

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"TAKING HER PLACE"

DAVID IS FORCED TO TAKE HIS
SISTER'S PLACE! IN MIND AND BODY!



Volume 45

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**MAGAZINE
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TAKING HER PLACE

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QUOTE BOARD

“If wishes were fishes, we'd all have a fry”

TAKING HER PLACE

By Kristi Love and Alice Trails

Chapter 1

David Miller and I have been lovers since high school. We even attend the same out-of-town college so we can be together. Unknown to my parents and his mother, we share a one-bedroom apartment that allows us to have sex whenever we want. Boy, do we ever *want!*

David is cocky and macho to compensate for his small stature, 5'6" and 150 pounds, but he is a great lover. His slight build turns a lot of the girls off, and that is just fine with me!

When we returned home for Christmas after our first semester, we did everything together, like shopping, movies, going to dinner, and visiting friends. Most important, we had many satisfying sexual bouts!

"I hate sneaking around to make love," I purred into David's ear one evening after a wonderful sexual encounter, "I can't wait until we get back to our little love nest."

David looked perplexed. "I...I've been meaning to tell you," he stammered, "Mom wants me to stay home with her this semester. My younger sister, Sarah, was mom's favorite. Sarah's death really upset her, and she has become confused and lethargic. Frankly, I'm afraid of what might happen if she is left alone."

"I understand, I guess..." I sighed. "Sarah was her reason for living, and she is totally lost with you away at college."

"Thanks for understanding," he sadly moaned, "I'll miss you."

"I'll be home for Spring break and we can pick up where we left off," I purred in his ear in an effort to cheer him up.

"I can't wait..." David exclaimed as he kissed me goodbye.

David called me two weeks later. "It's a good thing I stayed with Mom, she's worse off than I thought. She can't get Sarah off of her mind. It's Sarah this and Sarah that. I'm really worried about her health."

"What are you doing to help her?" I asked.

"A little cooking, a little cleaning..."

"You don't know how to cook and clean house!" I exclaimed, "At least you never did any around here."

Dave laughed at my observation. "We would starve to death if I didn't cook, and the place would become a pigsty if I didn't pick up a few things here and there. All Mom does is sit and cry. She really looks bad. I'm afraid if I left, she wouldn't be here when I returned."

"Keep trying to cheer her up and I'll see you during spring break."

"I can't wait," David signed off.

In mid-February, David surprised me by calling, "Mom seems to be getting better. I hope to return to school for the fall semester."

"Hope? You mean there's a chance you won't?"

"I don't know," he explained, "I've taken on all the household duties. I spend all day cooking, cleaning, washing, and ironing. Mom seems almost normal, but she still has relapses. I'm hoping she will be stable enough for me to leave her by the end of summer."

"I hope so," I enthused, "I can't wait to see you. You can't leave engineering studies for very long without losing your edge."

"Mom is calling! I'd better see what she wants. I've got to return back to my duties. I'll talk with you soon," David started to sign off.

"Okay," I replied, "By the way, is there something wrong with your throat? Your voice sounds a little high."

"I think I'm coming down with a cold," he sigh. "My throat is a little scratchy and I have a lingering ache in my chest."

“Are you taking anything for it?” I asked.

“Mom gave me some medicine she got during her last doctor’s visit. She said it would cure what was ailing me,” he said.

“Take care of yourself and I’ll see you soon,” I finished.

In early March, David announced, “Mom is improving with each day.”

“I’m happy to hear that, sweetheart,” I replied, “Are you still suffering from that cold? Your voice sounds a lot higher than before.”

“I was feeling dizzy for a day. The cold seems to be lingering and my chest pains have localized behind my nipples. Maybe it’s passing.”

“That’s a rather long lasting cold,” I observed, “It’s been three weeks since you came down with it.”

“Yeah, I was really ill for a few days. I had stomach cramps,” he admitted. “I was bed-ridden and Mom took care of me rather than the other way around.”

“Did she handle it all right?” I asked.

“That’s the funny thing. She seemed completely normal when I was in bed. She did the housework and everything, but she slipped back into her depression when I finally recovered. I had to pick up where I left off.”

“Strange...” I muttered, “I wonder what it means...”

“Probably nothing,” David giggled, “you know how mothers are.”

Taken back, I asked, “Did you giggle?”

“Uh...yeah, I guess I did,” he stammered, “Is something wrong?”

“Your voice! It sounded almost like a girl’s...”

“It sometimes changes suddenly for no reason,” he admitted. “Sometimes it’s hoarse, sometimes clear, sometimes deeper, sometimes light. It’s like I’m going through puberty again, only backwards. Occasionally, I even giggle without thinking about it, like you just heard. I don’t know what to make of it.”

“Is your chest still tender?” I asked.

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“Yeah, especially behind my nipples. My nipples have become really sensitive lately. I’ve lost a lot of weight too, at least twenty pounds.”

“Twenty pounds!” I gasped. “It’s not healthy to lose that kind of weight with your slim build!”

“I know,” he sighed, “I’m almost skin and bones in my waist, shoulders, and arms. Funny thing is I haven’t lost anything in my chest or hips. My skin has cleared up though, and my muscles don’t bulge any longer.”

I mulled over his dilemma. “I’ll see you in a couple of weeks. We’re getting ready for mid-term exams. I’m super busy until then.”

“I’ll talk to you when you get into town,” he sighed.

A week later, I called David to see if he had recovered from his illness. “Hello, may I speak with David please?”

“This is he,” the voice replied.

“David? Is that you?” I gasped, “I thought I was talking to a girl!”

“My...my voice has gotten lighter instead of returning to its normal pitch,” he stammered.

“Lighter hell! You sound like a girl!”

“Yeah, I know. I don’t know what happened. Remember when I told you my voice was changing pitch and cracking all the time? Well it isn’t changing anymore. It seems to have settled at this pitch.”

“How can that happen?” I wailed, “Are you still feeling the effects of that cold?”

“I...I guess,” David sighed, “I don’t know what is happening. Everything seems different and out of focus.”

“What do you mean?”

“My weight hasn’t returned to normal. In fact, I’ve lost another three pounds. I feel fine, but I only weigh 125 pounds! I’ve lost a lot of my strength too. Mom seems to get stronger as I get weaker. She helped me carry out the garbage yesterday, and she took the heavier package because it was too heavy for me.”

"I don't understand this," I declared, "These aren't normal symptoms after a cold."

"That's not all," David continued, "My chest no longer aches, but my nipples have grown huge and really, really sensitive."

"Have you seen a doctor?"

"Yes, she's running some tests, but she thinks it's a passing thing. I feel fine, but my changes in weight and strength have me concerned."

"Something strange is going on there!" I assert, "I'll be home next week. In the meantime, you should get a second opinion from another doctor."

"I'll try, but I don't know how to get there."

"Drive your car, how else?" I proclaimed with exasperation. "What's wrong with you?"

"M...my car is in the shop, so I'm temporarily out of transportation."

"Use your mother's car!"

"She won't let me drive it," David admitted with a whisper in his soft, high voice.

"Won't let you drive it?" I shouted, "What's going on, David? After all you've done for her and she won't let you drive her car?"

"She says her car is too big for me," David hesitantly admitted. "She drives while I sit in the passenger's seat whenever we go out. She even buckles me in like a child before she closes the door."

"I can't believe what I'm hearing! Are you sure this is David Miller?"

"I'm sorry if I disappoint you. Mom has become very demanding and I can't seem to resist her. She insists that I get her permission whenever I want to do anything. I'm almost a prisoner."

"WHAT! Something strange is happening there and I intend to get to the bottom of it when I return next week," I abruptly signed off.

I was really worried. I desperately wanted to find out what was going on with my friend and lover. I headed straight for the Miller residence when I returned home for Spring break. To my surprise, an apparently very healthy Mrs. Miller greeted me at the door. "Hello," I greeted, "I'm home from school and would like to see David. I understand that he has been ill lately."

"How are you, Laura? It's been so long. Do come in," she cheerfully greeted me.

I was perplexed at how well Mrs. Miller appeared. I expected her to be on her deathbed. I heard the faint sounds of a beginner learning piano, but I didn't see David. David wasn't interested in the 'arts', so I wondered who was playing. "How are you, Mrs. Miller?" I asked, trying to carry on a conversation.

"I'm just fine, dear. Never better. How is school?"

"Great! I'm in the top 10% of my class. In fact, I'll be going to Europe this summer for a work/study program that lasts nearly three months," I advised.

"That's wonderful, dear. I'm sure you will love Europe. I understand the men are very handsome and virile," she said.

"Really, Mrs. Miller, I'm not interested in any boy other than your son. He's the only guy in my life," I assured her.

"I understand, dear, but unfortunately, Davy is having problems. I'm afraid he isn't the same as when you last saw him."

"Something is wrong?" I asked with obvious concern, "He said he was ill."

"Oh, it's not anything time won't fix. Still, I'm afraid he won't be able to go out with you for a while."

"What's his problem?" I asked, my concern mounting, "Tell me, please!"

"Davy has been very sick and he's having a hard time accepting his symptoms. I'm afraid I've had to become rather strict to keep him under control."

"Strict? David is 20 years old. What do you mean strict?" I asked, sure more was wrong than David had revealed on the phone. "Where is he?"

"It's nothing to concern yourself with, dear," Mrs. Miller replied in a sincere voice while ignoring my question. "Everything will work out well in the end, but for the time being, I have taken charge of his affairs."

"Where is he?" I repeated.

"Why he's in the parlor learning to play the piano. Don't you hear him?"

"That's David playing? He told me he loathed the piano."

"I know, but I felt it was best that he learn. It helps occupy his time," she said with a far away look in her eyes. "My Sarah was quite an accomplished pianist, you know."

"He's taking piano lessons?" I gasped. "David would never agree to that!"

"As I told you, dear, I've had to make a lot of changes where Davy is concerned."

A million thoughts whirled through my mind. What did his mother mean? "May I see him?" I asked in an anxious voice.

