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# THE PINK TEDDY BEAR

Story by Cheryl Lynn  
Art by Petit Maudite



**C H E R Y L L Y N N**

***THE PINK  
TEDDY  
BEAR***

**Story by Cheryl Lynn**

**Art by Petit Maudite**

**A Seriously Sissified story**



2023 Edition

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# THE PINK TEDDY BEAR

Thomas Archibald Cochrane Sr. was a WWII fighter pilot in the Pacific theater of operations. After the war, he was stationed in Thailand as the military drew down. While there, he met a beautiful raven-haired Thai beauty he called Siri. She was the interpreter for Thomas's squadron, but Siri wasn't her real name, as her real name was too difficult for most English speakers to pronounce.

A little after 8 months since V-Day, Thomas and Siri were married. Soon after, Thomas Cochrane Jr. was born. He had his father's fair skin, sparkling blue eyes and blond hair. Three months later, Thomas was reassigned back to the states as a test pilot. Needless to say Thomas was delighted at the chance to fly jets while Siri was reluctant to leave her family. Thomas reassured her that he would still send her poor rural family money. Siri was still sad, but happy her family would be taken care of.

Thomas bought a nice three-bedroom ranch house outside of San Antonio, Texas. Not much of a ranch, just 25 acres but away from the city. Thomas wasn't sure how the locals would view their mixed marriage and give time for Siri to adjust to American life. Not long after Siri met some other Thai ladies at the officers' club. With their help Siri adjusted quickly. Thomas, spending most of his time at the base, bought his wife a used Nomad station wagon with automatic shift. It didn't take him long to teach her how to safely drive and get her license. Now she was free to visit her Thai girlfriends and show off 4-year-old Thomas Jr. Her pride and joy and source of many arguments with her husband. She has adamantly refused to get his blond hair cut. It was just below his shoulders and Thomas Sr. hated seeing it like that. Still, it was easier to let her have her way for now. In another year, he would start school and a buzz cut required. The only other thing they argued about was the bright pink Teddy Bear she bought Jr. Senior didn't believe that any boy should have anything pink.

1951 and the Korean War saw Thomas Sr. and his Super Saber jet squadron reassigned into the war zone. Before he left Siri convinced him to sponsor and bring her older sister, Pensée to live with her. Her parents had died two years ago and Pensée was her only close relative. What neither of them knew was that Siri's sister had moved to Bangkok. She worked "in the bar trade" AKA whore house. Pensée wasn't foolish or stupid like some rural peasants. She saved her earnings and combined the money with what Siri sent every month. Within a year and half, owned two bars and wealthy but greedy for more. She

almost declined to join her sister but had a trusted adviser to run her businesses, so decided to go. She wasn't fluent in English but knew enough to understand it. A lot of her customers were U.S. military personnel.

*Maybe, she thought, I can make even more money there.*



When Pensée arrived at the San Antonio airport she was surprised to see Thomas Jr. With his long blond hair and holding a pink Teddy Bear by one arm. He was wearing blue bib overalls, white short sleeved shirt and small cowboy boots.

“Siri had a baby boy the last time I saw them but...but he looks more like a toddler girl to me. A very beautiful girl at that,” she thought.

It was true. Thomas Jr. hadn't developed like most boys. His genetics had fallen more on his mother's side and seemed to be inheriting her features — a delicate nose, faint body hair and a short stature.

As Siri was putting Thomas into his car seat, Pensée asked in Thai, “Sister, why haven't you cut his hair? Or better yet, put the child in a pretty dress?”

Siri giggled before responding, “I just can't bring myself to cut his beautiful blond hair. I know I'm going to bawl my eyes out next year when it has to be cut for school. While I did think about getting him a pretty dress just to, you know, see it, my husband raised too much fuss when he saw that pink Teddy Bear. I couldn't do it.”

After the first couple of days, Pensée only referred to him as Suuai, or 'Beautiful' in Thai. When spoken, Suuai sounded more like Sue. When Siri questioned her as to why she had chosen Suuai, she replied, “It just sounds so cute, just like him. A real cutie.”

Pensée spent as much time as she could with Thomas Jr. over the next eleven months. She taught him how to speak Thai and help around the house. At night, she would keep him in her room as she removed her makeup wearing just her panties, bra and translucent silk wrap. She would have him sit beside her on the vanity seat. Of course, he was curious and she soon had him doing a nightly facial cleaning making sure to impress on his mind how important it was. She also had him brushing her and his own hair. Again, stressing how important it was and to be proud of his long beautiful hair. She made sure to always show him lots of affection and praised him when he did as she asked. She also punished if he was caught doing something she disapproved of, like running or stomping in the house. He was expected to walk in small steps with his



elbows at his side.

Siri wasn't happy with all that Pensée was teaching Thomas Jr., but she was the family Elder now that her parents were gone. Being younger, she had been raised to respect and obey her elders. She disliked her sister's nickname for Thomas but after a couple of months, he wouldn't respond when she called him "Thomas."

At the end of the year, Thomas Sr. was coming home and Pensée decided it was time to make her departure. She desperately wanted to take Suuai home with her but knew that wouldn't happen. Still, maybe one day in the future, she hoped, she would have him all to herself. That was for the future, however. For now, she had business to attend to back home.



The first thing Thomas Sr. did when he arrived home was to take Thomas Jr. to the base barbershop. Junior came away with a buzz cut and couldn't stop crying. The next thing Senior did was toss that pink Teddy Bear into the garbage, again causing Junior to throw a tantrum. That got him a spanking with Dad's leather belt. Later, Siri snuck the bear out of the garbage bin. She gave it back to Junior telling him to keep it hidden away so Daddy didn't see it.

Elementary school brought the boy out of any feminine traits he may have had. In junior high he made the swim team, he was quite interested in girls, but too shy to ask one out. In his sophomore year of high school, he made the varsity swim team as a diver. He was five foot six, sleek and trim. He even had a girlfriend, Sally Jo, and his first kiss — discounting his mother and aunt. His only disappointment was that no hair grew on his face, chest and legs to prove his masculinity, but otherwise his life was good. When he turned seventeen, his folks threw him a birthday party at the base swimming pool. It was a big hit with all his friends. He even got to feel Sally Jo's breasts for the first time that night.

Disaster struck in his junior year. Shortly after his eighteenth birthday, in the summer of 1969, his parents were killed coming home from the base's annual Commander's Ball. It was a foggy night; they didn't see the deer until too late. They killed the deer and crashed into a mesquite tree ending their lives.

Thomas Jr. was distraught over losing his folks. He locked himself inside his house, alone for the first time in his life and didn't talk to anyone. He kept the blinds closed and retreated to his bedroom.

He did something he hadn't done in years. He dug out that pink Teddy Bear he had hidden away. For some reason it comforted him as he held it close. It also reminded him of his Aunt Pensée's hugs and kisses. As to the other things she had him do when he was a toddler, no memories remained.



Pensée, now the owner of over a dozen bars and other businesses, was very rich. Hearing of her sister and Thomas Sr. deaths, she was saddened but her secret hopes of getting Suuai back swelled.

"It's been fourteen years since I last saw my precious Suuai," she thought as she booked her flight for the states. "I hope he's still as cute as I remember. Guess I'll find out soon enough."

No one met her at the San Antonio airport, so she got a limo. When she arrived at the ranch house there was just one car in the garage, A convertible Ford Mustang, which was Thomas Jr's. Inside the house, the young man was distraught. The funeral had only been the day before, and he wanted to be alone. He was sitting in his dad's recliner holding his pink Teddy Bear, his eyes moist but all cried out.

The ringing doorbell didn't bring a response. "Just go away," he thought.

A loud banging on the door and a shouted, "Let me in Suuai," in a thick Asian accent got him up. Not realizing he was still holding the pink Teddy Bear by an arm, opened the door.

"Aunt Pensée!" he gasped in surprise.

"Of course, it is my Suuai. Get my bags and take them to my room," she demanded and broke out into a broad smile seeing the Teddy Bear.

Before Thomas could move, she grabbed him in a hug and kissed him firmly on the lips. It was a short kiss and as she pulled back, nodded towards her luggage.

"But why...?"

She didn't give an answer and headed to her old room.

Thomas rubbed his forearm across his mouth to remove the bright scarlet lipstick smear on them. "Gosh, I haven't been called that in years an...and she...kissed me on the lips!" He thought grabbing two of the four bags. It was only then he realized he still gripped the Teddy Bear.

When he entered her room, he froze. She was wearing just a shimmering scarlet silk lace and floral embroidered slip, black nylons and five-inch spike heels.



Thomas had a flashback to when he saw her wearing less and a bright flush came to his cheeks.

“I’m...I’m sorry...I...I didn’t know you...you were changing,” he stammered.

“Why? Suuai, it’s just the two of us here and unfortunately the only family we have left,” she said in Thai, smiling broadly. “Put the bags by the bed and fetch the rest.”

He automatically replied in Thai, “*pîi sǎao*,” as he had been taught. Thomas was still fluent in his mother’s maiden tongue as she would usually speak to him that way. As for calling her ‘elder sister,’ that was the way she wanted him to address her so long ago.

As he went to get the last two bags, he thought, “Now why did I just call her elder sister? She’s...my aunt. Got to remember to call her aunt next time.”

“He’s still delicate and no facial hair thank goodness,” she thought as she familiarized herself with her old room. “It’s a shame that his hair is so short, but that’s an easy fix. I just need to convince him to return with me to Thailand. He thinks he’s a man now, but I know how to get men to do what I demand. I assume the estate was left to him. Well, I’ll get that as well, as I’m the Elder.”

When he returned, Pensée was only wearing a black bra with pink oriental floral embroidery, black tap panties with similar pink embroidery and red translucent wrap tied loosely at her waist. The hem on the wrap was black floral lace. She was seated at the vanity, hair brush in her hand.

“Come Suuai, brush my hair. It’s been a very long day and I’m tired,” she said putting the brush in his hand. “Remember, 100 smooth strokes.”

“Please Aunt Pensée, stop calling me that. I’m a man and men aren’t called that here,” he said as he started brushing her hair.

“Nonsense, Suuai. No matter how old you get, you will always be Suuai to me,” she replied, smiling broadly.

When he finished brushing her raven locks, she patted the vanity bench for him to sit next to her. He felt very uncomfortable, told to sit next to a practically naked woman now that he was older.

“Aunt Pensée, I...I don’t...don’t think that wou...would be,” he started to stutter when she sharply replied.

“Suuai! Sit! And call me properly *pîi sǎao*. I’m your elder sister and demand respect!” she snapped.

He quickly sat beside her their hips touching. “I’m sorry, *pîi sǎao*. I respect you but this is all so new to me,” Thomas replied.

“New? You didn’t mind doing this when you were younger. Now, sit still and watch me as I remove my makeup. Maybe you’ll remember the fun times we had together,” she said sweetly.

He watched her remove her makeup and realized she was truly a beautiful woman. The enchanting perfumes she wore, and them sitting so close to each other made his penis harden. That brought a flush to his cheeks and was totally embarrassed.

Next, she began her nightly facial routine. Glancing out of the side of her eye noticed the flushed cheeks and smiled. “*I know men and boys well enough to know he has an erection,*” she thought. “*I wonder if he remembers how I taught him how to do this.*” She pushed the cold cream over to his side.

“You might as well do your facial as I do mine,” she stated. “Your skin is dry and in bad need of a good cleansing and moisturizer. You do remember, don’t you Suuai?”

Thomas was reluctant and wanted to tell her that guys didn’t do that, but her tone of voice silenced any protest. He remembered the perfumery smells as the cream was spread evenly across his face. It was embarrassing for him and it did little to lessen his erection.

When they were finished, she told him to put one of the suitcases on the bed and open it. He was surprised to see that it contained nothing but lingerie. The smell of her spicy perfume welled up from the sachets inside. It made his penis harden even more. The pink blush on his cheeks turned red.

As Pensée came over to him, he slid over to the side, not wanting her to see the bulge in his shorts. When she told him to put her lingerie into the dresser, and to make sure they were neatly folded like she had taught him, it didn’t help reduce his swelling. She watched as he carefully picked up a stack of panties, holding the stack down by his stomach, and placed them in the top drawer. He held his hands over his crotch hoping to hide the bulge. It didn’t work, as she stopped him in his tracks and brushed his hands aside.

“Suuai, I see you’re as happy handling my lingerie as you were when you were little. Just maybe a bit more happier now. We’ll take care of that later,” she added with a giggle. “Don’t worry my darling, I brought some nice things with me for you. Now unpack all my bags except for the pink one while I take a bath.”

He had just finished hanging up her last dress when she came out of the bathroom. She was stark naked with only a pink towel folded into a turban on her head. She was indeed beautiful, slim with nicely shaped B-cup breasts with pert nipples. Her groin fully exposing plump lips and a narrow landing strip of

trimmed pubic hair. Raising his eyes quickly, he noticed a large red ruby in her navel. He was blushing brick red, his penis throbbing in his pants as she approached him.

“Oh, my poor *nórng sǎao* (little sister), being so close to my clothing; yet not understanding how much you are attracted to them,” she said going over to the pink suitcase. She removed a vivid red pair of silk tap panties with a black lacy hem and sat at the vanity. Spreading her legs beckoned him to come stand in front of her.

Thomas couldn't help himself, and mesmerized, did as he was instructed. *Pensée* quickly undid his shorts and jerked them with his jockey shorts to his ankles. Slowly she reached down and lifted his leg out of his clothing; then the other leaving him naked from the waist down. She wasn't happy seeing the large patch of black pubic hair but pulled the slinky panties up his legs.

“These are yours now, and I have more for you *nórng sǎao*. They will bring you great pleasure.” Reaching out, she grabbed his erection thru the panty leg, startling him. He didn't dare move, unsure of what this woman, who could do anything at any time, might try.

Trembling in fear, and in anticipation, he watched as his aunt took his erection, and, bending it down, blew on the exposed head softly making him shiver. She then began rubbing and stroking it. He didn't understand why it was happening, his mind frozen in a trance by the moment. It didn't take the young man long before he was moaning and leaking clear fluid from the tip. At that, *Pensée* grabbed an oriental tea cup and held the cup up to the head. Seconds later, he erupted sending gobs of creamy white goo into the cup.

Exhausted, he collapsed to his knees.

“There my darling *nórng sǎao*, you did very well,” she said softly. With not even a smirk on her pretty face, she leaned over him. “Now for your reward.” She brought the cup to his lips.

Before he could react, she poured the contents into his mouth and sealed his lips with her hand. Stroking his throat, she made him swallow.

“*Suuai* your *pîi sǎao* has taken your virginity and you have drunk man's juice for the first time. Now kiss my lips to thank me for helping you lose your virginity,” she ordered pressing his face into her crotch.

This was the first time Thomas had ever seen a real pussy up close and personal. He was disgusted at the thought of having to kiss it, but with no choice, did it. She jerked his head back and glared into his eyes.

“Is that how you thank your pîi sǎao for what she has done for you? Now kiss it like you mean it and use that tongue unless you want to be severely punished,” she snarled.

He was totally repulsed by that and tried to stand up but fell back on his ass. Pensée quickly grabbed his softened member and reach up on the vanity to get a bamboo stick. She pulled out his soft member and began hitting it with the stick. The stick was thin and flexible but stung like the rasp of a hornet. The pain was horrendous and the tears flowed in torrents. It didn't take long for him to beg her to stop — promising anything if she would.

“Very well, nórng sǎao. I will stop, but you must promise me to do whatever I tell you without question from now on. I did not like punishing you like that but it is my responsibility to teach what you need to know. Now, kiss me like you mean it until I tell you to stop,” she demanded.

It wasn't as bad as he thought it would be. Actually not bad at all. There was the hint of her perfumed bath water and it did become wetter as he licked. She held his head tight against her crotch, moaning and withering in pleasure until she shuttered and let go a burst of fluid. It didn't taste bad but had a slight musky taste.

As he was laying on the floor gasping for breath, she arose and went to the pink suitcase. She removed eleven more pairs of multicolored silk tap panties, all hemmed in one-inch floral lace. Another dozen hip hugger panties in various bright pastels and primary colors with lace waistbands and ribbons at each hip. They were all made of the finest silk material. She also removed a dozen pair of silk camisoles, elaborately embroidered in an oriental floral design that matched the panties.

“In time, you will willingly embrace being my nórng sǎao, Suuai. Now go to bed,” she instructed. “I need my sleep. Have a pot of green tea and light breakfast ready for when I get up. Oh, I shouldn't have to tell you to wear matching panties and camisole under your clothing. Good night.”

As he was picking up his panties and camisoles, she tossed him a baby doll nightie. It was a cream and chocolate confection. The under skirt was chocolate silk while the outer layer a translucent white cream with puffed shoulders trimmed in chocolate lace and ribbons. The panties that went with it was also double layered chocolate on the inside and cream on the outside with multiple layers of ruffled lace on the back side.

Back in his room, Thomas was exhausted, ashamed and defeated. His poor penis was still throbbing. He thought seriously about just getting dressed and driving off into the early evening, but he couldn't tell anyone what happened.

That kind of admission would be truly humiliating and ruin him. In the end, he decided to do just what his pĩ sãao told him. He put on the nightie and went to bed. It was embarrassing, but he was too tired to do fight back, and the nightie did feel very sensual against his skin.



Thomas was in a deep sleep, dreaming a nightmare were

Sally Jo caught him wearing panties and camisole. He was awakened with a hard slap to his panty covered butt.

Pensée was already dressed for the day. She was wearing a red silk pants suit with black long-sleeved blouse with a ruffled collar. The black patent leather five-inch stilettos made her tower over Thomas.

“Come on my beautiful girl get up and fix my breakfast. A pot of green tea and fried egg with toast,” he heard his aunt demand. “Now! Hurry up. I have much to do today,” she added then left the room.

It didn’t register in his mind that she called him her beautiful girl. “Oh my God! I’m wearing a baby doll grown! Shit! I’ve got to stop this shit!” he thought as he got out of bed.

He was surprised when he went to his dresser and discovered that all his male underwear was gone. Neatly arranged in the draw were the panties and camisoles Pensée had given him last night. There was something new, a sachet smelling like her spicy perfume. He removed a pair of neon blue tap panties



and matching camisole; then, grabbed a pair of denim shorts and a Dallas Cowboy jersey. As he started to remove the nightie his aunt entered without knocking.

“Nórng sǎao, didn’t I tell you to fix my breakfast?” she snapped. “Here, I forgot to give these to you last night.” Aunt Pensée tossed Thomas a pair of black slippers with colorful embroidery depicting a Lotus flower in full bloom.

“I was going to get dressed first,” he explained.

“Do I need to give you another discipline lesson so soon, Suuai? You did promise to do whatever I tell you. Now put on those slippers and get my breakfast,” she said sternly.

“Chay pǐi sǎao,” he answered, using the Thai word for yes. *Dang*, he thought, heading out of the room, *I got my morning woodie and it’s still sore. I certainly don’t want to be punished like that again. Feel like a total idiot wearing this nightie and now I must wear these girly slippers.*

As he was making breakfast, Pensée was sitting at the dining room table with a big smile. *I’ve been rough with him*, she thought, *but I had to get both his respect and fear. I have that now, so won’t push him much further. He told me that he has a meeting with some lawyer about the estate in three days. Well, I’ll take his car and meet with a lawyer a Thai friend told me to see. I’ll keep him busy cleaning the house and doing my laundry. I’ll make him keep the nightie on too. That way he won’t answer the door should any of his friends come by.*

After they finished breakfast and Thomas had cleaned up the kitchen, she told him to clean the house, make the beds and wash her lingerie. After that, he could take a bath, do a facial cleansing then put his nightie back on. He wanted to protest, but the look she gave him stopped any talkback.

Seeing the look on his face, she elaborated. “I must go someplace in town today. Give me the keys to your car. While I’m gone, you will vacuum the carpets and mop the floors. When you finish that, make our beds with the sheets I brought. They are on the top of my dresser. Oh, I left my used lingerie on the bathroom counter. Make sure to hand wash them as well. Then you can take a bath, do a facial cleansing, and put your nightie back on. When I get back, Suuai, you better be wearing it.”

After she left, Thomas decided to make the beds before doing everything else. In her room, he removed the white satin pillowed comforter; then the sheets. Going over to the dresser, he found a set of scarlet silk sheets and pillow covers. Next to them was a sheet set, but in bright pink silk. That stack had his name written on a piece of paper resting on top of it.

