

## The TA

By Cheryl Lynn

### Part One

Robin Alexander Meade had recently received his Masters degree in American History. Now he was desperate to find employment as he was running out of money and his student loans would soon be coming due. All he had ever wanted to be was a college professor. Unfortunately he failed to recognize just how many other history majors were also looking for the same few jobs.

“I sent out over five hundred resumes and haven’t had any positive feedback. If I don’t find employment soon I don’t know what I’m going to do. Going for my PhD will delay those student loans but my advisor says he can’t get me any more grants or extend my scholarship due to funding cut backs. What am I going to do Gene?” he lamented over coffee with his friend.

“Geeze Robbie, I tried to tell you to change your major for a more employable one but.....Look, Joan gave me the name of some school back where she’s from. Maybe you should try contacting them. It’s not a big one, just a small community college but what have you got to lose? I know you want to teach at a major university but a job is a job,” Gene replied handing him a piece of paper.

Gene had his own problems but at least his family had money. Poor Robbie existed solely on the dole and came from a foster family. He and Robbie had been friends since their freshman year and were known as the “Odd Couple” around campus. Gene was ruggedly handsome, had played on the college’s baseball team until an injury ended that and was well known by the campus coeds. He had dark black wavy hair, tanned complexion and a twenty four hour five o’clock shadow. Gene was very confident in his masculinity and a natural leader.

Robin or Robbie as he preferred was the opposite in looks and personality. He was thin of frame with auburn hair and green eyes that indicated there was some Irish DNA. He didn’t have to shave but every other week or so and his skin was creamy white with a few freckles across his nose for color. He was a bookworm and shy by nature preferring his studies to physical activities.

They had met one stormy afternoon by accident. Both were running to the student union, trying to keep from getting soaked in the sudden downpour when they collided at the entrance. Robbie hit the taller stronger Gene smack in the chest and bounced off falling into a puddle. Gene was only slightly staggered by the impact and seeing the soaked and dripping boy helped him up. The boy reminded him of his own baby brother and a friendship was born over several cups of coffee. They were still best friends after six years but now they were within days of parting.

Gene majored in accounting and had a great job offer from a prestigious accounting firm. He wished he could help his buddy but knew there was nothing he could do. Having a love of history was one thing but earning a living something else altogether. He tried telling Robbie that his major wouldn’t get him anywhere but he didn’t listen then and probably wouldn’t now. Robbie had his hopes pinned on a prestigious college but Joan’s was the only lead he could offer.

Ooo

DeRitter Community College was located in a small rural town of about thirty-five

thousand soles in Alabama. It was an old school dating back to 1879 with ivy incrustated walls and very conservative. Professor Thomas Becket, 35, Chairman of the History Department, was surprisingly young for such a position but he came from old money and the Library was named after his maternal grandfather. He was happy being the head of a department but his doting mother wanted to see him as the Chancellor. He had all the right qualifications, tall almost six foot three, distinguishing good looks with slightly graying hair and breeding. It was a position he couldn't hope to have. He was a closet homosexual something that if revealed would lead to his immediate dismissal and subject to such scorn he would have to leave the area.

He was pacing around his desk. He had just come from a major confrontation with his mother over his failure to apply for the Chancellorship. Dr. Robert R. Singleton, the current occupant of that position, was retiring and the Board of Regents would soon send out the necessary application notice. Thomas knew that his single status at thirty five was rousing suspicions and a more detailed investigation would certainly bring out his darkest secret. It would be an investigation that would surely come with his application to succeed Dr. Singleton. He had argued that very point with his mother but she refused to listen.

"Tommy, I love you dearly but you must find a way to get that position. I'll hear of no other excuses! Why don't you just marry Mary Beth? She comes from good stock and willing. Doing that would put all those rumors aside and you would be guaranteed the Chancellorship," she harped.

"Mother, you know I'm not that way. Besides, I would be honor bound to tell her it would be a marriage of convenience only. She would never go along with that. She's a proud Southern woman and would denounce me for what I am. No, I'm happy being a department head, so please just drop it," he replied as he stormed off.

"Willful little snit. Honor, what honor is there in being queer? His daddy and granddaddy, the Colonel, would be turning over in their graves if they knew he was that way. I've born his dishonor for years but he is my only child. Don't know why he just won't marry that bitch. Hell, there are plenty of good Southern women in loveless marriages. Why should his be any different?" she snapped at his retreating back.

Later when Millie their housekeeper brought in the afternoon mail, Momma glanced at it. The brown envelop caught her attention. Scanning it she noticed it was addressed to Professor Becket with a Yankee return address.

"What's this?" she thought deciding to open it.

The first thing she noticed was the portrait of a pretty though plain long haired red head. It wasn't until she began reading the attached resume that she realized that what she thought was a girl actually was a young man. Putting the resume aside, she carefully examined the portrait. The eyebrows were bushy, the lips thin and the nose a bit large but otherwise with that low pony tail looked more like a girl than a guy.

"So Robin Alexander wants to be a teaching assistant does he? Emmmm, got his Masters...it's late in the summer for not already having a position..Sounds desperate... maybe....this could be the answer to my prayers," she thought.

That evening after dinner she had a long and heated discussion with her son. She had shown him the resume that had arrived and the accompanying photo. She pointed out all the benefits and glossed over the impediments to what she had in mind. In the end she had won her argument and he reluctantly agreed to hire the young man as his teaching assistant.

Ooo

Robin stood waiting at the bus depot in the small southern city. He was disappointed but a job was a job and he needed this one badly. He had waited until the last minute to accept the only invitation he had received. He was use to the big city and being able to take city transportation but this hick town offered none of the pleasantries of city life. Mopping his brow as he waited he wasn't use to the hot humid weather of the South. When he reached the small town and felt the oven hot air he almost got back on the bus. However, Dr. Becket had not only offered him a teaching assistant position but room and board. The salary wasn't much more than a stipend but the promise of room and board offset the meager salary. Plus he had no where else to go. It was either this or get some menial job back in the city and that was something he didn't, no couldn't do. He had a MS in History and flipping burgers wasn't in that job description. He was about to go back into the air-conditioned comfort of the terminal when a late model Cadillac pulled up. "Are you Robin Alexander?" a woman's voice asked.

"Yeah, are you Dr. Becket?" he replied.

"Oh no, I'm his mother and I've come to pick you up. Just toss your bags into the trunk and get in," the voice answered as the trunk popped open.

Robin sat on the plush white leather seat and examined the elderly woman who picked him up. She appeared to be in her early to mid sixties with grey hair fashioned into a short bob. Her makeup was subtle and other than some wrinkles around her eyes and lips had a smooth complexion. Her figure could be described as ample but not fat. She was wearing a simple tan skirt and cream colored satiny blouse with cap sleeves. A pair of reading glasses hung from a golden chain about her neck. The smell of Honeysuckle filled the air.

"I'm Mrs. Becket but please call me Mother Becket. That's pretty much what everyone calls me and I like the informality. So, you're Robin my son's new TA. You're much prettier than your picture. I think we are going to get along just fine sugah," she said with a broad smile in a thick Southern drawl.

"Eeerrrr, yeah but please call me Rob or Robbie ma'am," he responded.

