

## TAUGHT AND TRAINED

By Cheryl Lynn

I could never call him my step father as he was an overbearing, pompous ass in my opinion. I never understood why my mom married him. He was always bossing us around and criticizing the both of us. He criticized my mother for not being an obedient housewife and me for being a scrawny little wimp. He was nothing like my real father who had been killed in action. He was tall and fairly well built for a man his age. He was more than ten years older than my mother, going bald, wore black rimmed glasses and had a goatee.

I guess my mom married him because he owned a large pharmacy and had a dominant personality. They had met after dad had passed when she was working as a cashier at his pharmacy. When she wasn't working there she did the night shift at a local diner. I had a paper route and our combined incomes were barely enough to keep a roof over our heads. She was use to doing what my father said but his decisions were always fair and kind. She always made it very plain that she hated making decisions when my father was deployed. So I don't guess her decision to marry Harrison Eliot all that surprising. He was a quick way out of poverty and took over her decision making.

I didn't like him from the moment we met and I hate him to the very core of my being at the moment. He made it very clear that I was to call him Mr. Eliot at all times even after they married. I was a freshman at the time and I thought I was old enough to call him Harrison. Still it was better than calling him my step father. He also made me quit my paper route which I loved and kept me fit. You try lugging around a hundred pounds of paper, bundling it into neat folded packages then peddling for blocks on end while tossing those packages so they at least come close to the front door. Like I said it kept me fit but didn't put any bulk on my body. I was lean and well toned more like a runner or swimmer.

I kept my hair in a low pony tail that reached the tops of my shoulders. I wanted to look like many of my football heroes who all kept their hair long. I loved the game especially the Green Bay Packers. My favorite position was linebacker and wished I was big enough to play at that spot. The growth spurt I had been praying for never happened. While I wanted to play my body just wasn't bulked up or tall enough to make my high school team. Today I'm five foot six and weigh a measly one hundred ten pounds. I recently discovered to my horror that Mr. Eliot was feeding me drugs to stop my growth and development.

Like I said when he moved in officially as husband and step dad, I had to quit my job. He insisted that I come straight home from school and help mother with the household chores. His house now our home was big, not quite a mansion but close. It was a four bedroom brick structure on a large tree covered lot. Due to those trees there was very little lawn to tend so I had little to do. The hardest job I had was keeping all those damn leaves out of the backyard pool. The strangest thing though was his insistence that whenever I was outside I always had to dress. By that I mean long pants, long sleeved shirts and a floppy wide brimmed hat. His reason was that sunlight was a significant cause of skin cancer. Oh yeah, I also had to have sunscreen on my face, neck and hands. I didn't mind the long pants and long sleeved shirts during the winter but not during the summer. At the beginning of my sophomore year everyone started calling me Casper because of my paper white skin.

Besides mowing what little grass there was and cleaning the pool, I helped mom

around the house. I much preferred doing manly things but quickly learned how to do the laundry, iron, fold or hang, do the dishes and dust. I tried to get my mom to let me do the vacuuming and mopping instead but she said no. At least if I did those chores it would seem manlier but Mr. Eliot had insisted that I do those jobs. I must admit that hand washing my mother's unmentionables were embarrassing. Remember I was only fifteen at the time.

It wasn't long after we moved in that I was also assigned the job of chief cook and bottle washer. Mr. Eliot insisted that my mother greet him at the door when he came home dressed appropriately. Dressed appropriately meant a nice dress with a full skirt and petticoats, evening styled makeup and holding a dry martini. As he usually came home around six, she needed time to change and get ready for her husband. He always had dinner at seven p.m. sharp. So guess who she had to teach how to prepare and serve. Cooking isn't that hard but having to wear a frilly pinafore styled apron and mop cap was demeaning. Of course I absolutely refused to wear that stupid apron and cap until I had a session with Mr. Eliot's razor strop.

Mother seemed sympathetic but always took his side. She made sure we took our pills every morning, was completely dressed before going outside and came home promptly. At first I tried to cheat on those dictates but a session with Mr. Eliot's razor strop ended that. I knew my mother loved me but why did she rat on me whenever I didn't follow one of his idiotic dictates?

At one time my mother doted on me but now it seems that all her interest and concentration are on pleasing Mr. Eliot. Yeah, she wasn't a decision maker and never had been very good at it. She used to dress nice and occasionally wore makeup but now she was acting like that June Cleaver woman on old television shows. Even her moods have changed. She used to be outgoing and cheerful now she's somber during the day and a giggly girl when he comes home. Like I said she used to be a typical everyday mom, now she was acting more like a brainless bimbo. Go figure.

Of all his demands I thought putting me and my mother on a vegan diet high in soy products ridiculous. Well maybe not for her but she wasn't fat. Yes, I admit I gained a bit of weight after six months once I quit my paper route but a diet with damn little red meat. I blamed that damn diet on my lack of development for a long time. The only time I could sneak in some real food was at the school cafeteria. It was pure torture having to prepare and serve him his meat and potatoes when all I had to look forward too was bean curd and tofu.