*Oh no, not pink; especially neon pink*, he thought in dismay. *Dang, I still have three days before I meet with my lawyer and get all this tomfoolery out of my life.*

He was busy mopping the kitchen floor when the phone rang. Putting the mop down, he picked up the kitchen extension. It was his best friend, David. David was a star linebacker on the high school varsity football team. He wanted to know if Thomas was ready to go out and see a movie or cruise around the main drag. Thomas was tempted, but all the underwear he had to wear was lingerie. He didn't want to wear them, or God forbid, be caught wearing them. Besides, if he said he could go, would Pensée let him? He doubted it. He decided to just tell his buddy that he still didn't feel ready to go out just yet.

"Okay buddy," David agreed and added, "why don't I grab some beers and I'll come over instead?"

"The last thing I need right now is for him to come over and meet my aunt; especially if he's bringing beer," he thought beginning to panic.

"Hey Thomas, you still there?" he heard, paused a moment, and replied, "Yeah, look man my Aunt Pensée just arrived from Bangkok. Look, just forget it for now. I'll get in touch later, okay? Oh, and please tell the other guys not to bother me for now. With the funeral and my aunt here, I'm not ready to do anything right now." He didn't wait for a response hanging up the phone.

"I hope that keeps everyone away for a while and not piss them off too much," he thought.



When Pensée called the lawyer's office that morning, she was told that he could see her in two days. She curtly told the receptionist to inform him who was calling. Shortly after, she was told he would see her at ten that morning.

"Good, I'll be there but I need directions," she replied in fluent English. Her time in the U.S. made her language skills almost perfect, plus the Viet Nam build up brought a lot of American military to Bangkok which required her to learn how to speak well from an early age.

At precisely ten o'clock, she met Mr. Somchai. He was wearing an expensive black silk suit, stiffly starched white dress shirt with a scarlet silk tie. Black alligator loafers were on his feet. He was about five-foot eight and on the chubby side. He greeted her warmly as if they had known each other for a long time.

Pensée was impressed. Her associate in Bangkok had prepped Mr. Somchai very well. She asked for a cup of green tea as she sat down in the green leather chair. It didn't take her long to explain her situation and what she wanted done.

"Mr. Somchai, I need you to make me the official guardian for my nephew Thomas," she said. "He just turned eighteen a few months ago and in no position to intelligently manage the family estate. This folder has the contact information for the lawyer currently handling the case. This folder has Thomas' personal information and my qualifications to be his legal guardian." She handed him the folder.

He glanced through it briefly, nodded and with a smile said he could take care of it. "However," he added, "This will take a month or two to resolve in your favor. Depending on the current lawyer's willingness to agree to let me take over, it may also be expensive. Plus, the courts here are slow. But it can be done."

"Fine, I don't care about the expenses but get it done as soon as possible," she replied.

As she left the office, Pensée was more than pleased. Yes, it would be expensive but once she had Thomas back in Bangkok, it would be worth it. She wasn't happy about having to wait a couple of months to get it done. There would be complications arising — like his friends coming to see him and him wanting to go meet them. She would have to figure out some way to limit that. As she was going to the car, she noticed a large major retail store across the street. She decided to make a stop there.



She got back to the house a little after noon and very pleased with herself. There were no other cars parked there either, which meant Thomas was still alone. She grabbed several large bags from the back seat and went into the house. She could hear the shower running in his bathroom.

*I distinctly told Suuai to take a bath. When will he learn to do what I say?* she thought putting the bags on her bed and picking up her hair brush.

To say that Thomas was surprised when she whisked the shower curtain aside and pulled him out of the shower would be an understatement. He was horrified and embarrassed to his core. Several hard slaps to his butt later, he was crying and in pain. His butt reddened. He put his hands down to cover his groin but a slap with the hair brush made him move them away.

“Nórng sǎao!” she shouted. “I told you to take a bath not a shower. Why do you make me punish you? You know I don’t like doing that! Now, turn off that shower and prepare your bath.”

With tears flowing he nodded and said, “Chay, p̄i sǎao.”

He hated being called a little sister or having to do what she demanded, but didn’t dare defy her. He wanted to physically harm her, but men didn’t strike a woman no matter what. He learned that lesson when he was in first grade. In a fit of anger, he swung at his mother as she bent down scolding him. His little fist landed on her lip making it swell. When his father got home and heard what had happened took off his leather belt. It was a lesson he would never forget. All he could do was swallow his pride and do as commanded.

The tub was almost filled by the time she came back carrying some bottles. His p̄i sǎao told him that from now on he would only be taking baths. Not only that, but he would always add two capfuls of Tree Oil and two of Lavender Oil. She also handed him a bottle of her expensive women’s shampoo and her lavender scented soap. Instructing him that a proper bath should last at least thirty minutes, she left. She even left a timer set for thirty minutes on the counter.

*Good grief! Now I not only have to take a bath but put all this smelly stuff in the water. I’ll smell like a flower garden by the time is up,* he thought in despair.

It felt like forever before the timer went off. Sighing, he pulled the plug and stood up. The smell of lavender was strong, much to his dismay. He was about to get out of the tub when she came back. This time with a pair of small scissors, a women’s razor and can of shaving gel.

“Stay where you are,” she ordered. “It’s time for you to learn how to neaten yourself. I’ll do it this time but you are expected to continue doing this,” she added.

*Neaten myself up? What the heck does that mean?* he thought.

Thomas found out soon enough as she had him raise his arms. It didn’t take her long, using the scissors to trim the hair under his arms. He tried to stop her. “Please p̄i sǎao, men don’t shave there,” he pleaded.

“I know plenty of Thai men that remove their body hair. So now will you,” she simply replied.

Then, using the gel shaved them smooth. If he thought that was embarrassing, he was humiliated when she dropped to her knees and began trimming away at his pubic hair. When she was done only a narrow landing strip of hair remained. She even removed the sparse black hairs on his scrotum. Pensée had

him turn around and checked to see if he had hair growing on his back or ass. Finding none was pleased. Handing him a fluffy towel told him to pat himself dry.

He took the towel and began to rub it like normal, only to be reprimanded. “I said pat, not rub. Skin is delicate and must be treated so. You pat not rub. When dry, coat your body with this moisturizer,” she said and pointed to a large bottle of lavender scented body lotion.

Thomas thought of a TV show, “The Honeymooners” and Ralph’s line, “bang, to the moon Alice,” but knew he couldn’t do that. Sighing, he finished drying and poured the scented body lotion into his hand.

*I thought I smelled like a flower garden before, but now it’s more like a florist shop, he thought sourly. I’m going to smell like this all day. I can’t see any of my friends smelling like this! No telling how they would react. David would probably call me a fag — or worse decide to fight me...*

As he was applying the soothing moisturizer, his aunt left the room, but soon returned. In her hands was some clothing. “Put these and your slippers on, hand wash your nightie and hang to dry. You will need it for tonight. While you do that, I’ll make us lunch,” she said.

The first items in the pile of clothing were — of all things — a lavender-colored pair of hip-hugger panties with small, bright lavender satin ribbons attached at the hips and the center of the waist band. A matching camisole was next. The next item was more to his liking. It was a Dallas Cowboy jersey... Except it wasn’t his. This one was a size 3 X extra-large. He put it on anyway but the hem went down to mid-thigh and hung loosely around him. The final item was something he had never seen before. It was a pair of shorts, blue like the color of the Cowboy’s star. It was made of a stretchy fabric and had only a four-inch inseam. Putting them on wasn’t easy as the material clung to him. The two-inch waist band was tight and brought in his stomach while the crotch was crushing his manhood. He didn’t know it at the time but the shorts were actually girls dance panties.

Looking into the mirror on the bathroom door, he was shocked at what he saw. The jersey made him look smaller than he was and looked more like a dress. Holding back tears, he stepped into his slippers and picked up his nightie.

The afternoon wasn’t any better as he had to sit and watch the soap operas with his aunt. As he approached the sofa to sit next to her, she instructed him to tuck his shirt under his bottom before sitting. He gave her a questioning look.



“Tuck your shirt Suuai, so I don’t have to see your bulge,” she simply replied bringing a flush to his cheeks.

“Pensée...” he began, but stopped before he could say more.

“From now on you will only address me as pîi sãao. I’m your elder sister and you need to show your respect. You can address me by my name only if in the company of others. Do you understand?” she interrupted.

*What the heck? Elder sister? She's my aunt, dang it, he thought. I can't wait to see my lawyer and get my freedom back. I'm sure mom and dad financially took care of me and I'm eighteen now. Once that's done, I can tell her to go back to Bangkok.* Tomas may have been thinking defiant words, but instead he simply said, "Chay, pîi sǎao."



That evening after supper, she told him to take a bath, moisturize and set the timer for thirty minutes. "It's been a stressful day for you, nórng sǎao, so you need more time to relax. A long soothing bath will do that. Put on your nightie and meet me in my room when you are done," she said.

*I really don't want to do either of those, he thought, getting up. I still smell like lavender after all this time but there is no point in arguing. At least I'll be out of these uncomfortable shorts. They're crushing my poor balls. I'm afraid of what will happen in her room, too. Hopefully all I'll have to do is comb her hair and watch her remove her makeup.*

He gave a momentary thought about only putting one cap full of the oils but decided not to take the chance. Thomas wouldn't admit it, but he actually enjoyed the bath. Getting out of the tub, he grabbed a towel and started rubbing. He stopped in mid-rub and began patting himself dry. He didn't doubt that she would find out if he didn't pat dry or use the lavender moisturizer. Putting on the nightie and stepping into his slippers, he forlornly headed to her bedroom.

Again, she was seated on the vanity bench, clad only in an emerald green bra and matching tap panties with a loosely tied sheer wrap. "I hope you found your bath relaxing, my nórng sǎao. Now, come and brush my hair," she said, greeting him.

*I'm not your little sister. At least you could call me your little brother, he thought, picking up the brush.*

"Put your knees and feet together when you sit, nórng sǎao," she instructed. After he had brushed her hair, she had more commands to give. "Now, watch as I remove my makeup and pay attention like you used too." When he didn't reply, she slapped his thigh. "When I tell you to do something, what is the proper reply, Suuai?"

The slap stung, but he quickly replied, "chay, pîi sǎao."

Again to his dismay, the aromas filling his nose and sitting so close to her caused his penis to grow erect. Hoping that watching closely to what cleansers

and unguents she used and applied them would ease the stiffening of his member. When she pushed one of the jars over to him, he knew to start his facial cleansing. Nothing helped ease his stiff penis.

Thomas was surprised when she swung her feet up and placed them in his lap. “I’ve worn heels all day, *nórng sǎao*. Please message my feet,” she kindly said. *By making Thomas call me Elder Sister and me calling him Little Sister, in time he will think of himself as the little sister,* she thought.

He had never done that before but had a general idea of what to do. He began by rubbing her right foot then moved to the left and back again to the other. Aside from telling him to rub harder at certain spots, she remained silent. He didn’t realize with her feet in his lap, that he spread his own legs out.

She leaned over and pinched his ear painfully. “Legs together *Suuai!*” she barked. “You must remember to keep them pressed together whenever you sit!”

He remembered just in time to answer, “*chay, pîi sǎao.*”

His hands were aching by the time she put her feet back down. “That was very good, my *nórng sǎao*. We must do this more often. Now watch.” She opened a large jar with what looked like blue clay. “This is a night time facial mask I do twice a week. You smooth it on, let it dry then in the morning just rinse it off. Watch, then you can apply it to your face.”

Once his face was covered in the blue clay and dry, she stood up and took his hands and helped him stand. As he stood, he spread his legs. That got him an icy stare. “*Suuai, legs together when you stand as well.*”

“*Chay, pîi sǎao,*” he replied as he brought his legs together.

She didn’t miss seeing the bulge in his panties. Reaching out, she grabbed it and began stroking. Thomas let out a soft groan and closed his eyes. Dang, I don’t want her doing this, but it feels so good. She wouldn’t stop anyway, *he thought. I think she enjoys torturing me like this. She’s been here only three days and look what she’s done to me so far. It seems like forever — not just three dang days!*

As soon as a damp spot appeared on his panties, she grabbed the tea cup with one hand while pulling his penis out from the leg hole. She began stroking in earnest and blew on the damp tip making him moan. Smiling broadly, she quickly brought him to a climax catching all of it in the tiny cup. She stood up, his eyes were tightly shut, mouth closed and shaking.

“Open up *Suuai* and receive your reward,” she ordered. Still, he refused to open his mouth, eyes shut hard.

*No, a thousand times no. That's sick and I refuse to do it,* he told himself.

Pensée didn't waste any time grabbing his balls and squeezed. When he screamed, emptied the cup into his mouth and placed her hand over his mouth. With her other hand, she stroked his throat until he swallowed. His eyes were open now and she saw hopelessness in them making her smile.

"From now on my nórng sáao, you will smile and say thank you when I milk and feed you man cream! Then you will kneel and pleasure your pîi sáao for being so kind to you," she demanded.

It wasn't much of a smile, but she let that pass for now. He thanked her as well. *I don't think I will have any more such problems with him now but he hasn't broken completely,* she thought after he pleased her. *He's also showing promise as a licker too. Tomorrow, I will push him even more.*

"That was very good Suuai," She said with a smile. "Now off to bed with you and I mean directly to bed. No stopping to brush your teeth like last time. I'll know if you do. Now go, you have a lot to do tomorrow."

*I don't want this taste lingering in my mouth but I have no choice,* he thought, getting into bed. *My balls are still hurting and I don't want her doing that again.* Thomas made sure the alarm was set.



His sleep was unrestful as he tossed and turned all night. Making matters worse, between the soft fabric of the nightie and silk sheets, he had a hard-on. It felt like he had just drifted off into a deep sleep when the alarm went off. Thomas had to force himself out of bed and go to the bathroom. The first thing he did was brush his teeth and rinse with mouthwash. While in the tub, his mind drifted in and out of awareness. He was so tired he didn't notice his aunt putting a stack of clothing on the counter. He did hear her tell him to wash the face mask off before he got out, though.

Dried and moisturized, he examined the pile of clothing. A bright pink pair of tap panties with matching camisole and a 3X extra-large pink girl's sleep shirt were all that she left. The shirt had a ballerina en point printed on it. Groaning, he put the lingerie on and then the shirt. It hung on him like a tent and reached to six-inches below his groin. He knew what he looked like and avoided looking in the mirror. Stepping into his slippers, he left to make breakfast.

After breakfast, Pensée had him sit on the sofa, reminding him to tuck his shirt and keep his knees together. She gave him a book. "That is a book I brought on the plane to pass the time. It's a romance novel and I want you to

read it out loud, using a soft voice and higher pitch. Your Thai is good but you lack the proper tone and reflection to be fluent. Thai language needs a higher pitch to provide the proper meaning for what you are saying. I have a spray that will help,” she instructed. She held up a spray bottle and squeezed the bulb producing a mist. There was a minty scent to it.

“Now, open up and let me spray your throat,” she ordered.

He wasn’t sure about letting her do that, but did open up after saying, “Chay, p̄i s̄ao.”

*He’s learning*, she thought as she sprayed three squirts. “Now, hold the book in your lap to help remind you to keep your knees together and start reading,” she said.

Thomas felt a tingling and tasted a hint of mint flavor as the spray entered. Clearing his throat, began to read the Thai written book. He tried to raise his voice but it took a couple of minutes to do so. After every thirty minutes, she sprayed his throat again and told him he was improving.

*Reading a darn romance novel is the most boring thing I think I’ve ever done. How much longer is she going to make me do this?* he thought.

After two hours — which seemed much longer to Thomas — she told him to stop and to get up. As he did so, he spread his legs only to get a harsh admonishment. “Legs together when standing. You need to learn to walk properly too,” she said, walking over to him.

“Chay, p̄i s̄ao,” he replied.

“Watch my feet n̄ong s̄ao,” she instructed. She placed one foot out then the other a little over half way ahead and slight 15-degree inward angle. She repeated the move with the other foot. She walked about four feet away and told him to begin.

*If I walk that way, I won’t get very far fast. Besides, what’s wrong with the way I walk?* he thought. However, the young man began moving his feet. He kept his head down so he could see what he was doing. He didn’t make it three feet before his aunt snapped at him.

“Keep your head up and back straight n̄ong s̄ao! Move from your hips,” she demanded.

Thomas did the best he could, but hazarded a look down every now and then. *Walking like this feels so weird and it makes my hips swivel. I wonder how long she’s going to make me do this?* he thought.



“You’re doing better, nómg sǎao, keep it up. Now, I want you to tell me in your higher pitch voice how much you love and respect your p̄i sǎao for helping you so much until I tell you to stop,” she ordered.

*Good grief, now she wants me to tell her how much I love all she's done to me so far? If I refuse, she'll definitely punish me and I don't want that,* he thought then began telling her what she wanted to hear using his higher pitch.

Thirty minutes later, the doorbell rang and he froze in his tracks. Pensée went to the door and answered it. Through the half open door, some man handed her a thick manilla envelop and left. Seeing Thomas just standing there, she snapped, "I didn't tell you to stop. Get back to it."

As he continued walking around the living room telling her how much he loved what she was doing for him, she sat at the dinner table. Opening the envelope, she smiled and began reading. It was a progress report from Mr. Somchai. He informed her that Thomas's attorney agreed to step away from the case for a payment of \$10,000. He also said that the case file he got from Thomas's lawyer was good news. The estate was estimated to be about half a million, depending on how much the house could sell for. The lawyer's letter continued, saying he filed with the court a request for legal guardianship for her, along with her personal qualifications. He assured her that he was good friends with the judge and that he expected full approval within a month or so.

*A month?* she thought. *I was hoping sooner, but this is all good news. Now, I just must get Thomas his Thai passport which should be no big deal as he was born there. I've already found a copy of his birth certificate in his mother's room. I'll go to the Thai council in town tomorrow.* She put the letter back in the envelope and smiled broadly.

She watched Thomas as he walked and talked in his new higher register. His back was straight and his head up, but more importantly he had the gentle hip sway of a young woman. She picked up the spray bottle and walked over to him. Squeezed the bulb three times and told to sit and rest for a while.

He was very happy to say, "Chay, pîi sǎao." He was near the point of exhaustion.

His happiness evaporated as he sat on the sofa remembering to tuck his shirt and press his knees together when she handed him the book.

"Continue reading aloud while I go make supper," she said.

*Dang, I need to rest — not read this stupid novel,* he thought. However, he started reading anyway.

Supper was a chicken stir fry dish with a curry sauce and rice. It was tasty, but he was still hungry when his plate was clean. He hadn't eaten since breakfast and was worn out from all he did today. His throat was sore and when he told his aunt, she sprayed some more of that minty flavored spray into his mouth.

You're finished eating, go take your bath and stay in the tub at least thirty minutes. Don't forget to get your nightie from the laundry room then meet me in my room when you're done," she told him.

"Chay, pîi sǎao," he responded with a smile. He was so relieved to get to finally relax.

The bath was over way too soon, and as he made his way to her bedroom, Thomas was walking like she had shown him. As always, she was just dressed in an orange bra and tap panties with a loose translucent wrap. She held out the brush as he got there. One hundred soft strokes later, he was sitting beside her. The smell of her spicy perfume and that of the various cleansing lotions, made his penis stiffen again. After they had completed their cleansing and moisturizing routine, she told Thomas to stand up. She was pleased to note that his legs were touching and there was a bulge in his panties. She swiveled around facing away from the mirror smiling.

"Come my darling nórng sǎao and stand in front of me," she cooed.

When he stood in front of her, she continued, "Now ask me nicely to reward you for all your hard work today."

*Heck! This is new, the thought. Now she wants me to humiliate myself by asking for that? She's got that bamboo stick in her hand too. She certainly is not giving me any choice.* He then replied, "Pîi sǎao, please give me my reward."

"Very well, since you asked nicely. But remember to smile and thank me afterwards," she said, wrapping her hand around his panty-covered rod. Pensée spoke calmly with a broad smile. "Now Suuai, remember a reward is to bring you pleasure, not pain or embarrassment, but pleasure. I don't want you to be punished. I truly don't. I want you to enjoy your reward. Think only pleasant thoughts now and enjoy what I'm doing for you." She began stroking his silk-trapped erection.