"Of course, dear," she replied cordially, "Wait here while I get him."

Her attitude flabbergasted me. Something really weird was happening here, but I couldn't put my finger on it! "I'd have to wait and ask David."

While I waited, I examined a framed picture of Sarah sitting on the living room hutch. She was a really cute 16-year-old girl, although she looked a little younger in the picture with her hair styled in 'angle wing' plaits. I remembered her as the most feminine girl I ever met, always giggling, playing with her stuffed animals, and dressed in the most frilly, lacy clothes. As I remember, pink was her favorite color, and she used to giggle at the drop of a hat.

A few minutes later, Mrs. Miller entered the room followed by David. My eyes nearly bulged from my head at the sight he presented. To my utter astonishment, my lover was dressed as an adolescent...an adolescent GIRL!

He wore patterned, femininely cut shorts and a white nylon blouse with lace at the cuffs. Black girl's Mary Jane shoes with white turndown socks decorated with pink flowers and a lacy fringe covered his feet. I gasped when I noticed that his legs were cleanly shaven. The David I knew would never shave his legs!

Not only had he lost a lot of weight, but also his hair hadn't been cut in quite some time. His lengthening light brown hair hung loosely over his ears in scraggly strands. Even his fingernails shined with a clear polish.

"David?" I gasped, "Is that you?"

David inhaled deeply when he saw me. "Mother, how could you expose me to Laura while I'm dressed like this?" he cried. He covered his mouth, let out a sharp, high pitched screech, and fled from the room.

"I'm afraid Davy is a little shy these days because of all the changes he has experienced," Mrs. Miller sighed with disappointment.

"W...what happened to him?" I cried, "He...he looks like a little boy...no...a little girl! Why is he dressed that way?"

"That's what I've been trying to explain, dear," Mrs. Miller cooed softly. Not only has Davy lost a lot of weight and his voice risen several octaves, but most of the time he behaves like a young child, a spoiled brat actually. That's why I had to take charge of him and treat him so sternly."

"What's going on?" I cried, as I became distraught, "Why is he dressed like a girl?"

"Don't get so upset, dear," she stated calmly, "We are just working through his problems."



“David, why are you wearing girl’s clothes?” I gasped at seeing my femininely dressed lover.

"Working through his problems!" I exclaimed, "What problems and how are you working through them?"

"Davy has become very temperamental lately," Mrs. Miller clucked, "He is short tempered, stubborn, bitchy, and won't do as asked. I had to take matters in my own hands and become very strict with him and control his behavior."

"B...but the clothes..." I stammered.

"I had to improvise when he lost all that weight. His clothes didn't fit, and with all his medical expenses, I couldn't afford to buy him a new wardrobe. Luckily, I discovered that he's the same size as my dear departed Sarah. To save money, I decided that he should wear her clothes until this crisis passes. She had so many nice things and it would be a shame if they went unused."

"How does David feel about wearing his sister's clothes?"

"Oh, he's understandably distressed. As you saw, he is terribly embarrassed to be seen in them, especially by his friends. In spite of that, I think he understands the practicality of wearing them."

"Has he seen a doctor?" I gasped.

"Of course, dear. She says Davy has a hormonal problem. With medication, he should recover completely, but it might take a year or so."

"I don't know what to say," I gasped, "I want to help, but I have to go on this European trip."

"Don't you worry. I'll take good care of him. Have a good time on your vacation," Mrs. Miller assured. "I'll bring Davy back so he can wish you a good trip. Just be careful not to upset him."

I assured her I would take care. The shock of seeing David in his present condition and manner of dress had emotionally drained me. Something was very wrong and I felt that his mother wasn't being completely honest. In my book, he was the victim and she was the culprit!

Suddenly, a shout from David interrupted my deliberations. "How could you do that to me, Mommy? How could you embarrass me so? Why did you let Laura see me like this?"

“Had you rather greet her in one of your pretty dresses?” his mother countered.

‘Did she say one of YOUR dresses or one of HER dresses?’ I wondered as I strained to overhear the muffled conversation. The volume subsided, so I was unable to satisfy my curiosity.

Mrs. Miller returned with David trailing behind with his head hung low. With a bright blush, he stammered, “I...I’m sorry for my impolite behavior, Miss Laura. I am glad to see you, but I’m terribly embarrassed for you to see me dressed this way.” He slowly walked over and affectionately hugged me.

I felt his soft blouse as we embraced and I was sure I smelled the faint aroma of feminine perfume. Ignoring his attire and that he addressed me as ‘Miss Laura’, I purred, “Think nothing of it, darling. Your mother has explained your condition. I understand.”

“This is an awful illness, but wearing Sarah’s clothes makes it even worse!” he sobbed in his soft, high voice.

“Why don’t you take your friend to the parlor and play the tune you have been working on?” Mrs. Miller suggested. “I’m sure she would like to hear it.”

“Oh, must I, Mommy?” he pleaded, obviously taking her suggestion as an order.

“Of course, dear. She made a special trip to find out how you are doing. It would be rude and inconsiderate to refuse to show her the progress you have made on the piano.”

Lowering his head in submission, David accepted her order without further argument and dejectedly made his way toward the parlor. This was nothing like the aggressive, confident, macho lover I remembered!

As I followed him, I asked his mother, “Why does he call you ‘Mommy’ and refer to me as ‘Miss Laura’?”

“He looks so young with his weight loss,” Mrs. Miller sighed, “I felt he should use titles of respect when addressing adults.”

‘She didn’t explain the ‘Mommy’ bit,’ I mused.

Before I could ask again, my thoughts were interrupted as David delicately sat at the piano with his knees together as if he was wearing a skirt. ‘What’s going on?’ I wondered, ‘This isn’t at all like my David!’

As he diligently played, he faltered occasionally, but I thought he did extremely well for someone who couldn’t read music and had no interest in his task. “Very nice, darling, but you still need lots of practice,” Mrs. Miller praised when he finished.

Before I could comment, David jumped up and ran to his mother. With an artificial smile, he squealed in a high, insincere girlish tone, “Thank you, Mommy! I’m so happy that you are pleased.” Giving her a hug, he added, “I’ll keep practicing until I can do it perfectly!”

“That’s Mommy’s good boy,” Mrs. Miller cooed, “Now ask Miss Laura if she would like a cup of tea and some of the cookies you baked.”

When David bent over to hug his mother, his shorts tightened across his buttocks enough to see the imprint of his underwear. I thought, ‘If I didn’t know my macho lover better, I would think he was wearing panties! Why is his mother treating him like a child? He’s a twenty-year-old man, for Gawd’s sake, even if he is dressed like a child! I definitely must find out what the hell is going on here.’

“Must I, Mommy?” he pleaded.

“Of course!” Mrs. Miller snapped, “She is an adult and your guest and must be treated with respect. Now get on with it unless you want her to see you punished!”

Rolling his eyes in surrender, David meekly asked, “Would you like a cup of tea and some of my cookies, Miss Laura?”

‘Punished?’ I wondered as I sensed this as my chance to delve deeper into the strange events that had changed my lover into a simpering sissy in just four months. Regaining my composure so as not to give away my purpose, I replied, “Yes, David, that would be nice.”

To my great surprise, David held his hands out from his side as if he was holding a skirt and dipped in a polite curtsy.

With a red face and an expression of abject humiliation, he replied just above a whisper, "I'll be right back."

"He baked cookies?" I asked Mrs. Miller after David made his departure, "He actually baked cookies? I can't believe it! He couldn't boil water without burning it at school!"

"I know, dear, but he is very reluctant to go out in his condition. I've been teaching him the domestic arts to help occupy his time, things like cooking, cleaning, ironing, and laundry."

I received another shock when David returned with the tea and cookies on a tray. He was wearing a crisp linen pinafore style apron with lace on the hem, pocket, and shoulder straps. It was tied behind him in a large saucy bow!

Before I could ask what was going on, Mrs. Miller said, "Davy always wears a pinafore to keep his clothes clean when he does household chores. This is his 'guest pinny'."

"Guests! Other guests?" I stammered in disbelief. "Other people have seen him dressed this way?"

"Of course. He's been to the doctor's office several times and he served refreshments to my bridge club last week."

I finally decided the wisest action was to leave and try to make sense of this strange situation by myself. I was sure Mrs. Miller wasn't telling the whole truth about David or his strange illness.

The school year ended, and I returned home for summer vacation two months later. I went to visit David before going to Europe for a study sabbatical. He hadn't been far from my mind since my last visit.

"Hello again, dear. How was your school?" Mrs. Miller asked as she led me into the living room.

"Okay, Mrs. Miller. Can I speak with David?" I asked as I heard the piano playing in the parlor. The playing was much more practiced than before.

"Your last visit really upset the poor dear, but he must get used to meeting people while in his condition," she snarled as she left the room.

Shortly, I heard David exclaim in an even higher pitch than during my last visit, "Please, Mommy! Don't make me meet Miss Laura like THIS! I'll be so ashamed!"

"Now, Davy, you must see Laura," his mother chastised, "She is a good friend and has been worried about you."

"But I don't want her to see me this way, Mommy," he whined girlishly.

"Now Davy, I won't hear any more," she scolded, "You can't stay cooped up in here forever. People will find out sooner or later."

Entering the room where I was waiting, she said, "I'm afraid my Davy is a little shy. He doesn't want you to see him in his present condition. Please be gentle with the dear boy."

I assured her that I wouldn't embarrass David. After all, he was my lover! Mrs. Miller motioned at the door and David slowly entered the room with his head hung low.

I gave off an inadvertent gasp as he entered the room. He looked girlish the last time I saw him, but now he looked totally like a girl! His hair was dyed golden blonde, parted down the middle, and gathered into angel wings that were tied with pink satin ribbons. The front was cut into bangs that covered his forehead.

