

Under Auntie's Influence

By Cheryl Lynn

It all started when I was thirteen. Up until then I was a somewhat normal kid with a mom and dad, going to school and doing typical boy stuff. I loved sports though quite inept being skinny and uncoordinated. My dad worked as an assistant refrigeration mechanic and mom was a nurse's aide in a nursing home. My parents had arguments but nothing serious until he lost his job last winter. Being winter there wasn't a lot of demand for a refrigeration technician so dad spent most of the time drinking beer. Mom would come home and find him drunk on the sofa and that always ended in an ugly argument. As winter turned into spring their arguments became more physical. Mom wound up in the hospital and I was sent to live with her older sister, Margarete.

Margarete or Maggie as she preferred, had a daughter Morgan four years older than me. I didn't particularly care for Aunt Maggie as she was domineering and always berating me for not helping mom out enough. She always had to be the one in control even when it came to my father. Those two always butted heads when she visited and dad hated her. I guess some of his prejudices wore off on me. Morgan on the other hand was hot. I knew it was wrong to think of your cousin in "that" way but she was. Unfortunately she was like her mom, bossy.

I spent a miserable time with them before mom came to get me. A lot had changed. There was a quickie divorce, sale of the house and dad in jail for starters. Then the new place, subsidized housing, wasn't in the best of neighborhoods and food stamps kept dinner on the table.

The rental unit was small two bedrooms, two baths, living room and kitchen. Most of our old stuff had either been sold in a garage sale or given to charity. As for my personal stuff other than some clothing and old computer mom got rid of it. My bedroom was much smaller allowing for my twin bed, dresser and computer desk. Mom's wasn't that much better but she had a full bathroom. The guest bath, mine, didn't have a shower just a small tub. The neighborhood was mixed ethnic but relatively safe. The best thing to say about our situation was that we were not in some high rise gang ridden housing.

Mom had changed as well. She had always been tired from work and keeping house but attentive. Now she was exhausted and bitter. Her hatred of my father was almost palatable and blamed him for everything that had gone wrong. Some of that hatred she turned on me. I had become her lazy useless son. I mean she was never one of those lovie dovie types to begin with but caring. Now she was more like Aunt Maggie, bossy and finding fault with everything I did. One of the hardest things I had to do was say goodbye to all my friends as school let out for the summer. Come next term I would be attending a new one and probably not see them again. The new house was clear across town.

Saying goodbye to my friends was just the beginning of my personal dilemmas. Aunt Maggie and Morgan brought over several boxes a couple of days after we moved into the new house. "House warming gifts" they had said but more like boxes of used clothing and knickknacks nothing of interest to me. Nothing that is until Morgan brought a box into my bedroom and began unloading it.

"Cameron I brought these for your room. When we were here last, it looked so barren I really felt sorry for you. So you can have this old stuff of mine I no longer need."

The first thing out of the box was a big fluffy pink teddy bear with a white satin ribbon bow around its neck. Like any teenaged boy would want something hideous like that in his bedroom. The next item wasn't that bad if it hadn't been a pink DVD/CD portable boom box. A large stack of DVDs/CD's was followed by a wicker basket filled with artificial flowers that gave off a strong floral fragrance.

"There, don't you just love the smell," she said as she put the basket on top of my dresser.

As she was doing that I was looking through the pile of DVD's/CD's with growing distaste. They were all music videos and CDs of boy bands like N'Sync, Backstreet Boys and sound tracks from Disney movies. All I could think was that my cousin was crazy. No guy would have anything like this in his bedroom especially something as stinky as that basket. I, of course, told her where and what she could do with her stuff. That was a big mistake. Mom and Aunt Maggie came rushing into my room demanding an apology which I initially refused to do. In hindsight I probably should have left out the string of cuss words that went with my refusal. A stinging slap to my face, over the lap spanking later and I was more than happy to accept Morgan's gifts. Not only was I happy, I promised to listen to all the music, watch the videos and keep the teddy on my bed.