He wasn't happy about what was going to happen, but had to admit she gave an excellent hand job. Although, he never had anyone do this to him before. He let his mind drift to Sally Jo and it was as if his girlfriend was doing it. That made him smile. All too soon, he felt her hand pulling his penis down and then erupting.

*I hate what's coming next but I have to smile and thank her or else, he thought, as she stood up with tea cup in hand. The sooner I get this done the better, he thought opening his mouth.*

Instead of pouring the entire contents into his mouth, she only poured half. "Now, my nórng sǎao, roll it around in your mouth with your tongue. All men's

cream has a slightly different taste and you should know yours,” she ordered. She was pleased that he did exactly as told.

*I can't believe she is doing this but I have no choice, he thought. It's slimy but no real taste maybe a bit salty.*

After a few minutes, she poured the rest into his mouth telling him to take his time and savor the delicate flavor. Taking his hand, she stuck his index finger into the cup to scoop up the remainder of his semen. Guiding it up to his mouth, she helped him as he inserted it.

“Now Suuai, suck your finger clean. You don't want to waste a drop of man cream ever,” she said.

Taking his finger out, Thomas did his best to smile broadly and said, “Thank you so much for that delicious reward, pîi sǎao.”

“You're very welcome, my nórng sǎao. Now, it is time for you to show me some pleasure.”

Back in his room, Thomas, too exhausted, fell into a deep dreamless sleep. He knew tomorrow would bring on more horrors, but he was just too tired to worry about them at the moment. A good thought passed through his mind just before he slept — his family lawyer should call him tomorrow. That glimmer of hope made for a very restful slumber.



Pensée came into his room just as he was getting out of bed. “Suuai, keep your nightie on,” his aunt told him. “Make the beds, mop and vacuum the floors and wash the clothing. When you finish that, get dressed and read your book like yesterday. I left the spray on the coffee table. Be sure to use it. I should be back before lunch. I have an appointment in town,” she said and left the room.

*That lawyer better call me today so I can get out of all this shit!* he thought, stepping into his slippers. As he entered her room to make the bed, he heard her drive off. *She left me a lot to do but at least she's not here giving me grief.*

Pensée arrived at the Thai Council building shortly after 8:30. She told the receptionist that she needed a Thai passport for a child she was the guardian of. She was given a stack of forms and a pen told to have a seat. A birth certificate and photo were required and she had both. She got Thomas' photo by cutting it out from a framed picture in the house. It still took her almost an hour to fill out all the forms, and the receptionist took them, glanced over them and said that she needed to pay \$100 dollars for an expedited passport. She gladly

paid it and asked how long it would take to get the passport. Probably four to six weeks she was told.

“That’s too long. I need it in four,” she explained

“I’m sorry ma’am but it will take four or five days to get the application to the embassy in D.C. and no telling how long to issue the passport,” she was told.

*When I get to the house, I’ll call my associate in Bangkok and see if she can get this done,* she thought leaving the building.

On the drive back, she was satisfied, but impatient. *Everything is going my way but too slowly,* she thought on the drive back. *There’s only so much I can change about Suuai here in the States. There is one thing I can do now, but have to wait for my package to arrive from China. I placed the order before I left Bangkok and it’s been a week now. Hopefully it will arrive soon...*



Thomas was putting back the vacuum when the phone rang. *This better be my lawyer,* he thought picking up the phone.

Before he could say hello, he heard, “Hi baby. David told us that you didn’t want any calls but I miss you and you haven’t called.”

It was Sally Jo, and his heart skipped a beat. *What am I going to say? I really want to see her but that’s the last thing I can do,* he thought before replying. “Err, Sally Jo, gosh, it’s great to hear your voice bu... but I... I still need some time. Plus, my aunt just arrived a few days ago from Bangkok. She’s... she’s been...” *A real bitch,* he thought... “A big help. She’s insisting that we follow the traditional practice of thirty days of mourning. That means that we can’t have visitors or socialize. The only reason I’m talking to you is because she’s not here, but should be back at any moment. Look Sally Jo, I really miss you too but I have to go now. I don’t want her catching me on the phone. I hope you understand and I’ll call as soon as I can. Bye,” he said hanging up.

*I hated telling her that but what choice did I have. I smell like a flower shop and what if she discovered I’m wearing panties and a camisole?* he thought. Getting out the mop and bucket, he was growing even more worried. *Why hasn’t my lawyer called yet. He told me he would contact me once the Probate Judge was ready to settle my case. Said it should only take a week or two. Maybe tomorrow.*





Thomas was sitting on the sofa wearing another too-large purple sleep shirt, along with matching black silk camisole and tap panties. He used the spray mist three times and picked up the book. Just as he started reading aloud, his aunt entered.

“Very good my nórng sǎao,” she greeted with a big smile. She was wearing a black silk pants suit with an emerald green blouse and five-inch black patent leather stilettos. “I stopped at a Thai restaurant on the way for lunch. You keep reading while I get everything ready,” she said.

Lunch was a bowl of pork ball soup with rice noodles and vegetables. It was spicy but Thomas enjoyed it. He would have preferred a cheese burger as the soup didn’t satisfy his hunger.

After cleaning up the dishes, Thomas was back on the sofa reading aloud from the romance novel. Two hours later, he was back walking around the living room practicing and telling pîi sǎao how much he appreciated all that she was doing for him. Thanks to the throat spray his higher voice was becoming natural and feminine.

That night after he finished brushing her hair and sitting beside her at the vanity, she turned to face him. “Tonight, nórng sǎao, I want to try something. I want to see if you have learned anything from watching my facial cleansing. So tonight, indulge me and let me put makeup on you,” Pensée said, and in such a way he couldn’t refuse.

“Chay, pîi sǎao,” was the only answer he could give.

“Makeup? She wants to put makeup on me, what the heck? Why? Just to see if I’ve been paying attention when she takes it off, I guess. Another humiliation — but at least it’s coming right off,” he thought.

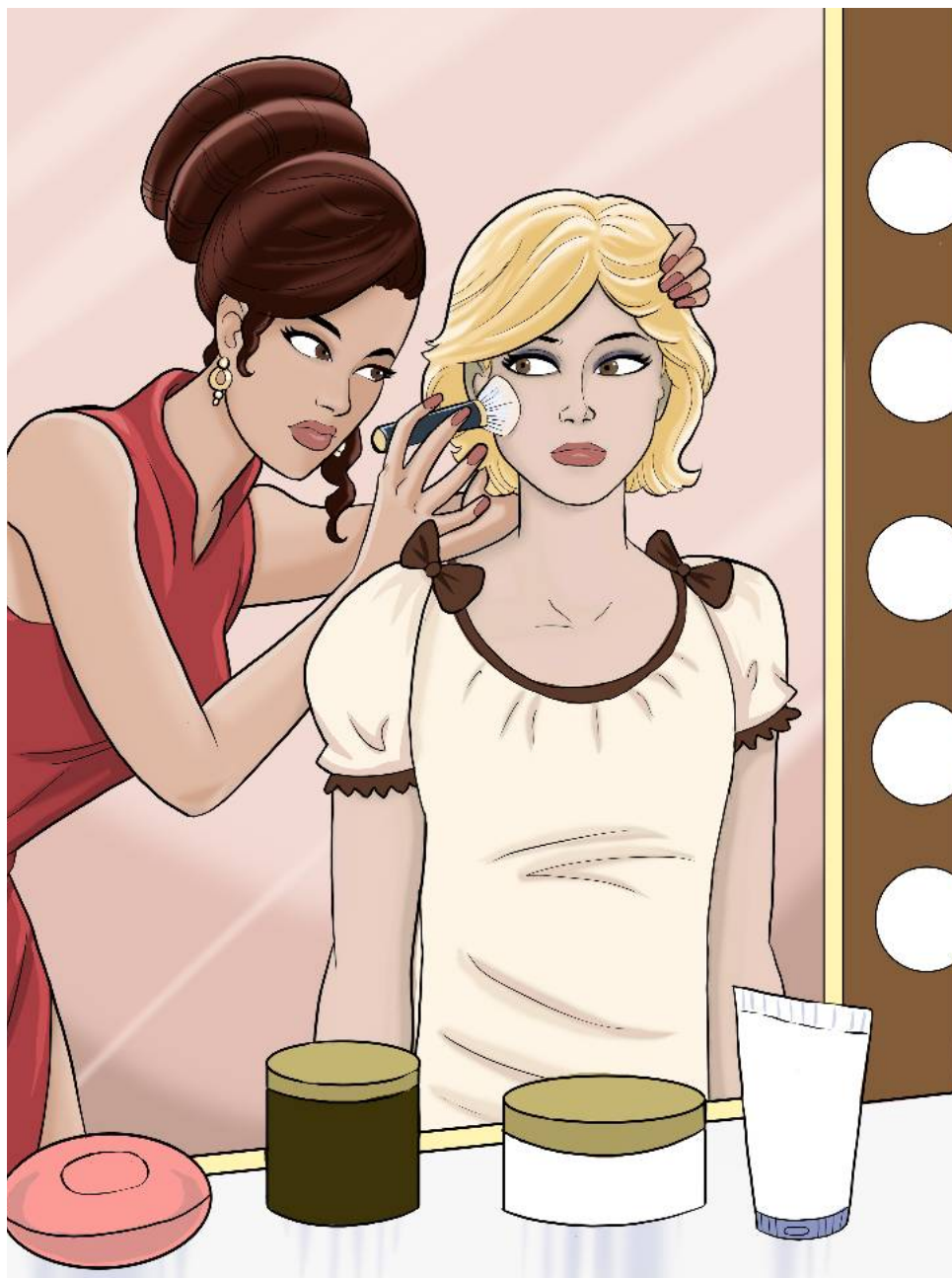
She took her time applying the makeup. A base coat to even out his complexion, powder to set it; then she started on his eyes, but stopped.

“Your brows are too bushy. I need to thin them out just a little. Hold still while I do this,” she said picking up the tweezers.

She carefully but methodically began plucking. Thomas’s brows weren’t as thin or arched as she would like, but enough to give them a neater appearance. Finished, began drawing the black eyebrow pencil over them. Once satisfied, she began putting a purple eyeshadow blended into a violet. Black mascara for his eyelashes and black eyeliner to give them an almond shaped look. Thomas’s aunt used brick red rouge to highlight his cheeks and scarlet lipstick finished the look.

Pensée sat back and looked at her creation. *Oh my, he’s beautiful beyond my expectations*, she thought. *If only he had his long blond hair — but that will come in time.*

Thomas stared in amazement at what his aunt had done. *I can’t believe that makeup could make me look like a woman...a pretty one at that*, he thought. *I’m*



*not happy about her plucking my brows but at least she didn't overdo it like her high arched ones. Now I want it off. This is too scary for me and it's not right. I'm a guy after all.*

“Okay pîi sãao, now let me remove it,” he said.

“You are very beautiful my nórng sǎao. I think I want to look at you for a while like this,” she answered.

“But you said I could take it off,” he pleaded.

“Yes...yes... But not yet. You deserve your reward now for being so patient. Now stand in front of me Suuai,” she ordered with a look he couldn’t refuse.

“While I milk you, I want you to thank me for making you look beautiful,” she instructed.

“Chay, p̄i sǎao,” he reluctantly replied.

It seemed like forever for her to get him to climax. She kept pausing after a few strokes. As she stroked, Pensée kept staring at his face. Thomas kept licking his lips tasting the lipstick and sensing the weight of all that makeup on his face. All new sensations piling on top of being masturbated. Plus thanking her in his higher tone for making him look beautiful was crushing his male ego. Finally, he climaxed with a shudder weak kneed. Like last time she slowly fed him his man cream. Making him savor it; then suck the remains off his index finger.

He made a few mistakes removing the makeup but she corrected him. When he was finished his cleansing routine, she surprised him by kissing him firmly on the lips,

“You have done very well tonight my precious nórng sǎao. I want you to do this again tomorrow night as it brought me much pleasure. Now go to bed,” she said.

Thomas was exhausted but sleep did not come easy. *I can’t believe what she did to me tonight and she wants to do it again tomorrow*, he thought, in a panic. *Wearing makeup is for women not men! What kind of man would even allow her to do something like that or all the other stuff she has me doing? I can’t stop her either. If I protest, she punishes me and I can’t fight back. She’s a woman. A crazy one, but I can’t physically do anything. I would go to the police even if I smell like a flower shop, but she has my car keys. My nearest neighbor is almost ten miles away too, and I don’t have any of my guy clothing. She’s hidden them somewhere. But where? And why?* Those questions kept running through his mind.



The next morning, after taking his bath, Thomas checked the clothing his aunt brought in. He picked up a scarlet hemming shirt with black corded material

that had a Mandarin collar and short flared sleeves. *This is different than anything she has brought in before*, he thought.

She has also left black hip hugger panties with small pink ribbon bows at the hips and center of the waist band and matching camisole for underwear. The last item puzzled him as well. It was a pair of slacks but unlike any slacks he had ever worn. They were made of light weight thin black silk with a wide elastic waist band and flared legs. As he pulled them up his legs, a shiver ran up his spine.

Looking into the mirror, he quickly averted his eyes. The reflection was too feminine. *This has gone far enough!* he thought. *I've got to get my guy clothing back.* He angrily slipped his feet into the slippers and went to go find his aunt.

As he entered the dining room, he saw his aunt sitting with an open box off to her side and about a dozen bottles and jars in front of her. He asked her what all that was but she only told him to sit on the couch and start reading his book.

Instead, he said, “look at me *pîi sǎo*. I look like an idiot wearing this. I want my guy clothing back!”

She turned to face him, smiling. “*Nórng sǎo* you look just fine to me and you have no more *guy* clothing as you call it,” she said. “I got rid of it except for one suit, white dress shirt, tie, socks and dress shoes for when we go to court. Now do as I commanded. Go read your book!” she sharply instructed.

The young man was shocked at what she said. “Why? How could you? That was my stuff,” was all he could respond with. Thomas didn’t seem to register hearing the phrase “when we go to court.”

“Why, you ask?” she retorted. “Because I’m your *pîi sǎo* and I know what is best for you. Now, go sit and start reading — or must I discipline you?”

He didn’t want to be punished, and reluctantly said, “*Chay, pîi sǎo.*”

*Dang that woman!* he thought going to the sofa. *If only she were a man, I would have beaten the tar out of her a long time ago.*

When he got there he was surprised to see his pink Teddy Bear sitting in the corner. He didn’t pay much attention to it as he picked up the spray bottle, squeezed the bulb three times into his throat; then picked up his book and started reading aloud. After two hours, his throat was feeling funny as he went to sit for lunch. Another stir fry chicken curry and rice dish. This curry sauce was spicier and there was a saucer with three pills on it.

He looked from the saucer to his aunt and asked what were the pills for. She just smiled and said they were vitamins and supplements to increase his energy levels.

“Yes, I’m always tired lately,” he had to agree. “Tired from all that walking and housework you make me do.” He picked up the pills and swallowed them with a gulp of green tea.

After cleaning up the kitchen, she had him do the laundry. When he finished had to practice his walking while praising her for all she was doing for him. During supper, there were the same three pills waiting for him. He cleaned the kitchen again and was instructed to go take his bath and get into his nightie.

Thomas was dreading going into her room, as he did every night, but this was different. He was scared — very scared. This time, she was only wearing a translucent pale jade silk wrap. It did nothing to hide her feminine charms. He took his seat next to her after brushing her hair, trembling, knowing what was coming next as she turned to face him. She had the jar of foundation in her hand.

“Tonight, I want you to practice putting on your own makeup, *nórng sǎao*,” she stated.

“Why?” he dared to ask.

“Why, you ask? I want you to understand all that a woman has to do to be beautiful. It will make you more appreciative *Suuai*,” she stated.

He wanted to desperately say no way but she was holding that bamboo stick. “*Chay, p̄i sǎao*,” he said in almost a whisper.

It took Thomas a little over two hours of intense instruction before his make-up was acceptable. “Still a bit too heavy but good enough for a first try,” she said, smiling.

*First try?* he thought, very worried. *Does that mean I’ll have to do this again?*

“Now it is time for your reward; then you can give me pleasure. Come my darling *nórng sǎao* and stand in front of me,” she commanded.

Again, she took her time masturbating him and feeding him his man cream. On his knees, she became more aggressive, clutching the sides of his head and telling him how hard and where to use his tongue. When she was satisfied and languishing in her own climax, told him to cleans his face.

Looking into the mirror saw that his makeup was smeared and glistening from her juices. It almost made him gag, but quickly began his cleansing routine. He was exhausted and started to get up like usual and go to bed. Instead, *Pensée* told him to face her. She scooped up a glob of yellowish paste, reached under his nightie top and began massaging it onto his left breast tweaking his small nipple in the process. Pulling her hand out picked up a plastic backed pad placed it over the breast. Thomas started to protest but she held a finger to his

lips. Another gob of salve was massaged on his right breast and pad placed over it.

“The skin on your chest seemed really dry to me nórng sǎao. The cream will moisturize it. You can remove the pads when you take your bath. Now go, get some sleep,” she instructed.

*I don't see how my chest can be really dry after all those oils and body lotion I've been using,* he thought, going to his room. *Guess it doesn't matter now, it's done.*



The next morning on getting out of bed, Pensée entered his room and placed some clothing on the dresser. “Put this on and meet me in the living room.” She said and left. He was once again surprised to find a pink leotard, white tights along with a pair of pink dance panties. The leotard had a scooped neck and three-quarter length sleeves.

“She can't expect me to wear this! Another embarrassing and humiliating thing to do but I have no choice,” he lamented stepping into the tights.

Going into the living room almost had tears in his eyes. “Good, you're dressed. I have put two yoga mats down on the floor. Come I need to teach you some exercises that will strengthen you up,” she said. She was wearing a similar outfit except her leotard was a vivid red.

For the next forty-five minutes, she had him doing exercises. She showed him six different exercises. He had to perform each one for fifteen minutes before doing the next. All were focused on building his butt, thighs and trimming his waist. He didn't know that but he did know he was exhausted and sore.

“We'll do this every morning from now on, nórng sǎao. Go take your bath when you are done, then wash your exercise clothing and nightie,” she instructed.

Normally his aunt picked out what he would wear each day but now he could choose. His hope for a decent pair of shorts were crushed when he opened the dresser drawers. The top was filled with panties and camisoles, the second filled with the extra-large sleep shirts and the bottom with those too tight dance panties. With a sigh, chose a pair of lime green tap panties and matching camisole. Grabbing a sleep shirt at random, he slipped in on, white with a pink Teddy Bear imprint covering the front.



*I would have to pick that one now wouldn't I*, he sarcastically thought. *I hate pink!*

Picking up the nightie and leotard sets, Thomas went to wash them. "I'll have breakfast ready as soon as you finish your washing," she said from the kitchen. She had bathed and now dressed in a gold lounging silk pajama set with white leather sandals and a three-inch heel.

It didn't take him too long to hand wash his dirty clothing and hang them to dry. Beside his meal there was that saucer with the three pills. Thomas had no idea of what they would do to him but if like she said would give him more energy, he'd take them.

Back on the sofa with the pink Teddy Bear sitting in the corner, he picked up the book but didn't see the spray bottle. When he asked about it, she said they were out of it and she would pick some up when she went to get the groceries.

He sat down automatically tucking his shirt with his knees touching, back straight and the book in his lap. He didn't see his aunt watching him closely. As soon as he started to read aloud, she smiled. *Yes*, she gleefully thought, *that formula has tightened his vocal cords to where he sounds feminine.*

After an hour of reading, she had him practicing his walk. This time she took the book he had been reading and placed it on his head. "Your posture when you walk needs some improvement. Keep your shoulders back, walk from the hips, placing your foot toe down first and the book shouldn't fall," she instructed. "You let the book fall too many times, I will punish you. Now begin and tell me how much you love what your pîi sãao had done for you."

Putting his foot down, toe first, was new and the book dropped a few times before he got the hang of walking like she wanted. Two hours later, she had him join her at the dining room table. There she had laid out a manicure set, some orange sticks, nail polish, acetone and cotton balls. She had him sit beside her.