Beyond that, he was wearing makeup! Rosy blush highlighted his cheekbones, eyeliner made his eyes appear large and innocent, and bright pink lipstick adorned his lips like a girl entering puberty. Most shocking of all, he wore a pink, mid-thigh length, pleated skirt and a silky sheer blouse that revealed a lace-embellished slip!

Slowly, he shuffled into the room without looking at me. Standing in front of me, he grasped the sides of his skirt in his fingertips, dipped a polite feminine curtsy, and quietly whispered, "Hello, Miss Laura."

"Is that you, David?" I gasped as I observed his undeniable feminine appearance.

"Y...Yes, it's me," he blushed, still not making eye contact.

"Why are you dressed like THAT?"

"Mommy makes me," he pouted. "She..."

"You know very well why I insist on you wearing Sarah's clothes, Davy!" his mother admonished. "We told Miss Laura about it when she was here before, so there is no reason to be shy or embarrassed. Sarah had lots of nice things that fit you very nicely with your weight loss. The doctor says you should begin to gain your weight back any time, so it would be a waste of money to buy new clothes and throw hers out with very little use."

"But he's a MAN, Mrs. Miller!" I complained, "You can't expect him to wear girl's clothes, even if it is convenient!"

"We must work together and save money wherever possible if Davy expects to overcome his problem. Anyway, despite his complaints, he really doesn't mind helping out by wearing his sisters' clothes for the time being, do you dear?"

"N...no, Mommy," he meekly replied while executing a polite curtsy, still without looking up.

"Why is his hair styled like a little girl's? And why is he wearing makeup? Look at his...his fingers! They're polished to match his lipstick!"

"I was changing my polish last night while Davy and I were watching television. We were bored, so I suggested we experiment with his fingers."

"What about his hair?" I further probed.

"Oh, I played around with it a bit after I finished with our nails. He hasn't had a haircut since coming home from school. He was complaining about it getting in his eyes and how difficult it is to manage. It's much easier to handle this way, isn't it Davy?"

"Y...yes, Mommy," David sighed in an exasperated tone.

I was aghast at the meekness David showed towards this humiliation at the hands of his Mother. Where was that sickly Mother he left school to tend? Where was my stud lover? He looked like the one who was sick!

"I felt he would be less embarrassed if he looked somewhat feminine since he has to wear Sarah's clothes," Mrs. Miller explained with an accent laden with finality.

I desperately wanted to challenge her assessment of David's appearance, but I decided to remain silent on the

subject until I could speak with him alone. To my chagrin, his mother never left his side and I sensed I wouldn't get a straight answer with that imposing woman present. Since my former lover was so completely browbeaten by her, I finally gave up and made my leave.

As I was walking to my car, I saw David quietly signaling to me from behind some shrubbery. His mother had gone inside, so I quietly hurried to his side. “Help me, please!” David pleaded in a small voice.

“What’s going on here?” I asked as I looked over his skirt, blouse, makeup, and girlish hairstyle. “I want the truth!”

“I...I don't know for sure, but I think Mommy has gone completely bonkers!” he whispered anxiously.

“What do you mean?”

“Despite what she told you, she’s trying to change me into a girl. You don't know half of what I've been through! Please! Help me get away from here!”

“How long has this been going on?”

Since I came home from school, but everything has gotten a lot worse lately! My hairstyle, makeup, and nail polish didn't start last night like Mommy said. She made me put on one of Sarah's pretty dresses right after your last visit and I've worn nothing but dresses and skirts since.”

“Did you wear dresses before then?” I asked with a shrug.

“A few times, but mostly for punishment.”

“I suspected as much when you sat with your knees together.”

“Mommy said I must sit properly like a girl no matter how I am dressed,” he sighed dejectedly. “Sitting like that has become a habit after hours of practice and lots of painful and embarrassing punishments. Now, I sit like a girl without thinking.”

“Has she lost her mind? What kind of mother would force her twenty-year old son to wear dresses and behave like a fourteen year old girl?”

“It gets worse!” he wailed, “Several weeks ago, I put my foot down and said I wouldn't wear dresses again, not ever! Boy, did that ever set her off! Before I could react, Mommy

grabbed me, flipped up my skirt, and gave me a severe spanking then and there! As punishment for my assertiveness, she took me to the hairdressers and introduced me as her son. I was embarrassed to tears as I stood before those jeering women in my dress and frilly undies! To increase my humiliation, she instructed them to lighten my hair to a golden blonde and style it this way. She even had them wax my legs and start electrolysis on my face! After a lot of painful treatments, I no longer shave and I don't have any hair on my chest. I'll never be able to grow a beard, even when I get well and return to pants!"

"Wow!" I gasped.

"That's not all! She didn't let up until I learned to do my hair, makeup, and nails by myself. Now, she insists that I keep my appearance prim and proper like a fourteen-year-old girl! If I sit with my knees apart or if I let my slip show, she pulls me across her lap, flips my skirt up, and warms my panties with a wooden hairbrush. That really hurts!"

"I can't believe my macho stud wears girls' lingerie, but I can see your slip through your silky blouse!"

With a bright blush, he sighed, "Mommy makes me wear all of Sarah's old things. I even have to sleep in her silky nighties."

"Raise your skirt and let me see your slip!" I requested.

"Oh no!" he gasped, "I...I would be much too embarrassed!"

"How can I help you if I don't know the extent of your problem?" I asked out of curiosity rather than an effort to help him from his bizarre predicament. "Anyway, I've seen you naked, remember?"

He blushed to his blonde roots, but he slowly raised his skirt to reveal a soft white nylon slip with a narrow band of lace at the hem. "Panties?" I asked, "Are you wearing panties too?"

"She makes me," he whispered in a barely audible voice as he raised his skirt higher to reveal a pair of white nylon panties with lace at the waist and hem.

I noticed the absence of a masculine bulge as he continued to hold his skirt to his waist. “What happened to ‘Big Dick’? Your mother hasn’t...?” I gasped

“Oh no!” he assured me without hesitation, “I’m have to wear a horrible apparatus Mommy calls a *modesty device*. She says it’s designed to keep me smooth in front, but it’s really a very painful chastity belt. The only way I can relieve myself is to lift my skirt, lower my panties, and sit like a girl.”

“You? Wearing a chastity belt?” I gasped. “Why, you couldn’t go without sex for more than a day when we were living together! You even insisted that I go down on you when I had my period! How long have you been wearing that thing?”

“Three or four months,” he sighed, “The last time I had release was when we made love.”

“My Gawd! You must be horny beyond belief!” He had to be embarrassed beyond belief to stand before me with his skirt and slip at his waist and admit he was wearing a chastity belt.

“I was at first! The pain was excruciating when I got...got excited,” he confessed. “Mercifully, I finally got my physical urges under control. Thankfully, I haven’t had an erection in the longest time.”

I was aghast! All I could say was, “For Gawd’s sake, put your skirt down!”

As he adjusted his skirt about his thighs, he implored, “Now you know why I need your help to get away from here.”

“Why do you let your mother bully you so?” I asked, not believing my once strong, confident lover could be so thoroughly intimidated.

“I can’t stand up to her,” he moaned, “I’ve tried, but she always wins.”

“Then leave!” I suggested.

“I’ve tried that too!” he cried in exasperation. “I don’t know how many times I’ve run away, but she always finds me and brings me back. When she gets me home, she turns me across her lap and gives me a sound spanking for being naughty and to teach me a lesson. In the days that follow, she

subjects me to other embarrassing punishments like exposing me as a boy in public!"

"How does she find you?"

"It's difficult for a guy dressed as a fourteen year old girl to hide, especially when he has to come out to find something to eat. Last time, I was caught by the police."

"It can't be that difficult," I snidely remarked, "You look more like a girl than a man! Why didn't you tell the cops what was happening?"

"I tried to tell them," he wailed, "but they wouldn't believe me. They said a frail woman couldn't make a virile young man wear dresses against his will."

"It does sound kind of thin," I admitted.

"Mommy told them I dressed this way by choice and that I ran away when she tried to take my skirts and dresses away. Since I was still wearing a dress and silky undies, they said I was just a big sissy. They returned me home and told Mommy they felt sorry for her. I was sunk! Please, Miss Laura, you must help me get away from here!"

"I'll try," I sighed while pondering his strange situation. I wondered why he continued to refer to me as 'Miss' when we were alone. "I'm off to Europe in two days. I don't know what I can do to help you in that time. Just put your foot down and demand your pants back. Be a man!"

"I...I can't stand up to Mommy like that!" David cried. "She has a will of iron and she's an expert at imposing it on me. I feel like a puppet and she's pulling the strings! Please help me!"

"I can't do anything now, but I'll do whatever I can when I return from Europe," I assured him. "In the meantime, be a man and stand up for yourself."

"I'll do my best, but I'm worried that Mommy might do something even more drastic than making me wear Sarah's clothes," David whispered.

Wondering what could be worse than having to wear his sister's clothes, I became impatient with his impotent docility and snapped, "Be a man and do whatever it takes to get out of this mess!"

"I...I'll try," he sniffed as tears filled his eyes.

"Try hard!" I insisted. As I took him in my arms for a farewell kiss, I felt something strange through his soft nylon blouse. I quickly released him and stepped back. "You're wearing a bra!"

"A training bra," he admitted with a blush. "My nipples are still extremely sensitive, but I don't have much to train." He shifted about nervously like a young girl being chastised. His skirt swayed about his smooth hairless thighs as he shamefully admitted, "Mommy insists that I wear a bra to give 'shape' to my blouses."

"That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard!" I exclaimed in disbelief.

"I agree," David sighed in his soft high voice. "It's not right to make me wear dresses and pretend to be a girl...even if I have lost a lot of weight!"

"You have to stand up to her!" I insisted, "For your own sake, you..."

The front door abruptly flew open before I could finish my sentence and Mrs. Miller burst onto the scene. "There you are, Davy!" she spat angrily. "I was worried sick that something had happened to you. What are you doing out here? Look how filthy you got your pretty skirt and frilly blouse!"