Ooo

Our first summer as a family was pure hell for me. First, I was forbidden to have any school friends over nor could I talk to them. He even put some kind of block on the telephones so I could only answer them. Mom was the only one allowed to answer the phone so I was effectively cut off from my friends. Second, he decided that since I liked long hair I would take care of it. Gone was the low pony tail, in was long flowing locks that constantly smelled of strawberries. Under my mother's supervision I had to brush it with a bristle hair wooden brush one hundred strokes every night before going to bed. Besides the girly smell it wasn't that big of a deal until he decided that it needed some body and curl. So after brushing my hair, mother taught me how to roll it in wire bristle curlers and cover it with a hairnet. Let me tell you that took some getting use to. A couple of times I thought getting the razor strop worth defiance. Caring for my hair like that made my undeveloped body look like a girl. I came to hate looking at myself in the mirror. Now that I was taking care of my hair, mother took me to her hair stylist instead of dropping me off at the barbers. My stylist didn't do much other than

remove any split ends but being in a place catering to women embarrassing. By the end of summer my hair was three inches longer, had volume and flowed in gentle waves.

Shortly after I started taking care of my hair, Mr. Eliot noticed that I had a pimple. You guessed it, the next night he brought home a bag full of different facial care products. I now had to exfoliate, moisturize and wear a green clay night mask. I had to repeat the process each morning except for the mask. It was another task I hated but mother taught me how and when to use each one.

By the end of summer my complexion was flawless, I was another year older but still no signs of facial hair. Now that I was sixteen I was really hoping to see some hairs on my upper lip at least. I had thick hair under my arms and on my pubes but nothing on my chest and fine ones on legs and arms. What really bothered me was my penis and chest. My nipples and areola seemed larger and sensitive while my penis seemed smaller. Of course I'd heard about masturbation but I didn't think much about it anymore and that was really weird. I'd first tried it when I was almost fourteen and it felt wonderful leaving me weak kneed. Now all I get is a pulsing feeling in my head and small clear discharge. I knew something was terribly wrong but what sixteen year old tells his mother about that. I certainly wasn't going to tell Mr. Eliot.

Ooo

A thing that really jerked my chain was the swimming pool. The only time I was allowed to use it was at night provided I wear a rubber swimming cap. The only cap available was a pink one with a large rubber white daisy on it. Yet, every weekend they would be out there having fun while I served them as needed. Of course I was fully dressed, wearing my stupid apron and cap while they cavorted. Since they were out at the pool most weekends, I had to do the vacuuming, mopping and other household cleaning those days.

What free time I did have was also restricted. According to Mr. Eliot watching too much television was bad. The only time I was allowed to watch was with my mother when she had on her soaps. I begged and pleaded to have her tune to an early baseball game or other sports network but she stubbornly refused. When that didn't work I decided to spend the time in my bedroom but was foiled again. She insisted that I keep her company. She explained that if I watched them we would have something to talk about as we did the chores. Like we spent much time together as it was, our individual chores were in different parts of the house. About the only other times we were together was during breakfast and lunch.

Needless to say I was pissed at the both of them within a week of summer break. Once I finished with the kitchen after dinner, I went up to my room. I didn't want to be anywhere around them. The only thing attractive about my room was solitude. Mr. Eliot had put restrictions on my computer which limited me to sites fit for an elementary school kid. In other words no social media or email access and definitely no porn. Mr. Eliot convinced my mother that access to those sites were detrimental and dangerous for young boys.

All my music discs had been confiscated the first day we moved in. In their place were classical, soft jazz and boy bands. Most of my books and all my magazines were also gone along with my posters. It seems Mr. Eliot took exception to my choices and deemed them unfit. How could he consider all my sports magazines, action and adventure books and posters of my favorite football linebackers unfit? Now my room was filled with pastoral paintings and my mother's "Southern Living," "Better Homes and Gardens" and "Good Housekeeping."

The furnishings were delicate and the room did have a vanity. The vanity was painted white with gold piping and had three beveled lighted mirrors. The rest of the furniture matched the vanity. The walls were painted a matte white and the only window dressed in ruffled beige satin drapes. About the only good thing I can say about the room was that the bed was a queen. I toss and turn a lot when I sleep and this bed beat the heck out of my old twin. I of course objected to being put into such a feminine room and those protests earned my first experience with the razor strop.

While my room gave me solitude it was extremely boring. It only took a couple of weeks before I was desperate to occupy my mind. At first I tried playing the childish games that I could access on my computer. Then I began reading my mother's old magazines. I have to admit I did learn a lot from reading them. Of course most of that knowledge wasn't anything a young man needed or wanted to know.