He didn't care for her telling him how pretty he looked. His appearance had always been a problem and hated being mistaken for a girl. As far as he was concerned he was as macho as any other male. While he didn't date often and only had sex once, he was totally heterosexual. Yes, he kept his hair long but girls always commented on how great it looked especially with his green eyes.

"That's Mother Becket! Your legal name is Robin and that is what I will call you. You're not some little kid anymore or are you? Only children go by such nicknames Robin," she firmly stated.

He was startled by her stern tone and sat up a bit straighter before replying, "Yes ma....Mother Becket."

Calling her Mother bothered him but she was his employer's mother and didn't want to get off on the wrong foot. "I feel like a little kid who just got reprimanded," he thought.

As the Cadillac left the small town behind Rob began to get anxious. There was nothing but cotton fields and a deep red soil as far as the eye could see. "How far are we going?" he asked worried about how he would get about. If he were in town he could at least walk to wherever he needed to go but out here in the middle of nowhere.

"Oh about another six miles," she answered then added. "You'll find our home has all the modern conveniences. It's been in the family for ages and at one time the grandest plantation in the county. It's been completely remodeled over the years and I'm sure

**you will find it comfortable.”**

**It was indeed a fine house that reminded him of the plantation Tara in “Gone with the Wind.” They drove up a gravel drive lined with magnificent oaks. Off to the side of the mansion he could see what looked like smaller houses.**

**“Mother Becket what are those small houses? Do you rent them out or something?” he asked as they pulled to a stop.**

**“Oh those, those are old slave quarters that we have remodeled. We let our over night guests use them on occasion and the closest one will be yours. I think you will find it very comfortable. I have a housekeeper, Millie, but you will be responsible for keeping it tidy. I expect she has tea waiting so come along sugah,” she answered.**

**Inside was delightfully cool, the furnishings definitively antique and luxurious. He was escorted into an alcove featuring a large bay window providing a view of an expansive back yard and swimming pool. A small pecan wood table with a white lace doily covering and four straight back chairs filled the alcove. In the center of the table sat a crystal vase containing a bouquet of pink roses.**

**“Have a seat sugah and Millie will serve tea shortly. Now I want you to tell me all about your life. If you’re going to be staying with us I’ll want to know more about you,” she said pointing to a chair then ringing a small silver bell.**

**“Please Mrs. Errr Mother Becket if it wouldn’t be a bother, I’d like a glass of ice water. I’m not much of a tea drinker especially not during the summer,” he said taking the offered seat.**

**He didn’t miss the “If you’re going to stay” comment. “Crap, there is a three month probationary period and if I don’t make this old lady happy,” his thought was interrupted.**

**“Sugah, we’re not having hot tea. Heavens no, Millie has my special green tea and peppermint iced tea. I think you will find it very refreshing. Trust me you’re gonna love it,” she replied with a gentle laugh.**

**He was about to say more when a tall statuesque black woman came into the room carrying a silver tray with a crystal pitcher, silver ice bucket and two crystal etched glasses. She nodded to Robin when she was introduced and quickly filled the glasses with ice then the tea. She reminded Robin of Peter Paul Rubens’ paintings of well proportioned women with beautiful faces.**

**“You know sugah, most Southerners’ prefer sweet tea but I enjoy mine without it. You probably want some sugah in your though,” Mother Becket said pushing a small bowl his way.**

**Robin first took a sip and decided it definitely needed sugar and dumped four spoonfuls into his glass. Taking another sip, smiled surprised that the mint tea tasted so good. So good he drained half the glass before putting it down.**

**With a small smile Mother Becket said, “I believe I asked to hear about your life.”**

**Robin began talking telling her of his background but started feeling woozy. He drained his glass of iced tea and as he went to put it down, slipped from his hand spilling ice across the table. He tried to apologize but had difficulty talking and everything seemed to go out of focus.**

**The last thing he remembered hearing and thinking were, “Oh dear, Millie come here. He’s got the flux” and “Flux, what the hell’s the flux” before he blacked out.**

Ooo

Robin was dreaming. He was standing before a full length mirror admiring his reflection. As the image came into focus he was amazed at seeing a very pretty red headed young woman wearing a gorgeous emerald green satin dress with a neckline that displayed a creamy white cleavage. The dress combined with the artfully applied makeup made her green eyes sparkle. The more he looked at the image, the more entranced he became with it.

The image began to twist at the hips making the dress swish about exposing the white lace of the petticoat. He began noticing other details like the full scarlet red lips, the glamour length nails varnished the same vivid red, the delicate dangling earrings of eight thin golden chains with a sparkling small round emerald at the ends, the narrow waist and the hair in a loose French braid. The more he examined the reflection the more enamored with it he became.

The image changed before his eyes. It was the same girl but wearing a pink pointed collared halter top and short white knife pleated skirt that barely covered her crotch. Her hair was fixed in a high pony tail held in place with a fluffy pink chiffon scrunchie. The lips painted a lustrous vivid hot pink with matching nail polish. Emerald earrings sparkled in her pierced lobes and she held a badminton racket in her hand. As the image reached up to hit the white ball cock, the back of her pink panties with row upon row of white ruffled lace was totally visible. Again, as he stared into the mirror there was a strong sense of pride rather than lust.

He didn't know how long he looked at varying images of the beautiful girl but knew he wanted to be her. He was convinced that the images reflected what he really should be. What he was destined to become. Even the dashing and handsome man that showed up in the mirror seemed so right. These two were surely meant to be together. He knew this to also be true.

Suddenly the dream faded but the memories would remain. A noise, loud and penetrated filled his brain. Very annoying as it disrupted his beautiful dream and he recognized it as an alarm clock. Moaning he reached out a hand to shut the loud buzzing off. Opening his eyes he had no idea of where he was. He was in a soft bed, covered with fine linen sheets and a hot pink quilted comforter. The walls were painted soft lavender with white stripes and there was a sweet floral smell in the air. Looking at the bedside table he noted the pink plastic alarm clock radio sitting on a white lace doily and white porcelain lamp decorated in an oriental floral design with a pink lampshade.

Groaning at the femininity of the room, he sat up and gasped in surprise. He was wearing a rich purple satin night shirt with small white polka-dots and a frill of lace around the neckline.

“What the hell?” he thought picking at the bodice in disbelief.

As suddenly as that thought occurred, it disappeared as he got out of bed. He had a far greater need at the moment than worrying about how he was dressed. Stepping into a pair of low heeled white satin slippers headed to what he hoped was the bathroom. As he passed the mirror over the sink, thought he saw the girl from his dreams. Shaking his head, he pulled up his night shirt and sat to do his business. The image he saw looked like the girl but it was definitely his head with his long hair flowing freely. He was so wrapped up thinking about his dream that he didn't notice that his body hair and most of the pubic hair was gone. Coming out of the bathroom he was startled to see Mother Becket and Millie carrying fresh linens standing there.