His eyes grew wide with fear. Panic filled his voice as he stammered, "I...I'm sorry, Mommy. I...I was just saying goodbye to M...Miss Laura."

"No matter," she snapped, "Get inside this minute! You know you aren't allowed outside without adult supervision!"



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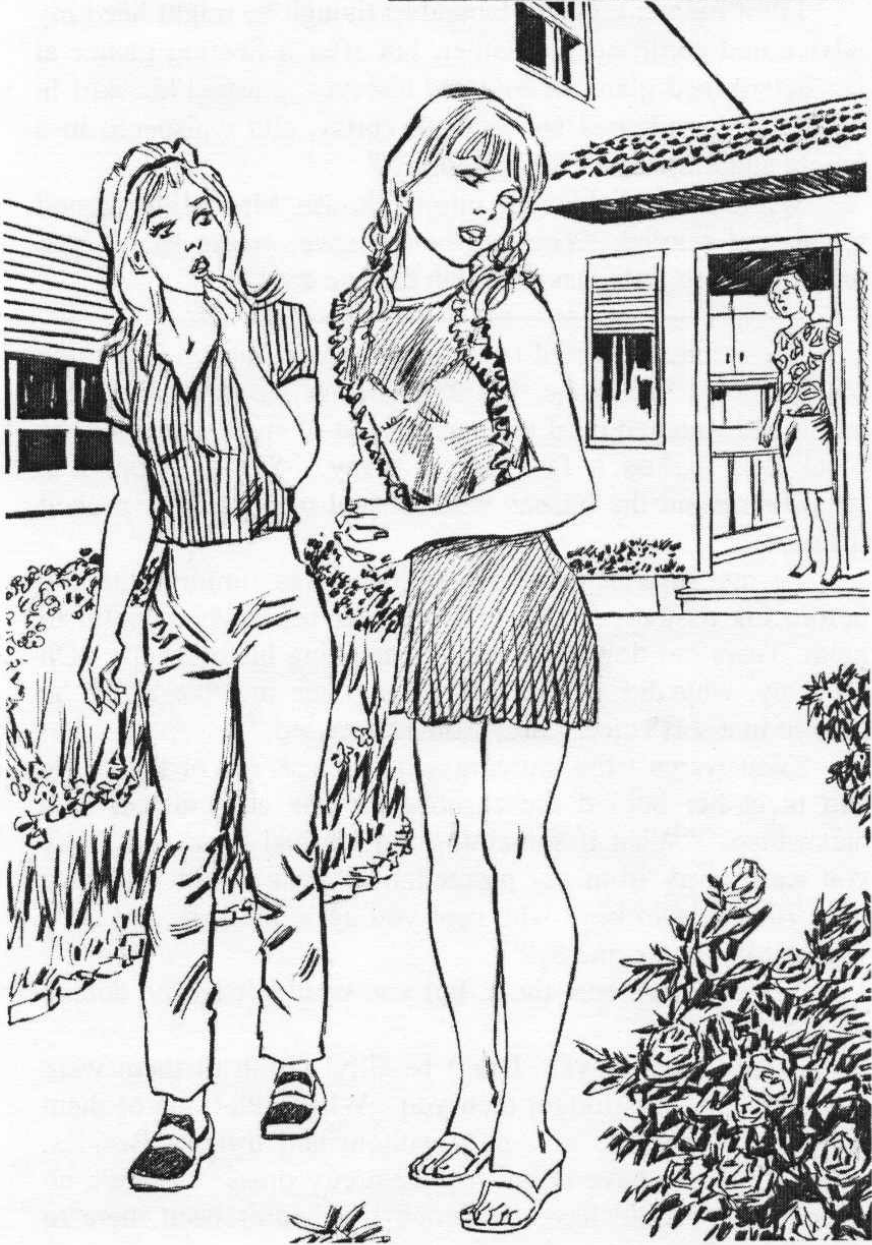
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*“Davy, you get right in here!” his mother commanded,
“You know you aren’t allowed outside unsupervised.”*

For a moment, David looked as though he might heed my advice and confront his mother, but after a fleeting glance at her determined glare, he lowered his eyes, grasped his skirt in his fingertips, dipped an obedient curtsy, and whispered in a barely audible voice, “Yes, Mommy.”

While he made his way into the house, Mrs. Miller turned to me and snarled, “You had better leave, young lady. You have upset my little Davy enough for one day!”

I desperately wanted to see what would happen inside the house once I was gone, but Mrs. Miller stood on the front porch and watched until my car was out of sight. I circled the block and parked a few houses away. Sneaking up to a window behind the bushes where I had met David, I peeked inside.

To my surprise, my former lover was timidly standing before his mother. He held his hands behind him, palm to palm. Tears ran down his cheeks, streaking his makeup. “Oh Mommy, why did you let Miss Laura see me like this?” he sobbed in a soft voice, “I was so embarrassed.”

“You weren’t too embarrassed to sneak out of the house and meet her behind the shrubbery!” she admonished in a harsh tone. “What if something terrible had happened while you were away from my protection? What would you have done if those two boys who beat you up in the park and stole your panties had come by?”

“I could have beat them, but you wouldn’t let me defend myself,” he cried.”

“Those burly boys? Don’t be silly! Both of them were much bigger and stronger than you. Why, either one of them could have beat you to a pulp without half trying. Besides, what could you have done in your pretty dress? There’s no telling what would have happened if I hadn’t been there to protect you.”

“They wouldn’t have known I was a boy and started picking on me if you hadn’t told them!”

“You were being belligerent and hostile instead of behaving as the proper young lady you appeared to be!” she

snarled. "We've been through this often enough. Girls don't fight! I told those ruffians you were a sissy boy who was wearing dresses and silky undies to teach you a well-deserved lesson. They found out for themselves when they knocked you down, flipped up your skirt, and peeled off your panties, didn't they?"

"I'm not a sissy! I don't like wearing Sarah's clothes! You know I only dress and behave this way because you make me!"

I had hope as I peered through the window, even though David kept his palms together behind his back and didn't move. 'Maybe he'll stand up to her now!' I surmised.

My hopes were abruptly dashed when Mrs. Miller shrieked, "As a matter of fact, you're acting that way now! Get your hairbrush and lie across my lap before I really get angry! If I hear another word, we'll go to the park, and for additional punishment, we'll look for your boyfriends."

Her threat squashed David's momentary bravado. Lowering his head in submission, he executed an obedient curtsy and replied in a small voice, "Yes, Mommy."

He soon returned with the object of his pending torment and handed it to his mother. Without hesitation, he raised his skirt to his waist and held it there while positioning himself across his mother's lap.

He screamed in agony as the brush descended on his nylon-covered posterior with painful ferocity. His face contorted with pain and his knuckles turned white as he gripped his skirt tighter and tighter. Mrs. Miller finally released him after a dozen or so stinging blows.

Tears completely ruined David's makeup. He was shaking with sobs as he slowly walked to the corner of the room and stood without being told. He was obviously dying to massage the pain from his tender enflamed buttocks, but he held his skirt and slip at his waist with both hands and stared at the wall. He obviously had been punished this way before.

"Stand still!" Mrs. Miller shrieked, "Do you need another session across my lap to teach you not to squirm when you are being punished?"

"N...no, Mommy," he sobbed through his tears.

Maybe he'll see the wisdom of my words and stand up to that dominating bitch as he stares at that wall, I mused as I made my way back to the car and sped away. I had to put David's plight behind me for the moment as I prepared for my extended European stay.

I had a successful, informative, and satisfying sabbatical in Europe. Most of all, I found the European men to be as advertised. Although I was determined to remain faithful to David, I succumbed to their charms more than once. After all, I'm a healthy young woman and I hadn't had sex in more than six months, and I was very horny!

I returned at the end of August and was anxious to find out about David and his strange illness. I was sure his troubles were directly related to his mother and not some mysterious 'illness'. I wanted to do everything possible to help him reassert himself, that is, if he hadn't done so already.

"Oh hello, Laura," Mrs. Miller cheerfully greeted me at the door. "How was your European trip?"

"Very nice, thank you. May I see David?" I asked, hoping he had long since fled from his mother's domination.

"Certainly, dear," she smiled, "Come in and I'll get him."

I heard the sounds of an accomplished pianist emanating from the parlor. "That can't be David playing, or could he have improved that much since my last visit?" I wondered.

When David stepped into the room, I received a severe shock. Since he obviously hadn't run away as I hoped, I more or less expected him to still be wearing his dead sister's clothes. Still, I wasn't prepared for what I saw! My once proud, macho stud entered the room in a lavender polyester dress with a skirt that swirled saucily with his every movement. The soft material of the tight fitting bodice displayed the outline of his slip and moderately padded bra. Blush highlighted his cheekbones, eyeliner and eyeshadow enhanced his eyes, and dark mascara lengthened and separated his lashes.

I gasped as I observed the full extent of his feminine appearance! Purple satin ribbons secured his golden blonde tresses into juvenile twin plait 'angel wings', curled bangs crossed his forehead, springy feminine curls covered his ears, but did not hide the gold hoops and diamond studs secured in his double pierced ears. His legs were adorned with shimmering nylons, and he walked easily in pumps with slender two-inch heels. At least, he was dressed a little older than the last time we met. Even though he still looked like a girl, he now appeared to be about sixteen.

He approached me with a bright smile, grasped the sides of his skirt with fingertips that sported long oval nails polished to match his pink lipstick, dipped into a polite curtsy, and purred in a soft high voice, "So nice of you to drop by, Miss Laura."

"David!" I gasped. "I can't believe this is you!"

"It's me all right," he answered with a smile as he grasped the hem of his skirt and spread it widely to both sides and turned back and forth before me.

