with baby blue ones, she grabbed his hand and led him to the kitchen.

"Auntie Mary what did you do to David? And who is this cute little girl?" Stephanie laughed almost shooting the milk she was drinking out of her nose. Daphne just raised a questioning eyebrow at her aunt.

"I have decided that until our dim-witted David here learns to stop using curse words and develops a nice attitude, he will be punished. As you can see, I am applying a technique called petticoat punishment. My mother used it to great effect on my little brother. I think some girl time will change his attitude," she told them.

"Auntie, isn't that Mary Beth's old clothing? Oh my, I can see his panties. Are they rumba panties? They're so cute. Did you dress him completely in lingerie? Oh, this is too much. Didn't he put up a fight? I would if Mom tried to make me wear those panties," Stephanie added giggling.

"Yes, darling and I don't want you teasing your new step-sister and, no, he didn't put up any fight at all," she answered.

"Some Gangsta you turned out to be! My boyfriend, Billy, would have to have been beat to a pulp to wear something like that much less those undies," Stephanie quipped.

"Now Stephanie, be nice. I want you to help David adjust and become all sugar and spice like all little girls. When the two of you finish breakfast, I want you to take him up to his room and show him how to play with dolls. Maybe later the two of you can have a nice tea party," Aunt Mary said trying to look serious but failed.

"Alright Auntie but I have a softball game this afternoon. I can't miss that and Billy's coming by to pick me up," Stephanie replied.

"That's fine dear. I'm sure that I can find something for David to do while you are at the game," her auntie replied.

As that conversation was taking place, David stood shifting from foot to foot and unconsciously pulling at the hem of his skirt. "I knew this skirt was too short. Everybody can see my panties. I've never been so humiliated in my life. What was that? Go play with dolls? Tea party? Boyfriend? Billy coming over here? I can't let anybody else see me like this. I'll die of shame," he thought in panic.

"No! No, you can't let anybody come over here and see me like this," he gasped.

"David, sit down and eat your cereal. If you do exactly as you are told, no one but us will see you. If you misbehave or utter a single curse word, we will take you to Stephanie's ball game," Aunt Mary chastised.

Ooo

David sat in front of the dollhouse for what seemed like years. He rearranged the furniture, moved the dolls around the rooms and changed their clothing more times than he cared to remember. As he played with the set, he kept up an ongoing conversation with his dolls. Stephanie rehearsed what he should say as he played. He balked at first but she threatened to tell Aunt Mary that he said a cuss word and was being spiteful. Fearing that he would be taken out in public, he grimaced but did as she instructed.

"Hello Betsy, it's so nice of you to visit. That is such a pretty dress. Where did you get it? Oh, how marvelous, I will have to go there and see if I can find something like it. Would you like some tea?" David was saying as he had two dolls face each other. He wanted to puke at what he was being forced to do but had no choice. Stephanie had the power to really embarrass him.

Stephanie had a difficult time stifling her laughter as the sissified boy played. "What a dork! I can't believe he is doing what I told him. He has to be the biggest sissy ever. He didn't even argue with me. I can't imagine any of the boys in my class doing this without a major fuss. I bet it would be a hoot to take him to my ballgame. He was nothing but an arrogant pain in the ass the last time he was here. Serve the little snit right. This is just so way cool, it ought to be in film. I've got to get this on my cell," she thought as she pushed the video app on her phone.

"Sissy you keep playing with your dolls. I have to go change into my uniform. I'll be checking up on you while I change, so I'd better not catch you goofing off," she said a few hours later.

David watched her leave the room and stopped playing. He stared down at the baby blue ruffles on his nylon socks. "I'm no damn sissy! I'm doing this only because she's making me," he mumbled as a single tear formed in his eye.

"Well I see we still haven't learned our lesson yet," Aunt Mary said walking into the room.

David almost jumped out of his skin when he heard her. "Shi...darn, she must have been waiting just outside the da....darn door," he thought looking up at her. He could see Stephanie's head ducking back from the door frame. He almost slipped and said some cuss words but the aroma of soap was still in his nose.

"I'm sorry. It just slipped out. It won't happen again. I promise," he explained.

"I'm not so old that I don't remember you not promising that before," she said reaching down and grabbing him by the earlobe.

David sat on the commode lid, a soapy washcloth crammed into his mouth and tears spilling down his cheeks. His knees were pressed together with his feet sprayed out and his clasped hands clutching at his stomach. The soap was making him nauseous and his stomach was cramping.

"You remember what I promised you what would happen if I caught you using curse words again, now don't you? What do you think if I go through Mary Beth's old closet and see if I can find a nice party dress for you to wear? Huh? Something frilly with lots of lace and petticoats? I'm sure the boys at the game will get a kick out of seeing you," she said reaching down and removing the soapy cloth.

"Please, no, anything but that. I'll be good. I'll do whatever you say. I won't ever say another curse word, ever," he replied hiccupping small bubbles.

"Anything? Why should I believe you now? You have made me plenty of unkept promises so far?" she answered.

"I...I can't let anyone see me like...like this. Please, I'll be good. Just give me another chance, please," he begged.

"Well, I did make you a promise to take you to the ballgame and I don't like to break a promise," she said and paused long enough to see him really squirm.

"However, you still must be punished. Now, if and I say if, you agree to do whatever I say happily, without complaint, I may reconsider," she said with a triumphant smile.

"Yes, yes anything. I promise," David quickly replied eager to do anything to keep him out of the public eye.

"Very well then, I won't make you go to the ballgame with Stephanie. You've managed to get you blouse wet and we'll have to find you something else to wear. Wash your mouth out from the tap, dry those tears and meet me back in your room," she stated.

Arriving back in his room David was flabbergasted to see Aunt Mary hold up a frilly lavender and pink taffeta party dress. "You...you said you...you weren't gonna make me go out," he said. He was so shocked that he did not notice Stephanie off to the side with a video camera.

"I didn't say anything about not putting you into a party dress and didn't I hear you promise to do anything happily? Where is the happiness? Let me hear you ask me to put you into your precious party dress.....or," she threatened.

David stared back at her shocked into silence until she moved towards him. "Yes, please, may I wear that pretty dress," he quickly replied.

"No, no dear that just won't do. I want to see a great big smile on your face and do call me Auntie. Now, let's try that again. Only this time, clap your hands and jump up and down while you ask me politely to wear this dress. I want to see some enthusiasm here," she instructed.

Biting back his disgust at having to do such a humiliating act, he did as told. He smiled, clapped his hands and with as joyful voice as he could muster, asked her to pretty please let him wear that beautiful party dress.

"Very well, since you asked so nicely. Strip down to your pretty undies and let's see how good this dress fits," she replied.

With David stripped down to his panties and bra, she walked around him tsking as she looked him over. "No, this won't do either. This frock demands that you wear some nice hose and those hairy legs just won't do. Come along back to the bath and we'll fix that problem right away. You do want to look nice in your dress, now don't you?" she said looking at him menacingly.

David got the hint and faking a big smile replied, "Oh yes Auntie, I want to look nice in my...my dress."

David was like a deer staring into headlights. He was too stunned to do anything but follow her orders. She had him stand in the tub where she coated his legs with shaving gel. As he stood shivering, she removed the hair from his legs. Finished with his legs, she swiped the razor over the small tuft of hair on his chest. Chest hair he was very proud of finally growing. With it gone, his ego was devastated. Too add to this injury, she shaved his underarms as

well. The only thing left of what distinguished him as a male was the little bump in his panties.

As she wiped off the residue from his body, she asked, "Don't you think you should thank me for showing you how to do this like a big girl?"

"Tha...thank you Auntie fo....for showing me how to shave li....like a big girl," he stammered.

"That didn't sound so happy. You should be thrilled that you are big enough to shave your body. May be you would rather I put you back into diapers and treated you like a four year old little girl? So, let's try that again and this time darling, try using a higher pitched voice," she stated.

With no other choice, David plastered a fake smile on his face, clapped his hands and raising his tone replied, "Oh Auntie thank you so much for showing me how to shave like a big girl." He didn't see his step-sister filming his every move.

"That was much better dear. Here is some moisturizer. You need to apply it daily and especially after you shave. It will nourish the skin and sooth any minor nicks or cuts. It has a lovely lavender scent doesn't it dear?" she said handing him the bottle.

Obediently, he replied, "Yes, Auntie."

Back in the room, she handed him a light colored violet camisole with delicate lace edging and a matching half-slip with three inches of floral lace hemming. Aunt Mary pulled the dress down over his head and started to zip it up the back. Tucking a finger under the elastic band of the bra, she snapped it.

"Isn't that just the cutest bra darling? Don't you just love it?" she asked with a giggle.

David gulped before replying, "Oh yes Auntie this bra is just the cutest thing I have ever worn an....and I love it."

David heard laughter coming from the corner of the room and turned his head to see Stephanie holding her cell phone laughing so hard she had tears in her eyes.

"Fu....errrrr....what is she doing in here?" he shouted in a spit of anger. Fortunately he managed to cut off his curse word and hoped his lapse wasn't noticed.

No such luck. He felt a sharp painful slap across his upper thigh. "I thought you would have learned by now but you are a stubborn one, aren't you? Maybe spending the entire summer dressed like a prissy girl will break that bad habit of yours. Now shut up, put a happy smile on your face and behave or you will go to the game with Stephanie and her boyfriend," Aunt Mary snapped.

"OMG! What have I done! I can't let her send me with Stephanie and her boyfriend. No telling what would happen to me then. I'd be a laughing stock and more likely beaten to a pulp. I can't let that happen," he thought wildly.

"I'm sorry....I wasn't thinking....She....she surprised me, that's all. Please, I'm sorry. It won't happen again," he cried out.

"Until it doesn't happen again and you control your behavior, you will stay in dresses. This is my last warning! Now, put a smile on that face and behave. Since my other punishments haven't worked, I guess I'll have to think of something else," Aunt Mary snapped as she pulled the zipper back down and removed the dress.

Taking him by the earlobe, she pulled him back into the bath. As she was doing that, Stephanie said she had to go to her ball game for which David was happy. In the bathroom, she removed the ribbons from his hair and told

him to shampoo and condition it. He took the strawberry scented shampoo and with a shudder did as instructed.

When he had finished, she got behind him, bent his head over the sink and saturated his hair with hydrogen peroxide. When his hair became a brassy blonde, she washed it out and covered his hair turban style. Back at the vanity, she removed a large number of small pink rods and a jar of setting gel. With much pulling and yelps from David, she soon had his hair covered in the rods. She took out the portable hair dryer, pulled the pink bonnet over his hair and turned it on in its high setting.

"You sit there and don't do anything. Here, you can read this magazine while I'm gone," she said thrusting a "Seventeen" into his hands.

"I look like a complete dork! How did this happen so quickly? I should run away but I don't even know where I am. There was nothing but miles and miles of woods as we drove here. I can't fight her, she is too strong for me and I'm out numbered. What am I going to do? Dad could put a stop to this but no telling when he'll show up. I'm so screwed," he thought as he viewed his sissy reflection in the vanity mirror. It was his face reflected back with a large pink plastic bonnet filled with hot air on his head and a feminine nylon camisole adorning his torso. Another chunk of his masculinity shriveled into nothing and tears began running down his cheek.

Aunt Mary returned and began taking all his male clothing out of the dresser and closet, stuffing them into black plastic trash bags. "You won't need these any time soon," she said giving him a glare, daring him to say anything. Taking the bags away she returned and checked his hair for dryness.

"Needs a bit more time, we'll do your nails while we wait. Doesn't that sound like fun?" she said glaring at him.

"Oh yes Auntie that sounds fabulous," he dutifully replied. Inside, he was kicking himself for not telling her what he really thought.

Aunt Mary removed an emery board, orange stick and a bottle of pale purple polish from a vanity draw and began showing him how to properly care for his nails. After filing them into ovals, she pushed back the cuticles with the stick before putting on the first coat of varnish.

"Applying polish requires a steady hand dear. See how I brush off the excess polish. You don't want to overdo this as it will cause clumps. It is better to use several light applications than one heavy one. See how gorgeous that came out. Here, now you try the next finger," she instructed. After numerous missteps, his nails were finished. He closed his fingers into his palm to look at them but was told to spread his fingers out.

"David, a lady always fans out her fingers palm down when checking her manicure. We do not make a fist. You want everyone to see them, not hide them. I don't want to see your hands curled again. Keep them splayed out," she told him.

"Yes, Auntie," he dutifully replied.

"Good, now lean your head back a bit. I want to thin out those brambles you call eyebrows a bit. This will only hurt for a second or two but I'm sure you will get use to it. It's something all us girls do," she said picking up a pair of tweezers.

Ooo

David was standing in the kitchen as both his step-mother and Aunt Mary looked at him. He was beet red but continued to force the smile on his face as they chatted.

"Aunt Mary don't you think you have gone a bit over board with David? I know he is an arrogant general pain in the ass but I'm not so sure about all this," Daphne said waving a hand in his general direction.

"Well maybe just a tiny bit dear but he had it coming. He is a stubborn willful child and I guarantee my methods will work. By the time his father gets here, if he does, David will be a mild mannered gentleman. If not, then his father can welcome his new daughter into the family," she firmly stated.

"I must admit he certainly has calmed down a lot since he got here yesterday. I know I couldn't put up with his loud mouthed insolent ranting all summer long. I talked with his mother this morning to see when we could send him home but she is leaving on a Caribbean cruise and has other plans for the summer. We certainly don't agree on much of anything but we do agree that David's attitude needs major adjustments. Fine, we'll do it your way and see how things turn out," she replied.

Whatever hope David had that his punishment would be over sooner rather than later died with her pronouncement. His only hope now lay in keeping a low profile and out of the public eye until his Dad came home. His Dad certainly wouldn't put up with these crazy women's ideas. He believed he would put everything right.