Morgan's gifts weren't the only humiliation I suffered that day. Aunt Maggie brought over some linens for my bed. White sheets with small pink rose bud imprint, pale pink bed skirt, pale pink pillow covers with a frill of white lace and vibrant pink satin quilted comforter. Just what any teenaged boy could ever hope for. I thought I was going to puke when they finished making the bed but kept my mouth shut. My butt was still stinging from my spanking.

After they left I received a very strong reprimand from my mother over my rude behavior and lack of appreciation. I tried to tell her how inappropriate those gifts were but that resulted in another spanking plus my mouth washed out with soap. Maybe I should have left out several expletives in the process of telling her what I thought.

What a way to start my summer vacation, no friends, girlie additions to my room and mom royally on my case. I went outside but there wasn't much to do as most of the residence were either elderly or had kids much younger. Our next door neighbor Mrs. Sanchez had a boy and girl ages eight and six. The other neighbor, Mrs. Washington was an old widow lady who spent most of her afternoons rocking on the porch. The nearest playground was better than a mile away. If I had a bike that wouldn't be a problem but who wants to walk that far. The only outside entertainment I had was an old tire swing in the back yard. When I wasn't watching television I was out there swinging. I certainly wasn't going to sit in my room listening to the junk Morgan left me.

So I spent most of my mornings watching TV and the afternoons swinging or digging holes with an old Tonka toy I found out back. It's not like I had a lot of choices. We couldn't afford cable and the morning talk shows were bad enough but the afternoon offerings intolerable. Without a DSL hookup even my computer was pretty useless. Man, I really missed my porn sites but mom did promise to get DSL once school started. Every evening when mom came home she would give me grief about leaving the kitchen a mess and being dirty. She kept harping on how little money we now had and that I better take better care of what clothing I did have. I'd flip her off when she wasn't looking and head to my room. As much as I hated that room it was better than sitting around the kitchen getting bitched at.

My so called idyllic summer didn't last long. My Aunt Maggie and Morgan came over

one morning after my mom had left for work. They were going to get their hair styled and thought it a good idea if I went along. I admit my hair definitely needed some attention as it hadn't been cut since December but going with them. Not only that they said I "stunk to high heaven" and had to change. So I told them where they could go in my usual flippant manner. Wow! Was that a very bad idea. I hadn't realized just how strong my aunt was or how vicious. Before I could react I was over her lap receiving a bare bottom spanking with her wooden hairbrush. As I was bawling my eyes out Morgan was giggling like crazy adding to my humiliation. There I was tear filled eyes, naked from the waist down in front of my aunt and cousin. How could it get any worse?

Grabbing a fist full of my hair Aunt Maggie dragged me with my shorts and boxers around my ankles into mother's bathroom. There she removed all my clothing while Morgan filled the bath tub. I could only stand there with my hands covering my package as we waited for the tub to fill. To my horror Morgan had put my mother's bath beads and lavender scented oil into the water. My complaints went unheeded as I was forced into the multi-colored bubbles and scrubbed head to foot by my aunt. She didn't shampoo my hair saying the salon would do that but immersed my head in the fragrant water. Dried and smelling like a bouquet, I was taken with only a towel around my waist to my room. Aunt Maggie dug around in my dresser for a while before sighing in exasperation. All of my boxers were either frayed or had holes and my shorts in not much better condition.

"Cameron, don't you have something besides these rags to wear? Where's the old clothing Morgan and I brought over? There should have been something in there you could wear," she asked.

"What? I'm not wearing any of her hand me downs. In case you didn't notice I'm a guy," I retorted letting my anger get the better of me.

Another stinging slap and I told her I thought mom had put the boxes in the hall closet. She sent Morgan to find them and lectured me for being a worthless lazy unappreciative son who would have been better off as a girl. If I had been a girl I would be more appreciative and a bigger help to my poor mother instead of a burden. That was something I had heard from her before and let it go in one ear and out the other.