Ooo

My sophomore year was one embarrassment after another especially in gym class. First my hair, mother insisted that I keep it free flowing and unrestrained. To keep it from getting into my eyes she had my stylist give me bangs. The stylist cut them to mid-forehead and feathered them. You can only imagine the hell I went through when I went back to school. In gym my humiliation was much deeper as everyone gave me grief over my immature and girly body. They made a number of rude comments about my "man boobs." Worse yet were the jeers I'd get for not being strong enough to keep up with the weakest kids. I used to be picked no later the third man to be on a team. Now I was always picked last. Most of my friends from last year now avoided me like the plague. My sophomore year was spent mainly as a loner. The very few friends I did manage to find were all in the "loser" social circle. I was approached by a few of the openly gay boys but I certainly didn't want to have anything to do with them. They made chills of revulsion run up and down my spine. Despite my looks and development I had absolutely no homo leanings.

Again I was expected to go straight home after school. In addition I was forbidden to attend any after school activities. Last year I didn't miss a single home football game. Hell, I even managed to get a date to the homecoming game. Mother didn't actually let me officially date but school events were okay. I still vividly remember that first kiss from Lisa and my first and only prom and how wonderful I felt.

Another problem I had with school was my homework or rather lack thereof. Despite all my pleadings Mr. Eliot refused to remove the blocks on my computer. He insisted that I would learn more helping mother around the house than doing homework. He said he would explain my situation to the school. When I went back the next day I was given new courses. They put me in all the "marginal" student classes. My freshman year was in college preparatory classes and I had a 3.8 grade point average. This year I would be lucky to get a 2.5 and no possibility of college. My school life sucked big time.

My home life wasn't any better. After cutting the grass and cleaning out the pool, Mr. Eliot noticed the dark sweat stains on my clothing. He insisted that I shave off my body hair. Yet again, I made a big fuss about having to do that especially with gym. I experienced the worst session with his razor strop to date and he removed me from gym. I now had home economics in place of that class. I can't begin to tell you how mortifying it was standing naked in the bathroom while my mother taught me how to shave. When she finished, the only body hair left was a small trimmed landing strip above my tiny penis. All I can say is that having your mother hold and shave your most intimate places including your ball sack made me want to die.

With me now shaving I had to use body lotions to ease any razor burns and irritation. Mr. Eliot made sure I had several different lotions to use on my skin. He supplied me with a lotion for my heels and elbows, places I didn't even shave. He even gave me a thick white cream to massage on my dick, balls and chest. Making matters worse they all had a sweet flowery smell and left my skin soft and smooth like a girl. The only thing good about this was that I didn't have gym class anymore. My school uniform did cover up my hairless legs but not the residual sweet smell the lotions left behind.

When school let out for the summer vacation I barely passed into my junior year. While I hated the "idiot kids" classes I was forced to take I wasn't happy about school letting out. I would have to spend the entire summer cooped up in Mr. Eliot's house. Besides doing the pool and lawn the only other times I left the house was to go grocery shopping or to the salon with mother.

I decided that this summer I would get out of the house more. I explained to mom and Mr. Eliot that I needed some time away. I needed some time with people my age. Believe it or not Mr. Eliot agreed however my relief was short lived. As school let out, I was enrolled in a beginner ballet class on Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the entire summer. OMG! What have I gotten myself into?

Madam Dante's School of Dance was run by a young woman in her late twenties. I must say very pretty, petite with a gorgeous smile. I fell in love or rather lust with her the moment I saw her. Those feelings changed after my first lesson. She was a demon in the guise of an angel. She was very strict and demanding in class. By the time it was over not a muscle nor hair didn't hurt and I was exhausted mentally and physically.

Oh yeah, did I mention embarrassed. I entered that class wearing a black leotard, white tights and black ballerina slippers with my long hair pinned up into a tight donut shaped bun at the back of my head. I looked just like any of the other small breasted young girls in the class. Making matters worse was that when I was enrolled Mr. Eliot misspelled my name. He ended my first name with an "es". My frigging name was Francis not the feminine Frances. They all thought I was a girl and I didn't dare tell them different. I left that first class hurting physically and mentally distraught. My fragile male ego damaged initially at school and now almost shattered. What self respecting young man would ever try to pass himself off as female? The most damaging came from being accepted as a young girl. Plus they all thought I was only fourteen. I couldn't argue that age either as I didn't have the breasts of an older girl.

As with last summer I could only use the pool at night. The first night I went out to the pool Mr. Eliot stopped me. He demanded that I remove the towel from around my neck. I reluctantly agreed as I was embarrassed about the size of my man boobs and prominent nipples. He called my mother over and discussed something with her out of my hearing. Mother stared at me with a shocked look before telling me to follow her. Mr. Eliot followed right behind me to their bedroom. Digging around in one of her drawers, she removed a florescent orange something and handed it to me. It was a woman's one piece bathing suit. Mr. Eliot ordered me to put it on before going to the pool. Naturally I decided that I no longer wanted to go swimming. The suit was loose but my man boobs were settled into the stiff foam cups of the top. Looking into my full length mirror there was no mistaking that image wearing a bright orange one piece and bathing cap to be anything but a young girl. My ego shrank a bit more as I turned to go swimming.