After what Aunt Mary had done to him today, he was going to do his best to not piss either one of them off if he could help it. His hair was a brassy blonde and in tight

bouncing curls. He was wearing a lavender taffeta dress with pink puffed semi-transparent short sleeves covered in white floral lace and purple satin bows. The short skirt flared out almost horizontally from the multi-layered stiff net sparkling white petticoats. He was wearing a wide purple embroidered and lace accented garter belt and white floral imprinted hose. A pair of lavender, pointed toed satin pumps with a three-inch heel were on his feet. White cotton gloves were on his hands and he carried a white knit bag purse in his left hand. His brows had been plucked into delicate feminine arches and wore full evening makeup. Purple blended into lavender blended into pink eye shadow and black eyeliner highlighted his eyes. His lips were thickly painted with a glossy lavender lipstick. His makeup, a compact, tissues and his student ID were in the purse.

“Come along David. It is time I taught you some mannerisms so you can manage in your skirts and heels,” Aunt Mary said.

When he didn’t reply, she added, “Is that the way I have taught you to answer me?”

“I’m sorry Auntie Mary. Thank you an...and I would love to learn some man...mannerisms,” he dutifully replied.

“See, Daphne, he’s learning already,” she said as they left the room.

The rest of the afternoon was pure hell for David. She kept him moving at a constant pace with few breaks in between lessons. He had to hold his arms and hands just so when walking or sitting. He had to smooth out his skirts when he sat, press his knees together with his ankles crossed and his hands in his lap. He learned to walk heel and toe with a gentle sway to his hips. He had to stoop

from the knees when picking something up and he never passed a mirror without checking his hair and makeup.

By late afternoon, he was ready to collapse. His entire body hurt but his feet and calves were the most painful. His only respite came when Stephanie walked in. She was wearing her baseball uniform which showed that she had really played. Her hair was wet from sweat and there were many dirt stains on her pants. The difference in their appearance did not go unnoticed.

"Here I am in a fancy party dress, all made up and mincing around the living room floor while she is wearing a dirty baseball uniform. I should be the one wearing that uniform. I should have been the one out playing ball. Not her," he thought as she walked around him with a great big smile on her face.

"Isn't he the most precious thing you have ever seen? Auntie you've done a wonderful job on him but don't you think calling him David a little odd? I think you should give him a prissy girl's name like Veronica, Margaret or Lavern. After all, he looks just like a prissy girlie-girl now, doesn't he," she smirked.

"You might be right Stephie, I don't think continuing to call him David will help him mature into the gentle person we want him to become. Veronica sounds too sophisticated, Margaret sounds so straight-laced but I think you have it with Lavern. Lavern sounds flighty and whimsical that would be the best suited, I think. What do you think?" she replied with a broad smile.

"Oh yes, Auntie, Laverne, with an "e" on the end would be perfect," Stephanie squealed.

David, now called by everyone in the household Laverne, learned how to remove his makeup and tend to his skin and hair before going to bed. He wore the silky chocolate peignoir and a hair net to bed. As soon as his

head hit the pillow, he was out like the light. Despite his evening bath, his body, especially his feet, still ached.

Ooo

When the alarm went off at six thirty he groaned loudly, pulled the comforter up over his head and tried to go back to sleep. The incessant buzzing of the alarm, finally forced him to open his eyes.

“Who set the fuck....can’t use that word. That’s what got me into the mess I’m in. It’s way too early to get up. Its summer,” he thought as he shut off the alarm. He started to roll back under the covers when Aunt Mary came in.

“Rise and shine Laverne. You have a busy day today. I’ll put out your clothing while you take a nice hot bath. The tubs filling and I put some nice bath beads and oils in it for you. Go on, hurry up, you don’t want it to overflow,” she said cheerily.

When he got into the bathroom, the tub wasn’t quite half full but the smell of flowers was almost overpowering. He took off his negligee and robe, hung them on the hook on the back of the door and went to the sink. Staring back at him from the mirror, he saw a green face with curly blonde curls wrapped in a hairnet.

“Oh my gosh, I look like a fu...freak,” he thought as he reached up and began peeling off the night mask.

He reluctantly stepped into the bubble filled bath, grimacing as he put his foot into the hot oily water. “I hate baths. I hate them. Only girls take a bath,” he thought as he submerged. As much as he disliked it, he had to admit that the bath drained the aches and pains from his still sore feet and legs.

Back in his room, he frowned when he saw what she had laid out for him. A pair of floral decorated white nylon brief style panties, matching training bra, camisole, half-slip and white pantyhose for his lingerie. A very prissy ruffled and lace frilled short-sleeved thin nylon blouse and short black cotton pleated flare skirt for his outerwear. On the floor was a pair of black strappy sandals with a three-inch heel.

He had just lowered the camisole over his bra when she walked back into the room. "Since you have never worn pantyhose before, I thought I would show you how it's done. Do you like the pretty clothing I picked out for you today?" she asked.

"Oh yes Auntie Mary, the lingerie is just too precious and feels so silky against my skin. The blouse and skirt are perfect for a summer's day," he dutifully replied.

"I'm glad you like my choices dear but please try and speak softer and a bit higher if you would," she answered.

Dressed she sat him at the vanity and using a rat tailed comb, fluffed up his curls. Telling him what she was doing and that she expected him to do that from now on. She also showed him how to apply mascara and lipstick informing him that he would be doing that as well.

She handed him a black purse with a thin strap and told him to transfer everything from his knit bag into it. "You will always, from this point on, wear at least the makeup you now wear and carry a purse so your makeup will always be available for touch ups as you go about the day. Stephie will teach you how to properly apply makeup after you have finished breakfast today. That will be a lot of fun, won't it?" she said staring at him.

He knew what she wanted and replied, "Oh yes Auntie Mary, I can't wait to learn how to put on my very

own makeup," he chirped in the higher pitched voice she wanted him to use.

Stephanie was standing in the door frame catching everything that took place on her video camera. "Oh this is just too much. He is even beginning to sound like a sissy. I can't believe any boy could be such a pantywaist. I'm glad that Auntie wants me to help. It's such a rush to boss him around for a change. She said I could do anything to him as long as it made him act more feminine. Well sissy, wait and see what I do. You'll regret ever giving me so much shit when you were last here," she thought.

"Careful how you move Laverne, I can see your pretty panties," Stephanie said as they went back to his room. She was wearing a pair of denim shorts with a pink midriff blouse and wearing a pair of sneakers. She had her baseball cap on and her ponytail stuck out the back opening. David was very aware of the differences in their attire. That awareness drove another nail into his ego.

Blushing at her comment, David slowed his pace remembering his lessons from yesterday. Seated at the vanity, he spent the next two hours applying then removing makeup. Stephanie was a very strict teacher and with every mistake, she would pinch his arm painfully. By the end of his lessons, David's arm had many red splotches. He was almost happy to see Aunt Mary walk in and tell him it was time for his deportment lessons.

His happiness was short lived, as he spent the next two hours repeating the previous day's lessons. This time Aunt Mary had placed a long strip of masking tape in the hallway and had him walk down it. Chairs were placed at intervals down the hall which would force him to swing and sway his hips to avoid touching them.

"Swing from the hip, placing one foot in front of the other. Keep that back straight, chest out, elbows in

Laverne. Loosen up those wrists. Chin up dear. Smile, remember to always keep a happy smile on your face," she instructed.

When they broke for lunch, David's feet and calves were burning. He hadn't eaten much since his arrival and lunch wasn't much better. A bowl of tomato soup, four crackers and a tossed salad did nothing to sooth his hunger. When he complained that he was still hungry, Aunt Mary told him that he needed to watch his weight and be happy with what he had on his plate.

"Watch my fu....errr....weight? I'm skinny as a rail as it is. I need meat and solid real food. Not this.....this stuff from a garden," he thought.

After lunch Stephanie took Laverne back to his room so he could have some quality time, as she put it, to play with his dollies. She sat on the vanity stool with cell phone in hand as he went through with the various scenarios she had laid out for him.

"Oh honey you're home, smooch, kiss, kiss. I'm so glad you're home. I missed you so much," the girl doll said to the boy doll as David acted out the rehearsed scene. He pretended like he was having fun but was dying inside. With each passing scene, his masculine pride died a bit more. If he had known that Stephanie was recording his every move, it would have been devastating.

Stephanie for her part was having a ball. Having a grown boy acting and behaving like a little girl was empowering. With every humiliating thing she made him perform, she got a thrill. Watching him change a doll's diaper, having the girl doll put on a nightie and greet her boy doll husband was a great kick. After an hour, she was getting bored and wanted to do something else to Laverne.

"Laverne, I'm tired of watching you play with your dollies. I think it is time to do something else fun. Now, what can we do? I know, play dress up. Don't you think that would be fun?" she said.

David didn't like the idea but knowing the consequences, gleefully replied, "Oh yes, Stephanie, I would love to play dress up."

Stephanie took him to a large storage room where their old clothing was kept. The room had two long racks of dresses, skirts and blouses and numerous boxes of other items. There David tried on everything from simple skirts to formal wear. Some of the items were obviously too large for him and he looked like a little girl trying on her mother's clothing. He was humiliated but if you examined the video, he looked like he was having the time of his life.

What didn't show up on the camera was probably David's most embarrassing act. Stephanie had found one of her old formal gowns. It was a confection of pink, lavender and purple satin and netting. Something a younger girl would wear with relish but he was too thick in the waist. Stephanie was disappointed but David was elated that he wouldn't have to wear it. Then she found the box, the box that contained her Aunt's old corsets.

"Okay Laverne, this should narrow your waist down enough so you can fit into my old junior high prom dress. Turn around and let me put this on you," she ordered.

She was holding a wasp waist corset with stiff metal boning. The corset was black satin with bright red lace detailing and would go from the top of his chest down to his crotch. Six black satin garter straps with red lace hemming and bows covering the tabs dangled down. The waist of the corset looked to be no more than twenty-four

inches. David had a thirty inch waist and one look at it, made his skin crawl.

"That's way too small. You're not going to put that....that thing on me," David protested. After all he had been through with her taunting and making fun of him, he had enough. Despite the consequences he was going to put his foot down. She was asking too much of him and he wasn't going to allow it.

"Oh yes you are, you silly sissy. How else are we going to get you into my gown?" she replied with a sneer.

With that David released his pent up frustrations and anger. He lashed out with his fist. His greatest desire was to smash her pompous nose into her face. As his fist rushed forward, the corset fell to the floor. In the blink of an eye she grabbed his wrist, twisted and pushed it painfully up his back. David was forced up onto his toes as he howled in real pain.

"You stupid ass! You tried to hit me. Now, you're going to pay for that! How dare you, you sissy!" she screamed as she pushed his arm up higher.

David howled in renewed pain, tears flooding his eyes as he felt like she was breaking his arm. "Ple...please...oh please stop. You're hurting me!" he screamed.

"Are you going to do what I tell you? Are you going to behave like a nice sissy? Come on. Tell me you're nothing but a big sissy cry baby! Ask me to help you become the biggest sissy possible. Tell me, sissy, tell me what you want," she seethed.

"Okay, alright, I'll do whatever you say. Just let my arm go," he blubbered.

"That's not what I wanted to hear sissy," she replied jerking his arm up higher.

"I'm a sissy. I want you to make me the biggest sissy ever. Okay, is that what you want," he sobbed.

"Let me hear it like you really mean it sissy or I swear I'll break your arm," she hissed.

"I'm a sissy. All I ever wanted to be is a sissy. I'll do whatever you say to...to make me the biggest sissy possible Please help me to be a big sissy," he said in total submission.

With that, she released his arm and pushed him away. "Okay sissy boy now that we got that understood, put the corset on. I'm going to enjoy lacing you into it now," she said as she went over to check her cell.

"Oh, shoot, I didn't get much of that on film but I do have the sound track. I'll have to remember to edit it a bit later," she thought as David stepped into the corset.

David was standing in the middle of the storage room when Aunt Mary showed up. "I was coming to take.....," she started but stopped when she saw him and began to chuckle loudly.

David was wearing Stephanie's junior prom gown with full evening makeup. Long dangling crystal chandelier clip on earrings hung from his earlobes. A sequined covered tiara overflowing with lavender and pink net veiling hung down in a waterfall to the middle of his back. What made the outfit look so funny was the very narrow waist, overflowing bodice, pink ballet slippers and him holding an old Raggedy Ann doll by one of its feet.

"Oh my, what are the two of you up to in here?" she laughed.

"Hi Auntie Mary, Laverne and I were just having some fun with these old clothes. Weren't we Laverne?" Stephanie replied with a gleaming smile.

"Yeth, me n Steefanie are having tho much fun. I jus luv this gown. Isn't it the puritties thing?" David replied in a high little girlish voice.

Aunt Mary's chuckles grew into outright laughter when he spoke. "I see Stephie has been having a lot of fun with you Laverne," she said once she got her laughter under control.

"Oh yeth Auntie Mary, Miss Steefanie n I are having tho much fun but these earrings hurt. Can I pleese get them pierced, purrty pleese," he replied. She had threatened to break his arm if he didn't ask for pierced ears before the day was done.

"What, well, I guess we could do that, if it makes you happy. Are you sure you want your ears pierced?" Aunt Mary asked surprised by the request.

"I don't know what Stephanie did but there's no doubt in my mind this isn't what David wants. I'm sure she's made him do this.....emmmm..let's see how far he's willing to take this. I'll have to have a talk with her later," she thought.

"Yeth, oh yeth, it would make me berry happy," David said smiling and doing a little hop while clapping his hands.

"Alright but drop that silly lisp. It's driving me nuts. Come along you two. We'll pierce Laverne's ears in the kitchen. You can bring your dolly along if you want," she replied with a chuckle.

"I don't want my ears pierced and I don't want to carry this ugly dolly around but she said she would hurt me if I didn't. Thank goodness Auntie told me to stop that stupid lisp. I've got to get outta here before anything else happens. I have never been so miserable in my life," he thought as he followed them out the room.

Walking to the kitchen Aunt Mary asked Stephanie how she managed to get that dress on him. "Oh, I...errrr...we found one of your old corsets and Laverne just had to put it on. I hope you don't mind. Then once I had it laced good and tight, I had to put something in the cups. They just sagged too much. I stuffed them with some cotton bunting I found. Is that alright Auntie," she replied.

"I guess sweetheart but let's not get carried away in the future. Did you force David to ask to get his ears pierced?" she asked.

"Oh no Auntie, he surprised me as well when he asked for that," she replied with a totally innocent look.

Aunt Mary looked down into her eyes and knew that she wasn't telling the truth. "Oh, you're good. Well, let's see where this goes," she thought.