"You're not my mother, so screw you!" I thought at the time.

"I think I found some things that should fit," I heard Morgan say as she tossed some clothing onto my bed.

"Oh no! I'm not wearing that!" I exclaimed seeing what was on the bed.

"Well, you either wear what Morgan brought or you're going out wearing that towel," my aunt hissed pinching my cheeks.

"Crap! She would do it," I thought seeing the look in her eyes.

Gripping the towel tightly around my waist I walked over to the bed where Morgan was standing, giggling, holding out a pair of pale peach colored nylon panties.

"Go on, put them on they won't bite," I heard my aunt remark.

"If these aren't pretty enough for you, I have a pair of thongs," Morgan giggled pulling a pair of red lace thongs from her jean's pocket, dangling them in front of my face.

My face was as red as those thongs as I snapped the peach ones from her other hand. Unlike my boxers they were as light as a feather and while loose in the bottom tight on my package. They gave me the creeps but at least I was covered. I fought back the

tears as the waist band snapped into place. Not wanting them to see me actually wearing panties, I grabbed the white jeans from the bed. As I pulled them up under my towel they were a tight fit. I had to wiggle a bit to get them over my hips and suck in my stomach to fasten the button. Damn, they were tight and complained they were too small.

“No, they’re skinny jeans and suppose to fit like that,” Morgan said again with her irritating giggling.

“No way! There’s got to be something else I can wear,” I gasped tossing the towel onto the bed. The crotch was painfully digging into my groin and the friggin legs didn’t reach my ankles. I could also feel the back seam burrowing into my ass. In my mind they had to be at least two sizes too small.

“Well I did find these but I don’t think you will like them,” she added pulling a dark blue with white polka dots short skirt from the pile.

“A skirt! No frig....No way I’m wearing a skirt,” I blurted barely managing to stop the cuss word.

“It’s not a skirt silly. These are culottes. See, the legs are just wide but still shorts,” she answered.

“Doesn’t matter, I’m not wearing them,” I said stepping back then groaned as the jeans dug into my groin.

“Well if you don’t want to wear the culottes then I think I can solve your problem,” Aunt Maggie said coming over to me.

I stood frozen in disbelief as she undid the jeans, thrust her hand down into my groin, pushing my dick back and my poor balls up into my body. It hurt but the embarrassment more so. She had this wicked smile as she pulled the panties up with a jerk and refastened the jeans.

“There, that should be more comfortable. Hurry up and finish dressing or we’ll be late for our appointment.”

I was too shocked to argue and pulled the tee shirt I was handed over my head then slid my feet into a pair of white tennis shoes. It wasn’t until we were walking out the door that I saw my reflection in the full length mirror. I noticed the tee shirt had a low round neckline, short capped sleeves was peach colored and left my belly button exposed. The jeans hugged every curve, made my butt look big and my groin as flat as any girl. With my shoulder length hair hanging damp and loose, I looked like a flat chested girl.

I did my best to keep from walking out the front door but between Aunt Maggie and Morgan I stood no chance. Pushed and prodded outside, I had no choice but to run and get into her car as quick as possible. The last thing I needed was for any of our new neighbors seeing me like this. I could hear them laughing as I dashed for the car. Their taunts and teasing didn’t stop until we pulled up in front of Betty’s Cut and Curl.

Betty’s wasn’t one of those salons you find in most malls. It was in a mixed residential/commercial neighborhood and a full service beauty salon for women. The décor was pink and white, the walls decorated with framed posters of hairstyles and cosmetic and hair care advertisements. Soft jazz music and the aromas of perfume, acetone and ammonia filled the air. There were four styling stations and the stylists all wore short above the knee black skirts and pink nylon billowing smocks. The stylists except for Betty were in their mid-to-late thirties. Betty was in her mid-fifties, with salt and pepper hair fashioned into a tight bun at the back of her head. She was a big

boned woman but not obese with a round heavily made up face.