I was about to be taken in by David's smile and believe he liked dressing as a girl when I noticed a slight expression of regret in his 'doe-like' eyes! This assured me that his resourceful mother had orchestrated this entire affair. Since he had become so docile and submissive, I didn't know what I could do to help him. I decided to go along with his charade and delay any course of action until I could assess the situation in more detail. I returned his smile and said, "You look very nice."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Laura," he sighed with a bright blush as he looked down in abject shame at me seeing him in his ultra feminine guise.

"You've made a lot of progress with your music," I complimented in an effort to ease the tension. "In fact, I thought that last piece was outstanding."

His mother gave him a stern glare, and he stammered, "That's the number I'm playing in the recital this weekend. If I finish in the top three, I get to advance from the intermediate class to the proficient group. Would you like to hear it again?"

“I would love to,” I smiled.

In the spirit of our exchange, Mrs. Miller ‘suggested’, “You should change into your recital skirt and blouse before you play for Miss Laura. I’m sure she’ll want to experience the full effect of your performance.”

“He wears a skirt for a recital in front of other people?” I gasped. “Do they know he’s a boy...a *man*?”

“Of course!” she declared in a matter of fact tone.

“How can you humiliate him so by making him dress as a girl for a piano recital??!!” I asked in total abhorrence.

“The other contestants and their parents know all about Davy’s unfortunate illness, so there’s no reason to be ashamed of his condition. Anyway, we’ve had this conversation before!” she huffed as if I was the one who was out of sync with reality. “Sarah’s clothes are the only things we have that fit him, so he and I decided that he should wear them to save money. Besides, the other pupils see him in a pretty skirt or dress at all the classes and practices. Why shouldn’t he wear a lovely ensemble to the festive recital?”

Before I could protest farther, a spark of the old aggressive, macho David flared in his eyes, and he pleaded, “Oh Momma, must I wear that sissy outfit for Miss Laura?”

“Why shouldn’t you?” she asked. “She’s seen you in Sarah’s clothes before. Remember her last visit when you sneaked out of the house to meet her behind the shrubbery in your pretty pink skirt and soft blouse. You didn’t appear to be embarrassed then.”

“But, Momma...!” he pleaded.

“No arguments!” she hissed in a threatening voice that cut off his protest, “Unless you want Miss Laura to see you punished for being disobedient, you’ll go upstairs and change without another word!”

By David’s expression and the hard look in his eyes, I thought he was finally about to tell his demented mother off and refuse to wear his sister’s clothing another minute. He even balled his hands into fists and took a step forward. To my sorrow; however, his hard demeanor subsided as quickly as it had ignited, and as I watched, it melted into meek surrender.

Instead of confronting his determined mother, he submissively lowered his gaze, grasped the sides of his skirt, dipped a polite curtsy, and in a voice filled with resignation, sighed, "Yes, Momma."

As he obediently turned to go to his room and change as instructed, she humiliated him further by adding, "The colors of your makeup, lipstick, and nail polish don't go with your recital outfit, sweetheart. Don't forget to change them."

David's face was fire engine red as he turned, repeated his curtsy, and replied, "I won't forget, Mommy."

"Change his makeup and nail polish?" I gasped. "It'll take ages for his nails to dry, let alone the time needed to change clothes and apply fresh makeup! I have lots to do, so I had better leave."

"At least have a cup of tea and a little girl talk before you go," Mrs. Miller offered with a friendly smile. "With all of Davy's problems, we haven't gotten to know each other like we should."

"Okay," I agreed, thinking this might give me some insight into her motives for insisting that her twenty-year old son dress and behave as a sixteen-year-old girl.

"Here you are, dear," Mrs. Miller purred as she served me tea and cookies. After taking a seat opposite me, she began talking in a soft voice about David and his problems.

"How long will David be like...like this?" I curiously inquired.

"The doctor says quite some time will be required for him to completely recover," she sighed in a voice filled with exasperation.

"How...how long do you think?" I gasped.

"A year, perhaps longer..." she shrugged, "Anyway, I sent him away so we could discuss your problem, woman to woman."

"My problem? David is the one with the problem!"

"Look at this realistically and face the facts," she purred in a soft voice. "You are a young, attractive female who prefers an active sex life. I know because Davy and I have no secrets. He told me about your sexual exploits while you lived

together. Don't misunderstand, I'm not being judgmental. My concern is that an attractive young woman like yourself should start dating instead of wasting away while Davy recuperates.”

I wanted to leap to my feet and shout that David was the man I wanted. I didn't want to date or sleep around, but her words somehow made sense. After all, I was horny. Instead of lashing out, I heard myself stammering, “H...how could I? Except for the men I met in Europe, most guys don't pay attention to me or ask me out.”

“No wonder!” she exclaimed. “Look at yourself! You always wear slacks, loose blouses, little if any makeup, and your hair is never neat and tidy. I'm sure the boys would take notice if you spruce up a bit. You'd be surprised at their reaction if you wore makeup, painted your lips a seductive red, and styled your hair. The results will be even more dramatic if you wear low-cut blouses and at least an occasional mini skirt. Give it a try. What do you have to lose?”

Mrs. Miller's logic was impeccable; in fact, I was so engrossed in our conversation that I didn't hear David return. My attention focused on him only when I heard his heels as he descended the stairs. He dipped a polite curtsey, turned before me with a sheepish smile, and asked, “Do you like my recital ensemble, Miss Laura?” Once again, he was smiling, but the expression in his eyes revealed his true feelings.

I looked over my former lover and I was amazed by how feminine he appeared in his gorgeous shimmering black skirt and long sleeve, white silk blouse. The tight skirt hugged his feminine hips to stop at least three inches above his dimpled knees. His blouse had an intricate white lace border that lay daintily on his shoulders and bodice while exposing surprising cleavage. Obviously David had taped his chest to produce the illusion of feminine breasts. I was surprised at how effectively this trick worked with him since I didn't recall him having much excess flesh on his chest.



“How can you walk so easily in those heels?” I gasped as David descended the stairs wearing his recital outfit.

As instructed, he had changed his makeup to a rosy color, and his bright red lipstick matched the polish that adorned his long oval nails. As he easily negotiated the stairs in his three-inch stilt heels, I knew his mother had put him through simply hours of practice walking in them.

Most surprisingly, he wore his golden blonde tresses in a chic upswept fashion that made him appear eighteen years old. From experience, I knew the ability to create such an elaborate style wasn't learned overnight. Obviously, Mrs. Miller had put David through a much more extensive course of femininity than I dared imagine.

Not wanting to put him under more stress than necessary, I hesitantly, yet truthfully, admitted, “Your skirt and blouse are adorable, and you are indeed very pretty.”

“Lovely, very lovely, indeed!” Mrs. Miller agreed. “You are now properly dressed and made up like a pretty girl about to perform in a gala recital, so play your recital number for Miss Laura.”

I wanted to protest that he wasn't a girl even though he was dressed like one, but for some reason, the words stuck in my throat. I remained silent as I watched David expertly brush his skirt beneath him and sit at the piano. As he played, the sleeves of his satin blouse moved about his fast moving arms, and he seemed to lose himself in his task. That's when I realized that, despite his former wishes, he had become quite an accomplished pianist!

Upon completion of his performance, he curtsied to his mother and me while we resoundingly applauded his efforts. “That was very nice, dear,” Mrs. Miller gushed with a happy smile. “If you play like that at the recital, you will win hands down. Now, serve Miss Laura and I some tea and cookies before you change.”

“Yes, Mommy,” David replied with a polite curtsy.

As he minced toward the kitchen in his heels, I couldn't help noticing his hips rotate rhythmically like those of a young sexy girl with every step. Had his mother taught him that too??!!



It was eerie how much David looked and acted so much like his sister, Sarah. Where would this end?

While he was away, I noticed two framed pictures on the piano. As I casually examined them, I saw one was the picture of Sarah I had seen during my previous visit. The other looked like Sarah, but there were tiny differences that made me think it wasn't her. "Who is the girl in this picture, Mrs. Miller?" I asked curiously. "She looks like Sarah, but..."

"Can't you guess, dear?" she smiled, "It's Davy, of course. I had him wear the same dress Sarah wore for the other picture, and I did his hair and makeup like hers. How could you tell they weren't the same person?"

I was shocked at how much the two pictures looked alike. I didn't want to let her know of my shock, so I calmly explained the few differences I had noticed. "The shapes of their noses are different and the color of their eyes is a shade off. Also, Sarah has a small scar on her chin and a tiny mole on her neck.

Mrs. Miller observed, "That's very perceptive of you, my dear. I hadn't noticed those differences."

When David returned, he was wearing a lace embellished pinafore style apron to protect his feminine blouse and skirt, and he blushed at my astounded expression when we made eye contact. After serving us, he curtsied again and made his exit.

I didn't wait for David to return. I knew that as long as his mother hovered about, I would never be able to get him to leave. I had to find a few minutes alone with him. I was sure I could talk him into leaving with me. Since his mother watched him like a hawk, how could I catch him alone? Mrs. Miller was totally domineering where David was concerned. I knew I had to help him break free of her domineering influence soon or he would be under her control for life.

With each passing day, I grappled with ways to free him from her evil clutches. At the same time, I had to carry on a normal home life with my parents and friends, plus prepare to return to school. Finally, I decided to make a last gasp attempt to help my former lover escape. If I could find a way to get him alone, we could sneak to my car and be over the state line

before his mother could stop us. Of course, on the way, we would find a barber to cut his curly blonde tresses to a masculine style and a men's store where we could purchase some appropriate clothing. With any luck, David's return to masculinity would be an established fact before his mother could intervene.

After saying farewell to my family and friends on my way back to school, I drove to the Miller residence. I rang the doorbell and was startled when David answered it. He hadn't done that before, either because his mother didn't trust him or he was too embarrassed to be seen in his sister's clothes.

"Oh, Miss Laura," he gasped. His voice was light and airy, typical of a teenage girl, his eyes were wide as saucers, and he abruptly brought his left hand up to cover his mouth.