Stephanie saw the look of disbelief in her Aunt's eyes and quickly added, "I think he's getting into it, if you know what I mean Auntie. I think he really is a sissy at heart. Yeah, I talked him into putting on the dress and all but he didn't even try to stop me. I guess he likes being treated like a prissy girl."

As she was getting the things she needed to pierce David's ears, she asked him again if that was what he really wanted. She had her back to them and didn't see Stephanie hold up two fingers and mouth, "two in each ear," with a threatening glare.

"Yes Auntie Mary but....but coul....could you put two....errr...two holes in each one. That...that way I could wear....a stud an...and a....hoop," he answered reading Stephanie's lips as best he could.

"Okay if that is what you really want. At least if you change your mind later the holes will close," she said returning to the table with what she needed.

She placed a metal knitting needle, cork, bowl of ice cubes and a spool of white thread on the table in front of him. "I couldn't find a smaller needle, so this will have to do. Are you positive you want your ears pierced?" she said smiling.

"No one in their right mind would want a knitting needle stuck through their earlobe. If this doesn't get him to change his mind, nothing will," she thought.

David fidgeted in his seat and his face blanched as he looked wide eyed at the large needle. He was scared of needles and this one looked to be humongous in his eyes. The needle was scarier to him than Stephanie's threats.

"Errrr, Auntie....errrr...I...I, are you sure you can't find a smaller needle?" he stammered.

"I'm sorry dear, but no. This is the only one I could find," she answered.

"Oh my. Look at him squirm. There's no way he's going to go through with this now," she thought watching him closely.

David was about to tell her to stop and that he didn't want her to do it when Stephanie spoke. "Auntie, I think Laverne is scared of that big needle and that it would hurt too much. Laverne, what if we had a painless way to do it without any big needles? Would that make you feel better?"

"Ye....yeah, I...I guess so," David replied not sure where this was going. "If it kept Auntie from poking that big needle into my ear, that had to be better, wouldn't it?" he thought.

"Great! We can go to that kiosk in the mall Auntie. Mine were done there and it didn't hurt the tiniest bit," Stephanie said enthusiastically.

"I could do that if it's what Laverne really wants but she'd have to change out of that dress. It's totally inappropriate for a trip to the mall. What do you say Laverne? Go to the mall, out in public to have your ears pierced painlessly or do I do them here?" Auntie said.

"This is your last chance to back out David. Let's see just how much of a man you really are," she thought as she waited for his answer.

David kept glancing from Auntie to Stephanie. "What am I going to do? I don't want my ears pierced but I don't want her to beat me up again. I don't want to go out to any mall and have it done either. I can't let anyone see me dressed like this. What am I going to do?" he thought in indecision.

"Laverne we don't have all day. Please decide what you want to do or we can forget this whole idea," Aunt Mary said giving him a final out.

David looked up at her then over to Stephanie. Stephanie was now standing beside her Aunt with one arm stuck behind her back while grimacing. David knew exactly what she was telling him and fighting back tears of humiliation, nodded his head and said, "Th... the... ma....mall, please."

"She did say that the holes would close up. At least it isn't something permanent but going out in public. To the mall no less wearing a dress, I can't do that," he thought.

"Auntie could I please wear something besides a dress, I don't want people seeing me dressed like this. It would be too embarrassing," he asked hoping to get his boy's clothing back.

"Of course sweetie, I already said that dress was inappropriate. Stephanie, take Laverne and find a nice top and pants for him to wear. Nothing outrageous, understand?" she instructed.

David was relieved to hear that. "Now I get my stuff back and as soon as we hit the mall, I'm so fuc.....so out of here," he thought as he followed Stephanie out the room.

He was surprised when she selected his outfit for the trip. "Auntie Mary said I could have my boy clothing back," he protested.

"What she said was to pick out a nice pair of pants and top for the trip. She didn't say anything about your stupid boy stuff. Now put this on or do I have to give you a reminder lesson," she replied.

"No, I'm not wearing that and there isn't anything you can do to make me. I'm not going out in public wearing that!" he spat back at her. The fear of being seen in public had given him some of his courage back.

"Now, you're making me mad. Put it on or else!" she yelled back.

"No, you can't let her do this to you. You're a man! Take her out. Forget she's just a girl and hit her. She was just lucky the last time," his mind screamed.

David followed the impulse and flung himself at her. He didn't take into account the full skirt he was wearing or the encumbering material of the veils as he lashed out. Stephanie easily side stepped, stuck her foot out and sent him tumbling face first to the floor. She took full advantage, jumped on his back and pulled his arm up behind. She jerked it up as far as she could and he howled in pain.

She leaned down close to his ear and spat, "You wimp, you sissy, you tried to hit me after I told you to never ever try that again. Well, miss prissy, if you don't do everything I say and do it with a big smile, it will be the sorriest day you ever lived. I'll have my boyfriend, Billy, bring over his gang and let them have you. I bet you'd love to have them stick their dicks into you. A great big sissy like you would probably get a great big kick out of that,

wouldn't you? Just think Laverne, all those boys just for you. You'll get to suck their cocks and then they'll probably beat the shit out of you. I'll do it too, if you don't do what I say."

"Noooo, nooooo, please.....please not that....nooooo. I don't want any boy to see me like this. I....I...I'm not gay. I....I like girls.....No please don't. I'll do what you say, I promise. Please let me go and don't call your boyfriend. I'll do what you say, please," he begged.

"Alright but this is the last time I warn you. You fuck with me again and I promise that you'll regret it," she said.

Ooo

David was sitting in the back seat alongside Stephanie. He was as pale as a ghost and fidgeting with the strap of his purse. He wasn't wearing the pants and top that he had envisioned when Auntie said to change. He was wearing a florescent lime green tee but it had a low scoop neck, capped sleeves and didn't quite reach his belly button. His pants were tight figure hugging bright pink Capri's. Under his clothing he wore a matched set of pink nylon high cut panties and lace edged bra. On his bare feet was a pair of cream colored two inch heeled strappy sandals. Stephanie used a curling iron to freshen his hairdo and made him apply glossy pink lipstick and mascara before they left.

In the mall, he remembered to walk heel and toe, keeping his purse tucked firmly under his elbow. He didn't look anywhere but directly in front of him. He was so scared that somebody would recognize him as a boy wearing girl's clothing. He couldn't chance making eye contact. The click-clicking of his heels resounded in his

ears as they proceeded to the kiosk. With each step he cringed and died a little more inside. With each step, the tight Capri's clearly outlined the panties that he wore. With each movement of his arms, a bit of pink satin bra strap was displayed.



A number of men, both old and young, turned their heads to admire the cute girl in the skin tight pants. If nothing else, the bright green top and tight pink pants drew attention. The way the back seam of the Capri's separated and defined his backside automatically drew the stares of the men. He also got some looks from the women. The younger girls liked his outfit while the older women disapproved.

He was feeling faint as they walked out of the kiosk. Each lobe now displayed a large pink solitaire stud above a dangling golden hoop. A similar pink stone dangled from his navel. He had really surprised Aunt Mary when he demanded that he be given a navel piercing. She tried to talk him out of it but he was adamant. Reluctantly she agreed. She had no idea that Stephanie demanded that he ask for it or he would get to meet Billy.

David was so dazed by the experience he didn't remember agreeing with Stephanie that he needed his own makeup. Aunt Mary reluctantly agreed and they went into the nearby department store. They made their way over to the cosmetics counter. He didn't come out of his stupor until he was told to sit on a stool facing the counter.

He gulped seeing a pretty young woman looking back at him. He wanted to bolt and run but was too petrified to move. "Laverne, I'm Maggie and I'm so glad to meet you. I understand you are just beginning to wear makeup and I'm here to help you. I'll show you how to keep that skin fresh and beautiful. I see you have a bit of lip hair but don't let that bother you. A lot of young girls have that problem as they mature. I have a really great new depilatory that will get rid of that permanently," she said reaching over and cupping his chin.

When they left the store, David was carrying a large bag filled with his very own cosmetics. Moisturizers,

cleansers, depilatory, foundation, powder, eye shadows, mascara, eyebrow pencils, blushers, lip enhancing lipsticks, perfume for the cosmetics plus several different sized makeup brushes, pads and eyelash curler completed his purchase.

He was surprised when the sales girl told Aunt Mary how much it cost. Now he knew why the sales girl had been so nice to him. She even thinned out his eyebrows and applied a lip balm she guaranteed would plump out his lips into "precious cupid's bows" at no extra charge. Looking into the magnifying mirror on the counter, David's masculinity shriveled and turned into dust. Looking back at him was a pretty young girl who needed a better hair style. His tight brassy blonde curls were the only thing keeping him from being beautiful.

"I can't believe he just sat there so still and uncomplaining while that girl did his makeup. I thought for sure he would raise some objection to having his eyebrows thinned that much. He didn't even flinch when she applied that lip balm that he knew would thicken his lips. Well, I guess he really is the big sissy I thought he was from the beginning. Like my Mother told me when she first put a dress on my brother, 'Got to be careful doing this, Mary, sometimes they get to where they really like it.'" She mused as they walked back to the car.

Ooo

Over the next several weeks David didn't dare go out of the house except when forced. Daphne got tired of him being cooped up and demanded that he spend some time out by the pool. For those excursions, he had to wear a bikini. It was a little thing in yellow with small white dots. It had small triangular cups and thin spaghetti straps with a bottom that tied on each side of his hips in smart bows.

The bikini didn't leave much to the imagination and Stephanie made him show her what Aunt Mary had done.

"OMG! She didn't? I never would have thought of something like that. I think it's precious what she's done," she exclaimed causing him great embarrassment.

While Stephanie would often go topless, she insisted that he keep his top on. It only took a few days before David had tan lines no boy should ever have. She also insisted that he keep his lips heavily coated in the lip enhancing balm so they wouldn't chap in the sun.

Stephanie demanded he act like a proper girl. She would make sure he brought out plenty of girly magazines, nail polish and sun screen. She got a great big kick out of making him do her nails and toes. All the while chatting about how some of her boyfriend's buddies would just love to be with him.

When it was just the two of them by the pool, she took off her top. As she coated them with sunscreen, she would taunt him about how good he would look with real breasts. Thinking it would be great fun, Stephanie gave him a large white jar of cream to protect his breasts from the sun. She didn't tell him that it was a breast enhancing cream she used before she developed her own. She was positive that the cream added a full cup size and wondered how well it would work on David.

Often she would force him to converse with her about boys and sex. If he didn't act excited talking about boys, she would threaten to invite some over to spend the day at the pool. For the fun of it, she would often make him rub and play with his nipples as he applied the cream while talking about being with a boy. Much of his actions were caught on a hidden video camera she had planted by the pool.

When Stephanie first began taking off her top, David had a difficult time trying not to stare at them. He thought her breasts were perfect. They were nicely rounded, firm yet supple, a bit more than a handful with eraser sized brown nipples. Under different circumstances, he would have enjoyed playing with them. Now the view made his imprisoned penis throb in painful confinement. She also pierced his ego when she said she could take off her top since no real boys were around. It became such a common sight David stopped gawking.

In the afternoon when it was too hot to be by the pool, Stephanie had him participate in her aerobics exercise. She normally wore tights and a leotard but made David go the whole nine yards. He was given a luminescent purple leotard with a pink sequined bodice and bright pink tights to wear. A pale pink transparent nylon wrap skirt was tied around his waist, purple fuzzy leg warmers with matching wristbands and headband. A pair of black ballerina slippers completed his outfit.

In the family room she made him go through stretching exercises before putting the aerobics disc into the player. For the first thirty minutes she sat with the controller hitting the replay button until he got the moves down pat. Then she started it from the beginning and joined him in front of the big screen TV for the forty-five minute workout. By the time they were finished David was completely exhausted. They did this every afternoon unless she had softball practice. It took David's body a week to get into the rhythm and stop aching.

In the evenings before going to bed, Stephanie would download the video into her computer, edit it to her liking then add the new footage to what she had already accumulated. By the time David left for home, she would have a full-length movie to send with him.

"Well, I could send it home with him on a disc or I could upload it to You Tube. I guess it will all depend on how he behaves and does what I tell him," she mused.

Those weeks weren't spent totally by the pool. Aunt Mary made him go through his deportment lessons daily. When he wasn't doing that, she instructed him on the finer arts of housekeeping. She didn't make him do all the chores alone. They were shared by all the females of the house including Stephanie. Stephanie just made sure David got all the chores she hated doing like ironing and cleaning the bathrooms.

Two days a week and most Saturday afternoons he had relative peace as Stephanie had softball practice, games or other things to do. Friday nights, she was usually out on a date with Billy. Recently, now that she knew David could pass as a girl, started asking him if he wanted to double date with her. He, of course, refused.

"Go out on a date, like I would ever want to do something like that. Well, at least not with another boy," he replied every time she asked.

In response, she would smile a crooked little smile and say, "Maybe later."

Ooo

It was the forth of July and a big pool party was planned. They lived so far out into the country that there were few nearby neighbors, so this was going to be a big event. There would be almost fifty people, including young girls and boys, attending. Everyone was excited, that is except David. He was dreading it. Other than that one trip to the mall, he hadn't been away from the house. Strangers hadn't seen him prancing around the house or

sitting by the pool in all his sissy finery. He begged Aunt Mary to let him wear his boy clothing but she hesitated.

"Laverne, now why would I allow that? Your punishment isn't over yet," she stated.

"But Auntie Mary, I've been good. I've done everything you told me too. Please, just let me wear my jeans and a tee for the party," he begged.

"You have been good and you have done what I told you. I'll tell you what. If you comport yourself like the young lady you appear to be, help with the party and clean up, then you can wear shorts and a tee. It's too hot for jeans. How does that sound," she said.

"Oh thank you Auntie, I'll be good and help out, I promise," he happily replied. He wasn't happy about wearing shorts. He didn't want everyone to see his hairless legs but it would be better than having to wear a dress. When he wasn't wearing his bikini, he was always in dresses around the house. Everything from sun dresses to straight skin tight skirts with frilly blouses. A pair of shorts and tee shirt would be a welcome relief.