**“Good, you’re finally awake sugah. You gave us quite a fright when you passed out the other day. Had a very bad case of the flux you know. Had to call old Doc Mathews, so how are you feeling?” Mother Baxter asked.**

**“Th....the flux? Passed out?” he stammered then blushed remembering how he was dressed.**

**“Normally nothing much to worry about but apparently you had a bad case. The flux is something people not accustomed to our Southern heat and humidity get. Apparently it was somewhat my fault for not picking you up earlier at the station and you standing out in that awful heat. Nothing to worry about now, the worst is over. All you need is a bit more bed rest. You just sit in that chair and Millie will change your sheets.”**

**Robin sat down quickly, feeling weak and a little dizzy. Reaching up and pulling at the bodice of his night shirt, asked, “Wh...why am I wearing this?”**

**“Oh that, don’t worry sugah. Millie thought it best. To put it delicately, you were completely out of it for four days and well, it was for sanitary reasons. I hope you understand. Once Millie has the linens changed, she’ll bring you something to eat. I’m sure you’re famished. I just came in to check on you but I have business to attend to. It’s good to see you up and about but don’t over do it. You still need a lot of bed rest. I’ll see you this afternoon.” She left before he could think to ask any more questions.**

**Looking over at Millie he asked, “Why this room?”**

**“What’s the matter with this room? You didn’t expect us to carry you to the guest quarters did you? Now hush up child, I want to get this bed made. The sooner I get this done the sooner you get something to eat.”**

**Ooo**

**“Well Mother?” Thomas asked as he joined her at the dinning room table for lunch.**

**“Tommy, is that anyway to greet your mother? Come give me a kiss and I’ll give you a progress report after we eat. Millie has prepared a scrumptious lunch of fried chicken, sweet yams and fresh corn with cornbread.” When Millie had cleared the table and served them coffee, Mother Baxter teased her son by pretending to concentrate on getting her coffee just right.**

**“Mother, I want to know,” he said getting exasperated.**

**“Oh alright my darling, he is coming along very nicely. Your father’s methods seem to be working but we still have a ways to go. He was embarrassed but was very calm and didn’t put up any argument over how he was dressed. I’m going to keep him slightly sedated for another week. I think by then with the drugs and tapes, we’ll be able to begin his transformation. If you want, you can go introduce yourself but don’t go expecting too much.”**

**“He’s been under that treatment for a week now. All you can say is that he’s calm? Are you sure father’s old CIA brainwashing techniques will work?”**

**“Your father was a very brilliant man. Besides being his wife, I was his assistant for many years until we had you. Most of his achievements are still used today and I have no doubts that they will work on Robin. Enough of this, tell me about your day.”**

**Ooo**

**Robin was eating breakfast in bed looking out the single window. Millie had left the drapes open so he could enjoy the bright daylight. He was tired and a little woozy. Ever since he had caught the flux, he didn’t have any energy and resting didn’t seem to help. He was wearing a pink satin night shirt with two inches of white floral lace at the**

cuffs and along the hem this morning and matching granny panties with ruffles. He kept telling himself that he should be objecting to the colorful and feminine nightwear but he enjoyed the soft feel of the fabric. It also seemed to connect him to his wonderful dreams of that red headed girl. A girl that always seemed so happy and beautifully attired with perfect makeup that made him want to be her. It was strange he had to admit but with each passing day embraced that desire all the more.

He had no idea how long he had been cooped up in this room. The clock radio only provided the time, no day/date and the radio didn't work. The only distraction from the dull routine that had become his life, were all the women's magazines Mother Baxter provided. He had asked for a television but was told the only one available too big to move. At first he was hesitant to read the magazines. He figured they had nothing to interest him.

Boredom got the best of him so began reading "Southern Living" hoping to find something of interest. He was surprised at how interesting the Southern life style depicted caught his rapt attention. It didn't take him long to read all of them and decided that maybe "Good Housekeeping" might be as interesting. From "Good Housekeeping" he moved on to the others such as "Elle," "Modern Bride," but found the "Cosmopolitan's" most interesting. That magazine had a lot of tips on relationships he found a bit silly but very interesting.

He was reading a Cosmo when Millie came to remove his breakfast dishes. He was surprised and delighted when she handed him some clothing. "Mother Baxter said it's time for you to move about some. She sent you these and said to meet her at the pool. Since you didn't have no bathing trunks sent these. It's all we got that would fit but don't worry none. It's only the two of you."

He examined the pile of clothing, puzzled at seeing a shiny purple woman's high cut nylon swim suit, a pair of stretchy white panties, a translucent white robe and some pink flip-flops.

"This is a woman's outfit. Couldn't she have given me a pair of Dr. Baxter's?"

"Dr. Baxter is a big man, way bigger than you. His trunks would never fit. You can put that on or you can stay cooped up in here all day. Now I don't care one way or the other but she said you need to get out some."

He held the swimming suit up by the thin shoulder straps. It looked like it would fit. "I can't believe that I'm even thinking about putting this on but I really want to get out of here. I feel like I've been stuck in solitary forever," he thought.

Turning to look at Millie he asked, "Millie, how long have I been in here and why do I still feel so tired?"

"Well the flux affects people differently. Yours be more like malaria and takes time to over come. You've been here almost a month now and the doc says you need to get out into the fresh air. So get that suit on, Mother Baxter is waiting."

Ooo

He felt more comfortable than he thought as he followed Millie's directions out to the pool. The nylon/spandex bathing suit clung to him like a second skin and the white panties, once he tucked his penis between his legs, gave him a smooth front. The soft nylon robe actually felt wonderful as it floated over his arms and upper thighs. Millie had brushed out his hair leaving it in a high pony tail tied off with a purple satin ribbon. She had insisted on putting a purple lip gloss on his lips. He tried to argue but Millie was persistent telling him it would protect his lips from the sun. Walking out to

the pool absent mindedly ran his tongue over his lower lip, decided he like the grape taste and the slick feel.

He found Mother Baxter sitting on a lounge under a large umbrella that kept her in the shade. “Sugah, I must say that looks positively divine on you. Come on over here and give us a twirl then sit beside me in the shade. You’d blister in a heart beat out in the sun,” she said bringing a blush to his cheeks.

After he was settled comfortably in the lounge next to her, they talked for awhile about how he was feeling and other general topics. He was surprised at how easily he could talk about fashions and the latest trends in home decorating. He was shocked when a tall handsome man walked out on the patio with Millie rolling a cart with their lunch right behind him. He started to get to his feet but Mother Baxter grabbed his arm telling him that it was only her Tommy coming to have lunch with them. As he neared, Robin was even more startled at how much Dr. Baxter looked like the man in his dreams.

“Hello mother and you must be my new TA. Sorry I haven’t been by to see you sooner,” he said stepping up to Robin and taking his hand raised it to his lips.

Robin was taken completely by surprise when Dr. Baxter kissed his hand. The act was over before he could do more than gasp. The only time he had seen anyone do that was in the movies and then only to girls; yet, he tingled all over.

“OMG! He kissed my hand! It felt like an electrical shock going straight into my brain. What’s the matter with me?” flashed through his brain as he blushed scarlet.

“Mother told me you were ill so I didn’t want to disturb you. Well I’ll make it up to you over lunch Robin since you seem to be better. I want us to get to know one another and tell you about our school. Hopefully I want you to see me as a good friend and not just your boss.”

Lunch was a pleasant one and Robin found himself blushing on more than one occasion. Dr. Baxter was sitting next to him, so close that his cologne smelled intoxicating to Robin. Everything about the man captivated his undivided attention. He was so intoxicated with the man that he failed to note that his duties as TA wouldn’t include any teaching time. When Dr. Baxter told him to call him Tommy when not at the school, Robin felt giddy. The fact that he was being treated like a young woman didn’t enter his mind. He was too happy just being near the handsome older man that had filled his dreams.