By the end of summer I had no male pride nor much of a male ego left. Mother did buy me two bathing suits in my size actually they were one size smaller. One was a bright

emerald green tank suit the kind girl competitive swimmer wore. You know the kind that clung tightly to the body revealing hardened nipples and round boobies. It fit real tight in the crotch forcing my balls back up into my body and flattened my crotch. I hated it but the other suit even more. It was a bikini in bright pink and the small top made my boobs stand out. The bottom had a small pleated skirt attached that almost hid my groin. I quickly realized that I didn't look male anymore. To everyone looking at me when dressed for ballet or swimming I was totally a girl. The only outward missing part to appearing as a full fledged girl was me not wearing makeup.

After seeing my naked chest I thought for sure mother would take me to the doctors. Instead I was taken to a lingerie shop where I was measured and fitted for my own A++ cup bras. I blushed like a fire engine as the woman took my measurements. My blush deepened as I signed up for the shop's panty and bra club. That was mother's idea since she had purchased a dozen bras and panty sets for me. When I questioned her about the panties she explained that the matching panties came with the bras. She also told me that no self respecting young lady would ever mismatch her lingerie.

I was left gaping when she told me that. When I told her I wasn't a young lady she simply shrugged it off. "Well dear," she had said, "You have the beginnings of really nice full breasts and your pee pee is not that much bigger than a woman's clitoris. How many young men have real breasts that you know? Huh, tell me how many of your male friends have such a small pee pee? I'm sorry dear but your late arriving puberty seems to be that of a young woman. Harrison told me and I agree that it's probably in your best interests to treat you more like a daughter." I cried all the way to the house and wore bras and colorful nylon panties from then on.

Actually by the end of my ballet lessons I was getting quite good. To help me maintain my girlish disguise, mother had me reading her women's fashion magazines and bought several others catering to teen girls. The teen girl magazines were traumatic as many of the articles revolved around girl to boy sexual relationships and how to get that "right" boy. Of course mother made sure I read everyone of those stories. I complained about reading that gay stuff. Mom reminded me that girls my age were always talking about boys and I needed to do the same. As usual she was right when I thought about it. My friends at dance were always talking about boys, fashions and music. If I was going to keep my secret and participate in their conversations, I had to learn, even the icky stuff.

It was one thing to pretend to be a girl in dance class but Madam Dante put on two recitals during the summer. One after six weeks of classes and the finale at summer's end. The first one I was miserable. This recital had me dressed in a flaming pink leotard with multi-colored wings on the back, white chiffon knee length pleated skirt and a white furry halo as I minced around in a circle tossing flower petals with six other young girls. I was the tallest of those girls and stood out like a sore thumb. We did that dance in front of about fifty people including my mother and my step dad. The final recital I wore a lavender cap sleeved V-necked leotard covered with sequins, stiff white tutu, powder pink tights and white ballet slippers. This time I had a feature part as I did a ten minute routine with another girl.

What made this one more nerve wracking was that I had to wear a strapless pink satin bra and matching panty girdle. At the recitals all the girls had to share a dressing room so wearing a panty girdle and bra kept my secret. Seeing all the other pretty girls in a similar state of undress should have made my tiny dick hard but it didn't stir or twitch like it should have. At the time I was happy that I didn't have a noticeable bulge where no girl should. Now it brings a tear to my eye when I think of how things use to

be.

Ooo

I wasn't too happy about returning to school for my junior year. I was seventeen years old with a set of almost B-cup breasts which would be okay if I were a girl. Fortunately Mr. Eliot brought me some elastic bandages so I could bind them down. The binding worked and my school uniform shirts kept everything hidden but were very uncomfortable. I was placed in the "idiot" classes and back in home economics. Again I was teased, bumped and caught all kinds of grief for my below the shoulder length now deep chestnut colored wavy hair. My complexion was so pale that Mr. Eliot thought my hair needed to be darker. Otherwise, according to him, I would look too shallow with my light brown natural coloring. Of course, like always, mother totally agreed.

I was disturbed that my second six weeks period in home economic would be devoted to makeup application. Ms. Harrison the teacher normally didn't include that subject unless all the students were girls. For some unfathomable reason she thought I was a girl. When I went up to explain that I didn't need to learn this subject, she just laughed and said if anyone needed this class subject, it was most definitely me. What surprised me even more was that mother didn't blink an eye when I handed her the list of supplies I would need. Mr. Eliot brought me a pink makeup suitcase and all the required supplies plus a few extras that very night.

I thought my sophomore year was hell but this one was proving to be much worse. The girls in my home ec class thought me learning to put on gobs and gobs of makeup hilarious but most left me alone. A few gave me a hard time even mentioning that I had VPLs and a few were nice. I didn't learn until later in the term VPLs meant visible panty lines. My butt had gotten bigger over the summer and my school pants were very tight. Given that I now possessed a dozen pair of expensive panties Mr. Eliot decided I should wear them. Mother agreed and added that boxers didn't go with bras so she tossed all my boxers into the trash.