That evening before the party, Stephanie called David into her room. She held a CD in her hand. "Laverne, I have something I want you to see," she said walking over to her computer and sliding the disc in.

David was horrified at what he was watching. It was him, of that there could be no doubt, acting like a flaming fairy. Everything on the screen showed him happily dressing, putting on makeup, playing with dolls and acting like a very well adjusted young girl. He was even talking about boys and sex enthusiastically while dressed in a skimpy bikini.

As the CD continued, he felt faint and had to grab onto the back of the nearby chair.

“Wh....where....how...di...did you get this?” he managed to stutter.

“Oh, it’s just something I found laying around. Why, don’t you like it? I think it came out wonderful,” she smugly replied.

“Wh....who else has....has seen this?” he whispered in pure fright.

“Well, nobody, at least not yet, I was thinking I could give it to you as a keepsake or....or if you don’t do exactly, and I mean exactly as I say, post it on You Tube,” she gleefully threatened.

In a total panic, David tried to get to the computer and destroy the disc. Stephanie, prepared for his move, easily stepped between him and the computer. She put a finger on the enter button and told him if he took one more step, everything would be uploaded. Defeated, he hung his head and said he would do whatever she demanded.

On the day of the party, David stood looking into the bathroom mirror. Reflected back from the full length mirror on the bathroom door, stood a slim young, small breasted girl with brassy blonde hair just touching the bronzed shoulders. The face had a smooth complexion and pillow like Cupid’s bow lips. White triangles covered plump lumps of flesh with small but obvious nipples on the tanned torso. Looking downward, he saw another white triangular patch of flesh. The hips were narrow, the butt small but well rounded. Instead of a woman’s vertical slit, he saw his tucked and taped manhood. If it weren’t for that, the image would have been of a teenaged girl. David slowly reached a hand up and ran a finger around the right nipple. It stiffened under the light touch and sent a tingle up his spine. He immediately jerked his hand away.

"I look like a girl. What's happening to me? I even have tits. Boys don't have tits. They're small but way bigger than they use to be and they itch and tingle all the time now. Am I turning into a girl from having to wear girls clothing? Auntie calls my bras, training bras. Could my tits be trained? Are those bras causing my tits to grow? Man, I hope they don't get any bigger. I look too much like a girl already. The first thing I'm going to do when I get into my own clothing is get a buzz cut," he thought.

His thoughts were interrupted when Stephanie knocked on the door. "Laverne, hurry up. Auntie wants you down in the kitchen to help get everything ready," she yelled through the door.

"Alright, already, I'm coming," he said as he pulled on his negligee.

He found his clothing laid out for him on the bed. He groaned as he examined them, "these aren't what I was hoping for."

He was holding a pair of bright yellow Bermuda shorts with a heavy floral pattern. They buttoned and zipped up the back. A pink nylon camisole styled blouse with a ruffled hem, a black string bikini and a pair of three inch corked soled clogs with yellow straps complemented the shorts.

Dressed, he put on the minimum amount of makeup his Auntie would allow coral pink lipstick with an overcoat of the glossy lip balm, black eyebrow pencil and mascara. He put three delicate silver rings and three thin silver bracelets on before stepping into the shoes and heading to the kitchen.

In the kitchen, he put on his apron and began helping his stepmother and Auntie prepare sandwiches, potato salad, deviled eggs and other snack foods. He kept a smile

on his face and didn't even think to complain about his tasks. Aunt Mary, between the mouth soaping and spankings combined with Stephanie's threats had tamed his boyish ways. His shoes clip-clopped as he walked, his stride and movements were very feminine. Without giving it any thought he walked with his arms down, elbows in and wrists cocked as his hips swayed gently.

One of the first guests to arrive was Billy and a friend, Rory. Billy was tall, almost six foot, well toned and muscled with close-cropped brown hair. He played linebacker on the high school football team. Rory was even taller, thin and sinuous with short kinky black hair and deep set black eyes. He played wide receiver for the team. Both were wearing denim cut-offs and tee's with the school logo.

Stephanie greeted Billy with a kiss and hug, smiling from ear to ear. "Billy I'm so glad you're here. I see you brought Rory. Hay Rory. This is so cool, come on you guys, let's go out back. I want you to meet Laverne. You know the one I told you about," she said.

David was putting down a stack of paper plates on the picnic table when he saw them approaching. "They're here. I don't know if I can do this but if I don't, that CD will be posted on the Internet. I can't let that happen. My entire life will be ruined," he thought on shaking legs.

He quickly glanced around hoping not to see anyone nearby as Stephanie introduced Rory to him. Closing his eyes, he put his arms around Rory's neck, stood on tip toe and kissed him on the lips.

"Hi, I'm glad to meet you. Stephanie has told me so much about you," David said breaking the kiss and stepping back. Rory had the biggest brightest smile that David had ever seen as he stood back, blushing, looking up at him.

"Well, after that welcome, I guess the pleasure is all mine," Rory replied in a surprisingly high voice.

When the girls went inside to get them something to drink, Rory turned to Billy, "Are you sure that she's really a he?" he asked bewildered.

"You saw those pictures Steph sent me, didn't you? Although I must admit, now that I see him in person, I'd never have guessed either. All I can say is have a good time. If he's as easy as he looks, you'll probably get lucky," Billy replied punching Rory on the arm.

The party was one terror after another for David. Several boys and girls his age were there. They were all friends of Stephanie and they formed their own group out by the pool. She was upset that her two best friends, Sally and Joann, couldn't make it. Now David was under even more pressure having to interact with them. He was actually relieved when Stephanie had Billy move their lounge chairs away from the general crowd of teenagers. He wasn't so pleased when Rory followed suit.

When he wasn't helping the women setting the tables and serving, he was fending off Rory. They sat uncomfortably close at the picnic table with Rory's thigh pressed tightly against his. Rory didn't miss a chance to touch David's hand or thigh as they talked and ate.

"This guy is like an octopus. His hands are everywhere. This is making me so nervous. I didn't want to kiss him but Stephanie said I had to or else. She didn't say I had to do anything else but be real nice to him. Even being nice to another guy is churning my stomach. He's asking too many personal questions. What was that Stephanie said about boys, oh yeah, get them to talk about themselves. I certainly don't want to give him my cell number or home address," he frantically thought.

After they had all eaten and everything cleaned up, it was pool time. Stephanie pulled him by the hand out poolside. There she started taking off her top and shorts revealing her bikini. "Come on Laverne, don't be shy. Take off those clothes and let's go sit by the boys," she stated.

David could see the boys looking their way and how they reacted to Stephanie's undressing. "I don't want them looking at me like that but like I gotta a lot of choice," he thought as he began stepping out of his Bermuda shorts.

As they walked to where the group of teens was lounging, Stephanie whispered in his ear, "Make sure Rory has a good time and do like I do for my Billy." She ordered.

The first thing she did when they got there was bend over, displaying her ample cleavage, and kissed Billy full on the mouth before sitting in the lounge beside him. David, with a shudder, did the same for Rory. Only this time, Rory stuck his thick tongue into David's mouth. David wanted to rear back but Rory had a big hand behind his neck holding him in place. With the French kiss over, David sat heavily onto the lounge beside him. He was beginning to recover from the kiss, when he heard Stephanie ask Billy to rub suntan oil on her.

"Billy dear, be a darling and rub this sun block all over my parts baby. Make sure you don't miss any spot or I could get an awful sunburn," she cooed.

Faking a smile, David turned to Rory and as sweetly as he could, asked him to do the same. "Errr, Rory...errr....could you pretty please rub some sun block on me too?"

Rory was more than happy to oblige. With an ear-to-ear grin, he began to slowly message the oil onto

David's back. David jumped slightly when he felt his fingers slide under the edges of his bikini bottom. As those strong fingers moved down his legs, David had goose bumps running up and down his spine.

With his back done, David turned over and was about to say that he could finish when Stephanie's voice reached his ears. "Billy you did such a wonderful job on my back, would you be a darling and do my front too."

David laid back on the lounge looking up into Rory's face. It had the biggest smile but what he focused on were his eyes. There was lust in those eyes. That look sent a ripple of fear running up his spine.

"He want's me. He thinks I'm a real girl. What am I going to do now? OMG! What's he gonna do to me if he finds out?" he thought.

As Rory began soothing the oily liquid on David's smooth flat stomach, he said, "Laverne you have one hot booty. Maybe later we can get to know one another a whole lot better."

Breaking his gaze from Rory, he turned his head and saw Billy squatting over Stephanie and rubbing oil on her upper chest and shoulders. He couldn't help but notice her hand rubbing between her boyfriend's legs. She was staring at David, daring him to do the same with her eyes.

"OMG! She can't be serious. I...I can't do that!" he thought as he continued to stare at her. He could tell by her return glare that he better follow her lead.

Rory was in a similar position with his knees planted firmly against David's sides, rubbing the oil across his upper shoulders. Tentatively, David slid his hand down and between his legs. Shuddering in disgust, he began rubbing the bulge he found there. The bulge quickly hardened into a stiff shaft as David rubbed.

"Now, that's the kind of answer I was looking for but you better stop or things could get embarrassing for me. Maybe we can continue this in the pool or maybe later when there aint any people around," he said grinning widely.

David was more than happy to oblige and quickly pulled his hand back. He was panting as Rory moved down to massage oil on his legs. "What have I done? I can't believe that I just did that. I've never touched another boy like that, ugh," he thought as a shiver of disgust ran up his spine.

"Alright baby, you're done. Now why don't you return the favor and rub some of this on me," Rory said breaking him out of his thoughts.

During the rest of the afternoon they lounged around the pool. David didn't want to interact with the others but if he didn't Rory demanded his attention. As usual with a bunch of teens, the boys were soon separated from the girls. The boys frolicked in the pool while the girls sat and talked about fashions, makeup, music and other topics. On more than one occasion, David found himself staring at the pool wishing he could be in there playing around as well. One of the girls noticed him staring and asked which one of the guys was his boyfriend. That question brought a glow to his cheeks and he forced himself to say, "Rory."

Ooo

David lay sobbing in his bed. Tears flowed over his cheeks and he was miserable. He had the worst day of his life and it would haunt him for the rest of it. After the sun set and everyone went to watch the fireworks, they were the only ones by the pool. Pale light was coming from the pool lights and moon. Stephanie was making out like

crazy with Billy and David had no choice but to follow suit.

They kissed and hugged for a long time before David felt his bra straps fall loose and Rory's lips and tongue playing with his nipples and small breasts. Rory's full lips literally sucked David's breasts completely into his mouth.



It left his nipples tingling and his breasts throbbing. To David's great surprise that actually felt good. As he felt Rory nibbling and sucking on his breast, electrical shockwaves poured into his mind. He might have been able to cope if it hadn't gone any further but it did.

Stephanie seeing that David was following along decided to up the ante to see just how far he was willing to go. She pushed Billy onto his back and lowered his swimming trunks. Purposely looking over at David, making sure he could see what she was about to do, she mouthed, "Do it," before plunging her mouth down on the stiff shaft waving below.

It took every thing David had to push Rory back away from his adoration of his breast and onto his back. Quickly, before he could change his mind or throw up, he pulled the trunks down, and lowered his head. Rory was thick and long and David couldn't begin to get more than a quarter of its length down his throat. For a few moments, he just kept his lips around the huge member and then Rory began pumping his pelvis back and forth. David took up the rhythm and was rewarded with what seemed like a gallon of sperm. He coughed and choked, sperm leaking out of the corners of his mouth and spurted out of his nose. He did his best not to swallow but it was a losing cause. He swallowed most of it and as his stomach cramped painfully, kept it down.

To his surprise, Rory pulled him up into his arms and began kissing and licking the sperm from his face. "Baby, that was pretty damn good for a beginner. Before this summer is over you'll be fantastic. I just know it. I'm going to teach you all about being gay," Rory whispered in his ear.

When Rory's words registered in his mind, David fainted. His last thought before passed out was, "If Rory knew his secret, then who else knew?"

As he lay in bed crying, he kept saying over and over, "I'm not gay."

He didn't notice Stephanie slip into his room until she pushed him over and got into bed. "Awe, is the little sissy boy upset? You shouldn't be. Rory really likes you, I could tell. You put on quite a show sucking that big donkey dick of his you know. My hidden camera got most of it and when I finished watching it just now, I got so horny, maybe a little jealous too. You should be happy to have such a stud muffin for a boyfriend. It's good that he likes little girlie boys like you. Oh yes, he's gay and he knows. Billy told him. Don't worry your pretty little head. They are the only ones who know outside the family," she said brushing away a tear with her fingertip.

"Tomorrow I want you to tell everybody just how delighted you were to meet Rory. I want to see a great big smile and lots of enthusiasm whenever you talk about him. You really don't have to do that but then, I guess, I will have to post that CD. Oh, by the way, your father called from a satellite phone but you were busy. Luckily I was there when the call came. I told him you never showed up," she said.

"What! My dad called? You told him what? You bitch! Why did you do that? When is he getting here? I can't let him see me like this," he said raising his voice.

"Shush, keep quite or you'll wake the whole house. If that happens, I scream rape. He said he wasn't going to be able to make it until September. So shut the fuck up. You're my bitch now sissy boy. You do whatever I say or everything I have on you goes viral," she spat.

"Why?" he said in defeat.

"Cause, I can. Besides, you didn't put up any fight. I think you really like being a little sissy. So I decided to do my best to help you. It amuses me to make you do what-

ever I say. Besides, until now, I'm the one who has had to take orders from guys. I like giving them for a change. Remember, it's only for the summer and I'll give you the disc when you leave. So will you do what I say or do I have to spend the rest of the night posting?" she replied.

Ooo

The next morning though exhausted, David smiled and acted happy. He had become very adept at faking his mood over the past month. When Daphne asked him if he had a good time at the party, he actually clapped his hands together and did a little hop.

"Oh yes step-mother, I had a wonderful time. I met the cutest boy ever. I hope he asks me out on a date soon. It would be alright if I went out with him, wouldn't it?" he said brightly. In his mind, he was hoping that she would refuse.

"You want to go out with a boy? On a date? Really?" she replied stunned.

"More than anything, Rory is such a hunk," David squealed in response.