It wasn’t until much later as he was getting ready for bed that the day’s events started to bother him. “What’s wrong with me? Why didn’t I set him straight that I wasn’t the girl I appeared to be? I don’t have a gay bone in my body; yet, I acted like a love struck girl. I even let him kiss my hand not once but twice and all I could do was blush. I really should have been upset when he told me that I would be his secretary instead of TA. I want to teach but I would be closer to him working in his office all the time. Gosh, I’ve never felt this way before. Weird, so weird, maybe that flux screwed with my mind because this is all wrong. I’ve got to assert myself and get back to being me again. I don’t want to feel this way about another man or be a secretary. Tomorrow, yes, tomorrow I’ll tell Mother Baxter and Tommy I want to go home. I’m afraid of what might happen if I stay.”

Ooo

Mother Baxter and Tommy were sitting in the living room, enjoying her tea and he his brandy. “I was quite surprised by how passable Robin looked and more so by how he acted. So surprised in fact that I must remind you that I’m not into women so how far

do you intend to take this charade?"

"Only far enough so that he can pass in public and not bring disgrace upon this family. The only physical changes to his masculinity will be a pair of small, no bigger than a B-cup, breasts that old Doc Mathews will do. I have enough on him to guarantee he keeps his mouth shut. You'll just have to accept that. We can't take a chance with fake breasts. They have a habit of shifting or falling out at the worst possible times."

"Look mother I agreed to your plan provided I would still have a man for a lover. I can tolerate one dressed as a woman but still....," he began but his mother interrupted.

"I know, I know but to pass convincingly he must have a pair of his own. I promise not to go overboard but breasts he will have."

Ooo

Robin woke up feeling very groggy. Reaching down he felt his panties were wet again. Lately he had experienced nightly wet dreams. He had that same dream again and, again, the red headed girl had been playing with her pert breasts and nipples. The handsome man that looked so much like Tommy was there on the bed watching while stroking the girl's erection. The dreams had left him feeling like he didn't get an ounce of restful sleep.

Getting out of bed he noticed the wet spot had leaked into his baby blue satin sleep shirt making him blush. As he made his way to the bathroom, he reached up and rubbed his chest. The satin sliding over his nipples made them feel really tender. Pulling out the bodice he looked at them. They were red and a little swollen.

"That dream was so real even my nipples are tender this morning. It's like I'm really her so much so I wish I had cute breasts to play with. Tommy was in the dream too and his hand, OMG! What's wrong with me?" he thought pulling up his sleep shirt and sitting to pee.

He was doing a lot of things unconsciously like sitting to pee, applying a coat of cold cream to cleanse his face instead of soap and water and taking a fragrant bubble bath. Millie had shaved his body hair when he was sick leaving only a small inverted triangle of pubic hair. When he first discovered it and complained she told him it was for hygienic reasons. For some crazy reason he liked his body free of hair and kept it that way. Plus he enjoyed how the moisturizers made his skin so smooth and sweet smelling.

Another thing he was doing while stuck in the room was play with his long hair. He knew it was silly and probably stupid for a man to do such nonsense but styled it anyway. He was bored and needed something to do. He would open one of his women's magazines and follow the instructions to create braids of different types or roll it to build volume and curls. He could kill half a day doing that and as days stretched into weeks came to love doing his hair.

Yesterday he had let Millie put his hair into a high pony tail but he wanted something different for today. Mother Baxter was going to meet him out by the pool again and he hoped Tommy would be there for lunch. If Tommy was there he wanted his hair to look especially nice. He took his time to create a nice French braid before pulling up the bikini bottoms Millie had left out. Tommy had seemed to like him in the purple suit but he couldn't wear the same thing two days in a row. The bikini was his only alternative. The bottoms were full cut in black stretch nylon with small pink polka dots. The matching bra had ruffles hemming the cups and tied behind his head. He initially didn't want to wear it but Millie insisted that he would look ridiculous without it. Reluctantly he put it on but when he saw "That" red headed girl staring back at him

from the mirror loved how he looked.

When he gave a twirl for Mother Baxter she was pleased that had worn it without giving Millie any bit of grief. She wasn't so happy to see a lump in the crotch totally inappropriate for a lady but she wanted to make a point with Tommy.

"I don't like it but Tommy needs the reassurance that there is a man under that feminine outfit. I'll get him to tuck and hide that after today though," she thought then told him to sit beside her.

Settled into the lounge Mother Baxter complimented him on the beautiful French braid he created. They talked for a couple of hours about topics of only feminine interest until Tommy came home. This time as he approached, Mother Baxter told Robin to go over and greet him with a kiss. Robin was so happy to see Tommy that he didn't think twice about doing just that. He had to stand on his tip toes to reach Tommy's cheek. Finished with the chaste kiss, Tommy took his hand and led him back to his seat after kissing it.

Lunch was again a very pleasant affair. The conversation was light hearted as they talked about the town and the university. Occasionally Tommy would reach out under the table and squeeze Robin's upper thigh. The first time he did that, Robin let out a surprised little squeak and blushed. Robin was also surprised when Mother Baxter informed him that he was no longer confined to his room and expected for dinner that night.

"Sugah, we usually dress up for the evening meal especially when we have a guest and I'll have Millie bring you something suitable to wear. Please don't give her any trouble if the clothing seems a bit much. It is a semi-formal event you know. Now promise me you'll wear what she brings, won't you sugah?"

That afternoon Robin was surprised to see Millie bringing in a small suitcase and clothing bag. Before he could say anything she directed him to the bathroom telling him to take a nice bath. After he moisturized with a floral scented body lotion, he wrapped the large pink towel around his upper chest and went back to his room. There Millie stood beside the bed all smiles.

When he looked from her to the bed his mouth dropped. On the bed was a complete set of white lingerie, a soft aqua net crinoline with three tiers each tier hemmed in bright green satin ribbon and an emerald green velvet and satin dress. On the floor were a pair of emerald green two inch stacked heeled patent leather pumps.

"Now remember your promise to Mother Baxter Robin. The only thing you had in your suitcase was a ratty old grey wrinkled suit which is totally inappropriate for dinner."

"Bu.....but...tha....that's not wha...what I expected. Tha....that's for girls," he stammered in complete shock.

"Not what you expected? Hells bells child what else could you have expected. Dr. Baxter aint got nothing you could possibly wear and this will have to do. I think you would look lovely in this dress! Why, that color just screams you with that full head of red hair."

"No....I...I couldn't. I'd look ridiculous wear....wearing that."

"Look, let me get you dressed and when I finish if you still think you look ridiculous we'll figure something out. So drop the towel, I've seen you up close and personal more times than I could count and we need to get started."

Robin wanted to put his foot down and refuse the idiotic demand. Every fiber was

telling him to do so but he could only stand like a statue. His mouth was opening and closing but no sound coming out as she approached and pulled the towel away.

“Here put this on,” she said handing him a pair of white nylon hip hugger panties with a lace front panel.

Robin was too stunned to refuse and quickly put them on if for no other reason than to cover his nudity. He did try to balk when she put the white lace frilled satin bra around his chest. When he reached up to pull it off, she slapped his hand away telling him it was necessary for the dress to fit right. A white heavily embroidered waist chinch garter belt was next and drew in his waist three inches. All he could do was stand there blushing brightly as she threaded the garter straps through his panties. Next she sat him on the bed and kneaded the white hose with lace welts up his legs and fastened them to the garter tabs which had cute white satin bows. The pumps were put on his stocking clad feet and he was helped to stand. The shoes even with the low blocky heel took him a few minutes to get accustomed to.