Seeing us walk in, she came over and gave Aunt Maggie a big hug and air kiss. After saying hello to Morgan turned her attention to me. "So Meg, this the young ruffian you told me so much about?"

"Yes, the one and only. Cameron say hello to Betty. She is a very good friend and owns this salon. She has graciously agreed to help straighten you out."

"What the fuck? Straighten me out? I don't need straightening out. I like me just the way I am," I thought looking for a way out.

I didn't want to go into this place to begin with and once inside was damn sure I didn't want to be here. I looked frantically around but there was no place to run. My aunt's elbow to my ribs got my attention.

"Cameron! Say hello," she harshly whispered into my ear.

"Ye...yeah, hi," I weakly managed.

"I can see we're going to have our hands full with Cameron. Good thing I blocked off this morning so he could have our full attention. Meg, you still want the full treatment? Okay, come along Cameron," she said giving me a hard look.

When I didn't move, hell I was scared to death, she added, "Look we can do this the easy way or the hard way. In either case, I'm going to do what your aunt wants," she said reaching out with her beefy hand and grabbing mine.

I won't bore you with the gory details but six hours later I walked out of there a changed person. My life as I knew it was over. First I had been stripped naked, strapped to a table and received a full body waxing. I didn't have that much hair but I was proud of what I did have. Oh I screamed, I cried and did my best but in the end I only had a small triangle of trimmed pubic hair on my lower body. From there it was back into the salon with me wearing one of those pink smocks and peach panties.

My hair had been dyed honey blond, given a shag cut with feathered bangs. My ears were pierced three times, my brows thinned and arched and half inch nail extensions applied. My finger and toe nails varnished a neon pink sprinkled with silver sparkles. My lips were dyed a vivid pink and my face lightly made up. Black waterproof eye liner and mascara with powder pink shadow highlighted my eyes. With my fair complexion, a dusting of powder and rose blush to emphasize my cheeks was all that was needed. I left the salon with tears in my eyes and the smell of hairspray and makeup filling my nose.

I wished my humiliation had ended there but no, Aunt Maggie had other ideas. Ideas planted into her head by Morgan. "Mom, now that Cameron is going to be a girl she needs her own bras. No girl her age would be caught dead without a cute training bra you know."

My protests that I wasn't a silly girl only brought more giggles from Morgan and a stern reprimand from Aunt Maggie. "Cameron she is absolutely right. You do need your own bras considering how you look and dress. Now you can either act like a proper girl in the store or I can tell them you are my sissy nephew. Whichever way, I don't care."

"You've got to be kidding me? She can't be serious. Like I would ever need a friggin bra. She's just giving me shit," I hoped.

What little hope I had disappeared as she pulled into a parking spot outside the Macy's anchor store at the mall. In the lingerie department I underwent the most mortifying

experience any guy could have. I was professionally measured for my first training bra. A white satin with dainty pink bow between the cups thirty two AA slightly padded one to be exact. Along with six more bras I was the proud owner of seven panty girdles. Clothing only a girl would ever wear. I can still hear Morgan giggling as I wiggled the pastel yellow with bright yellow satin paneled girdle up my legs. By that time I was way past crying. The sales girl, she couldn't have been much older than Morgan and a lot better looking, was nice. She mistook my flushed blushing face for that of an embarrassed young girl.

"It's okay sweetie," she said as I stripped to the waist in the changing room. "There's nothing to be embarrassed about. It's just us girls here and getting you properly measured is very important. There is nothing worse than an ill-fitting bra and your first experience needs to be a good one."

I don't know what the worst part was, being mistaken for a prepubescent girl or the fitting. In any case we left Macy's with me wearing the yellow girdle and the matching bra under my clothing. Boy, was I ever conscious of those garments as they pulled and tugged in the most unusual places. No matter how I tried to adjust the tee, its low rounded neckline left my bra straps visible. The bulges in my tee shirt and exposed straps were most disconcerting. I knew everyone was staring at my chest as we left. My male ego was devastated knowing everybody could tell I was wearing a bra. All I wanted to do was get home and get out of these horrible clothes.