Shaking her head, Daphne left the room without saying another word. "I can't believe the change that has come over that boy. He was an absolute terror when he arrived and now he is the biggest fairy I think I have ever seen. What will his father say when he finds out? I don't think I want to be around when he does. I'm going to have to have a talk with Aunt Mary. I think this has gone way too far," she thought.

Aunt Mary saw his reaction as well and was concerned. "My mother told me to be careful with petticoat punishment. Said sometimes they grow to love it. Well, maybe she had something there. Maybe it's time to stop

all this. I think he has learned more than I intended for him to," she thought as she followed Daphne out of the room.

As they left, David felt a sense of relief. His step-mother didn't answer his question about dating Rory. Maybe this would be the end of it and he wouldn't have to see him again. For the first time since his arrival, his smile was genuine.

Off to the side Stephanie watched her mother's and Aunt's reaction to David's actions. "Oops, I think they may be having second thoughts. I'm going to have to do something to make sure everything stays as it is. I'm having way too much fun with this," she thought.

"Come on, let's go out by the pool Laverne, we need to talk," she said grabbing his arm.

"Alright Laverne, this is how it's going to happen. Just remember, all I have to do is punch one little key on my computer and you, my dear sissy, will go viral. I can hit that key before anyone can stop me, so don't even think about refusing," she said once they were safely away from the house.

Twenty minutes later Aunt Mary asked David to join her in the living room. She was seated on the broad leather couch, smiling as he walked up to her. "David, I think it's time for your punishment to end. Your step-mother and I have agreed that you have behaved yourself and done everything asked of you. So as of this moment, you may start wearing your boy clothing again," she said.

"What? Wear my boy clothing? I don't ever want to wear that ugly stuff ever again. I like my pretty dresses and lingerie. It is so soft and beautiful. Why would you think I would want to go back wearing that drab rough clothing?" he said while brushing his hands down the pale blue sun dress he had on.

"Besides, I have a boyfriend now and...and I want to go out with him," he added softly.

"Oh dear me, David I didn't expect this. Are you sure you don't want to go back wearing cargo pants and tee shirts? Like I said, your punishment is over. You don't have to continue doing this," she gasped.

David saw Stephanie out of the corner of his eye filming everything that was going on. She held the camera in one hand while her other was making a stroking motion as if punching a key. He knew he had to convince Aunt Mary, and frantically added, "No, you can't stop me! I want to be a prissy girl. I love wearing dresses and panties. Please don't make me go back to wearing horrid boys clothing ever again."

Aunt Mary didn't know what to say. For the first time in her life, she was speechless. "Mercy, mother never said it could be this bad. I've created a monster. What am I going to do now? I never expected him to actually like it. I need to talk with Daphne and see what she thinks we can do," she thought.

As David did what they had rehearsed, what remained of his male ego dwindled into nothing. He was well and truly screwed by Stephanie. There was no way out without suffering exposure, not only his friends but the whole world would know. That CD she had would destroy him. There were no options. He had to continue with this pretense even if it meant dating Rory. His only hope of getting his life back was to finish the summer with his stepmother and go home with that disc.

Ooo

Stephanie sat at her computer inputting the latest video of David demanding to stay in dresses. "I don't

even have to edit his. It's perfect just the way it is. Maybe I'll send this part to his mother. Wouldn't that be a kick if she keeps him in dresses? Serve the asshole right. This'll teach him not to give me a cup of coffee with India ink in it just before the wedding. He made me the laughing stock of the wedding and my teeth were black until I could see the dentist. Some of my so called friends still tease me about that," she thought.

As Stephanie was doing that, David was sitting out by the pool. He had untied the bra strap from around his neck and applying the cream she had insisted he use daily on his breasts. He noticed that there were discolorations on the flesh from Rory's lips, a reddish spot here and a yellowish-blue splotch there. His nipples still tingled from Rory's touch. He felt sick as he messaged the ointment into his flesh.

"Only a month and a half to go," he kept telling himself, "I can do this. I just have to."

He was reading a copy of Cosmo when she joined him. Stephanie was wearing a skimpy black bikini, a big straw hat and flip-flops. "That went well Laverne. I must admit though, I am a little bit disappointed. I keep wondering how many hits that video would get. I wouldn't be surprised if it got millions, perhaps hundred's of millions. Just think of it Laverne. You'd be a superstar overnight," she said with a smirk.

"Stephanie! You can't do that. You promised!" David replied in panic.

"I'm just teasing Laverne. As long as you do what I say, it will never see the light of day. Now, here's my cell. I want you to call Rory and ask him out on a date for this Friday. We can double and I get to watch you make out with your new beaux," she said handing him the phone.

"Wha...what? You want me to call him? Isn't he the one that should call me?" he asked trying to get out of doing it.

"Yeah, that's how it usually works but you're not the kinda girl that likes to wait. Go ahead and punch send, I already put in his number," she replied.

David was standing in his room with a towel tucked under his arms and his hair bound in a pink satin turban. Stephanie was already dressed for her date and looking him over. She looked hot wearing a black pleated flare mini-skirt and low cut pink top that clung to her like a second skin.

"Alright Laverne, I picked out something sexy for you to wear tonight but I want to do something with your hair. I'm tired of seeing it in that straight bob. I liked it much better with curls," she said indicating for him to sit at the vanity.

With his hair wound tightly in pink rollers and smelling of setting gel, David began dressing. Stephanie had given him a matched set of leopard print lingerie consisting of silk tap panties with an inch of floral black lace at the hems, uplift padded bra, half-slip and garter belt. For outerwear she had selected a red baby doll dress with a rounded low cut bodice. White hose with a rose pattern extending from the heel to upper calf and a pair of red five inch spiked heeled strappy sandals with a half-inch platform sole.

The heels were the highest he had worn and he complained about how difficult it was to walk. "Lavern, Rory is over six foot and you need that height. Otherwise you'll look like a dwarf next to him. Just take smaller steps and be sure you walk toe first. The last thing you want is to catch a heel," she answered.

When their dates arrived, David immediately went over to Rory and greeted him with an enthusiastic kiss. Stephanie greeted Billy with a chaste kiss on the cheek. The rehearsed actions of the two were not missed by either Daphne or Aunt Mary. Stephanie took Billy by the hand as Rory grabbed David around the waist and went out the door.

"Did you see that?" Daphne asked as the kids left.

"How could I miss that? Care to join me in a cup of tea?" Aunt Mary responded. Neither one of them wanted to dig further into what they witnessed. Both felt guilty at what they had wrought but didn't know how to correct it. David seemed to be enjoying his new life style, maybe a little too much.

After the movie Billy drove them out to a remote spot for a make out session. The boys removed some blankets and a cooler from the trunk. David was scared by what he knew was going to happen. As he took a step felt his heel sink into the soft soil. Hoping to avoid going into the secluded woods, he let out an "eek" as the heel sank deeper into the ground.

"I...I can't walk there in these heels. Let's just go home. Maybe we can do this later," he said.

"No problem baby," Rory smiled as he reached out, grabbing him about the waist and slung him effortlessly over his shoulder. "See, like I said, no problem baby," he finished patting David on his round ass. David could hear Stephanie giggling in the background. She had worn flats.

David found himself on a blanket laid out near the shore of a small lake. The bright moonbeams reflected off its rippling surface as the boys quickly built a small fire. Stephanie and Billy's blanket was on the other side and they were soon cuddling. David sat with his knees pulled

up close to his chest and his arms wrapped around them as Rory sat down next to him.

"Here, Laverne, I got you a wine cooler," he said as he sat.

They sat cuddled close drinking for a while without saying anything. Rory had his arm looped casually across David's shoulders and every once in a while would plant a kiss to his neck or exposed shoulder. Each time David shuddered inside, knowing what this was leading up to.

"I hate this but got to do it. Ewe, every time he does that, it gives me the creeps. I'm not gay. I'm not gay. I'm being forced to accept this so it doesn't mean I'm gay, does it? I can't see her eyes but I know she's watching every move I make. Come on, get hold of yourself and do what you have to. The sooner we get this over with the better," he told himself as he stared into the crackling flames.

David had just finished his wine cooler when Rory turned his face towards his and kissed him deeply on the mouth. David felt his thick tongue probing into his mouth but didn't back away like he wanted. He took the attitude of whatever idiot said, "When rape is inevitable, grin and enjoy it."

He forced himself to return the kiss and did nothing to stop Rory from unzipping the back of his dress. He leaned back and moaned softly just like Stephanie instructed as his bra was pushed up and Rory's mouth began nursing. Rory's lips immediately made David's nipples stand up erect and spine tingling sensations flowed up into his mind. David couldn't understand why his nipples were so sensitive but he had to admit that he was enjoying the feelings. Rory's strong hands squeezing and touching him didn't feel all that bad either. As he let his mind drift, en-

joying the new sensations, he unconsciously asked himself, "Am I really gay after all?"

By the end of the night, David was very confused. Rory had been patient and very gentle. He had taken his time with David, kissing and licking his exposed body. Blowing gently into his ear and nibbling on the lobe, probing it with his tongue. That had sent shivers racing up and down David's spine. It wasn't until he had that donkey dick in his hand that his mind began screaming at him to stop. It was too late for that but Rory didn't force it on him. Again, he took his time, telling David exactly what he wanted and how he wanted it done. This time David got that monster halfway into his mouth and throat before Rory came in a flood. Again, some of it spilled out the corners of his mouth and spouted out his nose. David swallowed most of it and Rory kissed and licked the remainder away.

Ooo

That Saturday afternoon, Stephanie had David dressed in a pair of very tight cuffed yellow short-shorts and white mid-rift halter top with a high starched pointed collar. A pair of yellow anklets and white sneakers with yellow laces along with several plastic bangles for his wrists and silver rings for his fingers completed his outfit. His hair still held the curls and wave she had given him the night before. She only had to add a large yellow satin bow to make it look just right. Despite his weak protests, she was taking him to her soft ball game.

She introduced him to all her friends that weren't at the party. She arranged for him to sit next to two of her closest friends, Sally and Joann. Sally was a thin girl with nice curves and chestnut colored hair hanging to mid-shoulder. Joann was a bit chubby with large breasts.

Her blonde hair was cut in a bob and wore black-rimmed glasses.

She had arranged for the two girls to engage him in as feminine a conversation as they could. She couldn't wait to watch him squirm and blush as he was forced to talk about feminine hygiene and intimate relations with Rory. She sat close enough so she could hear every word but not so close that he could push the conversation her way.

"This is such a hoot. I hope my cell is getting all of this. Oh boy, did he blush crimson when Sally asked him about his period and which tampon he thought absorbed the best. Damn, it's my turn at bat. I'm going to miss what he has to say about Rory's donkey dick," she thought.

David figured he had been set up as soon as Sally began talking to him. After a bit of general conversation, Sally asked, "Laverne, do you happen to have an extra tampon. It's my time and I left my purse in the car. I hate to trouble you but I really need one. Do you use the ones with cardboard or the plastic applicators?"

"What? Period? I don't want to hear this?" he thought.

"Here Sally, you can have one of mine. It's the cardboard. My family is totally green and these are biodegradable. That's what I use. It's the super absorbent in case you are having a heavy flow. Laverne, please pass this along to her," Joann said handing the tampon to him.

"Oh man, this is so wrong. How gross!" he thought as he quickly passed it to Sally.

"Laverne, which kind do you prefer?" Joann asked as Sally departed to the restroom.

"Huh? Which kind? Errr..." he started racking his mind trying to remember what he had read in those women's magazines about the topic. "Errr...I like....like...the pear....Tampax pearl ones," he managed

to finish as an image of an ad with a pink plastic applicator came to mind.

"You know, you really should consider the cardboard ones. Over the course of your menstrual cycle, you could save a tree. If you don't use them because they are a bit rough going in, put some lubricant on it first. You really should be more environmentally conscious," Joann instructed.

David nodded his head. He was appalled that she was discussing such an intimate act with him. The very thought of changing out a tampon, sent shivers running up and down his spine. This was a subject no boy should ever have to be a party to.

By the time the game was over David was overwhelmed. Between Sally and Joann talking about clumping, clotting, the size of their boyfriends dicks and the different ways they performed oral sex had him gasping. He was embarrassed when they forced him to tell them about doing Rory. He felt compelled to tell them since they had told him theirs. On the way home, he asked Stephanie if girls really talked that way or had she set him up.

"No, I didn't set you up. We really talk like that amongst ourselves. How do you think we learn about life? I'm sure when you were pretending to be a boy, you had similar conversations with your friends," she replied. While it was true girls did talk about such stuff, they wouldn't normally do it in such a public arena. She had gotten a big kick out of watching him squirm though. Plus she had some great new footage to add to her lengthening CD.

The rest of the weekend was spent out by the pool. David's tan was a nice bronze and where his bikini covered flesh, bright white skin glistened. Stephanie giggled

as she observed him sitting in the sunlight, knowing that those tan lines would take like forever to disappear. Watching him reading a romance novel, she grinned as she saw actual cleavage on his chest.

"His boobies aren't that big but I swear I see some cleavage. Give that cream another month and I bet those babies will be a full "A" cup. I wonder what would happen if I made him take my Aunt Mary's estrogen pills? I'm pretty sure I can sneak a handful without her knowing," she thought.

That evening as David was going through his bedtime beauty ritual, Stephanie came into his room with a glass of milk and a couple of cookies. "Here, I brought you this. It should help you sleep better at night. Go on drink it all down and I'll put your hair up in rollers for you," she said.

David looked at her wondering what was going on. She had never done anything nice for him before. He suspected she was up to something but had no idea what it was. He took the milk and sipped at it. It had a slightly bitter taste but he normally didn't drink warm milk before bedtime. Maybe it tasted a bit funny because he wasn't use to it, so he finished it off.

Stephanie liked his hair with curls and waves and insisted on teaching him to roll it. Now, every night, he had to sit at the vanity and carefully roll his locks onto the pink plastic curlers with the dull barbs. They itched his scalp and were an annoyance to sleep in but he was slowly getting use to the feeling. Each night, Stephanie brought him a glass of warm milk and made sure he drank it down to the last drop.