Taking him by the elbow, telling him to take short steps, one foot in front of the other led him over to the vanity. There she rolled his hair in large hot curlers before starting on his face. Foundation, emerald green blended into lighter green eye shadows, black liner and mascara to bring out his eyes, dusty rose blush and finally a red-plum lipstick was applied. When she had finished with his makeup, his hair was brushed out leaving it in cascading waves hanging almost to his shoulder blades. A heavy spritz of a spicy/floral scented perfume and he was ready to put on his crinoline and dress.

Robin was completely unprepared for the image he saw reflected from the full length mirror. There beyond any doubt stood the red headed girl in his dreams. He raised a hand to touch his cheek, the image mimicked the move and something clicked in his mind.

“I’m the girl in the mirror. OMG! How is this possible? I’ve dreamed of being this person for the longest and now it’s come true. I love it!” he whispered loudly as his finger tips touched his chin.

“I can’t believe I just said that. What’s wrong with me? I don’t want to look like a girl or be one. This is all wrong! Why am I just standing here looking like a freak and not doing something? Any thing but I can’t make my body do what I want,” screamed his inner mind as his face broke out into a great big smile.

To Be Continued

## Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Mother Baxter stood before her full length mirror. She was wearing a simple above the knee black sleeveless designer dress and her great grandmother’s pearls. The large solitaire pearl ring, matching earrings and the four strand necklace dating back prior to the Civil War were her pride and joy. She should have been happy but was filled with doubt. Tonight was so very important and for once not sure of the outcome.

“Well old girl tonight will tell the tale,” she mused. “I just hope that my beloved husband’s methods pay off. In a way, I don’t like what I’ve done to that poor man but I have to protect my son at all costs. If Robin performs as I expect, I will succeed but if he doesn’t...I don’t want to think of the repercussions. I must hope for the best.”

As she was getting ready, Dr. Thomas Baxter was standing before his mirror adjusting

the bow tie to his tuxedo. The same look of concern on his face as he thought about dinner. He wasn't sure he wanted to go through with his mother's plans.

"My mother is a devious conniving old lady but she's still my mother. I can't believe I let her talk me into doing this. Yes, it's in my best interests but still I don't know if I can accept a lover wearing dresses. I like being in command and don't mind taking an unwilling straight. I just don't know if I can do it with one looking so much like a real woman. If anyone were to discover that I'm a homosexual, my life and that of my mother would be over, chastised and ridiculed out of the county if not the State. For me, it might be a relief but I could never let my mother face that. No, I don't have any choice. She's right. It's only a matter of time before I'm called out unless I get married. I have to go through with this if it goes like she says."

Robin was restless as he waited for Millie to tell him it was time to go. He had never dressed like this and sensations of the clothing and smell of cosmetics were overwhelming his sensory organs. He couldn't stop himself from looking into the mirror or giving his hips a twist sending his skirt and petticoat swirling as he gazed at the image. He was the pretty girl of his dreams and just couldn't stop himself from looking.

His image was smiling, the eyes sparkling but his mind in turmoil. "I'm lovely. I've always wanted this. I feel just like Cinderella must have when dressed for the ball. I hope I get to meet my Prince Charming tonight too," he thought but when he turned his face away from the mirror became totally different.

"I don't want this! I hate what Millie did to me! So why did I let her? Why can't I get my body to rip these clothes off or even smear my lipstick? Better yet, why can't I simply refuse to do anything she suggests? I'm not some fruitcake and I certainly don't want to meet some Prince Charming. So why can't I stop this?"

It was time and Robin made a grand entrance into the formal dining room. When he entered the room did what Millie had suggested and dropped into a curtsey. It was a bit wobbly but received a bow from the two men standing near the table.

"Gentlemen and Ladies may I present Robyn Alexandra Meade," Millie sang out.

He paused a moment, the smile disappearing, hearing what Millie said but quickly recovered, the smile returned. The smile spread as he saw his dream man looking so handsome in his tuxedo. Remembering not to rush, he took small heel and toe steps into the room with a gentle sway of his hips. He blushed when Tommy kissed her hand as a tingle ran up his spine.

"Robyn may I present Dr. Jebediah Mathews and Miss. Daisy Jo Embers," Tommy said still holding Robyn's hand.

Robyn dipped into another curtsey as he looked at the guests. Dr. Mathews was an elderly man with a full head of silver gray hair and neat gray mustache. He was wearing a seersucker suit, blue dress shirt with a black bow tie. Miss. Daisy was also an older woman with salt and pepper hair done in a tight bun. She was wearing a stiff white short sleeved dress that reminded Robin of an old fashioned nurse's uniform. She smelled of Carnations and wore a minimum of makeup.

As they stood talking Millie served champagne in crystal flutes, Mother Baxter's eyes never left Robyn's face. "Yes, yes it worked. She's acting and saying all the right things. She hasn't let go of Tommy's hand nor taken her eyes off him. The program and drugs have really done it. I guess it's time we completed the final part," she thought giving Millie a nod.

Ooo

Robin woke up feeling out of sorts with a very dry mouth. He started to rise but a hand pressed him back. "Whaat," he croaked.

"Don't try to get up sugah. You've been out for a few days. Here take a sip," Mother Baxter said pressing a straw to his lips before continuing. "You had us very worried you know. Doc Mathews said you had a relapse of the flux. He gave you a shot of a new vaccine and said once you wake you'd be as good as new."

He spent the day in bed but after a nice breakfast felt better except for a minor ache in his armpits. After a light lunch he sat up in bed with Millie hovering over him, fluffing up the pillows and giving him a romance novel to read. He didn't think twice when he had to hold out the book to see over the small mounds on his chest. Later that evening Millie asked him if he felt good enough to join family for dinner. He was more than ready to get out of bed.

It wasn't until he disrobed in the bath that he noticed the nicely formed A plus breasts on his chest. He reached up with thumb and forefinger to grasp a much larger nipple than he remembered. The tingle that ran up his spine made him smile from ear to ear. The feeling was just like in his dreams and he let out a little moan. The voice in the back of his mind was much less noticeable as it screamed out in agony at seeing the mounds. The pleasure he was getting from manipulating his small breasts was over riding any opposition. It didn't matter that the sense of pleasure was purely in his mind. Now matter how good the doctor, no one could create nerve endings where none existed before. Yes he could feel the nipple being twisted and pulled. Only the sexual feelings came from his programming.

Leaving the bath Millie was waiting to help him get dressed for dinner. Tonight was more casual but still required formality. Laid out on the bed was a set of Robin's egg blue lingerie. There was a pair of hip hugger nylon panties with white floral lace front and eyelet lace on the leg openings. A matching satin seamless cup bra, camisole frilled in lace, floral embroidered waist chinch garter belt with six garters, half slip with three inches of lace hemming and a pair of blue nylons with lace welts were laid out. Hanging on the back of the door was a woolen navy mid-thigh short sleeved dress that zipped up the low cut back. A pair of navy patent leather pumps with a two inch stacked heel was on the floor nearby.