From lingerie we went to shoes where I had a new embarrassing experience. When I bought shoes before, the salesman never messaged my calf as he slipped a shoe on my foot with a leering smile. It was also the first time that a pair of one and half inch heeled ivory strappy sandals were put on. The sandals even with the low heel felt weird and exposed my colorful toe nails.

"Alright Aunt Maggie you've had your fun. I have never been so embarrassed in my life. Now take me home," I demanded as we walked out of the store.

"Home, yes of course I'm taking you home but first we have to get something to eat. I don't know about you but we're starving. Oh, since you are dressed so nicely, I think you should refer to me as "Auntie" and Morgan as "Sis." You don't have to but then we would have to let everyone know you're a boy."

"Crap! Why are they torturing me like this? Haven't they screwed me over enough for one friggin day? If anyone finds out that I'm a boy and wearing a friggin bra.....Shit! I don't want to go there."

Of course we went to the crowded food court and Auntie found a table smack dab in the middle of the crowd. As I sat, I had the creepy feeling that everyone was looking at me. In retrospect, a number of guys were looking our way but not so much at me. Like I said Morgan was hot and she was showing a lot of T and A. In any case, lunch was horrible. Instead of the cheese burger and fries I always ordered, I had a chicken salad and diet soda. I hate salads. I had no apatite but she made me eat all of it and drink the soda. As I was finishing up, the urge to pee was becoming unbearable. I was squirming in my seat when they finished eating and relieved as she said it was time for a pit stop. Reaching the bathrooms I headed for the men's when Sis grabbed my arm.

"Cameron are you sure you want to go in there?" she asked plucking at my exposed bra strap.

Dressed, wearing makeup with bra straps showing there was no way in hell I could use the men's room. Yet, I was still a guy and I couldn't go into the lady's. Wasn't that illegal? But I had to go bad.

“Make sure you sit, use TP when you finish and you’ll be alright. Unless you do something really stupid, no one will know,” she said pulling me into no man’s land.

“Now can we please go home?” I pleaded as we exited the bathrooms.

“Are you sure you wouldn’t like to try on some pretty dresses while we’re here?” my aunt teased.

“No,” I bluntly answered as Morgan giggled.

I wanted to lash out at her. My nerves were already frazzled and her infernal giggling was driving me crazy. It would feel so good to just punch her in the mouth but we were in a crowded mall and she was bigger than me. The best I could do was ball my hands into fists and glare at her. Oh how I hated the both of them at that moment.

I let out a big sigh of relief as I settled down into the back seat. Soon I would be out of these horrible clothes and shoes, get the gunk off my face and be me again. Mom was going to catch an ear full when she got home. A small smile creased my face thinking about what she would have to say to my aunt.

My thoughts were interrupted when I noticed we were not headed to my house.

“Where are we going now? You promised we’d go home,” I whined.

“We’re going home Cameron. Just not to your house. You’re going to stay with us for the next month. I convinced your mother to use some of that vacation time she has built up. I bought her a month long stay at an all-inclusive singles resort in Punta Cana. She needs to relax and have some fun after what’s happened. So you will be staying with us and living by my rules.”

“What? No way!” I shouted in both fear and surprise.

Morgan broke out in another fit of giggling as Aunt Maggie stared daggers at me through the rearview mirror. “Oh yes you are! By the time your mother gets back, she will have a more responsible and behaved child. You can count on that and I guarantee it.”

“Bu....but wha.....what about my stuff?”

“Your stuff is nothing but rags and between what you have now and Morgan’s hand-me-downs you should do fine. Now no more arguments!”

What I had on now was all girlie and so would be Morgan’s. Shit! I was totally screwed.