I was very surprised and delighted during the spring semester when Mr. Eliot not only agreed but insisted I take driver's education. That decision would set me free. I decided that once I got my hands on mother's SUV that I would put the pedal to the metal and get away. I didn't care that I had only a few dollars in my paper route account, I was running away. I passed my driver's ed class with an A+ then aced the driving test both written and actual. I had my license in my hands still warm from the lamination. It soon fluttered to the floor as I saw what was on it. Frances Ellen Eliot, F, and a very pretty girl's face wearing red lipstick with eyes glimmering with mascara and shadows.

I had been wearing makeup for so long I had completely forgotten about it. When they saw my A+ in home ec report card and a note how great I performed in her class, they decided I would always wear makeup. Learning, applying and wearing makeup over six weeks was humiliating but that was more than enough for me. I stomped my foot and said that I wouldn't do it. That outburst had me over Mr. Eliot's lap and twenty of his best.

As I picked up the license and started to tell the DMV worker of the mistake, mom whispered in my ear. "Darling, are you sure you want to do that? I mean look how you are dressed and appear. Your secret will be out and made a laughing stock." She was right. I would be a total fool and probably sent to jail. I was stuck. The tears that began streaming down my face were explained away as tears of joy.

Yeah, there was another detail I left out about getting my license. I was wearing my school uniform. After the holiday break Mr. Eliot and mom went to the school and explained that I was going through gender reassignment. I did object to that but it was explained that my growing breasts could no longer be hidden. They were still growing and at that point a full B. Reluctantly I had to agree and getting those elastic bandages off a great relief. I probably should have put up a stronger resistance to all the things happening to my body and dress but just didn't have the energy. Looking back it had to be all those pills I was forced to take.

As a result of my gender challenge, I had to wear the school's girl's uniform which consisted of a mid-thigh pleated black skirt, crisp white blouse and black square toed black shoes with no more than two and a half inch heel. I can't begin to tell you how mortified I was walking down the school corridor that first day back. Now that I was outed as transgender, I no longer bound my chest. Having guys staring at my chest instead of my face was disconcerting. Wearing that short skirt and full makeup was even more uncomfortable than those stares. To say the girls in my home ec class went gaga over my new look would be an understatement. It also brought up the question of what bathroom I would be using. Some of the girls made a big issue over that so I was assigned to use the one in the nurse's office.

Now that I was dressing and looking like all the other girls at school I wasn't getting picked on as much. Except for one or two of the girls in my home ec they seemed to have forgotten I was ever a boy. I was asked for advice on many occasions about makeup or how to do a certain hairstyle. Instead of sitting at the "loser's table" I was sitting with a bunch of girls during lunch break. I could talk with ease about the latest fashion and makeup trends but still uncomfortable when they talked about boyfriends. Actually my spring semester wasn't so horrible. I got to drive but only when my mother was with me. I wasn't getting bumped and pushed around nearly as much. I actually had a couple of girlfriends unfortunately it wasn't a boy girl relationship. If it weren't for my other classes I might have enjoy it.

Another surprise was my disappointment of not being able to go to the junior prom. The only thing better for a junior girl than being asked to their prom, was to be invited to the senior prom. Those dances were all the girls talked about in home ec weeks before the event. Those conversations consisted of only three subjects. The most important was what boy they wanted to ask them. The second was what dress they planned on getting. The third was what hair style. It was difficult not getting excited about the up coming event for me. Remember I was surrounded by a bunch of giggling enthusiastic girls for two hours in home ec and another hour during lunch. I couldn't stay out of the conversation and was asked who I wanted to ask me out. That was embarrassing but I wiggled out of a direct answer by saying my step dad didn't allow me to date.

Ooo

This summer Mr. Eliot decided that I needed some work experience. He put me to work in the cosmetics department of his drug store. This of course required me to fill out a W-2, employment agreement and apply for a social security card. All these were already filled out and I only had to sign them. Like the driver's license they were for a Frances Ellen Eliot, female. The only thing good about my employment was that I actually knew a lot about cosmetic. What I didn't understand at first was that I was also responsible for the feminine hygiene aisles as well. From the magazines and soap operas I knew girls had certain special needs but never paid them any attention.

After my first day I would know about them than I ever wanted to know. Mr. Eliot filled

two bags full of feminine hygiene products from syringes, pads, tampons, deodorants to douches. Each product had instructions which I was required to memorize which while gross to my sensibilities okay compared to learning how to use them. I balked at having to use them but another session over Mr. Eliot's knee ended that as well. He also punished me for my attitude by deciding I would always be on my period during the summer. What male ego I had disappeared as mother showed me how to insert my first tampon after a good douche.