David was settled into a routine. He double dated with Stephanie every Friday. Each date either started at the movies or they went directly to the lake. Sometimes

they even brought their swim suits and swam in the warm waters. Each date ended with a heavy make out session. David was becoming an expert at giving head and swallowing. Giving head was feeling almost natural to him by then. Having Rory sucking and nibbling on his nipples sometimes made him see stars. He found it harder and harder to explain his feelings. He disliked oral sex but thoroughly enjoyed having his breasts manipulated. On a couple of occasions, he actually came in his panties. Rory was always tender and affectionate with him. David was finding it hard to hate him.

He helped doing the household chores and didn't mind learning how to cook. He discovered that meal preparation took his mind off his many problems. When the others complimented him on his culinary excellence, he beamed with joy. Daphne and Aunt Mary were amazed at how feminine David was becoming. Cooking the evening meal had been his idea and he was good at it. He did his assigned chores well, as good if not slightly better than Stephanie. They were still concerned that what they had started had gotten totally out of hand but had no idea how to correct it. They were spending more time trying to figure out how to explain his behavior to his father and mother.

The rest of his time was spent out by the pool. David had loved to go swimming but he hadn't stepped foot into the pool since he arrived. Stephanie had told him that the chlorine in the water was bad for both his skin and hair. The lake was another matter since the boys would want them in there with them. The romps in the lake were more of a close contact sport than any swimming.

David went to Stephanie's practices and ball games but the season ended on the last Saturday of July. He usually found himself stuck between Sally and Joann during practices but Rory and Billy showed up for most of the

games. Attending practice was always rough on David. The two girls always made him talk about his dates, clothing, makeup and other girlish endeavors. Due to their questioning, David was forced to pay close attention to his women's magazines. He made sure to read all the articles to keep up with the latest trends and celebrity gossip. The last thing he wanted was to make a stupid mistake and have them discover his secret.

Ooo

During the first week of August David was under the weather. He was nauseous. He didn't have a fever but his head ached, stomach cramps and was feeling just plain miserable. Everyone dismissed it as another summer cold. After three days, he was feeling much better but his breasts were taking on more of a pear shape, were warm to the touch and his nipples super sensitive. He was at a loss to explain it but didn't dare ask anyone. The last thing he wanted to do was talk to Aunt Mary or his step-mother about breasts. It had been embarrassing enough listening to Sally talk about her period. As far as he was concerned, no one should talk about such personal things with anyone. He dismissed his concern by blaming it on his new bras.

He wasn't wearing training bras anymore. Stephanie, Sally and Joann took him to the mall the previous week after practice and made him purchase several new bras. He tried his best to talk them out of it but Stephanie insisted. Both Sally and Joann argued that his girls needed the help of a good bra to keep Rory interested. So there he was, standing humiliated in the changing room of the intimates department being measured by a specialist. The woman did her best to assure him that she was no different than a lot of young girls that came to her for help.

He walked out of the department store with six new “A+” cup bras with underwire and uplift support. He would have been happy with the plain white cotton ones the woman showed them but that wasn’t going to happen. The girls insisted that he get the daintiest, lace frilled satin ones in the brightest colors available. Not only that but they made him buy matching nylon high-cut panties to match. David was very aware of how his new bra lifted and made his breasts look larger than they were.

As the woman rang up his purchases, she thought, “Just like teenagers. They go for the sexy rather than the practical. They’ll learn soon enough that comfort is more important than pleasing some goofy boyfriend. Oh, to be that young again, ha, like I would want to go through all that again.”

After his illness, David was surprised to see his breasts slightly overfilling his new bra cups. “I just got this bra and it was a perfect fit last week. Now, it feels tight on me. My butt and hips seem bigger too. What’s wrong with me? It’s not like I’m pigging out at the table. Aunt Mary has had me on a restricted diet since I got here. Is my body changing because I’m dressing like a girl all the time? That can’t be right but I’m beginning to look like a real girl. What other reasons could there be?” he asked himself.

It wasn’t just his bras that didn’t fit properly, his dresses, skirts and blouses didn’t either. Stephanie, since she spent the most time with him, noticed the changes. “That moron hasn’t the faintest idea of what’s happening to him. It even surprises me how much he’s changed since I started feeding him Aunt Mary’s pills. I can see that he is worried about it and I can’t let him go complaining to Aunt Mary or Momma. They’re not stupid though. It’s only a matter of time before they notice how filled out he is becoming. Unless I can make it look not so obvious. I

know, I'll get Mom's credit card and we'll go shopping. I'll tell her that he deserves a reward for being so good this summer. Yeah, she'll bite on that. Get him some fuller cut dresses and blouses, he certainly can't continue wearing Mary Ann's old stuff. It's getting way to small on him. Maybe take him to the salon for a make over, his roots are showing. I just have to keep them from finding out for another couple of weeks. I'll call Sally and Joann and we can make a day of it. This is going to be so much fun," she thought.

They left the house early the next morning. Sally and Joann picked them up. All the girls were wearing shorts and tees while David had on a strapless coral baby doll dress and white strappy three-inch sandals. He asked for shorts and a tee but Stephanie told him it would be a lot easier for him to change wearing a dress.

"But this dress shows my bra straps. I can't go anywhere looking like this," he complained.

"Stop complaining Laverne, showing off your bra straps is no big deal anymore. Lot's of blouses and dresses are cut to display them. Besides, the guys like it," she retorted.

The first stop was the beauty salon. David tried to resist going in but Stephanie was adamant. She didn't care that he would be going home in a couple of weeks, his hair needed help. She insisted that he take advantage of his stepmother's generosity and get the works while he had the chance.

Three hours later David walked out of the salon a bit dazed by everything that happened. His hair was now a strawberry blonde, very full with flowing waves. Two curled tendrils hung beside his ears with small pink butterflies attached to the ends. His legs had been waxed. His nails given acrylic three-quarter inch extensions and var-

nished a sparkling hot pink and a pedicure. The girls all said that he looked hot and that Rory would just love his new do.

From the salon they went to the food court where he was allowed to have a Greek salad and diet drink. The girls ate burgers and fries. As he watched them enjoying their meal, dressed in shorts and tees, wearing flip-flops and their hair in simple pony tails, he realized he was the most feminine of them all. He also noticed that he was getting the most attention from the men and boys sitting around the food court.

Stephanie had him buy several conservative blouses in soft pastels along with two skirts. One was a blue denim mini-skirt with three inches of red floral lace hemming and the other a knee length black straight skirt. The blouses all had a ruffled jabot front, padded short sleeves and rounded collars that buttoned at the neck. She also had him purchase two dresses with high necklines and short sleeves. One dress was a full-skirted pale rose colored paisley print and the other an A-line moss green with white collar and cuffs. For lounging around the house, David needed a pair of lightweight sweats. She found him a pair in a mint color with bright green satin piping details. The loose fitting top would help hide David's growing bosom. The last item purchased was a one piece nylon/spandex bathing suit in a florescent emerald green with thin white diagonal strips and a white ruffle across the bodice. When he came out of the dressing room modeling it for Stephanie's approval, she was more than pleased as the suit minimized the size of David's breasts.

David could not understand why she had insisted on his salon visit plus all the clothing. He was only going to be there another two weeks. It just did not make any sense to him but couldn't ask until they were alone. Finally, Sally dropped them off at the house.

“Stephanie, why all this?” he said waving his hand femininely at his head and the bags he carried.



"You needed it and I think you look ravishing with that new do. Rory won't be able to keep his hands off you when he sees you in that new bathing suit. It'll cling like a second skin when you get it wet," she replied with a giggle.

"I'm....I'm going home in two weeks. How can I explain all this?" he asked.

"Oh, that's your problem, not mine darling," she laughed as she walked ahead.

Ooo

Friday night was going to be David's fifth date with Rory and they planned on spending it at the lake. He was worried as Rory was becoming more and more demanding in their relationship. It was horrible enough having to give him blow jobs but he didn't think he could handle anything more intimate. The very idea of having sex was repugnant, as that act would confirm in his mind that he was gay.

Stephanie guessed what was worrying him and took full advantage of his fragile ego. "Laverne, you know you can't go home a virgin. Rory's been so nice that you have to give him his reward you know. Besides, there is nothing like the full feeling you get when you have a big throbbing dick inside you. Just image that huge donkey dick of his plowing into you, the feeling of fullness, the thrill of taking it all and the amazing climax. I'll bet you'll be seeing stars for a week afterwards. I know I did after Billy took my cherry," she said one afternoon as they sat by the pool.

"Stephanie! In case you have forgotten, I'm a guy and guys don't do that! I....I can hardly stomach doing what

I'm doing as it is. I'm not going to do that! It's perverted!" he exclaimed.

"Laverne, Laverne I haven't forgotten. I have that wonderful CD to remind me of who you really are. Besides, it's not perverted when two people like each other. It doesn't matter that you're the same sex. Wake up, this is the twenty first century and gay marriages are even legal now. Rory is a really nice guy and I think you make a great couple. I've seen how you've gone down on him and you always had a smile when you finished," she smugly replied.

"What? No, I didn't like it. I only did that cause you threatened me. I don't even know him much less love him. How can you ask me to do that?" he answered.

"So what if you've only known him a few weeks. It's just too bad that the boys have summer jobs and can't see us more often. I'm sure that once you have sex, you'll really like it. I know I can't get enough of it. To set the record straight, I didn't tell you to have oral sex with him. You did that on your own. I'm not telling you to have sex with him either. All I'm saying is that it's alright with me. It's how we girls get our men to do what we want. Rory gave you that black pearl ring, didn't he? Maybe now he will give you a diamond," she said with a crooked smile.

"That's not true and you know it! That night at the party, you told me to do exactly what you did or you'd release that CD. On that first date, you told me to follow your lead. I didn't want any of that but you made me. I never asked for that ring and I certainly don't want a diamond one either," he hotly answered.

"Laverne, I never ever expected you to go that far. I can't tell you how surprised I was to see you go down on Rory that night. Despite what you think, that was not my idea. I just needed to make my Billy happy. You just took

it upon yourself to copy me. So don't blame me if you are gay. Yeah, you heard me. You're just as gay as Rory. I don't care what you say. No straight guy would ever do that unless he was gay. You really need to think about it," she spat.

David was about to shout that he wasn't gay but stopped, his mind confused and in panic mode. "What is going on? It's true she didn't tell me to do that at the party. I just assumed I had to do it. Rory never forced me to do anything. He...he has always been nice to me. That...that first time at the lake...she didn't tell me to do anything. I...I did it all on my own. Can I really be gay? No, it's that CD. I couldn't take a chance she would post it. I'm not gay! I don't even want to think about him putting that monster dick up my ass. It's too big to fit anyway. I wish mine was half as big then maybe I could get a girl. My dick seems so small and shriveled compared to his. At least I don't have to keep it taped up anymore. Not since Auntie and I had that talk about me going back into boy clothes. She even gave them back to me. The only time it gets hard anymore is when Rory plays with my titties. Oh my, can what she is telling me be true? Am I really gay? I'm so confused."

For the rest of the week David still had no answer as to his sexuality. He kept making a mental list of the pros and cons, discarding each comparison every time. The biggest hurdle he had to overcome was the fact that his own body betrayed him. He couldn't deny that he had developed womanly breasts. They were a small "B" cup with puffy brown nipples. Whenever he touched them, they would harden and send tickles up and down his spine. His waist was narrow and his hips and ass were toned and round. The tan lines only enhanced his feminine looking body. There was no way he could explain

these changes or the way that body reacted to Rory's touch.

Each night when Stephanie brought him his glass of warm milk, she would talk about how great it felt to have Billy's cock deep inside of her. She would question him about his intimate relations with Rory. Did he like the feel of it in his hand, did it give him a sense of power knowing how much she pleased him with her mouth and other similar questions. When he went to sleep, he began dreaming about having sex with Rory. The more he tried to forget his dreams, the stronger they became. He had no idea how the hormone laced milk was affecting his mind and his body.

For her part, Stephanie didn't realize the hormones would do more than perhaps give him bigger breasts. Her goal was to send him home to face the same humiliation she had at the wedding. He would have something he couldn't hide just like her blackened teeth.

"Serve him right. Nothing permanent but too obvious to hide," she had thought.

Friday night was balmy. The full moon cast wavering lines of warm light rippling across the lake and created floating shadows in the woods. The boys had brought a large ice chest of snacks, beer and wine coolers. They were all in their bathing suits and large tee shirts. Stephanie's tee had a large chrysanthemum print on the front and David's, a large hummingbird. Their hair had been piled on top of their heads, held in place by large plastic banana clips. They were roasting hot dogs over the fire sitting close together. The heady smell of Rory's cologne filled David's nose. It was a very masculine aroma compared to his flowery scent. For some reason, David felt a chill run up his spine. It was too warm to be blamed on the weather.

When the moon was high overhead, they decided to go for a swim. The water was a welcome relief from the heat and they splashed around in its coolness. David was feeling relaxed after drinking four wine coolers and wasn't paying attention as Rory guided him further and further away from the other two. It wasn't until Rory grabbed his hand and pulled him to a sandy shore, that he became aware that they were alone.

"Rory, where are the others?" he questioned.

"Don't worry about them baby. I wanted you all to myself for awhile. Come on let's sit over by that log for a bit. We'll catch up with them later," he replied bringing his lips to David's.

Rory's tongue slipping inside his mouth kept him from protesting, as he instinctively placed his arms around his neck, returning the kiss. As they kissed, David felt the straps to his bathing suit sliding down his arms and the top fold down. The cool night air hit his nipples and they instantly became erect. He let out a soft moan as the kiss broke.

Rory's mouth quickly moved down and captured a nipple in his warm lips. David tried to push him away but couldn't stop the moan of pleasure that escaped. Instead of getting away, Rory picked him up in his strong arms and carried him over to the log, never losing contact with the nipple. With David's head leaning against the log, Rory began kissing and licking every square inch of exposed flesh. He paid special attention to David's neck, ears and lips. David's body was tingling from his toes to the top of his head. His eyes flew open as he felt Rory's thick lips surround then swallow his dick. Rory had pushed the crotch of David's swim suit off to the side and had his head buried between his legs. He had never felt anything like that and it literally lit up his mind. He didn't want this but his body was betraying him. His body

felt electrified as Rory's lips, tongue and hands caressed it.