"Nórng sãao your finger and toe nails need attention. Today, I'm going to teach you to properly care for them. Now watch and listen closely," she instructed. Taking out an emery board from the kit, began shaping his finger nails into ovals. She explained that one should never use clippers on finger nails but only emery boards. Next, she took one of the orange sticks and began pushing back his cuticles while explaining why this was necessary. Finally, she chose a clear slightly pink polish painted his nails. She instructed on how the first stroke needed to be in the center and the next two on each side, being very careful not to get any on the skin. "Now, spread your fingers and wave your hand up and down to speed up the drying," she added.

*Nail polish? At least it's not one of her colored ones,* he thought.

“Nórng sáao, now you do your left hand. Learning to do a good job requires practice, so don't be upset if you make a mistake,” she told him with a smile.

He picked up an emery board and began on his thumb. “Not so hard! And use smooth, even strokes. Don't rub it over the tip as you will want a nice oval shape,” she instructed.

He didn't have a problem with the cuticle stick but the polish gave him some trouble. At first too thick and smearing on the skin. The acetone cleaned up his mistakes and he got better the more he tried. The strong smell of acetone was a new experience as well and tickled his nose.

Next, she had him put his left foot in her lap. This time she used clippers to trim them, followed by the emery board; then the cuticle stick. Instead of using the clear polish, she chose a bright pink. When he saw that tried to pull his foot away.

“Suuai, stop that!” she admonished. “No one will see your toes if you keep your slippers on. Besides this pink shade will match that cute Teddy Bear on your shirt.” As she painted each toe put a cotton ball spacer between his toes. With his left foot done, she had him place his right foot up on the edge of his chair.

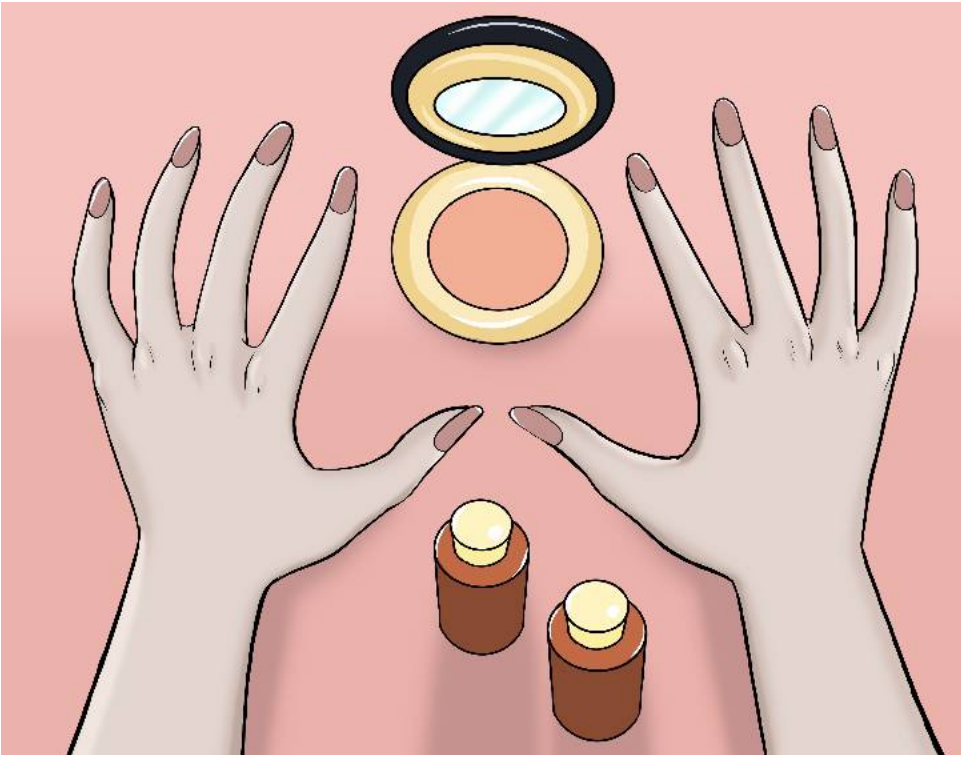
“Now you do your right foot while I watch and correct any mistakes,” she said.

It was a bit more difficult, but after a few mistakes his feet sported bright pink nails. He hated it and could hardly wait to put his slippers back on. The smell of acetone was strong and Thomas was feeling nauseated. He just slipped into his slippers when he made a dash to the kitchen sink and vomited. He hoped Pensée wouldn't be mad at him but he couldn't have made it to the bathroom. Instead, she was smiling as she handed him a dampened cloth.

Good, she thought, *the medicines I got from China are working. I hope that cream works just as well.*

All she said was, “go back practicing your walk and put the book back on your head, until I have supper made.”

He still felt a bit sick, but dutifully went back to walking. Hours passed, and Thomas was very tired when she called him to supper. He was happy to see a pork chop on his plate with sautéed vegetables and rice. He wasn't as happy to see the three pills sitting in a saucer, but swallowed them. After he cleaned the kitchen, was sent to take his bath and put on his nightie. As he walked away, Pensée was pleased to see him walking correctly with a gentle sway of his hips.



Back in her room it was the same as the previous night. Two hours of practicing applying his own makeup, he received his reward and reciprocated giving her pleasure. Like before she messaged the cream on his breasts and covered it with the pads. He was very tired but again his sleep was disturbed by some cramping in his stomach. The pink Teddy Bear clutched to his side added some comfort.



In the morning, he put on his yoga outfit and went into the living room. Another forty-five minutes of torture later, and he was complaining of stomach cramps and being nauseous. Pensée went over to her purse and took out a bottle removing two pills. She poured some water from the pitcher on the dining table and brought them to him.

“Here, take these. They should stop the cramps and nausea,” she said giving him the pills and glass of water.

After he had taken the pills, she sent him to take his bath. Thomas was now at the point where he looked forward to his daily baths. The water soothed his

aches and pains and the floral scent soothed his mental anguish. His old robe was replaced long ago with a white silk one with a pink lotus flower design. It had wide lapels and the hem went a few inches below his groin. That night was a repeat of the previous two nights. Again, he went to bed exhausted and a bit nauseous.

The next morning, Pensée was waiting for him when he got back to his room. In her hand was a pair of shimmering panty hose and a pair of women's three-inch block heeled strappy sandals. On the bed was a pair of neon pink tap panties, matching camisole and an oversized sleep shirt.

"Today I want you to wear these," she instructed. "I don't mean to embarrass you, *nórng sǎao*, but I believe you need to empathize better regarding women. I think you have a saying about walking a mile in another's shoes. Well, this is your chance. I have rolled up one of the legs which you need to do with the other leg when putting on hose. When you have dressed meet me in the living room."

*Women's shoes now and panty hose? Yes, this will be humiliating but again I have no choice*, he thought as he began rolling up the panty hose. *Why do I have to emphasize with women? I enjoy looking at and being with them, so what's the big deal?* The hem of the hose reached his navel and pulled uncomfortably at his groin and butt. He dressed quickly, but had trouble with the tiny gold buckles on the shoes.

He was cautious wearing the sandals, but with the way he was walking, he didn't need to worry as the block heels were relatively stable. In the living room, she handed him the book and gestured for him to start walking. Automatically, he put the book on his head and began saying how much he loved what his *pĩ sǎao* was teaching him. She hadn't told him to do that but he did it out of habit.

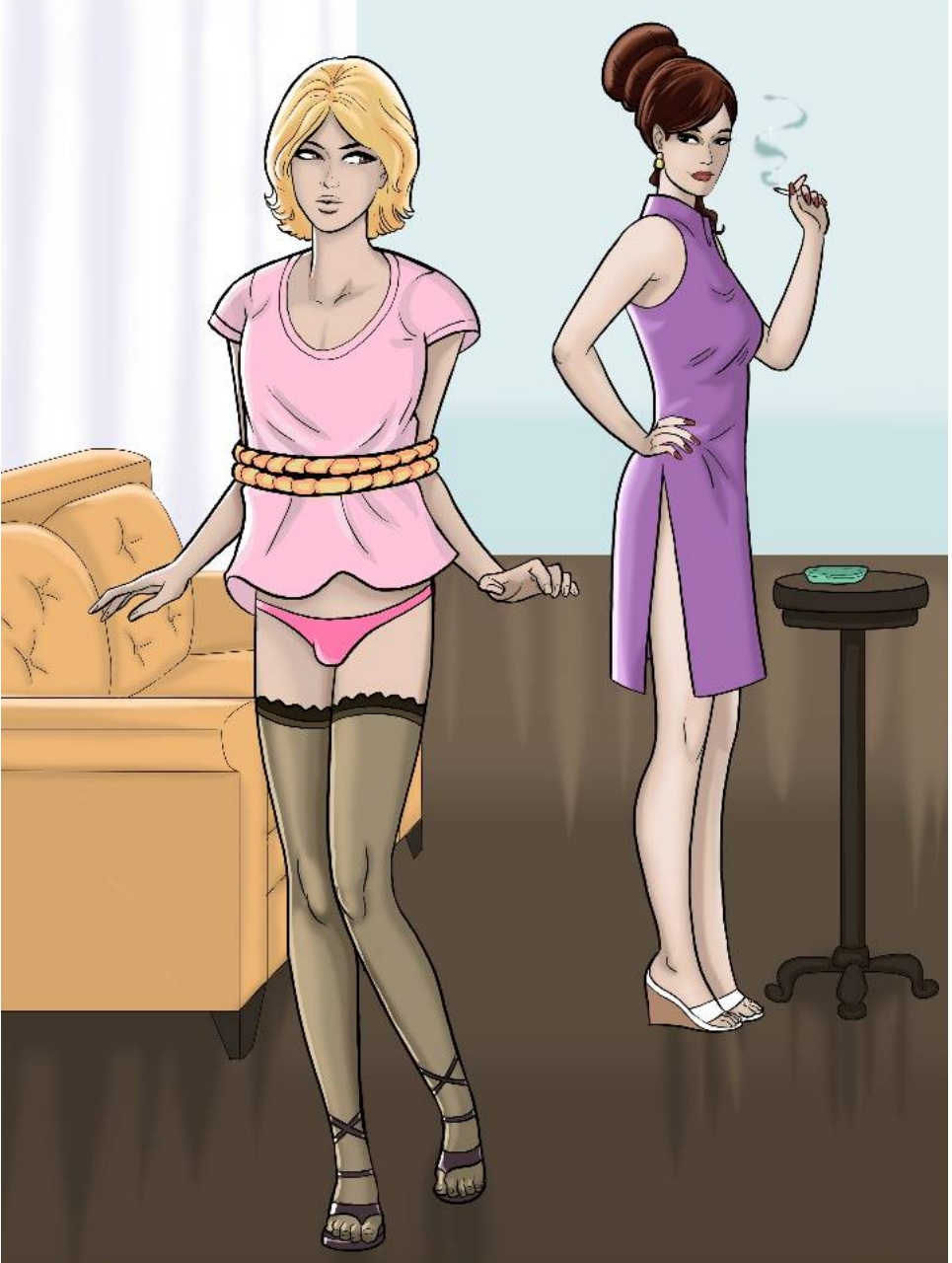
As she watched, Pensée was pleased for what she had accomplished in so short a time. Then she noticed something not quite right. *He's not holding his arms and hands correctly*, she thought.

"*Nórng sǎao*, stop and come over here. I need to teach you something," she ordered.

When he got there, she pressed arms to his sides, bent his elbows slightly and had him cock his hands up with fingers spread. "You may swing your arms slightly but always walk with your arms close to your body, elbows and hands like I just showed you — though if you want, you can flap them up and down," she instructed.

“Now she’s being ridiculous,” he thought but tried anyway. It was more difficult than he thought. He had always walked with his arms straight swinging them, hands sometimes slightly cupped.

His aunt noticed his trouble, and getting a length of rope from the utility closet, went to him. She tied it around his mid-biceps and told him to continue walking.



About that time the phone rang, and she went to answer it. Thomas prayed that it wasn't one of his friends. Instead, it was her lawyer calling with great news. The court would hear her case at the end of the month on Monday at ten a.m. That was three weeks away. He assured her that their appearance before the judge was just procedural and that unless Thomas raised a real fuss, she would be granted full custody.

*Mr. Somchai has a point about Thomas raising a fuss, she thought. I'll just give him a tranquilizer before we go. If the probate hearing doesn't take too long everything should go the way I want. All I need now is his Thai passport and do a little shopping. First, I need to get his measurements.*

After two hours of just walking around the room, his feet were throbbing and he was exhausted. His aunt saw how tired he looked and told him to go sit on the sofa but don't take off your shoes. The rope stays on too," she said. As an afterthought, she asked if he was feeling better and he answered yes. She smiled thinking that the Midol worked; then went to check the mail.

Inside the box was a single tan envelope. She pulled it out and saw the Thai embassy return address. Smiling broadly, she returned to the house and went to her room. There she opened the envelope and removed the dark red passport. Opening it, she saw that the picture and personal information was correct.

*This has been a very good day for me. Only the court is keeping me from taking my Suuai back to my home, she thought.*

At supper, Tomas swallowed his three pills and cleaned his plate. He was looking forward to a relaxing bath tonight. He feet and lower legs were throbbing painfully from wearing those heels. Before she dismissed him to take his bath, she handed him a plastic capped container with white pills inside.

"Those are the same ones I gave you earlier," Pensée told him. "If you have cramps or feel nauseous take two. Be sure to put a glass of water on your night stand." She thought about telling him to wear the heels when he came to her room but decided she had pushed him hard enough today.

Back in her room, it was no different than the previous nights and he was more than ready to get back to his own room when it was over. She had praised him on how much better he was putting on his makeup and pleasuring her. He wasn't sure about that kind of praise but said, politely, "thank you, pîi sǎao." Before he went to bed, he took two of the pills and slept much better.



The next morning before they started their yoga exercises, Pensée took his measurements using a cloth tape. When they finished, she sent him off to take his bath. As his hips swayed walking in his heel and toe steps, arms at his side and hands slightly cocked, she smiled.

“My Suuai is beginning to blossom. I should have weighed him when I arrived but I think he has lost at least ten pounds. I can hardly wait to get him home where he will have no recourse but to obey me,” she thought.

At breakfast, Thomas swallowed the three pills. “She said these would give me more energy but I seem to always be tired and hungry,” he thought as he began eating his two eggs and slice of toast.

“Suuai, today I want you to do your household cleaning, our laundry including the bedding while wearing your sandals. I have to run some errands today,” she instructed.

Inwardly, Thomas groaned but replied, “Chay, pîi sǎao.”

He was almost finished hand washing the lingerie when the phone rang. Taking off the pink rubber gloves, went to answer it. It was his buddy, Paul.

“Hay Thomas! Hope you don’t mind me calling but coach wanted me to see if you’re coming to swim camp next week?” Paul asked.

*Swim camp, I completely forgot about that,* he thought then replied, “Paul, no... no I won’t be making it. Tell coach I’m sorry, but it’s too soon and my aunt from Thailand is here. Right now, all I want is some solitude,” he replied.

“Yeah, sure buddy. Are you okay? You sound different,” Paul responded, sounding concerned.

“Yes... I’m... I’m fine,” Thomas answered. “Just a sore throat. Look, I must go. Tell everyone I’m okay but please give me a few more weeks.” and hung the phone up.

*I wonder why he said I sounded funny?* he thought, going back into the laundry room. *Guess I’m probably hoarse from all that reading.* Without noticing, scratched at the pad covering his right breast.



Across town, in the shopping district, Pensée was in a large country and western store. After getting an assistant to help her, she began shopping. The first item was a pair of cowboy boots. The pair she chose was elaborately decorated in pinks, violets and purple thread in a floral Iris design with a three-inch block heel. Next, after giving the assistant Thomas’ measurements, she selected two

cowgirl shirts. One in bright pink satin with white fringe on the sleeves and pearl snap buttons, the other shirt in violet. A pink denim skirt with three-inch hem of red lace was added to the cart. The final item was a white cowgirl hat with an alligator band.

*This should be enough*, she thought. *My tailors can copy these shirts and skirt easily enough. I'll get this stores information and catalog if I may need more.*

When she got home, she heard Thomas taking his bath. *With us leaving soon, I need to rush his breast development*, she thought. *I'll keep the salve on him all the time now. I picked up a few training bras while in town. I'll tell him they will keep the salve from staining his shirts.*

As Thomas was getting out of the tub, Pensée walked in carrying the salve jar and what looked like a bra. "Suuai, I'm still worried about the condition of the skin on your chest. I've decided for the time being to have you leave it on all day," she said walking over to him with the jar. Taking out a glob of the yellow ointment, she spread it over his right breast and another glob on his left. Next, she applied the plastic-backed pads over them.

"These pads are not working that well as there is some leakage," she said. "I don't want you staining your shirts, so I bought you this to make sure you don't stain your tops." She was holding the white satin training bra, one with a single hook and eye closure. Its only decoration was a pink bow centered between the two triangular cups.

As she approached holding it outstretched in her hands, Thomas backed up shaking his head no. "Nórng sǎao! Stop this foolishness. It's either this comfortable way or a tight elastic bandage that will be confining and hot. Come now and hold out your arms!" she harshly demanded.

Reluctantly, he stepped forward and held out his arms. Smiling, Pensée slid the satin straps up his arms and settled the bra on his chest. She took a few seconds to adjust the straps and stepped behind him. Taking his hands, she placed his fingers at the ends of the bra band, then telling him to pull the band out slightly and match the hook with the eye fastening. She kept her fingers on his and pulled the band out, guiding him, and fastened the bra. Seeing his reflection in the door mirror, showing him blushing beet red, Pensée smiled.

"Good, my precious nórng sǎao," she said; then told him to unhook it and hook it back again. She made him do it a dozen times until she was satisfied.

"I put four more of these in your dresser," she stated. "From now on, the only time you will be bare-chested is when you take your bath. When you finish your bath, will put a liberal amount of this salve on your chest, then the patch

and bra. Now go get dressed and wear your sandals and hose.” Satisfied, she left.

*I have no idea why she thinks my chest needs this gunk on it. Now she has me wearing a dang bra! he thought with tear-brimmed eyes. Still, I have no choice but to suffer more humiliation. I hope my lawyer calls soon before she screws me up more than she already has.*

When he opened his dresser drawer, he saw four neatly folded white training bras. He selected a pair of bright yellow hip huggers, which felt more like his jockeys, even if they had little bows on them. Picking out the matching camisole, he opened the next drawer and pulled out a yellow sleep shirt with daisy imprint. In the last drawer were several packets of panty hose with two pairs freshly washed. He took one of those. He checked the hose to see if they had any runs, before rolling them up his legs.

The afternoon went by with him doing his reading and walking. At supper swallowed his three pills, ate and then went to take his bath. At first mainly when he was reading, he felt the tug of bra straps and band but by the time supper was ready almost unnoticed.

He didn't want to get out of the tub when the timer went off, but forced himself up. He dried and moisturized his body reluctantly, then opened the jar and put the yellow salve on both breasts. When he was done, he added the pads and then finally the bra. After putting on his nightie and slippers he went to his aunt's room. It was the same routine as in previous nights, and he went to bed exhausted. At least those two white pills he took kept him from getting up and tossing his cookies.



Over the next three weeks, his routine didn't change much. The biggest changes were doing his yoga for an hour, and worse, wearing black patent leather strappy sandals with a three-inch spike heel. The shoes gave him fits that first week; especially, when he switched from a hard surface to the carpet. He was lucky that he didn't get a serious ankle sprain. By the end of the third week, he easily managed walking in spike heels, he was no longer consciously aware that he was wearing a bra.

He did, however, notice that the cups of the bra were no longer sitting flat but were slightly rounded. He just shook his head, figuring it was his imagination. Another thing he noticed was that he was very good at putting on makeup from day time looks to fancy date night looks. He hadn't been nauseous or cramping



the past two weeks but his emotions were swinging around all over the place. One moment he would be okay and for no reason start crying or become depressed or a few times happy. Thomas knew he had every right to cry, but guys didn't do that. He rarely was happy since his aunt moved in, but now when she praised him with a hug and kiss, he was feeling pleased. Although his hair was

now hanging to his collar and he wanted a haircut, he dared not go to a barber shop smelling like lavender.



Emerging from the tub after he shaved his underarms and around his landing strip for the first time, Thomas patted dry and applied the body lotion. He was hesitant to apply the yellow salve on his breasts as they seemed puffy and the nipples appeared to stick out. It wasn't the muscled, flat chest he remembered.