By the end of that summer I was more familiar with the different cosmetic brands and hair colors. When a young teen girl had any questions regarding hygiene, I could easily explain the different products and what might be best for her. I also had several different hair colors. I went from Chestnut to honey blonde for June. Then my color was dyed auburn for July. In August my hair color was a raven black which Mr. Eliot liked the best. He liked the black because I could now wear the various red and purple shades of cosmetics. I also turned eighteen and had B+ breasts. Thanks to my diet and pills, I had a 38 chest, 20 inch waist and 36 hips. My weight is just 110 pounds and hair extending just below the shoulder blades. My male bits are just that, little bits only good for urinating.

Over the summer now that I was earning some money, mom began taking me shopping. No not just the grocery but to lingerie specialty shops, dress shops and the mall. I knew from listening to my girlfriends that they all preferred the comfort of cotton underwear but not me. No, mom insisted that I wear only the finest slinkiest nylons or silk with lots of lace and bows. With that limitation on my lingerie I automatically had to wear real hosiery and decorative garter belts. Forget the comfort and ease of wearing panty hose from now on.

For work my wardrobe was tight short skirts, frilly translucent lace ruffled blouses and three inch heeled pointed toed pumps. In addition I was required to wear a hot tight panty girdle. Yes, I had worn one when attending ballet but this was the first time she insisted I wear one all the time.

When I wasn't at work, I was forced to wear clothing very similar to what she wore. A lot of her clothing came from various vintage clothing stores. It was in these stores that she obtained a lot of my lingerie as well as those old fashioned full skirted short sleeve cotton dresses and stiff net petticoats. It was here she selected my panty girdles but not those that covered the groin up to below the navel. No these all had to be long line styles. You know the ones with all those diamond shaped shinny satin panels, side zippers and reached from just below the bust line down to mid-thigh. She even purchased a few of those old fashioned bras with stiff cups that made your blouses and sweaters stick out like bullets.

However a couple of purchases I actually enjoyed. They were two sets of nighties with robes. They were the old fashioned full skirted double layered nylon and chiffon that reached to the ankle. One was chocolate with tons of white lace and delicate bows. The other was in a soft cream orange with lots of lace and ribbon detailing. Naturally mom had to buy me a pair of clear plastic, four inch spiked heeled, open toed pumps with a feathered toe to go with the gowns.

Speaking of shoes, all my shoes were replaced. At work I could wear a three inch block heel but all other times nothing less than a four inch spiked heel. I didn't mind the added height but they were murder to wear. Oh how my feet, ankles and legs throbbed by the time I went to bed. Like the changes in the rest of my body by now my toes were misshapen into ugly "V" points. My feet hurt all the time but I have learned to ignore it.

I hated both the bras and girdles with a passion but had no choice. Mom insisted that I wear them as I was now eighteen and going to date. Now that really confused me. What girl would want to date me? Hell, I was prettier than most of the girls that I knew. When I mentioned that to her she acted shocked then in a hissing menacing voice stated that I was not a lesbian. It was then that I was shocked. She wanted me to date boys! The reason she demanded that I wear the girdles was to make it very difficult for some boy to take advantage of me. OMG! My mother had lost her mind. Mr. Eliot's razor strop had a field day on my poor bared rump before I stopped protesting about dating boys. I didn't argue about it anymore but my mind was set. I'm not going out with any boy.

When mom mentioned that I might have lesbian tendencies, Mr. Eliot saw to it that my reading materials included "Playgirl" and several that concentrated on "how to get and please a man." The floral paintings on my walls were replaced with posters of "Hunks." The worst addition to my forced reading was an instruction book, "A Woman's Guide to Sex." Now that book was really pornographic and made me sick in the stomach. The damn thing even had pictures of how to give the perfect blow job. Other descriptions with photos included different ways to engage in vaginal and anal sex.

My disgust at having to read that book was obvious on my face until I was threatened with the strop. I forced myself to smile and even giggle as I read then answered my mother's questions. She still wasn't happy with my lack of enthusiasm. For some strange reason I couldn't figure out, she seemed to actually believe I really was her daughter. As a daughter she was determined that I would not turn into a lesbian. So what does she do, she gets a very realistic dildo with scrotum from Mr. Eliot for me to practice on. I can't begin to tell you the number of times I tossed my cookies learning to kiss, lick and swallow that thing. Thank goodness I didn't have a pussy and she didn't make me use it anally. However, I did have to demonstrate the various sexual positions shown in that book. I paled when she told me the girdles would help keep me a virgin until I married. Her implication was very scary.

Ooo

On my eighteenth birthday, I was taken for the first time to Mr. Eliot's country club. For this occasion I was dressed all in red including my lingerie. To my surprise mom had me skip the hated girdle. Instead she had me wear an old fashioned sanitary belt and thick pad. When I questioned her she put a smug smile on her face as said it would definitely deter any male's advances. The panties were ruby red tricot nylon with black floral lace front panel. The matching satin underwire uplift bra was trimmed in black lace and made my B cups look two sizes larger. A wide floral embroidered garter belt with six straps and red satin bows on the tabs and sheer hose completed my lingerie.