I guess his appearance shouldn't have startled me since I had seen him in girl's clothes during my last two visits, but the overall effect of his appearance took my breath away. He appeared to be a feminine boy the first visit, an adolescent girl the second, and a sophisticated, cultured young woman the third. This time his appearance was completely that of a typical sixteen-year-old girl in a white sundress sprinkled with tiny red flowers. The tight fitting bodice hugged his body to emphasize his *breasts*, before flaring from his hips to four inches above his knees.

It wasn't just his clothes that disturbed me, but his overall *look*. His hair, face, body, clothes, voice, and comportment worked together to complete the picture of a lovely teenage girl who could be the heartthrob of many teenage boys. His smooth bare legs were tanned and shapely without any sharp muscle definition. His eyebrows were tweezed to high arches that set off his now completely feminine face and highlighted his large, doe-like eyes. His long blonde hair was pulled back into a high ponytail held in place by a matching red ribbon. His lipstick and nail polish were a rich red color that matched the flowers on his dress.

"Who's at the door, Sarah?" Mrs. Miller's voice sounded from another room.

David stood with his pretty red tinted fingers covering his mouth, and before he could respond, his mother came to see for herself. “Oh, Laura dear,” she smiled, “Do come in.”

I was aghast at how pretty and feminine David had become over the summer. I was even more taken aback when his mother called him *Sarah*. What was going on?

As I entered the house, David gave me a little peck on the cheek. “It’s nice to see you again, Miss Grant,” he shyly whispered, a flush coming to his cheeks.

“Sarah dear, please get Miss Grant a cup of tea? Mrs. Miller firmly stated.

David had a confused look on his face, as if he couldn’t make up his mind whether to obey his mother or ask for sanctuary. Mrs. Miller resolved the issue by stating again, in a voice not to be questioned, “Sarah, you heard me. Get Miss Grant some tea and cookies.”

With a sigh, David went to the kitchen to comply with his mother’s demands. I looked on in amazement at his swaying hips as he traipsed to the kitchen. When Mrs. Miller and I were alone in the living room, I asked, “What have you done to David? Why are you calling him Sarah?”

“That was at his request, dear” she stated matter-of-factly.

“His request??!!” I gasped unbelievably, “Why on earth would he want to be called *Sarah*?”

“Simple. He was embarrassed to be called Davy in public when he was wearing a pretty dress or skirt. One day, he asked if I would refer to him by a girl’s name until he recovered from his illness and returned to pants.”

“B...But why call him ‘Sarah’?” I stammered. “She was your daughter.”

“Yes she was, bless her soul, and Sarah is a nice girl’s name,” Mrs. Miller sighed. “It was obvious that he wouldn’t be returning to his former weight soon. Since he was gaining weight in a few definitely feminine areas, we had a chat and decided it best that he assume a girl’s role for the time being. Davy was wearing Sarah’s clothes, he looks so much like her, and I still had Sarah’s birth certificate and school identification that I felt it was appropriate that he answer to her name.”

"Assume a girl's role? He's worn nothing but Sarah's clothes for more than six months" I declared, becoming quite irritated. "How can he assume more of a girl's role?"

"Oh, in many ways, dear," Mrs. Miller smoothly answered as if her actions with her son were perfectly normal. "Answering to a girl's name will instill a feminine self identity. Finding friends who know him only as a girl will give him confidence. Developing interests in clothes, makeup, and boys will help him communicate with his new girlfriends as he transitions into this new life."

"New life...?" I gasped, "You make it sound so natural...so *permanent!*"

"We don't know how long his condition will last, so we have to plan for an extended illness," she smiled. "He can always return to being a man when the doctors finds a cure for his strange illness."

"B...but he's a boy...a *man*," I hoarsely stated.

"He *was* a man, dear. Even you can see that he isn't much of a man any longer.

David returned during our discussion, and he dipped a polite, yet silent, curtsey at my nod of thanks when he placed the tea and cookies on the table. Like an obedient daughter, he stood at his mother's side while she and I talked, but I noticed a strange, kind of blank, look in his eyes that I hadn't seen before. Knowing I wouldn't get a straight answer from his conniving mother, I looked directly at David and asked, "What do you say to all this?"

"I...I..." David started, then looked down at his mother. "I...I...Mother knows best," he finally whispered, lowering his head in surrender. "I've been...been sick, and she takes care of me."

"*WHAT?*" I shouted. "Where is your manhood? Where is the stud that used to make love to me? Assert yourself, damn it."

"I...I..." David stammered.

"That will be enough of that language in this house, young lady!" Mrs. Miller declared. "I'll have to ask you to leave if you can't remain civilized! We are all ladies here, you know."

I knew I couldn't help David if I left in a huff, so I swallowed my pride. I just had to get him alone to explain my plan for his escape. All he had to do was walk out the door, get in my car, and he could become a man again. This had to happen without his mother's knowledge because it was evident that he would never be able to leave with her present. I had to find a way to get him alone!

“I'm sorry, Mrs. Miller,” I apologized, “I don't mean to be rude. My only concern is for David's well being.”

“I understand, dear. I, too, share your concern, and I want only for his return to good health,” she smiled in acceptance of my apology. “Now, won't you have some tea and cookies?”

After eating a couple of cookies and drinking my tea, I turned to David, “You must have a lovely wardrobe now that you are dressing as a girl full time.”

David looked more than a little confused as he replied, “Y...yes, mother has given me everything I...I need...”

“Won't you show me your wardrobe D...S...Sarah?” I nearly choked on the words.

He looked at his mother, and before he could respond, she encouraged, “That's a good idea, Sarah. Show Miss Grant your lovely bedroom. I'll clean up here while you entertain your friend, but don't forget to change. We're going shopping later, you know.

“I won't forget, Momma,” he dutifully replied.

My heart jumped when she agreed to leave us alone. This would be my chance to wrest David from this fiendish woman, but I knew I had to be careful. I followed slightly behind my former lover as he led me up the stairs. The sway of his skirt about his smooth hairless legs was unsettling, as was the smell of his perfume.

We passed his bedroom door and I asked, “Isn't that your bedroom?”

“Not any more, Miss Grant,” he softly stated as the blank expression in his eyes remained. “Mother moved me into this room and said my name is now *Sarah*. I guess, as long as I use her name and wear her clothes, I should use her bedroom.”

A chill ran up my back as he led me to the door at the end of the hallway. Everything about David was being buried...and everything about Sarah was being resurrected...and my David was the person to which both were being done.

We entered Sarah's bedroom, and it was exactly as I remembered it from two years earlier when she was alive. Pink was everywhere! A lavender lace trimmed four-poster bed covered with a pink comforter stood against one wall, while an ornate vanity covered with all types of feminine creams and lotions was at another. Stuffed animals were delicately placed on the bed, the carpet was plush white pile, the walls were covered with light pink patterned wallpaper, and lace embellished white curtains adorned the windows.

"I thought you would have changed the room to match your tastes, David," I observed as I scanned the extremely feminine room.

"I started to a few times, but I got distracted," he replied. He stepped out of his skirt, removed his blouse, and stood before me in his strapless bra and half-slip, as if changing clothes in my presence was perfectly normal and natural.

"How?" I inquired while looking over his feminine undies in awe.

"Oh, I would think of a new way to do my hair, a way to change my makeup with a new lipstick color, or a way to create a new outfit by wearing a different blouse with a certain skirt. You know, girl things like that. By the time I'm through experimenting with my *look*, I always forget what I wanted to change about the room."

"But it...it's *pink*!" I countered.

"Yes...isn't it beautiful?" he murmured as if in a trance. "Pink is my favorite color."

"That's your mother speaking," I declared. "You told me you hate frilly feminine stuff...especially pink!"

"I...I...I do, but sometimes I...I get confused," he sighed in a tiny voice.

"What's happening to you, David?" I demanded as I watched him slip into a silky white blouse and easily fasten the

back buttons. “You’re acting as though you like wearing girl’s clothes.”

“I can’t help it,” he sobbed as tears started flowing down his cheeks. “I get confused and forget who I really am! When that happens, I...I think dressing like this and being called Sarah is...is right...for me.”

Just as quickly, his mood changed, and he sniffed, “After all, David is dead and buried.”

“No! Sarah is dead. *You* are David!”

“David is dead,” he countered with a far away expression as he nonchalantly stepped into a pleated blue miniskirt. After tucking in his blouse and adjusting his slip to make sure it didn’t show, an exclusively feminine task in itself, he sighed, “I know because Mom took me to the cemetery and I put flowers on his grave.”

“How? When?”

“A while back, I guess,” he replied with little or no emotion.

“David, are you sure you went to the cemetery?” I asked skeptically as I observed his trance-like manner. “You could have dreamed it, you know.”

“No, I didn’t!” he snapped as tears filled his eyes. Without hesitation, he reached into his closet and pulled out a black dress with a short flared skirt and sniffed, “This is the dress I wore, and that proves I didn’t dream going to David’s grave! It was his. I know because his name was on the marker.”

I couldn’t believe it! My former lover was more concerned that I believe him than he was that he had worn this particular dress. Furthermore, he was confused about his identity! If I was to help him, I had to learn why he was so accepting of the feminine role his mother had imposed on him.

Taking him affectionately in my arms to console him, I whispered, “Tell me about your trip to the cemetery and the dress you wore. Go ahead, you’ll feel better.”

“Like...like I said, I wore this dress,” he stammered. “Visiting a cemetery is a somber occasion, so Momma said I should wear black undies as well. With my panties, bra, and

slip, she let me wear my first garter belt and nylons instead of pantyhose. I felt all grown up, but every time I moved, the lacy hem of my slip and several inches nylon would show. No matter how I adjusted the straps, that darn slip kept peeking from under my skirt all afternoon. To make matters worse, I had to walk on my toes to keep my slender heels from sinking into the soft ground. As you might imagine, I was totally frustrated by the time I knelt to place flowers on David's grave. I brushed my short skirt beneath me and bent from my knees to keep it in place. Despite my efforts, it rode up and displayed the tops of my nylons and several inches of my unruly slip. I was sure Mom would scold me for my immodest display, but she appeared to be amused rather than upset by my dilemma."