While in his lingerie, Millie applied his makeup and arranged his hair into a Gibson Girl style. All Robin could do was stare into the mirror as Mille did her work with wonder written all over his face.

"My dream girl is back. I can't believe how beautiful I look. I've got to get Millie to teach me how to do this. She won't be around all the time and I need to learn how to apply my makeup and style my hair. I don't ever want to see anything but my dream girl when I look into a mirror," he thought as he stepped into the dress.

As he was leaving to join the others at dinner Millie handed him a small navy sequined clutch purse. He took it but looked questioningly at her. "You'll need to freshen your makeup after dinner Robyn," she said giving him a nudge out the door.

Robin felt so feminine as his slip and skirt brushed against his nylon covered thighs and the bra straps and band tugged at his chest. Everything felt so new and delicious especially his nipples as they sent little tingles up his spine moving within the soft cups of the bra.

"I can't believe I actually feel all my clothing and I love the sensations. My skin feels so soft and sensual without all that body hair. I never would have thought in a million

years how much I would enjoy the feel of nylon rubbing against nylon, the way it caresses my groin or the smell of my perfume. Why didn't I do this long ago? I hope Tommy likes how I look. I think he is just dreamy. Gosh, can I still be dreaming? Everything is just like in my dreams. I would pinch myself but the feelings from my tight pinched toes to my hair are all too real for this to be a dream. Oh, there's Mother Baxter and Tommy. I better check my makeup and see if my slip is showing before I go in. It's a good thing I paid so much attention to those magazines," he thought pulling out his compact.

Ooo

It was the second week of August and Robin had been in the Baxter house since early June. He spent the past weeks learning from Millie all about makeup and hair styling. When not practicing what Millie was teaching, spent most of the day following her around helping with the household chores and cooking. Despite all the mental conditioning and reading Robin needed a lot of help to develop feminine mannerisms, poise and behaviors. He spent an hour each day out by the pool with Mother Baxter being taught etiquette suitable for a young Southern lady. Millie took care of the rest of his training. He was an apt pupil and received nothing but compliments from his tutors. With each passing day he became more confident and proficient but most importantly he became Robyn Alexandra to all outward appearances. Only his mind contained a little protesting voice that had been Robin Alexander but that voice had no control.

Over tea with Mother Baxter and Tommy that Sunday afternoon, he was told that tomorrow they would be going to the college to get ready for the start of the new semester. Robyn was more than pleased since it would be his first time away from the house and actually starting to work. It had bothered him quite a bit that he was free loading off the Baxter's kindness and wanted to contribute more than just helping Millie around the house. The added plus was that he would get to see a lot more of his handsome Tommy. There was something about that man that made his toes curl and heart throb whenever they were close.

They spent every evening over the summer sitting in the parlor after dinner talking about their favorite subject, History. They had their arguments. Mostly over their differences on the Civil War, it's causes and outcomes but Robyn always ended them by kissing Tommy's cheek. Those precious hours were too few for Robyn and he was looking forward to spending more time with him. It didn't matter that he would be a secretary instead of teaching. What mattered was being with Tommy.

For his first day at the college Robyn wore a plain tan mid-thigh skirt and crisp white starched cotton cap sleeved blouse with sensible two inch heeled tan leather pumps. Underneath his outer wear he had on matching bright yellow nylon tap panties with three inches of chocolate colored floral lace hemming on the legs, soft nylon cup bra with a fringe of lace, waist chinch garter belt, half slip with lace at the hem and beige hosiery. He didn't consciously notice the feel of his clothing like he had earlier but every time he put on his lingerie a tingle of pleasure shot up his spine.

At school he couldn't wear his night time look which made him a bit sad. Instead he settled on applying a light foundation, earth toned eye shadows, black mascara and a coral lipstick. He brushed out his hair deciding to let it hang in a carefree style. A silk yellow daisy pinned by his right ear the only decoration. For accessories he had put small pearl earrings in his lobes, a pearl necklace and two rings, gold with small green stone on his ring finger and another simple gold band on his thumb. A feminine watch and brown leather hobo bag completed his accessories.

Ooo

As Tommy drove them to the campus seeing the red dirt and miles of cotton made Robin jolt as a brief image of him as a man flashed into awareness. That thought vanished quickly as Tommy reached over and gave his thigh a squeeze. Robin turned his head to face his dream man and gave him a broad smile.

“No need to be nervous Robyn. You will love our campus and the students. I’m sure they will love you in turn,” he said misreading Robin’s thoughts.

The campus was not very big only a dozen red bricked, mostly ivy covered and set fairly close together. The administration building was the fanciest being built in 1879 with massive white columns across the front and massive bronze sculptured doors. Tommy led him into the administrative office to complete a number of employment and other forms plus a identification badge.

Robin was surprised to see that all the forms had been pre-filled out needing only his signature. He noted the name, Robyn Alexandra Meade, sex, Female, age, 25 and the address as that of Dr. Baxter. He didn’t blink as he signed the documents. With new identification in hand he was taken on a short tour of the school. One of the newer looking buildings was the cafeteria, two were dormitories, one for men, the other for ladies. There was a laboratory, math and science, literature and drama and finally the history building. The other buildings were for storage, maintenance and such.

Dr. Baxter’s corner office was large containing a massive mahogany desk, two green leather cushioned chairs facing the desk, a comfortable looking mahogany leather couch and other furnishings. The two bay windows overlooked the grounds and had wrought iron balconies. The walls were paneled in mahogany as were the floor to ceiling bookshelves. The aroma of leather and old wood filled the room. Just outside the office entrance was a simple iron office desk and secretarial chair with a legal file cabinet against the wall behind the desk. Several wooden chairs were also placed against the wall.

“This is your workstation Robyn and if you need anything just let me know. Now don’t forget I’m Dr. Baxter here so make sure you remember. I’ll leave you to get settled. I don’t expect any students to drop by but buzz me if they do. It can get pretty boring around here sometimes so feel free to read your romance novels or magazines. Oh yes, before I forget, I’m taking you into the professor’s lounge to introduce you to my fellows this afternoon. Normally service staff is not allowed but today will be an exception.”

It took Robyn about five minutes to get settled. There were plenty of supplies in the desk with the bottom draw empty for a secretary to put her purse. Before he dumped his hobo purse into the drawer, he removed his new romance novel. The closing of the draw echoed down the long granite floored hallway. Looking down the hallway he noticed two other desks each about thirty feet away from the other. He saw a young blond walking towards him from the desk further away.

She was a perky very pretty young girl with great big blue eyes and fantastic hour glass figure. She was wearing a black mini skirt and soft blue satin blouse. The top pearl buttons of the blouse were undone revealing soft tanned mounds and a hint of blue satin bra. She perched her round bottom on the edge of the desk and introduced herself as Betty Lou Murphy and that she was Dr. Mitchell’s secretary. She was much younger than Robyn and he asked her if she were a graduate student.

“Oh heavens no, I barely made it through undergrad. If it weren’t for my little girls here

probably wouldn't have done that," she replied giggling while palming her big D-cup breasts.

Her response didn't come as any surprise he had known a number of girls that got by based on their assets rather than brains. He correctly guessed she was only there to get her MRS degree but was surprised when she added that she was hoping to get Dr. Mitchell to marry her.