"I don't want this but my body has never felt so good. I shouldn't be responding like this with another boy but whatever he's doing is making me tingle all over. Ohhhhhhhh, I'm coming, I'm coming. Maybe, I'm gay after all. This is so creepy but it feels so good?" he thought.

As they kissed and fondled, Rory was pushing David's suit down and off his body. Soon they were both naked. Their bodies gleaming in the moonlight, David had most of Rory's dick in his mouth. His tongue was moving along its length as he sucked. He felt Rory pressing a finger into his rosebud, something oily and when the finger entered, he gasped.

"Oh, that feels different. Kind of tingly," he thought before he fully understood what was happening. Realizing what was happening, he tried to move away.

"Hold still baby, I'm just lubricating it for you. I don't want to hurt you and this will help. According to the advertisement this stuff is suppose to really turn you on. Come on baby, I'll be real gentle, I promise but I want you so bad my balls are killing me," he said.

Stephanie had warned him this would happen. He had almost a week to prepare for it but he still wasn't mentally prepared for the actuality. He tried to object but with a mouth full of dick could only moan. They were alone on some beach and David had nowhere to run much less the ability to overpower Rory. With a sigh of resignation, he let Rory have his way.

Ooo

David was sullen the next day and didn't want to talk to anyone. His rosebud still ached and burned from what

had happened the night before. The lube Rory had used had warmed his insides and anal ring but nothing could have prepared him for the girth of Rory's cock. It had burned like a hot poker and stretched him to the limit even though Rory took his time. David remembered grunting and squealing like a stuck pig until he felt Rory's balls slap against his upturned ass. It had hurt like the dickens and he had never felt so stuffed, so stretched. It wasn't until that spot was hit deep inside that David began to feel pleasure. As Rory slowly pushed in and pulled out, some of the pain was replaced with a feeling he couldn't describe. The deeper he probed, the better the feeling. The pain was there, of that there was no doubt but there was a building pleasure as well. Rory was all the way in when he grunted loudly and spewed. David was surprised that he could feel not only the hot juice filling him but the contractions of that massive dick as well. He was even more surprised that he was coming, spewing his own sperm as well.

Now in the light of day he was remorseful and resented what he had allowed Rory to do. He was no longer a virgin. What was worse, he had lost his virginity to another boy. He was no longer a man. He was nothing more than a faggot, gay queer in his own eyes.

How could he ever go back to what he had been now? He would never be able to forget that night. The pain, and, yes the pleasures that he felt. The way Rory had cuddled and caressed him afterwards. The feeling of liquid dribbling down his inner thigh, the mess in the crotch of his bathing suit when he got home and removed it would be remembered for the rest of his life.

He was sitting by the pool, his nose buried in a romance novel when Stephanie sat beside him. She pushed a tendril of hair away from his face and tucked it behind an ear.

"It wasn't so bad was it? I kinda felt the same way after I lost my cherry. Come on, Laverne, let me see a smile," she softly said.

"Go away! Get away from me. If it hadn't been for you, I wouldn't be in this fix," he snapped.

"Don't take that tone with me Laverne. I'm trying to be sympathetic here. I didn't make you go off with Rory. You did that all by yourself. I didn't push you and I didn't make you do it with him. You did all that by yourself. So get off your high horse and admit that you enjoyed it. I could tell by the way he was hanging all over you the rest of the night what you two did. It wasn't my fault. I didn't hear any screaming or you yelling rape. So what if you're gay. I don't care but at least be honest with yourself. There is nothing wrong in being gay. The fact that you make a pretty girl is just a bonus," she said as she stood to leave.

"Yeah, but it was you who made me stay in dresses and you have that CD. All I've ever wanted was to get my boy clothing back. It was you that made me this way," he said and began crying.

"Well you have a point. I wanted to humiliate you like you did to me during the wedding. I had black teeth for over a week and everybody made fun of me. So what if I kept you in dresses? I still didn't make you like it or do what you did with Rory. Don't look at me like that. I've seen you swirling around in your dresses and lingerie. I've seen you staring into the mirror for hours with that big smile on your face. I didn't make you do any of that. You were enjoying and admiring yourself. As far as that CD goes, you can have it. I don't care. I was never going to post it on You Tube. Did you think I would want the world to know what a freak I have for a step-brother?" she shouted before storming off.

David was shocked by her retort. "Could it be true that I like this? I am pretty though. I shouldn't be pretty. I shouldn't have tits or a bubble butt but I do. Wearing girl's clothing and acting like a girl shouldn't have made me into one. I still have my dick even if it seems smaller. I got balls. I'm a guy where it counts. What's even worse I had sex with Rory, another guy. I lost my virginity to a boy! That was never supposed to happen. He's nice but I don't feel anything for him, I just let it happen. He's too strong for me to stop anyway. I didn't enjoy doing any of that with him. I only did it cause she has that stupid CD. She forced me to do this no matter what she says. No, I'm still a guy and as soon as I can get my stuff back the better. No, no way I like this. I'm a guy and I'm gonna go change right now," he thought.

Back in his room David quickly stripped and pulled the box containing his boy clothing from the closet where it had been stored. He found a pair of black and red checkered boxers and pulled them up his legs. They felt rough going up his legs and couldn't get the waistband to stretch enough to get over his hips and ass. Giving up in disgust, he tossed them aside and pulled on a black tee shirt. It was a very tight fit, mashing his breasts and irritating his nipples. It was cotton but felt like sandpaper against his sensitive nipples. He had no better luck with his cargo pants. Tossing his boy clothing to the floor, he sat on the bed and began crying.

"Nothing fits. I can't go home looking like this. How will I ever get my life back? I don't want to be a girl. I want to be me again," he sobbed.

Ooo

The rest of the week, David stayed pretty much to himself. Stephanie actually gave him the CD which sur-

prised him. He quickly checked to make sure it was what she had said it was then broke it into pieces. As he dropped the pieces into the trash basket, he felt a tremendous weight lifted from his shoulders. He performed his daily assigned chores automatically without any thought. Out of force of habit, he kept a smile on his face. Inside he was still morose and sullen. As soon as his chores were completed, he went back to his room. The only good thing about that week was that everyone left him alone.

Friday David absolutely refused to go out with Rory. He told Stephanie in no uncertain terms, what he thought of the idea and to leave him alone. She left in a huff but didn't force the issue.

"I'll tell him it's your time of the month and being a real bitch," she laughed leaving his room.

Saturday David asked Aunt Mary to get him some boy's clothing for his trip back home. She looked at him skeptically and asked him why the sudden change.

"Laverne, why on earth would you want to do that now? You could have worn those back weeks ago. I thought you loved your new dresses?" she said perplexed.

"I...I've changed my mind. Besides, I can't go home looking like this," he replied.

"Of course you can honey. You look lovely. We had a long talk with your mother and she knows everything. She sounded very happy for you and can't wait to see you. So if that is what is worrying you, you can forget it. I know she'll just adore and love the new you," she said.

"Yo....you told my.....my mother? How could you. This is horrible. I didn't want her to know or anybody else. You promised that no one else would find out my secret," he wailed.

"Laverne, settle down. Of course we had to tell your mother what happened. I mean, after all, you demanded to stay in dresses and date that wonderful boy Rory. What else could we do? We couldn't let you go home without checking with your mother. She's happy for you dear and she loves you very much. Stephanie sent her some pictures and she was absolutely delighted. She can't wait for you to get home," Aunt Mary gushed.

"Stephanie sent her pictures! What kind of pictures?" he gasped.

"Oh, just some of you out by the pool, helping out at the party and of you getting ready for your first date, that's all, I think. Nothing to get upset about," she replied.

"No! I'm ruined! How will I ever live this down," he moaned.

"Don't be so melodramatic darling. It's not the end of the world. You should be happy that your mother is so understanding. She said she can't wait to see you. I'll be the first to admit that you took me completely by surprise when you insisted on wearing your pretty dresses and lingerie. Some boys are like that, you know. We all understand and support your decision. I am confused as to why you suddenly want to wear boy's clothing again," she said.

"You don't understand Auntie Mary! Stephanie has been blackmailing me into doing all that. She...she had a CD filled with very embarrassing pictures of me. I couldn't let her post that on You Tube. It's all her fault I acted the way I did. She didn't give me any choice," he wailed.

"Dear me, are you sure? That doesn't sound like my little Stepheie? If she has a CD like that, I will get it from her and, if what you say is true, she will be severely punished," she said then turning toward the kitchen yelled, "Stephanie, get in here immediately."

"Stephanie, are you blackmailing your step-sis....errrrr....I mean your step-brother?" she demanded when she walked into the room.

"Blackmail? I'm sure I don't know what you are talking about Auntie. I haven't done anything. Why would I want to do that? It's embarrassing enough knowing that I have a sissy stepbrother. Why would I do anything to broadcast that news? Why, I would just die if Billy or Rory found out about this. All I did was help Laverne keep from being discovered. That's all, I swear," she innocently replied.

"Lav....errr....I mean David says that you have a CD of him and that you have been using it to blackmail him. Now, where is it?" Aunt Mary demanded.

"Like I said, Auntie, I don't have any CD like that. The only CD I had was the one I sent to his mother and I gave it to him this morning. If you don't believe me, you can check my collection," Stephanie replied.

"Is that true La....David? She gave you the disc," she asked.

"Ye...yes and I broke it up and tossed it into the trash. You can come see. It's still there," he replied.

"Well, a broken CD isn't gong to tell me much. Now is it? I think you are just having a bad case of nerves. I think you are just afraid to admit to your mother how much you love wearing lingerie and dresses. Unless you have some other proof that Stephe is blackmailing you, I don't want to hear any more of this. Go on, scoot the both of you and stop wasting my time," she said aggravated.

"What did you send my mother," he demanded when he got Stephanie alone.

"Oh just some really cute pictures of you, you know of you playing with dolls, doing your chores and flirting

with Rory. Pretty much everything that was on that CD I gave you. Why? What you gonna do about it sissy boy? You know you can't beat me up. Oh look, the little sissy is getting all teary eyed. If you're gonna cry like a little baby, you should go to your room," she calmly smirked.

Ooo

Sunday night, David retrieved his suitcases plus two extra from storage and began packing. Stephanie was helping, making sure he packed all his feminine finery neatly. "You have a nice wardrobe but I'm sure your mom will want to take you shopping. Mother's are like that you know. She sounded so thrilled when I sent her that CD. You have no idea of what she has planned for you when you get home. I promised I wouldn't tell, so don't ask. I'll give you a hint, I told her you were a real girlie-girl and still loves to play with her dollies," she laughed.

"Why....why are you doing this to me? Why, I'm going home and if I ever see you again it will be too soon. You didn't have to let my mother see that CD," he asked tearfully.

"You never should have fucked with me in the first place. I don't like being made a fool of. So payback is a real bitch when I get mad. You made me very mad," she snarled.

"Okay but whatever I did to you was nothing like what you have done to me. My life is ruined because of you. My own mother thinks I'm a sissy but I'll change her mind once I'm home, you'll see. I'll tell my dad what you did too. He'll make you so sorry," he snapped back.

"Oooooohhhhhh, I'm so scared. He already knows, I sent him a copy of that CD and told him how much you

loved being a girlie-girl. Although, I didn't have to write much, like they say, a picture is worth a thousand words and your CD spoke millions all by itself. Before I forget, I gave your phone and address to Rory. He was really disappointed that you didn't show up Friday. Maybe he'll decide to go to that little college in your home town just to be near you. I'll be working on that," she taunted.

All David could do was plop down on the bed, his mouth opening and closing but no words would form as tears flowed down his cheeks. She had totally screwed him. That CD almost made him believe that he truly loved the experience and now both his mother and father had it.

"I've got to find some way to convince them this was all Stephanie's doing," he thought.

Ooo

Stephanie had helped pack all his clothing except one outfit. It was a tight fitting scooped neck pink short sleeved tee that left his navel exposed and a white knife pleated cotton mini-skirt that reached mid-thigh. Bright pink high cut panties, matching bra with a little frill of white lace and a pair of pink patent leather three inch spike heeled strappy sandals completed the outfit.

For accessories, she had picked out four inch pink plastic hoop earrings, a pink solitaire with daisy petal casing for his navel, several white and pink plastic bangles for his wrists, four dainty rings including Rory's pearl and a white leather purse.

The bus ride home was humiliating and terrifying. As he walked down the aisle, someone pinched his bottom. He let out an involuntary yelp that only drew more attention to him. When he got to his window seat, he had difficulty keeping the skirt from riding up into his lap. To

make matters worse, a fat slob of a man reeking of sweat and cheap cologne sat down beside him. David hoped that by keeping his purse in his lap, no one would be able to look up his skirt. He buried his nose into a romance novel Stephanie had given him for the ride home.

The ten-hour ride seemed to take a million years and his only relief came during several stops where he could get out and stretch his legs. He didn't dare move too far away from the other people and as a result felt a few more embarrassing pinches to his pert bottom. The most terrifying thing about the trip was that he didn't feel safe. As a guy he didn't give personal safety much thought but now that was all he could think about. Being dressed the way he was drew admiring glances from all the men on the bus and around the bus stops. He saw their looks and it scared him. He made sure to stay in the company of the few other ladies that were on the bus. He took comfort in their presents and it didn't even bother him when he went into the lady's restroom to relieve himself. At long last the bus pulled into his terminal.

As he stepped off the bus, he saw his mother off to the side looking around at the passengers. Finally, recognition dawned in her eyes and she rushed over to him, gave him a big hug with a crooked funny smile.

"OMG! Just look at him. He's so cute! Stephanie told me she thought he was stealing Mary's estrogen pills but this? They certainly look real enough. I can't believe he would do such a thing to himself. Doesn't he know how dangerous that could be? He's always been head strong and stubborn but to do this? Guess I'll have to schedule a doctor's visit as soon as I can. Seeing him like this only proves what was on that CD. If he wants to be my daughter instead of my son, that is fine and dandy with me. I didn't like what he was becoming anyway. I guess he is

going to like my surprise after all," she thought as they hugged.

"Well, well, if it isn't my nasty gansta wanna be son all cleaned up and looking like a little angel. I must say darling, when I got that CD and heard what your step-mother had to say, I was dumbfounded. It made me sorry I didn't try petticoat punishment on you sooner. Who would have thought you would take to it like a duck to water. I really like the change. Let's get your baggage. We'll have plenty of time to talk when we get home," she said as she stood back looking him over.