The scarlet satin dress had a low round neckline that left a lot of flesh exposed, puff short sleeves and a full ankle length skirt. It had a built in taffeta petticoat which made a very noticeable frou frou with little movement. A black satin sash went around my narrow waist and tied into a big floppy bow at the small of my back. The worst thing about my dressing that night was the five inch spiked heeled pointed toed pumps.

I blushed almost as bright as my dress when I gazed into the full length mirror. My pale white skin, long black tresses and glamour makeup wasn't the cause of my embarrassment. It was the two melons perched on my chest. They looked humongous and no matter how I tried to pull up the bodice, almost half of those melons remained exposed. Looking at that image I realized I would have every male eye on me once at the club. I reeked sex.

When I joined my parents Mr. Eliot was wearing a black tux and mom a beautiful emerald green gown similar to mine with much less exposure. Step dad had hired a limo and off we went to celebrate my birthday. The club was having its annual formal end of summer dance. Needless to say I was the subject of many stares and not just from the men.

We hadn't been seated more than ten minutes when an older man joined us. Mr. Eliot introduced me to him and to my shock and horror announced that he would be my date tonight. Crap! Mr. Everest looked to be in his late thirties, showing the beginnings of male pattern baldness and wore horn rimmed glasses. I later found out that Mr. Everest owned a drug store that my step dad was interested in. We danced almost every slow one the small orchestra played and I hated every second of it. I was held tightly as he led me around the floor forcing his crotch into my stomach and me to lay my head against his chest. After the third slow dance he was nibbling on my neck and ears. By the fifth dance he was kissing me on my lips and on the next plunging his tongue down my throat.

I was sick and my feet were killing me but I had no choice. After the dinner had been finished I accompanied mom into the lady's. While waiting in the cue, she explained things to me and exactly what she and Mr. Eliot expected. She also said that if I made a scene or didn't act accordingly I could expect a long session with the strop.

During the break the men went out to have a whiskey and cigar while mom introduced me to her friends. I'd rather have been sitting with my heels off back at the table but she wouldn't hear of it. I was instructed to say, if asked, that Mr. Everest was my boyfriend. Also I was to explain that I had always adored older men like my step dad. Younger men just didn't interest me as they were only interested in one thing. I still can't believe I uttered that garbage over and over. What I really didn't understand at that dance was how big a hole I had dug for myself. This wasn't going to be a one time thing.

Ooo

Despite everything I was looking forward to going back for my senior year. School had many advantages. I would be away from my crazy mother and Mr. Eliot for awhile plus I could eat meat in the cafeteria. So what if I had to attend as a pretty transgender. Jean, one of my friends in home ec, had told me that she overheard some boys talking about me. Apparently they didn't know I was transgender and ranked me an eight. Oh wow, I was really glad I had asked what they were talking about, not.

I had developed some more over the summer and needed new uniforms. My breasts were a full C-cup, my waist down to nineteen inches and my hips added an inch. When I told mom she dropped a bombshell I wasn't expecting. I wasn't going back. Mr. Eliot decided I would work full time at his pharmacy and had dropped me out. I went back to my room and cried my eyes out when I heard that.

It was bad emotionally not being able to go back to school but compounding my devastation was being told I would be dating Mr. Everest. Like everything that had happened to me over the past three years I had no choice. I had absolutely no desire to date a male no matter how much my mom demanded of me. Still I was too domesticated for want of a better word to object. I would be dating Mr. Everest every Saturday for the foreseeable future. I was informed by Mr. Eliot that I had better be extremely nice and do whatever my date demanded. If Mr. Everest didn't merge his company with his, I would pay a sever penalty. At his direction mom made me go over all the flirting techniques I had been forced to learn over the years. Plus I had to practice my sexual knowledge as well. I didn't like where this was going but obeyed.

So here I am working Tuesday thru Saturday at the cosmetics aisle. When you work in cosmetics your face and hair style has to be perfect all day. That meant constant checking and repairing the slightest damage. Wearing tight skirts and blouses primping most of the time in front of everyone gives the impression that I'm a bimbo. It's an impression that Mr. Eliot likes to amplify by commenting when others are nearby. He always finds a way to sharply criticize my work or stupidity. Now all my coworkers even the friends I have there think I'm a bimbo.

Every Saturday, tired as I was, I had to dress up for my dates with Mr. Everest. At least mom insisted that I wear one of my long line girdles for those dates. I really can't complain about being taken to nice restaurants where I could eat whatever I wanted. With that damn tight girdle I couldn't eat much in any case but the food was good. What I hated was his octopus hands and sloppy tongue kisses. I kinda blamed myself for that as I did flirt heavily but blamed Mr. Eliot more for forcing me. By the end of October, he had my top up and bra down or top down and bra up. That should have bothered me a lot but it didn't. The sensations coming from his fondling actually were very pleasant plus he wasn't sticking his tongue down my throat.