*I don't think I should use this stuff anymore,* he thought. *It looks like I've developed an allergy to it. Better go ahead anyway and ask pîi sǎao about it.*

Putting on his bra then stepping into his violet hip huggers, matching camisole and donning his silk robe, he went to his room. Pensée was waiting for him, which wasn't unusual, but seeing his old suit on the bed was a shock.

"Nórng sǎao, we must go somewhere this morning. Get dressed then come to breakfast," she said, and left the room.

He automatically replied, "Chay, pîi sǎao," to her parting back.

The young man was disappointed in not seeing his old underwear, but if she had wanted him to wear it, it would be there. Reluctantly, he picked up the white starched cotton dress shirt and put it on. It seemed a size too large and felt itchy. The black dress pants were very loose fitting and the black belt had to be hitched to the last hole. The tie wasn't his, obviously, as it was a bright pink silk. The thin black socks weren't his either, and reached almost to his knees. The black dress shoes also seemed loose as he tied the laces.

*Dang, my clothing is just hanging on me now and she wants me to go out like this and smelling like lavender?* he thought. He checked the mirror to make sure no signs of a bra were there. He walked out of the room with a sense of doom hanging over him.

Breakfast was the usual two eggs, slice of toast, green tea and this morning's pills. He didn't notice the extra small green pill. *Don't know why I take these darn pills. Been taking them for a while now and my energy levels haven't gone up one bit,* he thought — but he still swallowed them.

"Suuai, we have a court date today at ten to settle the estate. I want you on your best behavior, understand? She informed him.

"Why didn't my lawyer ask to talk to me, pîi sǎao?" he anxiously asked.

“You were taking your morning bath after yoga dear,” she replied. “What’s important is that everything will be taken care of today. We’ll have to leave now, it’ll take us almost an hour to get to the court house.”

By the time they entered the court room, the full effects of the tranquilizer had taken effect. They sat next to a man Thomas had never met before, and Pensée introduced him. “Thomas,” she said, in one of the very few times she called him that, “this is our lawyer Mr. Somchai.” She then smiled and sat back. “Don’t say anything unless I tell you too. Should you be asked, you will say how much you love me and what I do for you, understand?” she instructed.

The best he could do was whisper, “Chay, pîi sǎao.”

The hearing was a blur to Thomas. After it was over, he remembered hearing something about the estate but none of the details. For some reason he couldn’t concentrate and was sleepy. There was something about guardianship and having to stand up and say he loved his aunt and all she did for him. That worried him. When he asked his aunt, he was told everything went perfect and not to worry.

Back at the house, she followed him into his room as she had him strip down to his lingerie. She helped him put on pantyhose, his red blouse with the black cording hem and black slacks. He was still a bit under the influence of the tranquilizer, but she had him put a pair of red patent leather five-inch spiked heels on his feet.

“Nórng sǎao,” she said after lunch. “I just finished making reservations on Thai Air for Bangkok for this Thursday morning. So don’t worry.”

Hearing that, Thomas almost shouted, “Fantastic!” ...but stopped before doing it. *That’s the best news I’ve heard in a very long time*, he thought with a smile. *I’ll go along with whatever she wants for the next two days but then I can be me again.*

Still smiling, he picked up the book and began his walking practice. His movements, stride and heel-to-toe movement were very feminine. In his now-natural soprano sing-song voice, he told his pîi sǎao how much he loved her and liked what she was doing for him. The rest of his day proceeded as all the other days with him going to bed for the first time feeling good about the future.

The next day was back to his normal routine, and it was much the same until Tuesday. On that morning, Pensée told him to clean the entire house from top to bottom, including waxing the floors. Later that afternoon the doorbell chimed, and Thomas froze where he was, hoping it wasn’t one of his friends. He cautiously and silently peered down the hall to see for himself, and saw

some man he didn't recognize standing in the half-open doorway. He was handing his aunt a manilla envelope and was talking to him, but he couldn't hear. Finally, she shut the door and went into her bedroom.

In her room, she opened the envelope and found all the necessary legal work making her guardian of Thomas and trustee of his estate. She put that into her purse, closed the envelope and put it and the other documents into her suitcase.

*Wonderful! Now I have everything I need,* she thought with a big smile. *I sent Mr. Somchai a letter authorizing him to sell the house, car and all the contents. He has my bank account information so he can wire me the estate settlement and whatever he gets for the sale of the property. This has turned out to be a trip with excellent profit — plus I get my Suuai.*



Coming out of his bathroom, wearing just his training bra and silk robe, Thomas entered his room. Seeing no clothing laid out, went to the dresser to get his panties, camisole and sleep shirt. As he opened the drawers Pensée entered the room.

“No need to get dressed yet, nórng sǎao,” she said. “Come have breakfast with me before I go to the airport. A limo will be here to pick me up in an hour.”

For once, he didn't mind that. She was leaving and that's all that mattered,” he thought smiling he followed her out of the room.

There was a pork chop and two eggs on his plate, along the four pills in the saucer. Seeing that much food made his mouth water, and out of habit he swallowed the pills. He was hungry (and always seemed hungry) but he could only finish half of the pork chop. As he was cleaning up the kitchen, he began to feel woozy.

*I shouldn't feel this tired after my first really good night's sleep,* he thought. Only moments later, he dropped his food and blacked out.

*That was a strong tranquilizer and I'm going to have to do all the work getting him dressed,* she thought. *I need to pack his lingerie, two pair of dance panties and black sandals, but will leave all the rest behind. I want him feeling uncomfortable wearing men's clothing and those dance panties should help. He hates them.*

She removed his robe and slippers and pulled a pair of neon blue dance panties up his legs. Pensée pulled them up as high as she could to increase his

discomfort. A matching camisole completed his underclothing. It was difficult getting him into his suit, but she managed. Tying the pink silk tie was no problem as she had done that many times when she was a working girl. When she was finished with dressing him, she took him to sit on the couch while she finished packing and getting herself dressed. She chose her black silk pants suit



with scarlet silk blouse, black hose and modest two-inch patent red leather strappy sandals.

She only had to wait about fifteen minutes before the limo arrived. Thomas was only semi-lucid by the time they reached the airport and checked in. As the stewardess checked their passports, asked why her companion looked so out of it.

“Oh, he’s scared to death of getting on an airplane. So, I gave him a tranquilizer,” she explained.

“I understand,” the stewardess replied handing her two first class tickets for Hawaii with a layover in Los Angeles.

Thirty minutes before landing in LA, she forced another tranquilizer into his mouth. Thomas went back into la-la land. They had an hour and half layover before catching the flight to Honolulu. Half way there, she gave him another. There they would spend the night in a nice hotel, then take a noon flight to Bangkok. It was another long flight of over eleven hours and across the International Date Line. That meant they would arrive close to ten or eleven in the evening on Wednesday. She kept him sedated until just before landing in Bangkok.



Thomas Cochrane Jr. was starting to regain his senses as they passed through Thai customs. The customs office gave a hard look at Thomas, but only until he looked at Pensée’s passport. The customs officer saw the special little sticker in her passport that basically said, “VIP — let them through.” That meant he couldn’t check her bags either, and if he did and she complained, he would be fired. So, the man stamped their passports and nodded them through.

By the time they reached baggage claims, a chauffeur was waiting for them. He retrieved their luggage and led them to the car. Before too long, they reached her estate just outside Bangkok. Thomas was becoming lucid enough to ask, “Where the heck are we?”

“Nórng sǎao, we are home at my estate in Thailand,” she said. “This is where you will live with me from now on. Tomorrow, I will file with the local authorities legal documents making me your legal guardian until you turn twenty-one. Under Thai law you will have to do whatever I demand, and if you don’t obey me, I can have you put in jail. Trust me when I say you never want that. Now, let’s get inside.” She took his arm and led him through the massive heavily carved teak wood doors, held open by a muscled butler.

“It’s good to have you back home mistress,” he said, greeting in his native Thai language.

“Ah, yes, it is Arhit. Meet my sister, Suuia,” she said in Thai.

“Your sister?” he asked, seeing a frail looking boy in a baggy men’s suit.

She giggled at that and replied, “Just wait until you see her when I have her dressed properly. She’s a little rough, but in time she will be my kathoey sister.”

Thomas was still a little groggy but understood what she was saying. *Kathoey?* he thought. *She wants me to be a lady boy? I’ve heard the term and that such practices are fully accepted here. I certainly don’t want that! I’ve got to get back to the states as soon as I can!* Panicked, he said loudly, “No, no I don’t want that! I want to go back to the states now!”

“Sister, you embarrass and disrespect me in the presence of one of my loyal servants,” she said in Thai. It was clear that she was very angry. “And in English, no less! You shall be punished for that. Arhit, please give her twenty of your best.”

Before Thomas could do anything, Arhit scooped him up and placed him over his muscled thigh and began spanking him, hard. Within ten strokes, he was crying. By the fifteenth, he was begging for the punishment to stop. By twenty, he was a bawling mess.

“Now Arhit, bring her to her room and take off those offending male things; then bring the luggage to mine,” she ordered and walked off.

The spanking was humiliating and painful but when Arhit took Thomas to a very feminine room and began disrobing him, beyond humiliated. Thomas was blushing brick red from his toes to his face, standing there in just his bra, camisole and dance panties.

Arhit stared at him for a moment and smiled. “You will make a very good Kathoey. If you know what is good for you, obey the mistress. She can punish you far worse than a simple spanking,” he said and left.

Thomas threw himself on the king-sized circular bed and cried. *I don’t care what dad said about hitting a woman. I should have knocked her out the second day she arrived,* he lamented. Despite being drugged for two days, the young man fell into a troubled sleep on the scarlet silk comforter.



He was shaken awake early the next morning by a beautiful young Thai woman wearing a French maid’s uniform. The white lace of the low-cut bodice



exposed a nice glimpse of plump breasts. The black satin skirt reached to her mid-thighs and fluffed out with several white petticoats. Her legs clad in black fishnet stockings and wearing black patent leather five-inch spiked heels.

“Who are you and what do you want?” Thomas asked her.

The woman looked confused, obviously not able to understand English.

“It doesn’t matter. Just go away and leave me alone,” he grumpily said.

She didn’t move, just stood there in her heels looking worried. She was cute, too, which softened Thomas’s resolve a little.

“What’s your name?” He asked. Realizing she still couldn’t understand him, he switched to Thai.

“Your name?” He repeated in Thai.

“I’m simply called Maid, Mistress hasn’t yet decided upon a proper name for me,” she said. “I’m here to help you with your morning toilet Miss Suuai.”

Realizing he was going to have to keep using Thai, he grunted. “Good grief, I know how to take a bath. Just show me where it is and you can go,” he replied, irritated.

“I’m sorry Miss Suuai but I have my orders,” she replied. “Please, if you will get out of bed and follow me.” She handed him a pair of three-inch spiked heeled slippers with a pink puff on the pointed toes.

“Alright all ready,” he answered putting his feet into the slippers. *If I didn’t have to pee so bad, I would have told her to get lost*, he thought.

The bathroom she led him to was almost as large as his old bedroom. A pinkish marble floor with pink throw rugs, a large white jacuzzi bath tub with a steam room next to it. The steam room was large enough to accommodate four people. On the other side of the room a long marble countertop with four sinks with gold faucets and pink enameled cabinets underneath. Above the sinks were gold framed mirrors. At the back of the room were two white enameled commodes. Across from the commodes was a large storage closet.

*I don’t remember much about last night but from the brief glance around that bedroom and now this, elder sister must be very rich*, he thought.

“Okay, you showed me here. Now you can go. I have to use the toilet,” he said.

“So sorry, Miss Suuai, but I have to tend to you in your morning obligations. Mistress has given me strict orders,” the maid responded.

“Good grief! If I don’t piss right now, I’ll pee myself,” he thought walking toward the commodes.

Reaching down to lift the seat, it didn’t budge. “What the heck? Why doesn’t thing pull up? Maid, is there a latch or something to make this come up?” he said frustrated.

“No Miss Suuai. You must sit to do your business,” she replied.

Rolling his eyes, he pulled down his dance panty and sat, sighing as his flow began. *Dang, I was at the point of bursting. What the heck*, he thought, as the maid grabbed some tissue and stood there.

“Miss Suuai, would you like for me to wipe or prefer to do it yourself?” she asked.

*How ridiculous! I haven't had someone do that since I was a baby and dang if I'll let her do that now*, he thought. “No! I'll do it,” he replied irritated. *I'm a guy and don't need to wipe, but I'll have to do it or she'll try to do it*, he thought taking the offered wad of tissue.

As he was finishing up, the maid knelt in front of him and began removing his slippers. *What the heck!* he thought, getting ready to tell her to stop when she also pulled off his dance panty from around his ankles.

“What are you doing?” he squawked in surprise.

“Getting you ready for your bath. If you're finished, I will undress you now,” she replied.

“I can do all that by myself. Now, go away and leave me alone,” he stated angrily.

Instead, she grabbed his hand, put a finger on a pressure point while twisting his hand pressed down hard. Thomas screamed in pain. “I'm sorry for doing this but Mistress commanded me to punish you if you disobeyed me,” she said, finally releasing her grip after a some long, painful moments.

Thomas was blushing beet red by the time she had him stripped naked. She started filling the large tub; then handed him a hand towel and pushed him into the steam room. “You had long journey. Fifteen minutes in here will sweat some poisons out of your system,” she said, shutting the door and pressing some buttons.

It didn't take long for hot steam to fill the room and he began to sweat. As he sat there, he began to cry. *I can't believe this is happening to me. How could have I been so stupid?* he thought. *I knew she was making me do girlish stuff but I thought all that would be temporary. At first, I did it figuring she was crazy with all that elder/younger sister stuff. Then if I disobeyed, her punishments really hurt. Stupid, stupid, stupid!*

The smell of lavender was almost overpowering as he stepped out of the steam room on shaky legs. The maid helped him get into the tub, and taking a natural sponge, began bathing him. When she took his manhood in hand and began washing there, he blushed red as it started to harden.

The blush never left his cheeks as she patted him dry, applied the body lotion and then that yellow salve. After putting on the pads, the maid hooked a vivid

pink bra with small red heart decoration around his chest. Unlike his previous bras this one had soft slightly padded cups with white eyelet lace trim. She assisted him in putting on his silk robe; then knelt to put on his slippers.

Back in his room, she removed the robe and went to an elaborately carved teak wood dresser. She selected bright pink silk hip hugger panties, a matching camisole and a light pink silk garment with two-inches of floral lace hemming she called a chemise. It felt almost weightless as it slid down his body. From a closet, she pulled out a pink silk balloon-cut long-sleeved blouse with a Mandarin collar that buttoned up the back with small pearl buttons. A black silk straight skirt that reached three-inches above the knees. His black sandals completed his dressing. For jewelry, was given a woven gold necklace and pearl ring.

“Mistress said that you are to apply daytime makeup before I take you to her,” the maid said. “Please Miss Suuai, don’t argue with me. I’m just doing as told,” she added, seeing the look on his face.

*Yeah, like I have any choice. I either do it now or you will hurt me until I comply,* he thought as she led him to a fancy wrought iron glass-topped vanity table with lighted mirrors. He sat down on the lavender colored padded bench seat and stared at the array of unguents, salves and cosmetics laid out. With a trembling hand, he reached out and began his cleaning ritual.

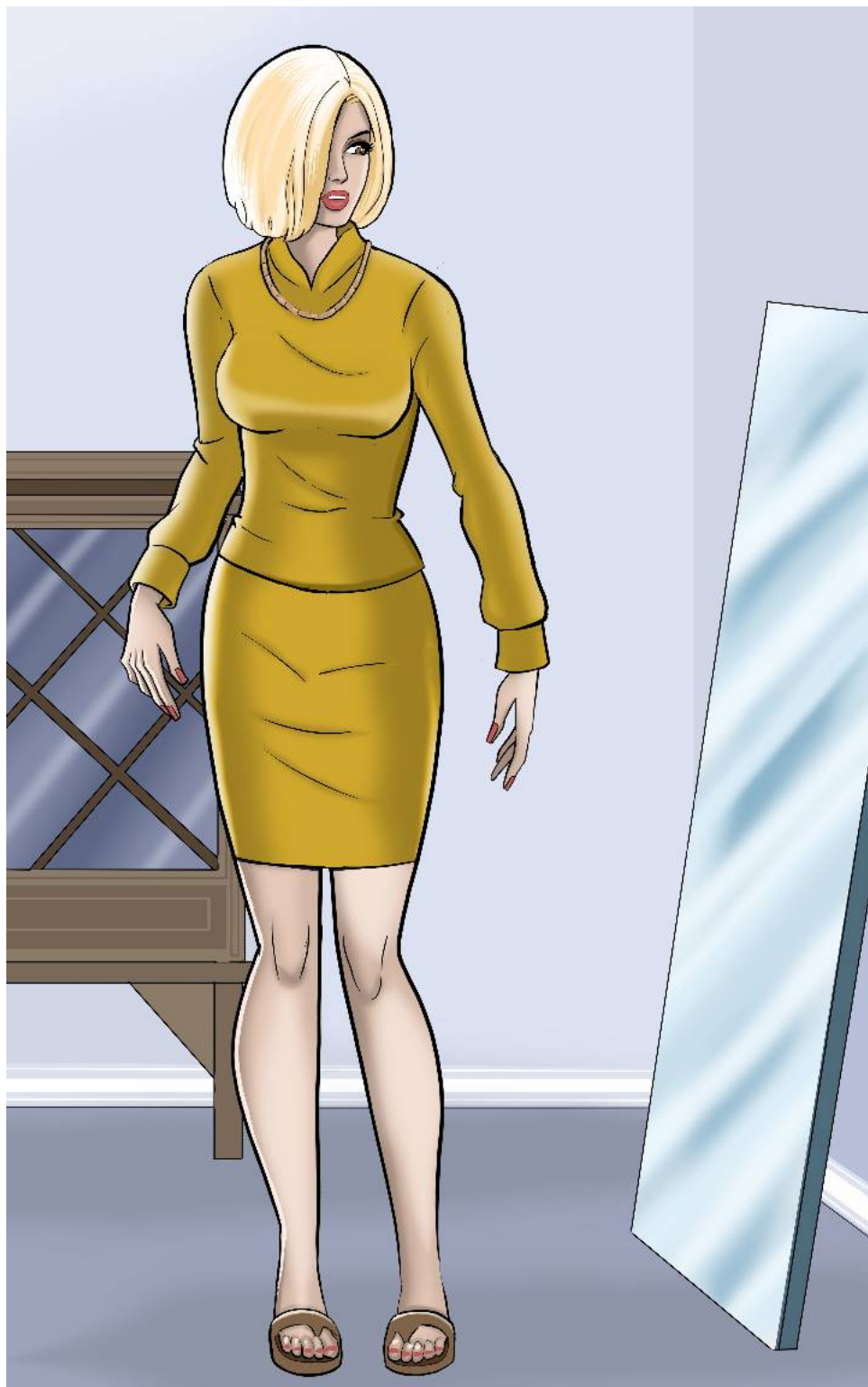


Finished putting on his day time makeup, Thomas was led down a hall to a spiral marble staircase with teak wood rails. The first floor was decorated in mosaic tiles depicting the Siamese gods of old. In the middle of the main room stood a golden Buddha sitting on a pink marble platform around the base was a pool of water containing koi fish. The maid took him to a side room and knocked on the teak wood door. She opened it and motioned for Thomas to enter.

Inside he found his “elder sister” sitting at a large table. He didn’t say anything as he approached, as she signaled for him to take a seat next to her. Standing by the chair he said, “We have to talk.”

“Only Thai in my house,” Pensée said, interrupting him. “Only Thai.”

With a sigh, he complied. “Elder sister, we have to talk. Look at me. You have me dressed and painted like a girl. You’ve had your fun, now please, I beg you to stop all this craziness.”



“Before me I only see a young woman,” she said with a smile. “When I’m finished with you, you will be beautiful and worthy of being my little sister. Now sit and I will get us breakfast.” She picked up a silver bell and rang it.