"That wasn't David's grave!" I exclaimed. "You are David, no matter how your mother makes you dress! Come on, snap out of it!"

"Oh...okay, he stuttered. "I'm sorry, but sometimes, I get confused."

Then, I knew. Mrs. Miller had somehow brainwashed her son into believing he was dead and that he was his sister. She had even had David's name engraved on the headstone! Taking him to the cemetery to see his own grave had to be a vital part of her diabolical scheme.

"David, I've got to get you away from here and out of your mother's clutches!" I declared forcefully. "Pull yourself together! You're going with me!"

"Going? Going where?" he asked as he checked his hair and makeup in the vanity mirror.

"Anywhere away from here!" I asserted, unable to comprehend his naiveté regarding the fact that he needed to get away from his domineering mother.

"Oh. Mom would never allow me to leave with you. She...she..."

"I don't plan to ask for her permission," I proclaimed, cutting him off. "My car is outside, so we can sneak out the back, circle around the house, and be miles away before your mother knows you're gone. I'll have you back in pants and

well on the way to becoming your old masculine self in no time.”

“I...I can’t leave with you, Miss Laura,” he whined in a tiny voice, “I don’t know how, but Mom always knows when I leave and where I go. I get punished when she finds me and brings me back. Since we’ll be staying, let me show you some of my pretty dresses...”

“What’s wrong with you, David?” I nearly shouted, “I’m offering you freedom, a chance to reclaim your manhood, an opportunity to return to being my boyfriend...my *lover!*”

“I...I can’t...don’t...”

I couldn’t believe my ears! My former boyfriend was so deeply entrenched under his mother’s spell that he could no longer defy her.

In a desperate effort to bring him to his senses, I urged, “Come on, David! You’re a guy, a man, for Christ’s Sake! Stand up like one and let’s get out of here!”

“I don’t know who I am anymore, but I can’t leave with you,” he quailed.

“Come on!” I chided. Stand up like you have a pair! You’re my stud muffin. Don’t you remember what it was like in my bed?”

“I...I...I guess so...” he shyly wavered, “but...I...I still can’t leave with you. Really I *can’t.*”

“Your mother has more hooks in you than...” I grumbled. “Look, I haven’t given up on you, so don’t give up on yourself. I’ll figure some way to get you away from that crazy woman. I swear I will!” I vowed as I made my way out of his sickeningly feminine bedroom.

“Are you sure you don’t want to see my dresses and skirts?” David called out as I hurried down the hall to leave this demented household, “Some of them are very pretty.”

Mrs. Miller met me at the bottom of the stairs, and with a sly triumphant smile, she chided, “Did you have a pleasant visit, Laura?”

“I don’t know what you’ve done to David, but I’ll find a way to get him away from your evil clutches,” I angrily spat.

“Good luck in your classes at school this fall,” she laughed while ignoring my threat.

The autumn school semester passed quickly, and winter arrived almost unexpectedly. I followed Mrs. Miller’s suggestion and dressed more provocatively. As she predicted, I was asked for quite a few dares. During that time; however, I still believed, or hoped, David would recover.

When I returned home for Christmas vacation, I didn’t visit the Miller residence because I strongly suspected I wouldn’t be welcome after my last visit. Still, I often thought of David and the strange ordeal he was experiencing at the hands of his mother. I even tried to formulate a plan to free him from her control. Alas, his cooperation was required in every scheme I could conceive, and therein lay my quandary. The abject cowardice he exhibited during my last visit convinced me that he wouldn’t...or couldn’t participate in a conspiracy against her.

To my surprise, I spotted Mrs. Miller in a boutique off the main mall while I was shopping for Christmas presents. Since the store was for young girls, I assumed she was shopping for David. Summoning my courage, I decided to confront this evil woman while my former lover wasn’t around. Easing into the store, I made my way toward the object of my ire. Just as I was about to step up to her, I heard a girl’s voice. Not wanting my stern conversation to be overheard, I moved behind a rack of clothes where I couldn’t be seen.

To my amazement, I learned that the sound was coming from David, who was holding a lacy bra over his chest. Looking him over, I was devastated by how completely feminine he now appeared.



"Is this bra is the right size for me," David asked his mother.

Long blonde hair flowed about his head in a cascade of curls. Light makeup appropriate for a young girl graced his face, and two sets of earrings decorated his double pierced ears. Beyond that, his waist was narrow and his hips broad and rounded like those of a maturing girl.

Being totally engrossed in his task, he inquired, "Mom, is this bra too large for me?"

"It may be a bit large at the moment, Sarah dear, but I'm sure you'll grow into it very soon," Mrs. Miller replied with a bright smile.

"Oh, I hope so!" David giggled, "I'm tired of being the smallest girl in school."

"Don't worry about that," Mrs. Miller laughed. "If you take after me, you'll have very adequate breasts in short order."

"Really, Mom?" David giggled again, "I hope you're right. Boys like girls with large breasts, you know."

"Don't worry, Pumpkin, boys like girls with any size breasts if they are pretty like you," Mrs. Miller laughed. "Anyway, you'll be a well endowed young lady who doesn't have either problem in a few months. In the meantime, why not find a bra that fits you now?"

"Good idea," David giggled as he lowered the bra to place it on a shelf.

I was aghast at the sight that greeted me. He had breasts, *real* breasts! Not nubs, but erect cones that erupted at least three inches from his chest and were topped with erect pink nipples! I watched in awe as they jiggled like those of a real girl when he moved!

"How about this bra, Mom?" David asked excitedly as he held up another lacy creation. Before she could reply, he squealed, "Oh Mom, look at these scrumptious panties! Can I buy a few pairs? Please? Oh, pretty please?"

As I watched him excitedly flit from one exclusively feminine garment to another, I knew my boyfriend was gone. Gone was the glassy-eyed expression he wore during my last visit. No matter what he told me before about hating the girl's clothes his mother made him wear, he was definitely having

fun now! He was dressing full time as a girl, and as weird as it sounds, he appeared to love it! As I assessed his transition into girlhood, I became careless and accidentally allowed myself to be seen.

“Why, hello, Laura!” Mrs. Miller exclaimed, bringing me out of my reverie, “Fancy meeting you here.”

“Uh...hello, Mrs. Miller,” I uttered.

Turning to David, she bubbled, “Sarah dear, come speak to Miss Grant.”

“Hello, Miss Grant!” David exuded, “How are you?”

“Fine...uh...Sarah,” I coughed, “Nice to see you again.”

“We’re shopping for school clothes for Sarah,” Mrs. Miller announced as I observed David’s skimpy undies. “She’s been attending Central High in the eleventh grade since September.”

“Uh...I’m doing the same...uh shopping for school clothes, I mean,” I stammered. “When I return to college, I’ll be a second semester sophomore.”

“I see you took my suggestion about dressing more provocatively,” Mrs. Miller said as she observed my short skirt and tight sweater while David was putting on his clothes in the dressing room. “Did you have lots of dates?”

“I...I was asked out on several dates, but I didn’t have much time for social activities,” I replied, shrugging off her inquiry.

When David returned, he was wearing a very tight red miniskirt, a wide, matching black belt that compressed his waist to impossible smallness, a tight fitting white sweater that highlighted his breasts, and red three-inch pumps that he negotiated very easily.

I stared at my former boyfriend who now looked exactly like a 16-year-old girl. His figure was that of a girl, his legs were smooth and shapely like a girl, and his face was soft and smooth. David’s baby face was his downfall. It led to his becoming, in fact, his own younger sister.

“Come, Sarah,” Mrs. Miller announced, “We’ve got lots of shopping to do. It’s nice to see you again, Laura.”

I watched David sway next to his Mother. She had succeeded in transforming her son into her lost daughter and he had been helpless to resist her efforts.

I returned to school and made a real effort to forget David and his weird mother. I was even able to get a new boyfriend. Mrs. Miller was right when she suggested that I dress nicer and wear makeup. The guys started coming on to me from every direction. The one I finally selected was from my own hometown. His name is Bob and he turned out to be an even better lover than David had been. Unlike David, Bob is tall with dark hair and an easy-going personality. We seemed to hit it off perfectly and we spent lots time together. He was so nice that I couldn't wait to introduce him to my parents. Therefore, during Spring break, we both returned home to introduce the other to our parents.

Everything went perfect. We were even able to get away for an evening or two to make mad passionate love. A couple of days before we were scheduled to return to school, I suggested that we take in a music recital by some of the most promising musicians in the city. We both loved music, so he readily agreed.

The recital was a lavish affair, so we both dressed to the tee. Bob looked so handsome in his tuxedo, and I must admit I looked great in my cocktail dress. We arrived a few minutes before the recital was to begin, so Bob suggested he get us drinks.

While I waited for him to return, I heard a woman's voice calling my name. I looked up and was startled to see Mrs. Miller waving at me. My heart went into my throat at the thought of what this conniving woman had done to her son. "Yoo hoo, Laura, over here!" she beckoned.

I really didn't want to spoil this lovely evening by talking with her, but I gave in and greeted her. I figured a short conversation would suffice, then I could return to my boyfriend and the concert.

When I stepped over to her, I was nearly floored to see David sitting on the couch. I couldn't believe my eyes, as he

appeared to be a very elegantly dressed, gorgeous young woman!!

He was wearing a long black evening gown with a plunging neckline and a slit up the side to reveal his long shapely legs as he sat with his legs crossed at the knee. I was astounded at the amount of cleavage exposed by this dress. This cleavage and the exposed breasts obviously weren't the result of taping. David had developed a lot since I last saw him and his mother in the shopping mall, some months ago. It was impossible to see anything of the boy I once loved in the lovely creature sitting before me in that gorgeous form-fitting gown.

“Laura, you remember my daughter, Sarah?” Mrs. Miller gushed, acting as if I didn't really know the real identity of the lovely creature she had created.