Sometimes I wished I had a set of balls so I could stand up and stop all this shit. All I wanted was to stop looking, dressing and acting like a girl. I wanted to be me again with all my heart. I wanted to go to college, get married to a girl and raise a family. Those hopes and desires were meaningless now. My balls had shrunk away to nothing by now. My penis a limp lump of flesh and there was no masculinity in me. All those things had been washed away with my high soy diet and Mr. Eliot's pills.

Going out in public with Mr. Everest wasn't too bad as it kept his pawing limited. However, in November he started taking me to his house. There I would be subject to heavy petting and keeping his hands from going under my dress. The first night he took me there I was very happy mom insisted I wear that girdle. When I got home that night my hair and makeup were a disaster. It was almost my curfew that mom had set and didn't have time to fix it. When Mr. Eliot saw the state I was in smiled broadly while mom frowned. That next morning I saw a number of ugly hickies on my neck and breasts. As much as I tried covering them up both mom and Mr. Eliot saw them. I'm sure they noticed my blushing through the makeup. Mr. Eliot was even nice to me all of Sunday.

Thanksgiving Mr. Everest came over to have dinner with us. Mr. Eliot demanded that we girls dress in our finest as there was going to be a celebration tonight. Mother picked out my outfit. It was a gorgeous apricot satin and chiffon confection with a sweetheart neckline and knee length flared chiffon skirt. With the dress selected she handed me a bag from a posh lingerie store. It contained a set of bright peach colored lingerie. New high cut panties with a center panel of dark peach floral lace and matching floral embroidered, seed pearl decorated uplift bra. A wide garter belt that matched the bra and a pair of sheer silk hosiery completed the set. I looked for another bag with the girdle but there wasn't one. When I asked her about it she had this knowing smile on her face and told me to get dressed.

Before Mr. Eliot carved the turkey, he made a toast. It was a toast celebrating the merger of his and Mr. Everest's companies. Boy was I glad to hear that as now I wouldn't have to date anymore. That hope came crashing down as Mr. Everest stood and made his toast. His toast was the announcement that we were going to be wed. I fainted hearing that and when I woke, there was this diamond ring on my left ring finger. Shit! I tried to protest but no body listened and refused to hear my denial.

Later Mr. Eliot made it very clear that my marriage sealed the merger deal. While I

really didn't have much between my legs I did point out that I was still a man. With a crafty smile he said that didn't matter as my fiancée was gay and that he had been preparing me for this for a long time. It was the only way to get Mr. Everest to agree to merge their companies. Never the less I was determined to give back the ring on our next date. There was no way I was going to be some older man's trophy wife. I had a slight problem though. The ring wouldn't come off when I tried.

Saturday mom made sure I was dressed sexually. My matching panties, bra and garter belt were all a bright white. The only color came from the pink seed pearls decorating the bra and garter belt. The dress was a pale powder pink baby doll style just reaching mid-thigh. There was a white satin sash with big bow in front and streamers reaching the hemline tied off just below the bust line. The four inch spiked heeled satin pumps matched the color of the dress. Yes I was hot once my hair was put up in raven waves and wearing glamour makeup but I hated it. Without a girdle I was feeling very vulnerable and scared. As I was staring into the mirror on trembling legs, I didn't notice mom putting some things into my purse.

As Mr. Everest drove home I was told I could now call him "darling" or "dearest" as we were now engaged. When I tried to tell him I didn't want to marry him he wouldn't listen. All he said was that the deal was done and that I would be his devoted wife. At his place he put on some easy listening music and poured me a thankfully large glass of white wine. I downed it and two more quickly before the heavy petting started. I was too weak and too drunk to stop him going all the way with me that night.

After playing with my tits he plunged his hand down into my panties. Tits, I hated that word as most women do but it's how he made me refer to them. As he rubbed me down there and feeling no response smiled broadly then I heard his zipper. His large hand came up and grabbed me behind the head and guiding it down between his legs. He was big at least eight inches long and two around. Bowing to the inevitable I put my training and practice into deed. Shortly he was moaning and groaning in pleasure with both his hands on the back of my head. He set the pace and thrust down my aching throat until my nose was buried into his thick mat of pubic hair. My first taste of cum made me gag. It was like swallowing slightly salty raw egg whites. I gulped three times forcing the bile down before he stopped gushing.

I got up from the couch and headed to the bathroom grabbing my purse. He was lying back on the couch with a big shit eating grin on his face, eyes closed. Son of a bitch, I thought doing my best not to vomit. I just made it to the toilet and thankfully found a large bottle of mouth wash. I used about a quarter of it before I grabbed my purse to fix my makeup. To say that I was shocked when the first thing I see is a bright red double layered nylon and chiffon baby doll nightie with matching bikini panties is an understatement. On top of the nightie was a note that said to use plenty of lubricant and since I was engaged it was okay. Under the nightie was a tube of feminine lubricant, a super tampon and panty liner. As I had been taught and trained, I had no choice and got ready for my future husband.

The End