Immediately, two beautiful Thai women entered, carrying trays. Pensée was served first. A large bowl of soup and cup of rice with a tea pot and oriental teacup. The girl quickly filled the cup with green tea and stepped back. Only then did the other girl place the same things in front of Thomas, including three pills on a saucer. He saw the bowl contained rice noodles, mixed vegetables and what looked like shredded meat. His aunt took a sip of the tea before she started to talk.

“Listen carefully Suuai and don’t say anything until I’m finished,” she began. “I have always wanted you as my younger sister as soon as I first saw you with that stunning long blond hair. You were too beautiful to be a boy. The things you did when I asked you to told me you were indeed meant to be my younger sister. Now that I have you, I intend to keep you. The U.S. court gave me full custody and you only have a Thai passport. It’s restricted such that you cannot go anywhere without me being present and Thai law gives me absolute control on how I raise you. Raising you as a Kathoey is perfectly acceptable and legal here. You have absolutely no choice in this matter now. I strongly suggest you accept this and do as I say or the punishments can be very painful.”

*Oh, I’m so screwed!* he thought in anguish holding back tears. “Bu...but you...you don’t care how I feel? It doesn’t matter that I hate this? We’re family,” he replied, carefully wiping away a tear with his napkin.

“Family, yes but I want you as my younger sister! And younger sister you will be!” she strongly stated. “Now take your pills.” She picked up her spoon and began eating. That meant to stop talking and eat his meal.

With a grimace, he swallowed the pills and began eating. *I’m really stuck here, under her control and have no choice. I hate this but what can I do? The only thing I know about Thailand is its language,* he sadly thought.

Finished with her meal, Pensée stood up. “I have business to deal with this morning. A Kathoey will be here shortly to begin teaching what you have to know,” she said and left the room.

As he finished his meal, a young petite girl entered the room. “My name is Kitten and your teacher,” she said in a soft melodious voice. She was wearing daytime makeup and a jade green sheath dress made of glistening satin, tan hose and green leather five-inch spike heels. A Dior gold purse hung by her side.

“My pîi sãao said a Kathoey would be here?” Thomas said.

The young girl giggled, then said, “That would be me,” and giggled some more before continuing, “Now lead me to your room and bath, we have much to learn.”

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In the bathroom Kitten walked over to the cabinet and removed a red rubber enema bag with a long white hose and nozzle attached along with a pink bulb syringe with a large white nozzle.

“Miss Suuai, I must teach you a cleansing routine every Kathoey must perform in the morning, before entertaining others and before going to sleep,” he said holding up both items.

“Quit calling me miss! I’m not a miss and my name is Thomas,” he said irritated.

“No can-do Miss Suuai, and it would be in your best interest to stop thinking of yourself masculine or even Thomas,” Kitten scolded. “You are Miss Suuai now. You are a Kathoey just like me.”

“Why? Aren’t you angry at what they did to you?”

“Absolutely not. In my culture, it is considered an honor,” Kitten said, smiling. “My village up north is very poor and my family among the poorest. It was decided by the family elders that I should be trained as a Kathoey. It is considered a great honor. When I was sold into the bar business, it would bring much needed money to the family. So, I was raised only by the women in the family and taught how to behave and act like them. When I was eighteen, I was sold to Mistress Pensée and taught how to be a bar girl. I paid off my debt to her last year and now I’m employed by her. I make good money now and send much back to my family.”

“Oh, I didn’t know... But I don’t think that’s right. It’s certainly not where I come from,” he replied.

“You’re not in that country anymore, Miss Suuai,” Kitten responded. “You must forget all that and accept what you are now. Start thinking that your name is Miss Suuai, a Kathoey. Otherwise, you will have a very miserable future that you can’t change.”

“I hate to think you might be right, as I’m miserable right now,” Thomas answered.

“Consider what I’ve said while I explain your hygiene requirements. In the mornings you will use the large red bag,” Kitten said, unscrewing a plug on it and walking over to the faucet, where they turned on the hot water. “Wait until the water gets warm; then turn on the cold to keep warm. Fill the bag until it is

full and add three or four drops of perfume. You will use the bulb syringe for all other occasions,” he instructed.

When it was full, Kitten hooked it on a gold ring above the toilet, and holding the nozzle over the sink, released the clamp. Water spewed out the sides and front then shut the clamp. “You need to do this to get the air out,” he said and handed the nozzle to Thomas.

It was embarrassing and somewhat painful as his stomach bloated while the bag emptied. Told to remove the nozzle, Thomas let loose a torrent of water and the contents of his gut.

“That’s a relief,” Thomas thought, “but embarrassing as all get out.”

“Let’s go back to your room as I have another lesson to teach you,” Kitten said when Thomas was finished.

In the bedroom Kitten approached and put his hands on Thomas’ shoulders. “Look at my face Miss Suuai and tell me what you see. Do you see a man or a woman’s face looking back at you?”

“A...a woman’s,” he responded.

“Good, keep that image in your mind,” Kitten answered as he pressed his body into his and kissed him with passion. Thomas’ reaction was to try and back away but Kitten held him tight for a few more seconds before breaking the kiss and stepping back.

“Was that so horrible? Having a passionate kiss from a woman?” Kitten asked.

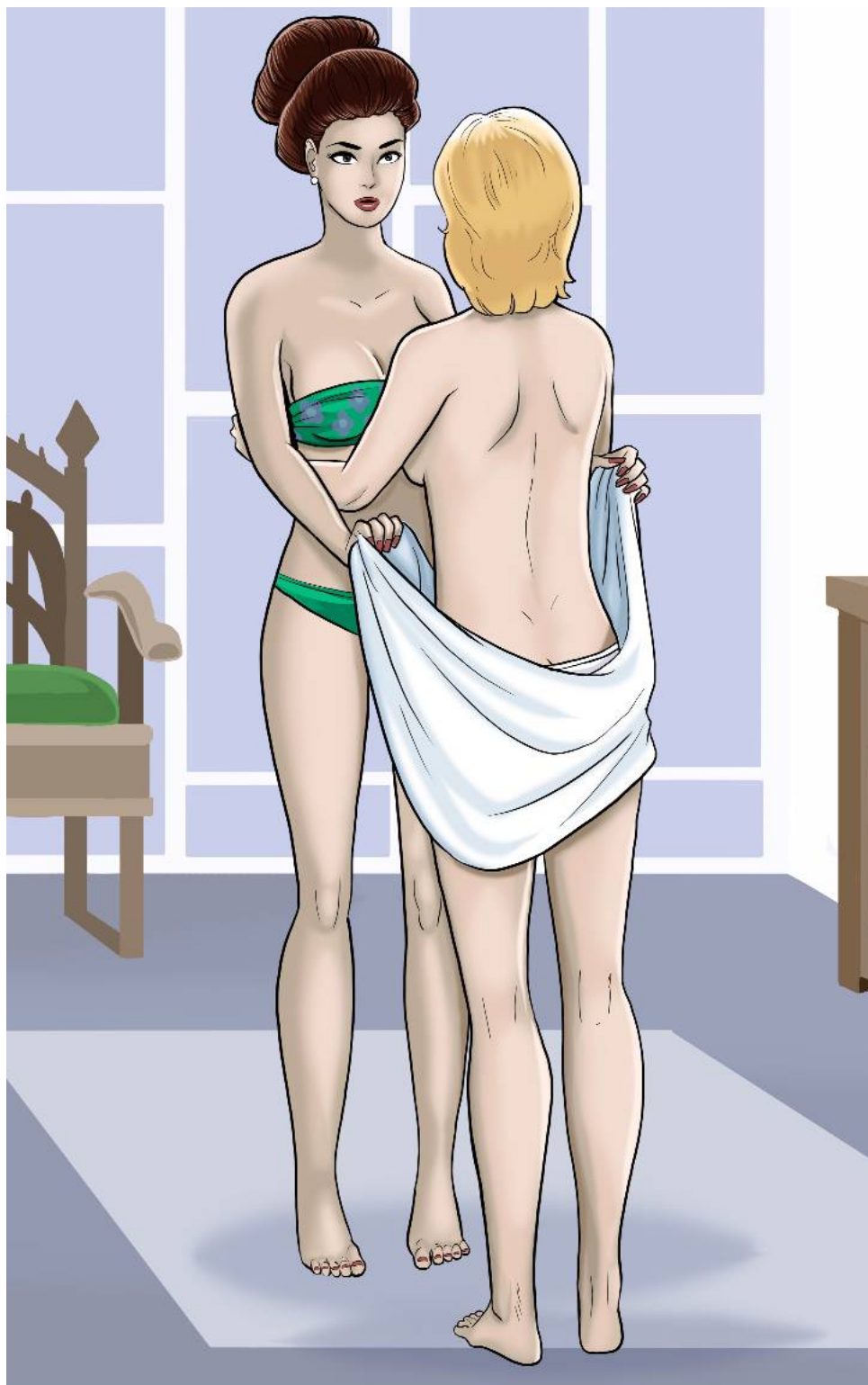
“You’re a guy!” was his shocked response.

“Except for my man bits, I’m all woman. I’m going to kiss you again, this time picture my face in your mind,” Kitten replied and pulled him in close for another tongue twisting kiss.

His aunt or even Sally Jo had never kissed him like that and it made his head spin. This time he didn’t try to back away as he concentrated on Kitten’s face.

“Now strip down to your bra and panties while I do the same. You need to enjoy the act of cuddling,” Kitten said pulling off his dress revealing a jade-colored bra with crystal floral design on the cups and jade hip huggers. The bra was a pushup revealing the tops of two firm breasts.

Thomas was reluctant to get onto the bed with Kitten but did so. “Miss Suuai, concentrate on my face, rub and squeeze my breasts. Come slide closer to me. Don’t be afraid, I don’t bite. Well not much anyway. If you want you can close your eyes but play with my breasts and remember my face,” Kitten said with a giggle.



Doing as he was told, Thomas reached out and ran his fingers over the exposed breasts; then gently squeezed the cups. They felt exactly like Sally Jo's. He felt a soft hand sliding slowly up his leg and a warm breath blow into his ear giving him chills; then a soft kiss on his lips. He felt his penis begin to harden. He concentrated hard on Kitten's face and what he had seen of her breasts. He felt a nip on his ear and another burst of warm air and damp tongue, giving him more chills. A soft hand rubbing his stomach, another nip and burst of warm air into his ear and moaned. His dick became hard, the head slipping out of his panties.

Thomas was lost in the overpowering sexual feelings he was having for the first time in his life. A soft hand was stroking his erection reminding him of what his aunt had done. Kitten slowly moved on top of him and then Thomas felt something he had never felt before. Something warm and moist was engulfing his penis, sliding down to the base then slowly rose. The sensations filling his brain were overpowering and felt himself climaxing. Then he felt cool air on his deflating penis. Opening his eyes saw Kitten smiling broadly down at him.

Realizing what had happened, Thomas rolled to the side, tossing Kitten off him. *I just had sex with another man!* his mind screamed as humiliation, shame and disgust overcame him. He got off the bed and started to quickly dress, tears in his eyes.

"Miss Suuai, calm down," Kitten admonished. "Stop and think about what just happened. You were pleased more than you probably ever been. We did nothing wrong or perverted! I just wanted to demonstrate two consenting adults could find pleasure without regard to sex. There is nothing wrong with that! You gave me pleasure and I you. As a Kathoey, that is one of our purposes in life is to give pleasure and in return we are pleased." Kitten got off the bed. "I will leave you now, but will see you again. Promise me you will think seriously about all that I have said Miss Suuai. Accept what you are about to become and all the pleasures you will experience."

Thomas sat in a side chair, his mind numb, as he watched Kitten get dressed and leave. *I can't believe I just let him do that. Yes, I admit it felt wonderful but... but it shouldn't have, should it?* he thought as tears began to fall.

He didn't know it, but Thomas had been taking estrogen and testosterone blockers for over a month. They had been playing havoc with his emotions as well. His aunt had masturbated him more times than he could remember, but Kitten's attentions were more pleasurable. Thomas' mind was swirling in confusion and doubts about his own sexuality.

He was interrupted by the Maid, "Miss Suuai, would you like your lunch served in the kitchen or in your room?" she asked.

“Is my elder sister back? If not, bring it here,” he replied. *Don’t know why I said that, I’m not even sure I can hold food down*, he thought.



Back in the city, Pensée’s first stop was to her tailor’s. There she gave them the cowgirl outfits and asked them to make a dozen copies in different bright colors. Her second stop was the court house to file her guardian papers. This would allow her to raise Thomas Jr. anyway she wanted. Her longest stop was her office. She picked up a pile of paperwork in her in basket and told her receptionist to get Madam Jade to come to her office.

Madam Jade was a rather imposing 32-year-old Chinese woman. She was five-foot seven, slim but muscular, had a black belt in karate and expert in knife fighting. What Pensée admired the most about Jade was that she was extremely smart as well as both feared and respected by all of her employees. Pensée so respected her that she gave her the title of Madam.

Sitting behind her mahogany desk with elaborately carved panels of Thai mythological gods, she thought, *The bank notified me that over \$750,000 U.S. Dollars were wired into my account this morning. Now I need to decide how I’m going to invest it. I already own bars, a dozen street vendors, one restaurant and two retail stores all primarily for tourist and military personnel.*

Pensée may have been overseas for a while, but she knew how things were going back in her home country. The region was embroiled in conflict, but also, opportunities. *The American build up for their war in Viet Nam is only going to increase significantly here in Thailand*, she mused. *I’m thinking about buying some acreage near their Takhli air base and building an apartment complex to rent to them. I’m just not sure how big it should be. Jade will have some insight. I will put the property in Suuai’s name and apply the rent minus administration fees to her as well. I’ll more than make enough providing the cleaning girls or boys of their choice for as long as they want.*

After discussing it with Jade, it was decided to initially build twenty units. One- and two-bedroom apartments on 50 acres. Pensée was hesitant about buying fifty acres, but Jade assured her that if the business boomed, they would need it — and if it didn’t, they could always sell the excess. One bedroom on the first floor and the two bedrooms on the second. Plus, on Jade’s suggestion, they would add a general store. The store would rent furniture, sell groceries, clothing, jewelry and other things. Jade would take care of all the detail work.

It was late afternoon by the time they finished planning, and Pensée went home. She had wanted to get home to talk to Kitten about his meeting with Suuai, and asked her driver to go as quickly as possible.



That evening, the Maid had to be forceful with Suuai. “Miss Suuai, I have my orders from Mistress and you are to wear this tonight,” she insisted.

What she insisted he wear was an Ocean blue/aqua silk blouse with ruffled front and balloon sleeves, three white starched crinolines, skater skirt in royal blue along with a blue floral embroidered garter belt and black hose with five-inch blue patent leather heels.

“Please Miss Suuai, get dressed or I will have to punish you,” the Maid pleaded.

“And how are you going to punish me? I’m bigger and stronger than you,” he answered.

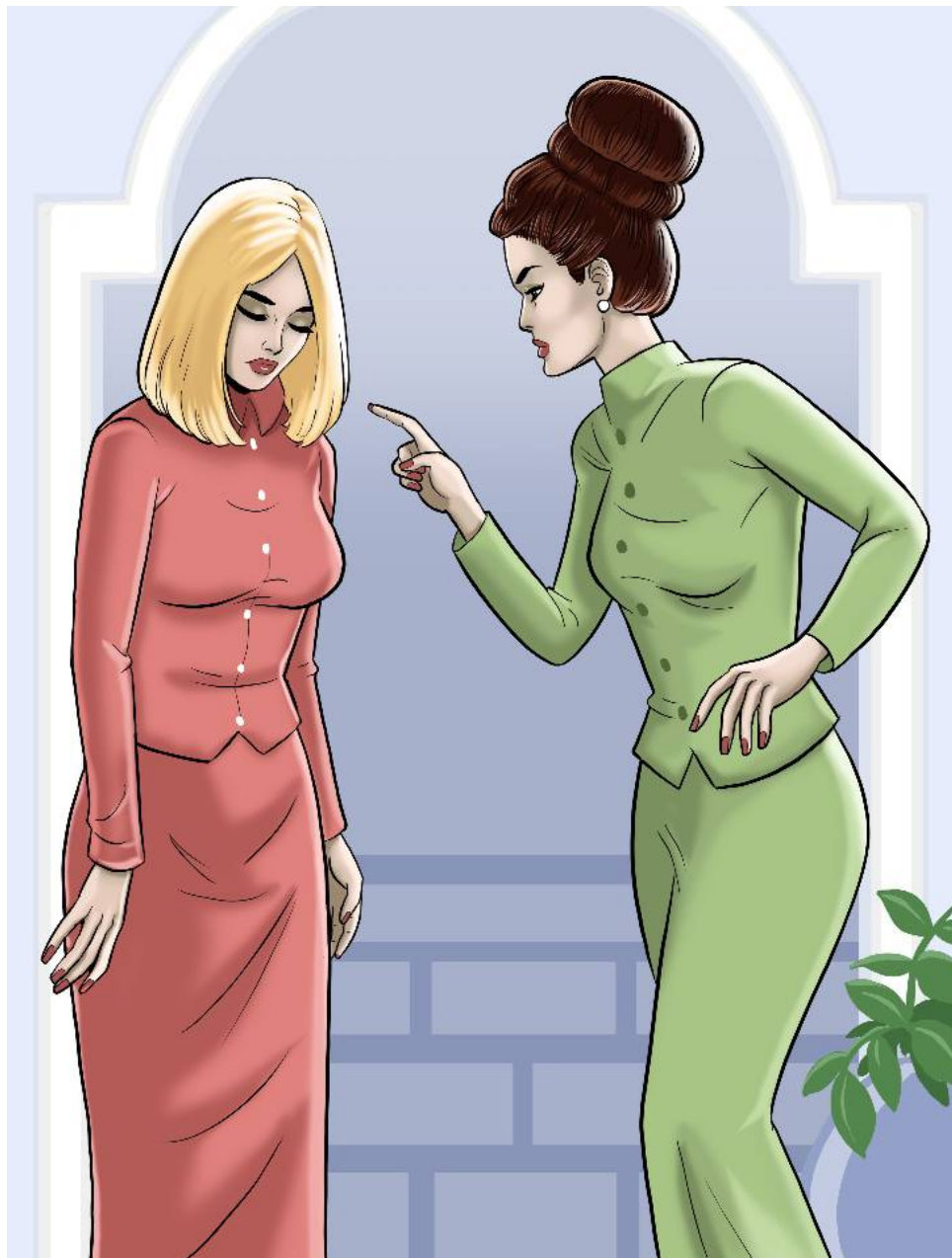
“I’ll call the butler,” she replied.

“Dang! I certainly don’t want him giving me another ass whooping,” he thought picking up the blouse.

After supper, Pensée began lecturing Thomas. “Little sister, you have only been here a few days and although I know you don’t like it, you have no choice. There is no escape here. The grounds are well guarded and you have no home to go to should you get away. Your house and Mustang have been sold. The American Embassy cannot help you. You have no documentation proving you’re a citizen. I’m your legal guardian under both U.S. and Thai law until you turn twenty-one.”

She spoke forcefully, but didn’t show any emotion. “You have a choice to make. Either you submit to being my beloved younger sister or you can fight me. In either case, you will become a Kathoey. As my younger sister, you will live a luxurious life and inherit my businesses. You must forget you were ever Thomas. You are Suuai now and have only been my younger sister. Accept this, or you will wind up working in the bar business servicing my customers.”

“I sent Kitten to you so he could teach you what a Kathoey really is and what they are expected to do in the bar trade. He is the best Kathoey I’ve ever had, so listen to what he tells you. Take a few days to carefully consider what I have just told you. I will ask for an answer then.”



The Maid woke Thomas up and while he was relieving himself, laid out his yoga clothing. When he stepped into the pink leotard, he felt his nipples harden. *That's strange*, he thought, *Why did my nipples harden when I pulled the straps over my shoulders? I'm beginning to really worry about what's happen-*

*ing to my chest. It's getting swollen and I never had but little bumps for nipples. Now they're like eraser nubs. I've got to get my aunt to take me to the doctor.*

When finished with his yoga, he had a light breakfast and went to take his bath. *I'm looking forward to my bath today, it always calms me down and I can think without interruptions*, he thought. *After what elder sister told me last night that's something I have to do. I don't like any of this but what choices do I really have? I think I better look in the mirror today too. I've been avoiding that for a while because I'm afraid of what I'll see.*

The bath was ready for him as he entered, wearing only his robe. Maid was standing there ready to remove his robe and said, "Miss Suuai would you like me to bathe you this morning? You look stressed and I give message too."