"Mom, you gotta listen to me. I was set up. Stephanie forced me to do this. You saw her CD. It makes me look like a sissy but it's all a lie. I'm not like that I swear. All I want is to get out of these clothes and never wear anything like this again. You gotta believe me," he explained as soon as they were in the car.

"Are you trying to make me believe that your younger step-sister blackmailed you into wearing dresses and going out with that boy? Honestly, Laverne, how do you expect me to believe that? I watched that CD several times and it didn't look or sound like you were being forced. Stephanie told me you would probably try to deny everything and blame her but I saw the video. How do you explain stealing Mary's estrogen pills? Are you trying to tell me Stephanie forced you to take them? Have you any idea of what those hormones have done to your body?" she fumed.

"Hormones? What hormones? I didn't take any such thing! Who said I was taking hormones?" he replied very surprised.

"That's a good one dear. How else can you explain that nice set of boobies spouting from your chest? Those flaring hips and round butt?" she asked.

"I...I don't know....errrr....they just seemed to pop up. They made me wear training bras all the time and Stephanie made me rub this cream on them every day. Maybe that's what happened but I didn't steal any pills. No way mom, I swear," he said shocked.

"Laverne wearing a training bra wouldn't cause you to develop womanly breasts. The only explanation is hormone therapy. The proper way to do that is under a doctor's supervision. How could you be so stupid? I'm making an appointment with my doctor as soon as I can. We'll find out what's going on then. In the meantime, I don't want you taking anymore pills. Is that clear?" she retorted.

"Mom, I didn't take any pills. I don't want to be a girl," he sobbed.

"That choice doesn't seem to be available to you anymore. Have you taken a good look at yourself? If I hadn't seen that video, I never would have recognized you tonight. I also got a call from your father. To say that he was upset would be an understatement. That SOB tried to blame me for what you did. He threatened to call child services on me! Well, let me tell you, I gave him what for. I told him everything happened at your stepmother's and if the authorities were called, it would be by me. That shut him up. Anyway to make a long story short, he doesn't want to have anything to do with you. I won't bore you with the language he used. You know how he is. As far as you're concerned, I like the new look. If I ever see that disrespectful slovenly son of his ever again, it will be too damn soon. I suggest you get use to it Laverne, until you move out from under my roof you will stay as you are," she stormed.

"Mom, you can't be serious. I'm David, your son not Laverne. Please don't make me stay this way," he replied in tears.

"Sorry, but I like the new you. Let's see how it goes for now. Maybe, if you can convince me otherwise, I'll reconsider. However, looking at you, I don't think that will be possible in any case. Now, get a tissue and dry those eyes, we're almost home and I have a surprise for you," she replied.

The house was like he remembered it but with one major difference. His room had been completely redecorated. It was very similar to the room he had just left behind except the decorations were in lavender and pink. Lavender quilted comforter, pink satin sheets and pillow cases. The walls were painted pale lavender with pink floral borders. There was a white with gold edged and piping detailed dresser, matching lighted vanity with lavender satin padded bench seat, six drawer dresser and twin bed. The room reeked of floral perfume. Off to one side was a large doll house, several dolls and a pink plastic tea set.

"Mom! You didn't!" he shouted.

"Don't shout Laverne, I'm standing right here. After seeing that video, I thought you would adore what I have done to your room. It's too late to change anything now. This is your room. Feel free to decorate it anyway you want as long as it's tasteful. Do you want me to help you unpack?" she calmly said.

"No, that's alright. I can unpack by myself," he said resigned to his fate. The last thing he wanted his mother to see was all the frilly things he had in his suitcases.

The next afternoon David was sitting in the doctor's office. He was wearing a mid-thigh length cotton sun dress in a shimmering aqua green color. The waiting room was filled with other women and girls and he felt very nervous. His mother didn't know who to call, so made an appointment with her gynecologist.

When his name was called, his mother got up with him and they followed the nurse into an examination room. There he was told to strip to his panties and bra. The entire visit was one humiliation after another. The doctor was an older woman and seemed to take pleasure in his embarrassment. She performed a routine office visit exam and drew some blood samples. That part of the visit was just embarrassing. His humiliation began when she had him completely strip, lay back on the table and stuck his legs up in stirrups. She prodded his breasts, poked all around his genitals and jammed a finger as far as she could up his ass. His penis had stayed soft up until then. As her finger tip touched a certain spot, he immediately became erect. At that point, she took a sperm sample and he wished he could die.

"I have some good news. Laverne seems to be in good health despite her stupid actions. The preliminary blood work shows elevated estrogen and progesterone levels. Results I'm more familiar with in young girls. Based on the amount of development in the bust, hips and bottom I would guess that she has been on strong doses of female hormones for several months. The bad news is that there was no evidence of viable sperm. At this point I'm not sure what to tell you. This is not my area of expertise but self-medicating has permanently rendered him impotent. I suggest you see a gender specialist and get psychiatric counseling. I will give you a script for a maintenance dose of HRT. The specialist may want to change the dosage. If you want, my nurse, can provide a list of qualified doctors. As for you young lady, you are very lucky. Those drugs you took can have very serious side effects," she informed them.

"Serious side effects? What could be more serious than growing tits and a big ass?" he thought.

"Mom, I swear I never took any pills. Why don't you believe me? I never wanted any of this," he sobbed walking back to the car.

"It really doesn't matter now. You heard the doctor. You're impotent. That means that you will never be able to father any children. You have the body of a young girl with "B" cup breasts. Either with or without your knowledge, you took enough hormones to make you this way. I'm going to call your stepmother and tell her what the doctor said. I want to believe you but it's difficult. In any case, you are my daughter now," she stated.

Ooo

"You did what? You stupid child! Do you have any idea of what your stepfather is going to do to the both of us! I ought to kill you now to save him the trouble! OMG Stephanie, how could you have done such a stupid thing?" Daphne yelled as she confronted her daughter.

"Momma, I'm sorry. I didn't mean for anything permanent to happen. I was just curious to see if it would make his breasts grow. That's all. I didn't know it would be like forever. Besides, he liked it. He is a sissy. Like, he spent hours in front of the mirror primping and admiring himself. It was just suppose to be for the summer. How was I to know those pills would even do anything, they're for women, not boys," she replied crying.

"That's enough from the both of you. What's done is done and there is nothing we can do about it now. We are all to blame for what happened. Now we need to figure out a way to minimize the damage. So stop arguing and let's try to think of some way out of this," Aunt Mary interjected stepping between the two.

"As I see it, his mother doesn't know for sure that Stephanie made him take my pills. She just said that the doctor told her that he had it in his system. She also said that Stephanie told her that she thought David was stealing them. It's our word against his. If we stay calm and tell the same story, I think there is enough doubt in her mind, that she will accept the fact that he stole the pills. That CD makes a strong case in our favor. Stephanie, I never thought you could be so devious. Your mother should blister your behind for doing that but.....but it will get us out of this mess," she added.

"So our story is that David stole the pills then. What started out as discipline, took an unexpected turn. Is that it?" Daphne asked.

"Yes, dear, in a nut shell that will be our collective story," Aunt Mary answered.

"I'm so sorry this happened. I didn't mean for it to go this far. I just wanted to humiliate him like he did me at the wedding," Stephanie sobbed.

"There is nothing for it now Steph but don't think I'm letting you off. You are grounded until you graduate. I'm stopping your allowance and you will be responsible for all the household chores. I'm also going to reconsider sending you to that prestigious college next year," Daphne angrily said.

"Mom! You can't be serious! Grounded for the year? What about Billy and I have my senior prom this year, Mom you can't do that!" Stephanie wailed as she fled the room.

"Daphne, you weren't serious about that were you? I mean it will be her senior year and you know how important that is to a young girl?" Aunt Mary said.

"Aunt Mary this all started with your idea and she ran with it. You're as responsible as she is and if I could

ground you too, I would," Daphne snarled as visions of divorce and public scandal raced across her mind.

Later Aunt Mary approached Daphne when she was much calmer. "Dear, I have an idea. David and his mom don't have that much money since the divorce. Not that they had much to begin with, so I was thinking....."

The next morning Daphne called Thelma, David's mom, and made an offer. She denied that no one on her side gave him any pills. They never expected him to get so enthusiastic or enjoy it so much as the CD attested. However, they did feel responsible for what happened. She was willing to pay for any and all medical bills incurred in David's treatment. She was also willing to pay for his college tuition, books and housing. She included a monthly stipend to cover the cost of clothing. All she wanted in return was a statement signed by both her and David releasing her and her family from any liability.

Thelma pondered Daphne's proposal. While David had sounded sincere about not taking any pills, she had misgivings. He had been a perpetual liar and it was hard to refute the evidence. Additionally, she liked what had happened and according to the doctor he could never be a man. Her job in middle management wouldn't allow her to send him to a decent collage and his father had disowned him. The clothing allowance was especially appealing as David only had summer wear. He would need all the appropriate winter wear plus the accessories. An overcoat, a few pairs of pants and David would be okay but he was Laverne now and her clothing needs were both extensive and expensive.

As she thought about that she thought of another problem. David was David and there was nothing to identify Laverne. She would have to get legal assistance and change everything that was David into Laverne. First

it was all those doctors and now I have to get a lawyer. Daphne's proposal was looking better by the second.

Ooo

As that was happening, David was sulking. He stayed in his room except when he had to go to the doctors or perform some chores his mother insisted upon. No one believed that he didn't voluntarily participate in his gender change. A gender specialist gave him some more pills to take and just nodded her head whenever he complained about his situation. The psychiatrist nodded his head and agreed that his situation was unique. He recommended psychotherapy and anti-depressants to help him adjust and gave him some DVD's to listen to. They had some weird titles such as, "Coping with Change," "Being at Ease with Yourself," and "Fitting in with the Crowd." He listened to them but they were sound tracks of easy listening music. He usually fell asleep as they were playing and didn't notice the soft voice.

"Why won't anybody believe me? I never wanted to be a girl. I liked being a boy and doing boy things. Now I'm stuck wearing dresses and following a beauty regiment every day. Mom won't even buy me new boys clothing. Made me stand in front of the mirror in my panties and bra making fun of how I would look dressed like a boy. I guess she's right thought. Even if my old stuff would fit, I would still look like a girl. My tits and butt are still growing and what boy has tits? I might as well accept it like the psycho doc says," he thought as he looked at the bottles of pills on his desk.

About a week after he returned home, his mother came into his room and announced that they were going on a mother-daughter shopping expedition in the morn-

ing. When asked why, she simply said, “winter’s coming and you need a wardrobe.”

“Maybe she will let me buy some pants,” he thought as she left.

A shopping expedition wasn’t the half of it. Thelma had made a salon appointment for him to get the works. There his hair was given a touch up, a manicure and pedicure plus body wax. When he complained about the body wax, his mother told him to suck it up like any other girl would. From the salon, they made the rounds of the department stores.

The first stop was a lingerie specialty store. There she insisted he purchase several pairs of panty girdles, bras, slips, panties and sexy garter belts. When he questioned the purchases, she said, “I’ve enrolled you in the local college as there wasn’t time to place you somewhere else. As a college girl, you will be spending a lot of time there and socializing. You’ll love the experience. I know I did. The girdles are to help keep your little secret, you need a bigger cup and a girl can always use a sexy garter belt to tantalize her beaux.”

He was surprised when they moved over to the young women’s section and she allowed him to buy four sets of slacks and four pairs of low cut denim jeans. Of course they were women’s slacks in charcoal, navy, cream and tan but they did have a front closure. The jeans had floral embroidery on the back pockets. She helped him pick out a couple of long sleeved blouses to go with them. It made him feel a bit better as the blouses had button down collars similar to his boy’s dress shirts. He was disheartened when he tried them on and his reflection showed a manishly dressed young woman staring back at him. Two pair of pants suits, one in a soft pink and the other in a forest green was also purchased.

From there they went over to the better dresses department. Here he selected several woolen mid-calf length skirts and four dresses. The dresses were all long sleeved, two with full cut skirts and two straight mid-calf length. One of the straight cut dresses was an expensive camel's hair that felt delicious against his skin.

By the time they had finished shopping David had a long sleeved black lamb's wool jacket, several purses and a dozen pairs of shoes including two pair of black kid leather boots. Most of the shoes had a three inch heel but he did get some trainers and flats. They bought so much stuff that it took three trips to the car to get everything in. The backseat and trunk were full of bags and boxes as they left for home.

Over the next week they met with a lawyer and all the paperwork changing David to Laverne was completed and filed. Later Laverne was enrolled in the local college. Between shopping, doctor's visits and registering for school, David didn't have much of a chance to worry about his new life. It wasn't until he received a phone call from Rory that he paused. He was surprised that he had his number and knew where he lived.

"Oh yeah, right! That bitch Stephanie must have given them to him," he thought as they talked.

David thought about just hanging up but figured he would only call back again. He was polite and tried to keep the conversation away from what happened during the summer. He let it slip that he was going to the local college. Rory said that was great as he had enrolled there as well.

They had talked for about an hour and David was filled with several different emotions when they hung up. On the one hand he was happy about seeing Rory again.

On the other hand, he was depressed that he would be seeing him again.

“Would Rory try to renew their intimate relationship? Do I really want that? Do I even want to be around him? Do I have any choice?” he asked himself.

He mulled those questions around in his mind for a few days before coming to a resolution. He decided that since Rory knew his secret and was, when he got right down to it, a really nice guy, why not. For all intents and purposes, David was now none existent. There was only Laverne. Oh how he hated that name and kept kicking himself for not changing it when he had the chance. He was now legally considered transgendered under going reassignment therapy.

“I have the breasts and body of a young woman. My paperwork agrees with that, so how can I be gay? Having someone I can talk to who knows all my secrets will help. I can tell him things I would never dare to tell my mother or therapist. I can never go back to what I was, so why not,” he justified.

Laverne met Rory on the steps leading up to the auditorium. It was freshman orientation. As she reached him, he took her into his arms and soundly kissed her. Breaking the kiss he stepped back and with an admiring glance said, “You are one hot babe.”