"Yeah, Bobby, I mean Dr. Mitchell is so nice to me and got me this job. I'm so in love with him. He has the dreamiest gray eyes and when he smiles I just can't stand it. He has the biggest.....ops I shouldn't say that. Anyway you got a pretty good looking boss too. You like you know with him?"

Robin didn't know how to respond to that. Yes, Tommy was her dream man but couldn't say that to this young girl. Betty Lou saw his expression and said, "Oh I've embarrassed you. Sorry, I get a bit carried away sometimes you know. Oh, look, there's Helen, she works for Dr. Romney. Hey, Helen come on over and say hi to Robyn."

Helen was older than Betty Lou but still younger than Robyn. She was a tall pretty brunette styled in a flattering page boy. Her attire was more mature than Betty's, a just above the knee gray straight skirt, black polyester blouse with long sleeves and sensible two inch black heels. She was a graduate student majoring in Medieval History. From the look she gave Betty Lou it was obvious that she shared his opinion of the blond air head. She greeted Robyn and welcomed him to the office. They didn't chat long as first, Helen's boss arrived then Betty Lou's.

At lunch Dr. Baxter walked out of his office telling Robyn he was leaving and he'd be back in about an hour. Robyn stared after him as he walked down the hall and met the other two professors.

"I thought we'd be having lunch together. Now what am I going to do?"

He didn't have long to ponder as the two secretaries made their way to his desk. "Come on girlfriend get your purse and we'll head over to the cafeteria for some lunch and gossip. We can't wait to hear all about you," Betty Lou said as Helen looked on rolling her eyes.

Despite having to put up with Betty Lou's inane chatter, Robin enjoyed lunch. The cafeteria was mostly vacant as classes didn't start for another week and Helen led them over to a long table filled with a dozen women of various ages.

"Come on Robyn and I'll introduce you to the other secretaries," Helen said.

After he met the women sitting at the table, he took a seat next to Helen. They spent most of the lunch period chatting about their favorite topic, History. For his part Robin was impressed with Helen's knowledge and expertise. She seemed equally impressed with him. He was so engrossed in their conversation that he didn't notice when they were leaving that they had entered the women's bathroom. When he realized where he was he froze seeing two women at the sinks and one coming out of a stall adjusting her bra. Betty Lou who was behind him bumped into him when he stopped.

"Darn it Helen we should have gone back to the History building. Now we'll have to stand in line," she exclaimed stepping to Robyn's side.

Her comment brought him out of his moment of panic. The small voice at the back of his mind yelling, "No, this is not right," faded and he relaxed.

"Now why did I think I was in the wrong place?" he thought as a stall opened up.

At three o'clock Dr. Baxter came out of his office and told Robyn that it was time to be introduced to the faculty members. He started to walk off but Robin told him to wait just a moment so he could check his makeup. He took more than a moment to do some minor repairs to his face and hair. All the while he was doing that Dr. Baxter was tapping his foot impatiently.

"I don't mind feminine men but this is ridiculous. Mother what have you gotten me into? It's too late to get out of this now so I guess I'll have to get use to this crap," he thought.

The meeting with the other faculty went smoothly and they didn't stay long. Some of the male members made vague references to more than a boss/secretarial relationship. Dr. Baxter didn't say anything to contradict them but made sure to pull Robyn closer. He knew that those members had on going relationships with their secretaries and seeing his reaction would spread the word. Soon enough everyone would believe he was having sex with his secretary especially when they found out she was living with him. Step two in Mother Baxter's plan was working.

Ooo

When they got home and Robyn went to change and clean up Tommy told Mother Baxter all about the day's events. Remembering his irritation when Robyn had to fix her face before meeting the faculty he decided to make some demands of his own.

"Mother if I'm going to go forward with this plan of yours I need to insist upon some changes. First, when we are home, no more skirts or dresses. Definitely no makeup or fancy hairdos either. I want a man or at least the semblance of one, not some beautiful woman around me all the damn time. Can you at least do that for me?"

"Why Tommy there is no need to get upset dear. Robyn does make a beautiful woman and someone that can be proudly displayed on the arm of the new Chancellor. Women today wear slacks, men's styled shirts and little makeup when in a casual setting. I programmed Robin to be a girly-girl for a reason but I guess I can ease off now. Give me a few days. Now be a good son and do what I have told you."

Ooo

It was Friday and Robin was in his room getting ready for dinner. As no guests were expected and dinner was informal, he decided to wear the new outfit Mother Baxter had brought him. He couldn't remember the last time he wore slacks but tonight he wanted to be different. The slacks were plain man cut tan kaki's and came with a light blue cotton dress shirt and blue silk tie. She had even brought him a pair of white nylon boxer styled panties, brown socks and brown loafers. For some strange reasons as he was getting dressed, he didn't bother putting on a bra or makeup. Tying his hair off in a low pony tail with a thin black cotton ribbon he was ready. Checking his overall look in the mirror before heading to the dining room, Robin was quite satisfied. Staring back at him was a very mannish looking girl but hoped no one outside the family would see him dressed like this. It didn't seem proper and reached to pick up his lipstick to add a bit of color. Again as he twisted open the tube, something didn't feel right so it put it down.

"Oh I hope Tommy doesn't mind me dressing like this for tonight. I really don't want to disappoint my man but Mother Baxter told me not to worry. If he says anything I'll just come back and change. I don't know what got into me but I like dressing down once in awhile," he thought as he left the room.

When he entered the dining room he was more than happy to see Tommy's response. For the first time he had a broad ear splitting smile and coming over to his side, kissed

him full on the lips. The kiss left Robin staggering it was so powerful and really happy that he had dressed down. The supper went smoothly with genial conversation but tonight it seemed Tommy couldn't keep his eyes off Robin. With all the compliments Tommy was giving him about how much he liked how he looked made Robin blush.

"Gee, if I knew he was going to act like this, I would have dressed like this more often. I love my lacy lingerie and dresses but I won't mind dressing like this when no one else is around."

In the parlor after dinner Robin was pleasantly surprised when instead of doing a lot of talking, they made out. Tommy was kissing his lips hungrily, nibbling on his ears and had his hands all over thighs and bottom. Robyn was as weak as a kitten in his strong arms and sparks seemed to go off in his mind with each kiss. What talking they did between kisses were terms of endearment and love. When it came time to separate and go to their rooms Robin didn't want to go but Mother Baxter was there.

Reluctantly he went to his room and a troubled night's sleep. Most of the night he kept rehashing the events of the evening and the more he thought about it the more turned on he became. He didn't fall asleep until after remembering a particularly passionate kiss, massaged his fingers over his groin and thoroughly soaked his panties. Back in his room Tommy did the same except he had grabbed his pulsing dick firmly. What he didn't know was that his mother was programming his mind as well. She was programming him to love what she had created.

Ooo

Over the next couple of months Dr. Baxter was seen more and more often at social functions with Robyn on his arm. She was always appropriately dressed for the occasion from simple dresses to fashionable semi-formals. Her makeup and hair was just as perfect as her attire. Everyone seemed to like this Yankee transplant except Tommy's old girlfriend Mary Beth. She used every opportunity to belittle Robyn when she was with her friends. Mary Beth made fun of her accent, her red hair or some minor faux pas but didn't change many opinions.