Ooo

A whole friggin month with Auntie and Sis. It was pure hell and a lot of pain. From day one I was constantly wearing a bra and matching girdle except at bath time. I was continually under the direct supervision of either Auntie or Sis. Auntie taught me a morning and night time beauty regiment, gave me intense deportment and speech lessons. Sis was in charge when Auntie was at her office. She taught me how to maintain a household, how to coordinate my clothing and how to apply makeup. Additionally she made me read all her girlie magazines then tested me on my retention of the contents. At first I was over their laps a dozen times a day and my backside paid the penalty.

That first week I had a difficult time sitting. The second week not so bad but the gold keeper studs in my ears were replaced. My bottom lobes had pink pearl studs, followed by a white pearl and finally a sparkling rhinestone stud. A guy might be able to get away with having small hoops or balls but pearls, never. By the third week I was getting smacked maybe once or twice a day. Of course everything I was taught was

what every young girl had to know and then some. I hated every second but it was either do my best or get my poor ass turned a beet red. Caught cussing, my mouth was washed out with a horrible perfumed soap. I got plenty of that the first week but I wasn't totally stupid. The spankings continued but I seldom slipped up and used a verbal cuss word. I still thought them often enough.

The only positive thing during the first three weeks was that I didn't have to wear a dress. That is except for my deportment lessons. For those I had to wear either a tight above the ankle straight skirt or a full skirt with petticoats. The straight skirts kept my pace small, my butt a wiggle and my knees close together. The full skirt taught me how to maneuver without knocking things over. Auntie called that "learning skirt management" and it made me keep my knees pressed together. It was bad enough having to wear a girdle but having them tell me the color when I sat worse.

No sports, news or action adventure television or movies for me either. Every evening I had to sit through a miserable time watching chick flicks or entertainment shows. So called entertainment anyway. How can you call "The Real Housewives" or "The Bachelorette" entertainment? The ones I hated the most were the Disney shows designed specifically for young teenaged girls. I not only had to watch them. I had to repeat the girl's moves and hand gestures, squeal in feigned delight whenever they did. Of course most of those squeals came when they either talked about a cute boy or saw one. It was so gross especially when Sis made me select a favorite boy idol to keep track of. Sis decided I should be a big Justin Bieber fan. When I asked why him? She said that he was really cute and had a bad boy image.

"Girls, especially girls your age, just love cute guys with a bad boy image. Most girls love a guy that has a bit of bad boy in them. It's seen as a challenge, something they can change."

So now I had Justin as my boy idol. By that I mean I had to read every article that came out about him, watch any music video or show featuring him and keep a scrapbook.

I guess I should mention that the scrapbook wasn't just devoted to my boy idol but contained many embarrassing items. Things like the box my first bra came in, the first tube of lipstick I used and most mortifying, the wrapper from my first sanitary pad. Oh yes, Auntie decided I needed to know all about a woman's cycle and the corresponding hygiene. If anyone got hold of my scrapbook which had my name, "Cameron," written out in pink glitter across the front, I would die.

With the beginning of the fourth week, I had to wear either a dress or skirt and blouse. Usually it was a mid-thigh skirt and feminine blouse during the day and a nice dress for the evening. All the blouses were ultra-feminine with lots of lacy frills and small bows made of semi-sheer fabrics. My shoes had graduated from the lowly one and half inch heel to three or four inch spikes. Up until then I thought wearing the hot tight girdle was a pain. It took only a short time in towering spikes that I learned the nature of true pain. I was told girls my age weren't allowed to wear such heels and I should feel privileged. Privileged hell, my feet, ankles and calves screamed in pain from such an honor.

The most traumatic times for me weren't the girlie training I had to endure but the dates. Yes, I said dates. Beginning the second week of my stay, Sis set me up on a blind double date. She was going out with her steady, Richard, and set me up with Reginald. I absolutely refused but she had auntie's full support.

"Cameron, you've been cooped up in the house long enough and I think you are ready.