"No thank you Maid. Just leave me be for now and get my clothing ready," he replied.

Before stepping into the bath, he stared into the full-length mirror on the back of the door. What he saw made him nauseous. *I...I don't look like me anymore*, he thought. *I've developed a bubble butt, my waist must be four or five inches smaller an...and what looks like boobs. Small ones but I don't know what else to call them. That yellow gunk I've been coating them with must be responsible for that. I'm certainly not going to do that anymore. I still must wear that training bra though.*

Going back into his bedroom Thomas was surprised to see Kitten and Maid standing there. Fearing another intimate episode he asked, "What are you doing here, Kitten?"

"Ah, Miss Suuai, I'm here to broaden your horizons," Kitten replied. "We're going to my club today. I'm going to show you what could be in your future and what was my life for many years. Please get dressed so we can go." They pointed to the bed.

Thomas glanced at the bed and wasn't happy. On it was bright pink lingerie consisting of a floral-embroidered and lace-frilled pushup bra, hip hugger panties with small pink ribbons at hips and center waist band, a floral embroidered garter belt and black fishnet hose. His outer wear was a mid-thigh cowgirl skirt. There was also a bright pink satin cowgirl snap-button shirt. Also, there were three starched bright white net petticoats, a cowgirl hat and boots. The final items were a long-haired blond wig and pink plastic box purse with pearl handle.

"You want me to wear that?" he gasped.

"Mistress selected it, so yes," Kitten responded. "Besides, it will help you blend in when we get there. Now, calm down, you will not work with the cus-

tomers but act as a bar bat. You know, wash the glasses, wipe down the bar, and fetch things for the bar tenders. Mistress wants you to see what life is like in the bar business.”

“I guess I don’t have a choice, do I?” Thomas asked hopelessly.

“Hurry up, get dressed, and apply night time makeup. We need to get there sooner than later,” Kitten said.

Visiting a bar was totally new for Thomas. The music was American rock and roll, and a mirrored ball was turning on the ceiling. The smell of beer and tobacco was strong. As he stood in the entrance, a teak wood bar was to his left and a stage with a pole at the center. A young Thai girl wearing only a bright red bra and panties was humping it. A bunch of round tables with four chairs were arranged near the stage. About half the tables had men seated, some with Thai girls sitting with them or in their laps. Some of the girls were wearing poodle skirts or skin tight short-shorts with a blouse tied off in a bow at their midriffs. His observations were cut off as Kitten took his hand and led him to the bar.

“Miss Suuai, this is Aranya, the head bar tender,” Kitten said. Aranya said hello and nodded her head. “She will tell you your duties, but first I want to show you something.”

He led Thomas to a door and opened it, revealing stairs. Kitten led the way, reaching another door. Using a key, they entered the room. It was large and appeared to be an office. It had a standard metal office desk with an executive green leather chair, filing cabinets, a safe and two wooden chairs in front of the desk. A sofa was against the wall facing the desk. The wall on the right had a large shuttered picture window.

Kitten went to the window and opened the shutters. “This is a one-way mirror and we can see in and sound proof,” he said. “In a minute, two people will enter and I want you to watch carefully. What you are about to see is a ladyboy doing what the majority of ladyboys do to make a living, including me at one time. Now, I run all of Mistress’ bars.”

A pretty ladyboy entered, wearing a short poodle skirt and white blouse, turning on the light. A middled aged man wearing tan slacks with a red and black checked long-sleeved shirt who was holding a beer bottle in hand followed. He had a pot belly and appeared to be a construction worker. He was either an American or European. As the man went to the bed was unbuttoning his shirt. The ladyboy had already stripped down to his yellow bra and hip hugger panties. The boy/girl went to the man, took down his pants and underwear, removed his shoes and then his pants. The man had thick brown hair on his

chest, arms and legs. All he had on was his socks. Putting his beer on a side table, got onto the bed.

The ladyboy went to the other side table where there was a bowl of water and some towels. She took a towel, put it into the bowl; then went to the man and got on the bed, kneeling between his legs and washed his penis. Leaning down, she blew on the tip making him harden.

“What she is doing is checking to see if he is disease free,” Kitten explained.

Thomas’ eyes almost popped out of his head when the ladyboy put her mouth on the man’s penis and slowly took her lips down to the base and back up to the tip. Finally, the man grabbed her head, held it down into his groin; then with what looked like a yell or moan, released his grip. The ladyboy turned to face the mirror, opened her mouth to show the man’s deposit and swallowed.

Thomas was feeling sick in his stomach as he watched. *That’s disgusting*, he thought. *I feel sorry for her. I remember how many times aunty made me drink my man juice. At least it was mine and not some stranger’s.*

The ladyboy then removed her yellow bra and laid her head down on the man’s chest and began rubbing her hand up down and around the man’s bulging stomach. As she did that, the man raised his hand and began fondling her small breasts. Soon he had stiffened into hardness. The ladyboy moved to sit on his groin and inserted the hard penis into herself. She began to smoothly ride it up and down.

“How did she do that? Oh, it’s up her ass!” Thomas thought, shocked that anyone would do that.

“The show’s over,” Kitten said, closing the shutters. “That, Miss Suuai, is the daily life of a ladyboy in the bar trade. During their shift they will do dozens more just like that. Now, for today, as you can see, business is slow right now, but I want you to help the bartenders for a while. Keep an eye on the other ladyboys and customers that come in. We get young and old men, handsome and ugly even some women. It doesn’t matter to the ladyboys. Their jobs are to get the customer to buy drinks or pay for sex. Observe how they do that. If they can pay doesn’t matter who they are.”

“You mean to say that the ladyboy can’t refuse to... to have sex with a stranger?” Thomas gasped.

“Only if that customer has a communicable disease. Otherwise no,” Kitten replied. “Miss Suuai, they are what you call whores — and that’s what whores do.”

*Oh, Thomas thought. It’s obvious now. Kitten didn’t bring me here to teach me the bar business! Rather, what my aunt will do to me if I don’t agree to be her*

*nórnng sǎao. I'm not going to be me anymore no matter which way I choose. His tears began to flow.*



Kitten was driving Thomas home after a long day and a very long night. He had been helping with tasks at the bar, but his mind couldn't help but think about the reality he now found himself in. "Miss Suuai, we have a saying here," Kitten said. "'If something is inevitable in life; then willingly accept it.' At least you have a choice. You can let Mistress take you under her roof as family or you will be working for me. Now I am a kind and generous boss, but I will have you working as hard as all my other Kathoeyes. Dry those tears. Willingly make your choice and your life will be much easier." Thomas thought about this advice as he pulled the car up to the estate's front entrance.

As he walked into his room, Maid had fresh clothing laid out for him. "Miss Suuai, when you have cleansed your face, I will have your bath ready," she said in greeting.

"Okay Maid. No, I'm tired of calling you Maid. I'm giving you a name. From now on you're Hatnai," he said still a little agitated.

"Thank you, Miss Suuai, but only Mistress can do that once I've proven myself," she replied.

"I don't care," he said louder than he intended. "Whenever you're in my presence, you are Hatnai — unless you tell me your real name."

"Very well Miss Suuai. Hatnai it will be," Hatnai replied, smiling, but with a worried look.

"And stop calling me Miss when we're alone. I'll tell Mistress I commanded you to take that name. So don't worry," he replied, not wanting her to get into trouble.

His time in the bath seemed too short but it had calmed him down and allowed him time to think. Thomas had come to understand that his situation was hopeless, and as Kitten said, "inevitable." With no way out or possibility of escape, he made his decision.

He entered his room wearing just his robe and slippers. Hatnai had seen him naked before. He examined the clothing laid out for him. The lingerie was a bright violet, uplift bra with crystal floral beading, matching hip hugger panties with a center panel with similar design, a garter belt again with crystal beading

and four small violet ribbons on the tabs, a full slip with four-inches of a floral embroidered lace at the bodice and two-inches at the hem.

For outer wear, a white translucent silk balloon-sleeved blouse with small pearl buttons and dress shirt collar. The skirt was mid-thigh length in a white leather lined in champagne silk. He groaned seeing the pair of white patent leather five-inch pointed-toe stilettos.

Before Hatnai helped him dress, she sprayed a spicy scented perfume at his throat, just above his panty line and behind the knees. While Thomas was applying his night time makeup, she brushed his hair. His hair had been in a Beatles style before his aunt showed up. It now reached to his shoulders on the sides and back. His aunt had trimmed the front into bangs. Helping him into the blouse, she left the top three buttons undone. Looking down, he saw a glimpse of bare breast flesh and blushed. When he reached up to button them, Hatnai brushed his hand away.

“Miss... *Suuai*, that is the way ladies wear their blouses,” she said, sounding more like an order.

Shrugging his shoulders, let her finish dressing him. He stepped into the heels and went to have supper with his aunt. “I’m sure after today’s experience, she’s going to demand an answer,” he thought taking a deep breath.

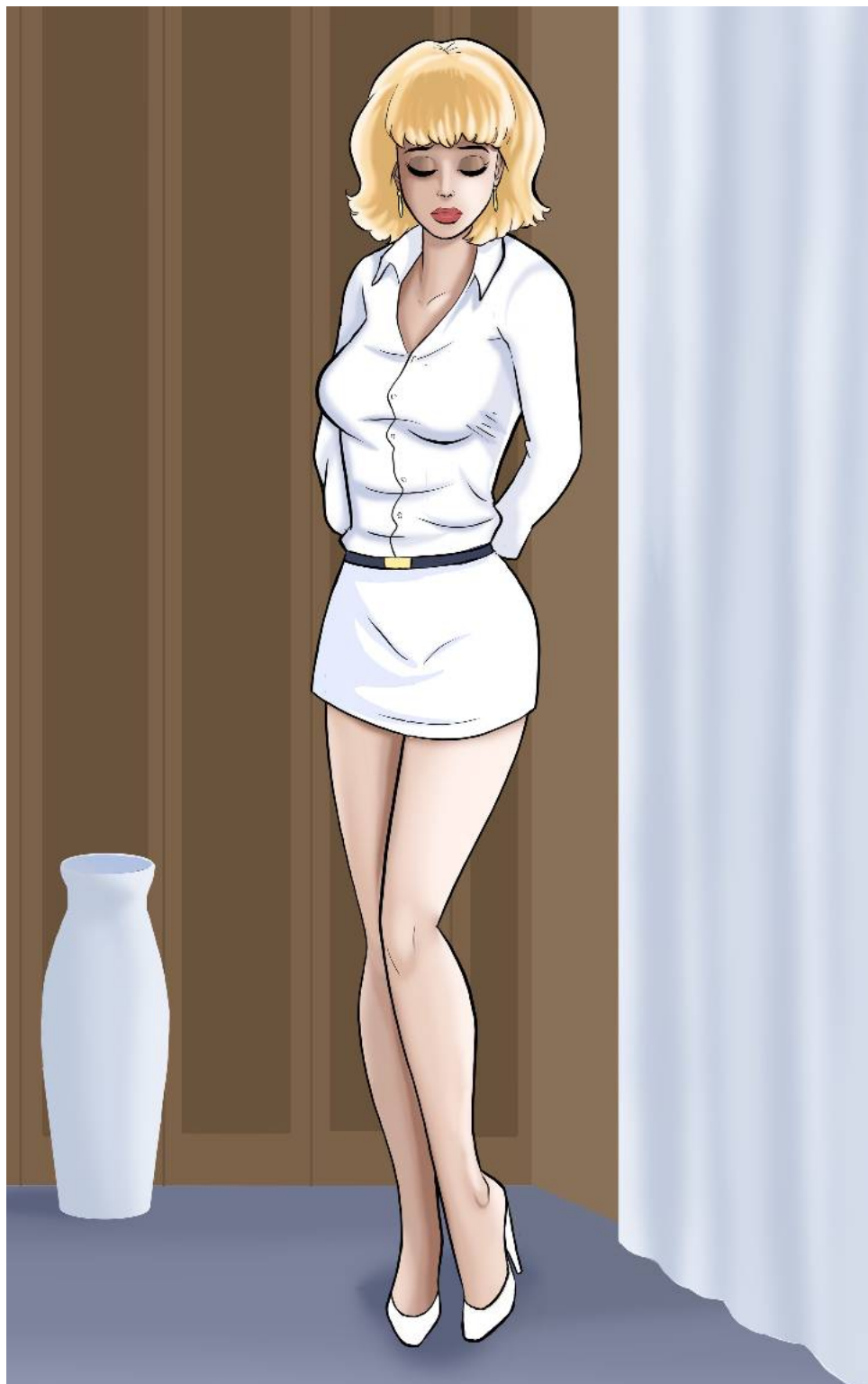
His aunt was already sitting at the head of the table when he walked in. “Good evening, Elder sister,” he said taking his seat next to her.

“Sister, you look very beautiful tonight,” she said. “I’m very happy to see that your hair is now long enough to style. I’ll have my hair stylist straighten it up tomorrow. I understand Kitten took you to the bar today. I dearly hope you learned something today.”

“Yes, as you knew I would elder sister,” he replied.

“So, then you are ready to tell me your answer?” she said smiling.

“I hate everything you have done to me and I’m also aware of the things you have done to my body,” he replied. He raised his hands and pointed to his chest before continuing. “Not only have you been giving me female hormones — and no telling what else — but you have taken me from my home. You don’t care about what I wanted or what I dreamed of doing. I had a girlfriend I deeply loved and hoped to marry, but that will never happen. I had an aunt whom I loved as a child but that is also a thing of the past. You haven’t given me a free choice... but I accept being your younger sister. I will do whatever you tell me and show you proper respect; however, don’t expect me to love you. You haven’t earned it. Also, I have given Maid a name, Hathai. She is a proper maid.”



“I hear the hatred in your voice but what I have done was for the best. You are too beautiful to be a male. In recompense, I will give you all that I promised. Hopefully, in the future, you will love me but that is not a requirement. Despite your hatred of me now, I love you as my younger sister.”

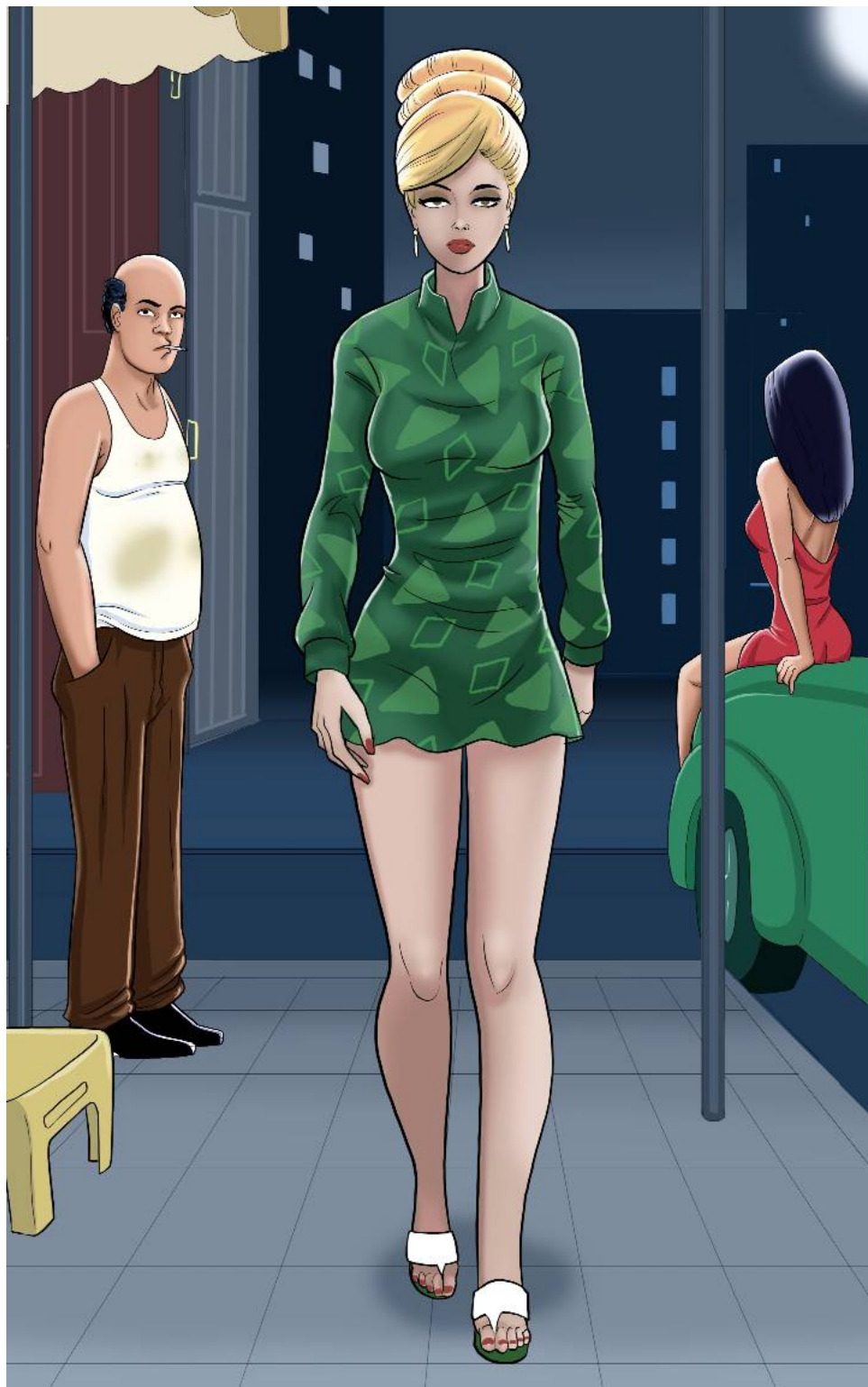
“Tomorrow, we will go to my tailors and have you fitted for a complete lady of society wardrobe,” she continued. “Beginning Monday morning, you will begin your instruction on how to be a lady, and in addition, schooled in accounting and Thai business law. You will need to really learn those lessons if you expect to receive my holdings when I pass. Now let’s eat.” By the time she finished speaking, her smile was gone.



Forty-five years have passed and Pensée is on her death bed at the age of eighty. Suuai is beside her, holding her hand. “Elder sister, after all these years I still regret what you have done to me. However, you have kept your promise to me. I’m living a life of luxury beyond my imagining. Together, we have greatly increased our holdings and respected here now. Our bank, while not a good profit center, is making the lives of people living in rural areas much better through low interest loans and our schools are educating their children. It is my hope that the tradition of making a male child become a Kathoey will disappear.”

Suuai’s aged but beautiful and feminine face was emotionless. “I have also kept my promise to you. I respect you greatly, and you have been an excellent teacher. Yes, you are my Elder Sister, but I don’t love you — as you have been ruthless in making me who I am. With your passing, I will truly miss you, sister, but will not cry at your funeral. When I inherit your estate, I will give all our bars and street food businesses to the managers or vendors for one Bhat. With respect, I will pray that you are welcomed by our ancestors in the afterlife,” Suuai said.

“Sister, I appreciate your honesty,” Pensée said, her weak voice faltering. “But I did what I thought best for you. I did not know about owning any bank much less schools but not surprised. You are very smart to have kept that from me. I have always loved you as my little sister and ruthless in your training so that you would be the best Kathoey in Thailand. I achieved that and can happily enter the afterlife. My only regret...” She paused as the life was quickly escaping from her frail body. “...is that you didn’t willingly accept becoming my little sister.” She closed her eyes as Suuai could feel Pensée’s grip go limp.



Suuai sat at the bedside until all the instruments began beeping. Knowing that her elder sister had gone to meet her ancestors, he left the room. Suuai's future that seemed to be bright and inviting for the first time in a very long time. He had invested in real estate and quietly become far more wealthy than his elder sister could have ever dreamed. As such, he would be eligible to enter Thai high society, and never be called a Kathoey again.

Stepping out of the hospital and onto the busy, loud streets of Bangkok, they seemed more familiar to him than Texas ever was and ever could be. Now all he wanted to do was go home, take a leisurely bath, go to bed and fall asleep holding his pink teddy bear.