“Uh...hello...David,” I stammered while refusing to play her little game.

“Please call me Sarah, Miss Laura,” David softly whispered as a deep blush came to his cheeks, “I don't want anyone to overhear you referring to me by my brother's name.”

As he made his request, a deep frown crossed his mother's face at my refusal to acknowledge her son's new identity. When I looked around, I recognized the wisdom of his words, and I grumbled, “Okay, if you say so, but you still are the person I once knew!”

Just then, Bob arrived on the scene with our drinks. Talk about bad timing!! “Hi honey,” he greeted, “Are these friends of yours?”

“Uh...uh...yes, dear,” I stammered, “May I introduce Mrs. Miller and her d...da...daughter, Sarah.” The introduction got stuck in my throat. It took all my willpower to introduce David by his sister's name.

Mrs. Miller's face lit up with the introductions. “Is this your boyfriend, Laura?” she asked.



"Bob, may I introduce an old...friend, Sarah," I nearly choked over the introductions.

“Uh...yes, may I introduce Bob Duncan. We knew each other in high school, but we never dated. We got reacquainted at a party last fall and we’ve been going together ever since.” I wanted this meeting to end, but couldn’t find a way to do so gracefully.

“That’s wonderful, dear,” Mrs. Miller gushed at my introduction.. “Sarah is one of the new artists being introduced in tonight’s concert. She plays the piano during the second half. I hope you will stay for her performance. I know I’m a proud mother, but I think she’s really very good.” David lowered his eyes and blushed deep crimson at his mother’s glowing critique of his ability.

Bob stepped forward to greet the two and David femininely extended his limp wrist in shy greeting. His shiny nails perfectly set off his soft, thin hand.

“It’s very nice to meet you, Mrs. Miller, and it is a *real* pleasure to meet your lovely daughter who is one of the performers in tonight’s concert! This is quite a thrill,” Bob trilled.

“I’m pleased to meet you too,” David softly whispered as he lowered his eyes. His lilting voice was light and airy, nothing like the boy I made love with. He blushed again as he made a vain attempt to adjust his skirt to a more modest position.

You never told me you had such lovely friends, Laura,” Bob took David’s soft hand in greeting.

I was a bit taken back at the attention my boyfriend, Bob, was paying to David. If he only knew! In an attempt to take Bob’s attention away from David, I peevishly asked, “Mrs. Miller, what ever happened to your son, David?”

“You mean your ex-boyfriend?” she cattily returned, “Didn’t you hear, dear? He was killed in an accident.”

Her return caught both David and I off guard. “Killed?” I gasped, not believing her gall, “How did it happened?” I wasn’t about to let her off the hook that easily. Meanwhile, David sat primly, eyes lowered, deeply embarrassed at this little exchange. Bob was oblivious of what was taking place, and continued to ogle David.

“Yes, dear,” she smoothly returned, “He left us earlier this year. He’s buried at Rosemont cemetery. I know the two of you were very close, but you must let go of him and get on with your life. I’m afraid we’ll never see or hear from him again.” Rosemont was the cemetery where the real Sarah was buried.

“I remember you speaking of him, Laura,” Bob suddenly entered the conversation. “I’m sorry for your loss, Mrs. Miller, but at least you still have your lovely daughter, Sarah.” He was fairly gushing when he said David’s assumed name.

“Why, thank you, Bob,” Mrs. Miller smiled, “Yes, she is the light of my life. Why, I don’t know what I would do if Sarah ever left me.”

I was appalled at her audacity. I knew what she would do...what she did! She would change her son into her daughter is what she would do!

I had to get away! This conversation was taking its toll on me. How could she be so...so...! I was peeved at the attention Bob was giving Sarah...er...David, at Mrs. Miller’s tongue in cheek lying, and David’s simpering girlishness.

Luckily, at that moment, the signal announced last call for us to take our seats for the beginning of the concert. I quickly downed my drink...I needed it. I took Bob’s arm and led him away from this truly uncomfortable meeting.

When Bob and I returned to school, I still was mad at the unwarranted attention he gave David. Even after the concert was over and we were driving home, he couldn’t say enough about ‘Sarah’ and her piano presentation. It was ‘Sarah’ this and ‘Sarah’ that. I nearly told him the truth about ‘Sarah’, but my better judgment prevailed. After all, it wasn’t David’s fault that he got caught in his mother’s web.

School soon consumed both of us and our lives returned to normal. Unfortunately, Bob had family problems that seemed to take him home every other weekend or so. It seemed like every time we both found some free time to spend together, he had to run home for this or that family matter.

By the end of the school year, Bob and I had drifted apart and I returned home alone. I was burned out on boyfriends and decided to spend summer vacation reacquainting myself with my family and some old girlfriends.

Soon I was totally involved with my family and occasionally going with girlfriends to local dance clubs. My girlfriends and I would try a new club each weekend, looking at the guys, and allowing them to look us over. Occasionally, I'd meet a guy and we'd go on a date or two, but none ever measured up to Bob...or for that matter, David...before he fell into his mother's clutches.

One weekend, my girlfriends and I went to this new club. It was supposed to be the 'in' place to see and to be seen. We got a table and had a wild time sizing up the competition and the guys milling about. The club was really crowded, so when my friend Molly told me to look at the 'hunk' that just walked in, I didn't see whom she was referring to.

She pointed him out, then just as suddenly said, “Damn, he's with someone. Wouldn't you know she is the most gorgeous girl in the club.”

I looked to where she was pointing and my heart went to my throat. It was Bob! He was as handsome as ever and for a moment I envisioned the two of us getting together again. I started to stand to cut him off and invite him to join us at our table when I saw his date.

My heart dropped to my knees, I became dizzy and I nearly fainted. It couldn't be, yet it was! Bob's date was my old boyfriend, David...er...*Sarah* Miller! “Oh Gawd, NO!!!” I cried, then muffled my voice with my fist so as not to draw undue attention. My two recent lovers were now dating each other!

I sank back into my chair and tried to hide from being seen by Bob...or David. Now I knew why Bob returned home so often during the school year. My old boyfriend had become my competition and had stolen my newer boyfriend!



*Oh Gawd, my old boyfriend was dating my new
boyfriend!"*

As they passed, I noticed how thoroughly David had assumed Sarah’s life. He was the spitting image of his dead sister. Even the minor flaws from the pictures that I’d mentioned to Mrs. Miller were gone. If nothing else, Mrs. Miller was thorough!

The new Sarah was fashionably dressed in the latest minidress that showed off her every curve to advantage. Her breasts peaked over the sloping neckline of the lovely garment. Her long, shapely legs were encased in shimmering nylons and perched atop 4” heels. She was tastefully made up and her long flowing golden hair cascaded over her shoulders and down her back. In every way, he had become a very gorgeous girl! The two intimately held each other’s hands and had eyes only for each other as they passed. I was sure I hadn’t been seen.

“My old boyfriend had stolen my new boyfriend from me!” I silently screamed.

I laughed on the outside with my girlfriends, but inside I was miserable. Bob wasn’t gay, so he must not know Sarah’s secret. I started thinking of other reasons for them being together. Maybe they were just friends...or had just met outside the club and came in together...or...

I couldn’t hold back any longer. I had to confront them. I had a driving compulsion to tell both of them off and to let Bob know just whom he was with. I saw them sitting at a quiet table off to the side, so I excused myself from my girlfriends and went to greet my former lovers.

“So, Bob, this is the girl you dropped me for?” I startled the two of them.

“Oh, Laura, I didn’t see you here,” Bob stammered, completely caught off guard, “I didn’t want you to find out like this, but yes, Sarah and I love each other.”

I stared at David and expected him to quiver, quake, and lower his eyelids in shame at being caught with another guy. Instead, *she* sweetly smiled and said, “Hello Laura, its sooo nice to see you again. Please forgive me, but I fell in love with Bob when you first introduced us at the concert.”

"In love? You can't be love with Bob! You can't have forgotten where you come from!" I snidely snipped, "Does Bob know of your past?"

"Yes I do, Laura!" Bob firmly injected, "Mrs. Miller was against it, but Sarah didn't want any secrets between us. Last week, over dinner, she confessed her strange tale, and I don't care! Sarah is all woman to me! I love her...and always will!"

I was completely dumbfounded by their unabashed confessions.

Sarah shyly whispered, "I do love Bob, Laura. Mom was very thorough with me. I am all woman now! Please forgive me for taking Bob from you, but I..."

I felt the sincerity in her statement. David was never a vicious, conniving person like his mother, and I don't think this new Sarah was either. The way they held each other, gaining strength from each other, confirmed their love for one another. I couldn't spoil it for them by exposing them. That's the type of relationship I hope for one day...with someone who truly loves me. I apologized for my cattiness, wished them well, and returned to my table.

Later, I caught them on the dance floor and my decision was confirmed. Sarah was swinging and dancing as sexily as the other girls on the floor and Bob had eyes only for her. They were more than just friends; they were lovers...I had seen that look before. I saw in Sarah's face is the look I had when I was in love. I saw on Bob's face the look he had for only me when we were first dating.

The music turned to a slow song and they collapsed into each other's arms. Bob tenderly wrapped his arms around Sarah's waist while Sarah wrapped her arms around Bob's neck. Together, they swayed to the tune. Sarah laid her head on Bob's chest and followed his lead.

Sarah looked into Bob's eyes and their lips gravitated towards each other. Their lips touched ever so softly, then more passionately. Sarah molded herself into Bob's body, allowing him to feel her every curve, her every quiver. She had him completely under her control. He would do anything she asked...and she would follow his every lead.

The music stopped and they slowly exited the dance floor. Bob wrapped his arm around her waist and led her to their table. I doubt if either knew there was anyone else in the entire club. A few minutes later, I saw them exit the club, headed for who knows where? All I knew was that I was no longer a part of the lives they shared only with each other.

The End

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SHE'D BE THE ONE BEING WAITED ON!