Morgan told me she knows of a nice boy that would love to take you out. However, you are too young to go out unchaperoned so she has set up a double date. You and Sis are going out to a movie on Wednesday. I have given her very strict instructions to watch out for you, so don't worry. No, you are going. The experience will do you a lot of good. No arguments and you will be nice to your date."

With the way I'm dressed and act all the time Auntie must have forgotten I was a guy. I pointed that out to her and said that going out with another boy was perverted. So much for my arguments. She refused to listen and insisted I go on this date. Reginald, let me tell you about Reginald. He is a gawky, fourteen year old with a mop of red hair and freckles. He had silver rail road tracks covering his teeth and black horn rimmed glasses. Talk about your total geek. The only thing missing when they showed up to take us to the movie was a pocket protector.

I had a total of four dates with him and each was worse than the previous. On the first one I had to hold his hand, even in the movie on Sis's insistence. On the second, he had his arm around my waist most of the evening and kissed me on the cheek. The third date almost made me puke. It was a combination of hand holding, gripping my waist, kisses to the cheek and finally at the door one on the lips. On the fourth date Richard pulled off into an isolated parking space. It was fairly dark and Sis and Richard quickly got into a lip lock. I was stuck in the back with Reginald who had his arm around my shoulders. Sis had told me this might happen and if I knew what was good for me to make my date happy. When we got home I did rush to the bathroom where I puked my guts out.

There wasn't anything sexual about that date except Reginald kept slobbering and trying to feel me up. I wasn't sure what Sis would do, so I let him stick his tongue down my throat, slobber kisses on my neck and ears. His hands were everywhere, touching my tits and trying to get his hand up my dress. I managed to get his hands captured in mine but had to let him continue kissing. It took all my will power to keep from tossing my cookies until we got home an hour later.

Morgan had a wonderful time telling Auntie all about how much I enjoyed kissing and making out with my boyfriend. The fact that I had several hickies on my neck made any denial moot. All I could do was sit at the kitchen table blushing brightly, not daring to look Auntie in the eye. I did object that I didn't enjoy nor wanted to be with Reginald but I got no sympathy. Auntie told me now I knew what women and girls had to put up with and to get used to it.

"Get used to it! Like I ever wanted to get used to that!"

After that first date I was taken out more often and exposed to the public. Every Saturday morning we went to the Wal-Mart supercenter for groceries and odds and ends. Sometimes during the afternoon we'd go to the mall. Saturday night was also date night. Sunday's we all dressed up nicely and had lunch at a nice restaurant. I was nervous as hell on those first outings. I was so afraid someone would discover I was really a boy all dressed up. Looking back, those excursions and dates were all clever manipulations to reinforce my feminine mind set.

Ooo

Finally it was time for mom to come and pick me up. I was both happy and anxious at the same time. I was happy to be getting away from my crazy aunt and cousin yet scared of her seeing me looking the way I do now. Another thing that bothered me was Auntie had packed all my girlie stuff into several boxes and carry bags leaving them by the door.

For the trip home I was wearing a baby blue bra and matching girdle, the dark blue with white polka dot culottes, a baby blue shell blouse and ivory strappy sandals. The culottes were made of a very light weight silky fabric. You'd think after wearing women's clothing I would be used to the feel by now but these were different. They felt like I had nothing on they were so light and airy. The cool sleekness caressing my freshly waxed legs as I moved was the only indication I had something on. Weird very weird, disturbing and making me very conscious of how I looked.

When mom finally walked through the door everything kind of froze. You know the sensation where everything around you freezes then moves in very slow motion, voices sensed but not distinct. I saw Auntie and Sis giving mom hugs and kisses as she stared at me, a funny smile on her face. Then everything came into focus as mom gave me a hug.

"Wow! Cameron I'm impressed. When Maggie told me what she was planning, I never believed you would turn out this good. Oh my gosh! You're beautiful."

That certainly wasn't the reaction I had hoped for by a long shot. "Mom! Stop joking and help me. I don't want any of this. I'm your son!"