The End



# Titles from Sick Puppy Press

## *Lulu.com PDF books*

### **Sick Puppy Comics**

#### **Making Friends**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Three college students sign up for a six-month isolation experiment. Things start to get a little strange, and they begin to lose their masculinity day by day. Yet, they don't seem to even notice... Full Color Comic Book / 38 pages

#### **The Pet Sitter**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Asked to look after a supermodel's pet for a while, James finds himself thrust out of his own apartment and into hers. Day by day, it seems like circumstances adapt James to become the resident of a supermodel's lifestyle. Full Color Comic Book / 29 pages

#### **A Curious Curse**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. When teen goth Brandyn gets his drivers' license, he thinks it's a ticket to adulthood. Unfortunately, he's already cashed a ticket in the opposite direction. Full Color Comic Book / 27 pages

#### **Boys Will Be Girls**

Story & Art by Fraylim, Script by KK, Ink & Color by Joe Six-Pack. The "Summer Blossom" camp welcomes a new group of young men. But although it may be an all-boys camp when they arrive, it's girls-only when they leave. Full Color Comic Book / 100 pages

#### **Double-Crossed**

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. Jesse is on the run from justice. When he finds an old friend who can help him, that old friend seems more interested in helping Jesse become a woman. Comic / 24 pages

#### **The Step-Witch**

Story by Joe Six-Pack. Dillon has a new step-mother. Problem is that she and Dillon don't get along. More of a problem for Dillon is that she's a witch — and wants a daughter. Full Color Comic Book / 17 pages

### **The Charm**

Story by Joe Six-Pack, art by Osoku WARUI. Gavin is a student who laments his boring life. Then he crosses paths with Krista. Things are about to change, and not necessarily for the better. Comic / 24 pages

#### **College Can Change a Man**

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. A small college has been hanging on to its male-dominated mindset for too long. Now, a new member of the board has arrived to make some changes. A lot of changes. Comic / 243 pages

#### **Help Wanted 1**

Story by James J Craft, art by RocketXpert. Three boys are getting far more than they bargained for when they get summer jobs at a woman's fancy mansion. Comic / 40 pages

#### **Help Wanted 2**

Story by James J Craft, art by RocketXpert. Three more boys are getting far more than they bargained for at a woman's fancy mansion, and three others are finding their places. Comic / 40 pages

### **Teens Transformed**

#### **She Made Me Into My Sister**

"A Little Too Clever" by Joe Six-Pack. Wyatt wanted to help his girlfriend get revenge, but at what cost? As it turns out, a cost greater than any boy could have imagined. Book / 88 pages / 20 illustrations

#### **He's a Valley Girl, Fer Sure**

From the files of TGStories.com: "Corey Taylor's Big Bodacious Adventure" by Joe Six-Pack. For Corey, the only way he can get into college is to pretend to be a girl. But when does it stop being pretend? When he's cheerleader? A girlfriend? A beauty queen? Book / 78 pages / 17 illustrations

#### **From Boys to Bridesmaids**

"Always a Bridesmaid, Never a Groom" by James J Craft. Two spoiled and privileged boys are about to be put in their place by their new step-mother. And their place is by her side as her bridesmaids and daughters. Book / 77 Pages / 16 illustrations

## ***Little Mis-ter Popular***

"My Two Moms" by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Thanks to his aunt's "Confidence Club," Leon will find a way to become popular, and to get over all his hang-ups... Including his masculinity. Book / 77 Pages / 17 illustrations

## ***Bride to Be***

By Joe Six-Pack. Derek and Cole grew up together as kids. One year, though, Cole has to start pitching in at the family wedding business. His life will never be the same. Book / 63 pages / 25 illustrations

## ***Gone Girly for Good***

"Big in Japan" by James J Craft. Mike and Ken were one-hit-wonder rock stars. Then they discovered they had fans in Japan, so they left to become famous. Then they discovered that the Japanese didn't know they were guys. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

## ***One Year in Tokyo***

By James J Craft, illustrations by Kwon Lee Tran. Mickey is forced to spend a year with his father in Japan. However things often get confused when words get translated from English to Japanese, as Mickey soon finds out... Book / 87 pages / 20 illustrations

## ***Mall Makeover Madness***

"A Day at the Mall" by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Four boys are going to have one weird day at the mall. By the time the day is over, it's four girls who leave the mall to begin their new lives. Book / 109 pages / 25 illustrations

## ***Convicts to Co-Eds***

Story by Courtney Captisa & Claire Bear, illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Three teen boys are sent to a reform school. What they can't know is that they are about to be "reformed" all the way into skirts... And beyond. Book / 154 pages / 31 illustrations

## ***Creating Samantha***

Story by Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by The Might Fenek. Samuel was under the tutelage of his legal guardian, only his guardian had no intentions of letting him grow up male. Book / 70 pages / 16 illustrations

## ***Crosley High Chronicles***

By Joe Six-Pack. River is coming to a new school, and trying to fit in. The problem is the only way he's going to fit in is in skirts and heels. Book / 217 pages / 75 illustrations

## ***Student Exchange***

By Joe Six-Pack. Kelley Sue's convinced a French exchange student to disguise himself as a girl. What happens when she realizes he has no intention of returning back home? Book / 77 pages / 22 illustrations

## ***The Substitute Ski Bunny***

By Joe Six-Pack. Walker is a young man who's fallen in love with a girl. The only way he can get close to her is to dress up and become her roommate. It's not going to go according to plan, though. Book / 132 pages / 31 illustrations

## ***My Brother, My Mother, My Doll***

By Joe Six-Pack. Seven year old Amelia has made a wish. A wish that she had a mother more like her doll, and that her brother weren't so mean. Her family is about to have their lives turned inside-out. Book / 109 pages / 34 illustrations

## ***The Princess Center***

By Cheryl Lynn. Jeffrey wanted everything his brother Alan had. He was willing to to any length to get it, even to send Alan to... The Princess Center. Book / 85 pages / 26 illustrations

## ***From Cheer to Eternity***

Loner Logan Knox liked to provoke people. When he tries to mess with everyone by changing places with a cheerleader, Logan is about to find how just messed up things can get. Book / 149 Pages / 34 illustrations

## ***Tales of Transformation***

### ***He's the Wrong Girl***

"Office Chemistry" by Joe Six-Pack. James had to fill in at the reception desk. Problem is, the business is a bio-genetics company. And all of the sudden the coffee tastes funny. Book / 53 pages / 14 illustrations

## ***City Boy, Country Girl***

By Joe Six-Pack. Richard's successful city life is interrupted when a sheep he wants to fleece needs urgent care out in the country. But instead of returning home, all Richard's wife hears are a series of suspicious excuses. Revised in 2019. Book / 92 pages / 34 illustrations

## ***Thames Greene***

By James J Craft. Ira wanted something better for his family. A new start. But in Thames Greene, everyone's getting a new start, whether they want it or not. Book / 77 pages / 26 illustrations

## ***Hiding in High Heels***

"How Not to be a Sissy" By Joe Six-Pack. Vince was on the run from people who wanted their millions back. Howard was a friend with a funny little idea and a knack for making subliminal CDs. Mini-Pix / 48 pages / 15 illustrations

## ***A Blessing in Disguise***

By KK, illustrations by Kannel. Jay was a witness to a murder, and now he's the target of a vicious criminal. Resorting to a female disguise, he becomes trapped with no way out. Book / 84 pages / 16 illustrations

## ***I'm Your Dolly***

"Barbie-in-a-Box" By Joe Six-Pack. Tyler wasn't much of a boyfriend anymore. Jessica wanted to throw him out, but then a better idea came to her, in the form of the Barbie-in-a-Box service. Tyler better get used to pink. Book / 103 pages / 20 illustrations

## ***Winning is Everything***

"Costume drama" by Joe Six-Pack. Seth made a funny little bet for Halloween. He needed to pull off the impersonation of a Cheerleader for a party. What's at stake? 100 million dollars and his manhood. Book / 215 pages / 37 illustrations

## ***His Life as a Trophy Wife***

By Joe Six-Pack. Nick had a great life, but then it evaporated. Now he's down on his luck. In steps a wealthy executive willing to pay him handsomely to pretend to be his wife. What can it hurt? Revised in 2018. Book / 256 pages / 39 illustrations

## ***Male Monday, Girl Friday***

"Hey, Cutie!" by James J Craft. Daniel is going to be promoted from his average life to an exciting executive position. At least, that's what his bosses are telling him. They may not be telling him everything. Book / 58 pages / 20 illustrations

## ***The Happiest Place on Earth***

From the files of TGStories.com: "The Fairest One of All" By Joe Six-Pack. Will is a kid looking for a job. He gets one, performing as Snow White at a theme park. For Will, he doesn't suspect that playing the role and wearing the costume is slowly changing him, day by day. Book / 51 pages / 21 illustrations

## ***Hello, Nurse***

From the files of TGStories.com: "Quality Health Care". Dane is filling in as a nurse for his pal Jimmy at his new office. Although both are doctors, Dane begins to take to his new role as a nurse. Soon, he feels compelled to be the ideal nurse. Book / 44 pages / 15 illustrations

## ***My Boss, The Bimbo***

"If I Were a Betting (Wo)Man" By James J Craft, illustrations by blackshirtboy. CEO Lucas has a superiority complex. When his long-suffering secretary is able to feed into Lucas' competitive nature, he'll make any bet to prove his dominance over women. Book / 38 pages / 10 illustrations

## ***He's the Girl They Want***

"Rallies" by Joe Six-Pack. Spencer has a great new executive job in the food service industry, but first he's got to learn the ropes of the business by waiting on tables. He just doesn't quite fit in with the cheerleader theme. Yet. Book / 63 pages / 22 illustrations

## ***Demoted and Degraded***

"Trixie the Secretary" by Angela J. Cindy didn't much like Tom Jones attitude and his advances, so when she has the opportunity to help take the wind out of his sails, she takes it. But she had no idea that it was all designed to make Tom into Trixie the secretary. Book / 87 pages / 17 illustrations

## ***I, Candy***

“Sissy Sweets” by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Inheriting his family’s bakery requires this young man to become the new face of the business. A female face. Book / 45 pages / 15 illustrations

## ***Boyz II Girlz***

“The Making of the Ballroom Brats” by Joe Six-Pack. The Ballroom Brats become the newest worldwide celebrity sensation. How did four unsuspecting guys at a fast food joint become the hottest girl group in music? Book / 113 pages / 34 illustrations

## ***His Strangest Desire***

“Employee of the Month” by Joe Six-Pack. Mick is declared Employee of the Month, and he’s going to find himself hurtling headlong into facing his weirdest inner desire. Book / 59 pages / 19 illustrations

## ***Hard Time or High Heels***

“I’m Turning into My Mother” by James J Craft, illustrations by rocketxpert. Colby got deep into debt to a local gangster. Before long, he’s on the arm of that very same gangster as his reluctant girlfriend. Book / 75 pages / 20 illustrations

## ***Seriously Skirted***

“The Show Piece” by KK. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Mel finds work at a clinic as a secretary. He slowly begins to fit to role. Book / 75 pages / 19 illustrations

## ***From Mister to Sister***

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Dan just wanted to help guide his girlfriend’s sister out of her depression. Instead, he’s being guided out of his manhood. Book / 84 pages / 24 illustrations

## ***The Russian Girl***

Story by Melissa N., illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Casey’s wife has had enough of watching him kill himself with work, so she forces him out of his comfort zone... Into the life of a female stripper. Book / 196 pages / 30 illustrations

## ***Swindled into Skirts***

“Beta Male” by Joe Six-Pack. Kyle inherited a multi-million dollar mansion in southern California. He begins to adjust to the Cali lifestyle, but his adjustments seems to have a decidedly feminine flavor to them. Book / 78 pages / 23 illustration

## ***Mergers & Acquisitions***

Story by James J. Craft, Illustrations by Sortimid. Mark is a disaffected retail salesperson, and after a takeover of his store, he finds himself selling feminine fashion... and struggling to embrace everything about it. Book / 103 pages / 31 illustration

## ***Suddenly a Secretary***

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. Rock guitarist Mick has become obsessed with following the life of secretary Lori Chandler through her inter-office email messages. Soon, Mick is taking her place. Book / 133 pages / 30 illustrations

## ***Stories of the Supernatural***

## ***A Change for the Better***

“Do-Overs” by Joe Six-Pack. Evan wants a chance to do over his biggest mistake. He gets the chance, but he keeps wanting his new life to be a little bit better than the last. Book / 59 pages / 18 color illustrations

## ***Changed and Rearranged***

“Wrongs Make Wright” By Joe Six-Pack. Chris and Matt were rivals. Then, Matt decided to show everyone how smart he truly was by impersonating a teacher. But the disguise becomes more and more real, much to Chris’ dismay. Book / 74 pages / 19 illustrations

## ***From Pals to Gals***

From the files of TGStories.com: “Mandate of the People” By Joe Six-Pack. Teens Jeremy and Stewart are good friends, but a bit thick in the noggin. When they jokingly nominate each other for Prom Queen, they slowly become the perfect candidates, thanks to some magic. Book / 45 pages / 16 illustrations

## ***A High-Heeled Halloween***

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. A costume shop has four spooky tales to tell this Halloween, where the price you pay for your costume is far more than money. Book / 128 pages / 34 illustrations

## ***Born on Black Friday***

Story & art by Joe Six-Pack. Malcom Balford was forced to go shopping on Black Friday. What he finds at the mall may mean that Malcom will never leave. Book / 57 pages/ 17 illustrations.

## ***In the Family Way***

Story & Art by Joe Six-Pack. The Finch brothers are trying to catfish a man out of his money. To do so, they dress up as mother and daughter. But their impersonations slowly seem to be taking them over. Book / 182 pages / 42 illustrations

## ***Crossed Fiction***

### ***Sisters for the Summer***

“Camp Counseling” By Joe Six-Pack. Brock McCade always thought of himself as a real man, or at least he would be one, someday. After summer camp, he’s no longer so sure. Book / 76 pages / 17 illustrations

### ***They’re the Girls for the Job***

“Peace and Harmony” By James J Craft. Illustrations by blackshirtboy. Pete and Harmon need jobs bad. How far would they have to go to get them? Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

### ***Blondie’s Lost Summer***

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Carl’s dream summer was about to become three months of dresses, heels and makeup. Book / 159 pages / 48 illustrations

### ***Blondie’s Lost Year***

By KK. Illustrations by Fraylim. Book Two in the Blondie Series. Carl’s trip to Florida has been horrible enough, trapped in dresses and makeup. Now, high school has presented a whole new level of humiliation for him. Book / 221 pages / 52 illustrations

### ***Blondie He’s Not***

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Mark got a job at a salon, and fell in love with one of the customers. Problem was that customer was Candi “Blondie” Wethers, and what happened to Candi was about to happen to Mark. Book / 151 pages / 40 illustrations

## ***I Never Wanted to be a Woman***

“Politically Corrected” By Cheryl Lynn. Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack. Michael’s politically active mother has decided she’s going to make her hippie son over into the daughter she always wanted. Book / 64 pages / 19 illustrations

### ***If the Shoes Fit***

“Hand Me Downs” By KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Sydney is a teen who is just trying to make it through the summer with no money. He finds himself wearing hand-me-downs from his sister, and that takes his life in a whole new direction. Book / 98 pages / 30 illustrations

### ***The Boy’s Guide to Girlhood***

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Dweeb Kenny and cool Rex find themselves trapped in a Principal’s twisted scheme, and only one of them is going to get out in tact. Book / 109 pages / 32 illustrations

### ***Fashion Victims***

Story by Lauren Bliss, illustrations by Fraylim. Teenage boy Jamie just needed clothes for school. Oh, he’s going to get clothes for school. Just not male ones. Will he ever need male clothes again? Book / 67 pages / 26 illustrations

### ***The Boy’s Guide to Girlhood***

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Dweeb Kenny and cool Rex find themselves trapped in a Principal’s twisted scheme, and only one of them is going to get out in tact. Book / 109 pages / 32 illustrations

### ***The Making of a Beach Bunny***

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Before heading off to college, John wanted to spend his last normal summer at the old rental summer house with his friend Stanley. There was nothing about this summer that would be normal. Book / 134 pages / 58 illustrations

### ***Medical Miss-Practice***

Story by KK & Fraylim, illustrations by Fraylim. Jerry just needed a medical procedure. He came out with two big new problems and a whole new life. Now he’s losing everything he loves, piece by piece. Book / 95 pages / 51 black & white illustrations

## **12 Days of Christmas**

Story by KK, illustrations by Fraylim. Paul was a rising executive, but he had a secret embezzlement scheme. Now he's being blackmailed into skirts day-by-day in the 12 days of Christmas. Book / 74 pages / 21 illustrations

## **Seriously Sissified**

## **A Family Femmed**

"The Femmed Family Robinson" by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. The Robinson boys all had dreams of their own, once. Now they have new ones, thanks to their stepmother. Book / 96 pages / 29 color illustrations

## **Forever Femmed**

Story by James J. Craft & Cheryl Lynn, illustrations by Sortimid. "A Family Femmed's" Deborah is still hard at work, flipping men into sissies and selling them to the highest bidder. But this time, there's a new wrinkle. Book / 108 pages / 28 illustrations

## **Auntie's Girl Time**

By Cheryl Lynn. David was just a young teenage boy who wanted all the things in life a man could look forward to. His aunt, though, is going to make sure he never gets them. Book / 79 pages / 20 illustrations

## **Revenge of the Cheerleaders**

"Pansy Cheers" By Angela J. Patrick Sears was a football player trying to sleep with every cheerleader at his small college. He'd have to pay for his conquests. Book / 116 pages / 19 illustrations

## **He's Got His Mind Maid Up**

By James J. Craft. Illustrations by kinkyrocket. Corey has just a sliver of a chance to get into college, but that chance involves becoming his stepmother's maid. And she wants him to fit both the role and the dress. Book / 68 pages / 16 illustrations

## **Fated for Femininity**

Story by KK, illustrations by RocketXpert. When a web page shows Evan having sex with another boy, the poor kid is chased out of town — right into the arms of a gender therapist who has her own agenda. Book / 70 pages / 15 illustrations

## **Un-Boxed & Undone**

By James J. Craft, illustrations by Banedearg with additional art by Joe Six-Pack. Caleb is struggling to get his YouTube career started. When he gets some strange shipments of make-up and clothes, he finds his channel suddenly taking off - but can he control it? A picture story. Book / 41 Pages / 33 illustrations

## **Web Classics Revisited**

## **Two Forms of ID**

By Joe Six-Pack. Harvey had the unusual ability to convincingly imitate a teenage girl. In desperation, he has to use that talent to make some money. But when is enough enough? Paperback / 194 pages / text only

## **Barbie's Life**

Story & Art by Melissa N. Chris was a student actor who said he could play any role. A disgruntled girlfriend and playwright are about to see if he'll be able to play the lead role in... Barbie's Life. Book / 55 pages / 21 rendered images

## **Amazon.com Kindle books**

All Kindle books have the same content as the Lulu.com PDF versions.

## **Two Forms of I.D.**

Sold in two parts

## **Suddenly a Secretary**

Sold in three parts:

He's the New Office Girl (Part 1)

Working His Way into Skirts (Part 2)

He Gave at the Office (Part 3)

## **I'm Your Dolly (Barbie-in-a-Box)**

Sold in three parts:

He's Her New Doll (Part 1)

Destined to be a Doll (Part 2)

I'm Your Dolly (Part 3)

## **Beta Male**

Sold in two parts:

Swindles into Skirts (Part 1)

Hijacked into Heels (Part 2)

## ***Costume Drama***

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Becoming His Costume (Part 1)

Stuck in His Costume (Part 2)

Corrupted by His Costume (Part 3)

## ***Bride to Be***

Sold in two parts:

Born to be a Bride (Part 1)

He's the Bride to Be (Part 2)

## ***The Substitute Ski Bunny (Switchback Ridge)***

Sold in three parts:

The Substitute Ski Bunny (Part 1)

The Seduction of a Ski Bunny (Part 2)

The Surrender of a Ski Bunny (Part 3)

## ***Hiding in High Heels***

Sold in one part

## ***His Life as a Trophy Wife (The Puppy Mill)***

Sold in three parts:

He Was Bribed to be a Bride (Part 1)

His World as a Spoiled Girl (Part 2)

His Life as a Trophy Wife (Part 3)

## ***The Fairest One of All***

Sold in one part