Other than Mary Beth's catty remarks Robyn was enjoying herself immensely. Thanks to their shared love of history she and Helen had become great friends and went a number of places. On their time off they would usually go to the country club to play some tennis or sit and chat with other women over a game of bridge. At other times they would drive the short distance to visit anti-bellum plantations to view the extensive gardens talking animatedly about the history of the area.

The only bothersome thing for Robyn was a voice at the back of her mind that screamed in protest. That voice hated everything she was doing especially how Tommy was aggressively courting her. The voice while small was heard and he was aware of who he really was. Sometimes that awareness especially when Tommy was thrusting his tongue into her mouth was screaming so loud it made his head hurt. His brain was telling Robin to stop but his body refused to obey.

Thanksgiving was always a big to do at Mother Baxter's. It was a very formal affair with most of the area's upper class invited. This November it was going to be even more spectacular as she decided that the attendees all come in period costumes of the Civil War. Civil War re-enactments were held frequently in Alabama so it was easy to obtain the costumes. Tommy would, naturally, wear the gray dress uniform of a Confederate General while Mother Baxter and Robyn elaborate satin hoop skirts and lacy shawls.

Millie was waiting as Robyn came out of the bathroom on the big day. "Good morning

child, I'm here to help you get dressed while the stylist is doing Mother Baxter's hair." His lingerie was laid out on the bed, emerald green silk pantaloons with row upon row of white ruffled floral lace running up the legs, matching vintage boned corset, white silk stockings and garters. The emerald green satin and silk dress was on a sewing dummy. At the side of the bed were a pair of black leather replica button pointed toed shoes.

The silk underwear felt delicious against his skin but the corset was almost unbearable. Millie had laced it as Robyn moaned and groaned until the edges met in the back. Fully laced it drew in his waist four inches making breathing difficult and his back ramrod straight. Using a button hook Millie quickly fitted them on his feet. The soft leather shoes were a tight fit and the tilted forward two inch heel took some getting use to.

"Millie I can't breathe and these shoes are awkward. Please, can't you let the laces out some and let me wear my regular heels. No one is going to see my shoes anyway with that full skirt."

"Now Miss. Robyn you know how Mrs. Baxter insists of an authentic look. That corset has to stay tight so's you can wear that dress. Just remember not to exert yourself. Southern ladies of the time practiced tight lacing and were known to get the flutters. Oh you know, faint. Now come over here and let me put your makeup on. We'll start with a bit of flour."

"Flour? Are you kidding me?"

"No missy, back then women had little in the way of makeup. The flour was used like the powder we use today to even out the complexion. For lipstick I'll coat your lips with cherry juice. It don't leave a lot of color but it will darken them up some. Not much else to do but use a bit of charcoal to darken your brows."

With the makeup completed Millie helped him into the dress and buttoned it up the back. The dress was very heavy, made mostly of bridal satin with a white silk draped bodice and puff sleeves. The hoop supported skirt was a good four yards in diameter in a brilliant emerald green satin with lighter green silk drapery and white satin bows. The fitted satin bodice left a lot of cleavage visible.

"Dr. Baxter gave me this for you to wear," Millie said handing Robyn a blue-black velvet covered jewelry box. Inside was a pair of vintage styled gold and emerald earrings, matching necklace and solitaire emerald ring.

"These are beautiful," exclaimed Robyn.

"They use to belong to his great great grandmother so you be careful with them. Now I gotta go tend to Mrs. Baxter. The stylist should be here shortly."

Ooo

When Robyn made his entrance into the formal dining room he looked resplendent in his emerald green ball gown. His hair had been piled atop his head and tubular curl extensions bounced saucily behind tickling his neck. From his right wrist dangled a ivory fan and from the other dangled a white satin cloth purse. Mother Baxter was dressed similarly except her dress was solid black as befitting a widow.

The Thanksgiving feast was sumptuous but Robyn constrained in the corset ate very little. After everyone had their fill a small band began playing period pieces. Robyn danced mostly with Tommy but other young men filled her dance card. It was approaching nine o'clock and he was totally exhausted when the band leader called

Robyn and Tommy to come to the podium. Standing at the bandstand, Tommy went to one knee while grasping Robyn's left hand. There he proposed marriage taking Robyn and the rest of the guests completely by surprise. In front of so many people there was only one possible response and he gasped seeing the large diamond sliding up his finger.

As Robyn lay in bed that night exhausted but unable to sleep he kept looking at the magnificent engagement ring. "What a beautiful ring. Mother Baxter said it was her grandmother's and more than happy that Tommy gave it to me. I should be so happy right now but wonder why did I accept his ring? This is so totally wrong but at the same time it feels so totally right. The man of my dreams asked me to marry him yet I hear this nagging voice yelling obscenities about it. I guess all girls go through with a case of the jitters at times like this. I'm so tired right now. I'll worry about this later. It's not like I'm actually married. I can still give it back."

As Robyn drifted off to sleep Mother Baxter was finishing up the final step in her plan. Provided her husbands program worked, by the end of the week Robyn would totally believe that he was a heterosexual woman with just a bit extra. He would know that Tommy loved her no matter what and that would make her love him all the more.

"The final step and so far so good. From Robyn's performance today he will accept that he is really a woman with womanly needs by the end of the week. Tommy will also accept that Robyn must always look and behave as a woman. With his engagement there should be no question about his sexual orientation and the Chancellorship will be his. I probably should have used these programs on Tommy when he first told me about his sexual proclivities. Alas, it's too late now. Back then I didn't think these programs would work and I didn't have the desperate need. Robin was my last option and I hope in the future he will forgive me."

Ooo

On the first Saturday in April under a massive red oak, Dr. Tomas Baxter married Miss. Robyn Alexandra Meade in an elaborate backyard ceremony. Most of the city's population was in attendance as Robyn walked down the aisle. She was wearing a gorgeous white wedding gown of satin and lace. The bodice had a square neckline and embroidered in a floral pattern from the waist to the neck in rhinestones and seed pearls. The ankle length flare skirt required a stiff white taffeta and organza tiered petticoat to fluff it out. The leg of lamb styled sleeves was white lace and reached down to the wrists where they ended in three tiers of lace. The lingerie was all white silk except for a blue satin garter on the left upper thigh.

They spent their wedding night in one of the guest cabins. Yet, a single piercing scream was heard in the house as Tommy took his bride's virgin ass. That cry was a combination of pain and acceptance. Tommy had taken his time with his bride even spending time adoring her breasts. He used plenty of lubrication but the entrance small and his dick long and thick. By morning the little voice back inside the depths of Robyn's mind had fled with the scream.

At the end of the spring semester Dr. Singleton retired and Dr. Thomas Becket was named the new Chancellor. His new bride was standing by his side when he was sworn into office. Mrs. Robyn Alexandra Baxter was wearing a silver cowl necked satin blouse, charcoal grey just above the knee pencil skirt her hair and makeup done to perfection. Tommy and Robyn were the perfect image that the school's board of regents wanted, an image of good looking youth and taste. There would be no frumpy looking professor types or radical left wing blasphemers to hold that position as long as they were in charge.

**Mother Baxter stood off to the side watching the ceremony. “I’m content now that he is sworn in. After such a public display the board will be unable to do anything even if Robyn’s secret gets out. Oh they’ll squeal like the pigs they are but wouldn’t dare let it out in public.”**

**The End**