"No dear, you were never my son but your father's. You have never respected nor treated me as I deserved. He was a rotten, lazy and mean man just like you were turning into. He's in prison now for how he treated me and I'll be damned if I'm going to stand by and see you wind up the same. One wife beater in the family is more than enough. No, Maggie was right. Being my daughter should tame those raging male hormones, teach you humility and be respectful. Now, tell Maggie and Morgan thank you then put those boxes into the car."

"Mom! Please! You can't do this!" I yelled but she just stared, cold eyed and frowning.

"Cameron don't make me tell you again. Thank your aunt and cousin! I've spared your backside for way too long. Don't make me put you over my lap now!"

Tears flowed down my cheeks as I turned to my aunt and cousin, dipped into a curtsy and said thank you. Yeah, I said curtsy. It was one of my first lessons on how to show respect. I didn't have to do one all the time but this was one of those times. My self-esteem hadn't been totally dampened during my stay as I believed mom would put a stop to this nonsense. Now that went down the drain as did any expectations of being me in the foreseeable future. Crap! My life sucks.

As I emptied the boxes and carry bags mom sat on my bed. My tears were still flowing but more the occasional sob than the cascade from earlier. My room was pretty much as I had left it but all my boy clothing was gone. There were more stuffed animals on my bed and the curtains replaced. The old curtains were navy blue cotton with white pen stripping. The new ones powder pink satin with a white lace overlay. As I was putting an item of lingerie in my dresser or hanging a dress, she was telling me what to expect.

"Cameron until I decide otherwise you will be my daughter. You will maintain the house, do the laundry and prepare the meals. You will always be appropriately dressed and wearing at least lipstick and mascara with your nails neatly polished. I also expect you to behave properly at all times. During the day when I'm at work either Maggie or Morgan will stop by and check on you. Any deviations from what I expect and you will be over my knee. I'm not completely heartless, you will be allowed free time and even go out. We'll do some mother-daughter things together like I have always wanted. Maggie tells me you have a boyfriend, Reggie or Reginald I think? Anyway, I think you're too young to be dating but Maggie said it was a good experience for you. So I

will allow it occasionally but only if Morgan or an adult can supervise. Any questions?"

Any questions? Like I had a million but managed to stammer, "Ho....how long?"

"How long what dear?"

"Ho...how long....will yo....you keep m...me like this?"

"That all depends on you Cameron. When you finish unpacking meet me in the kitchen. I'm going to make coffee and have some of that cake Aunt Maggie made. We can talk more then."

I was doomed. However as I thought over what she had said there was a glimmer. A small glimmer of hope but hope none the less. I would be in girl mode all the time but she did hint that I could be me again. There were some "ifs" but if I behaved and did as told she might decide otherwise. I had to believe that I could change her mind. It was all I had left.

Ooo

I turned fourteen over the summer. I got plenty of gifts but nothing I truly wanted. More lingerie, more skirts and blouses, earrings and jewelry. Things any young girl would love. To me they were mere punctuation marks on my enforced femininity. Probably the worst gift was an eight by ten framed picture of Reginald. Auntie made me put it on my bedside table. Either Auntie or Sis came over to the house almost every day at differing times to check on me. Auntie would go over my demeanor and deportment while Sis spent time making sure I kept up with my girlie reading. She seemed to take special delight in making me read romance novels then explain them from the girl's point of view. Every couple of weeks I would have a double date. As before it was usually some movie with all the icky hand holding and sloppy kisses. Fortunately Richard didn't pull off to some dark side road. That didn't mean I could avoid octopus hands and lip locks which Reginald took advantage of at the movies.

July the fourth, a holiday I use to enjoy was a real bumner. First, Morgan gave me one of her old bathing suits. A neon lime green bikini. Then she told me that we were all going to the beach to see the fireworks. The beach was about an hour and a half away. Normally I would love to go to the beach and see fireworks but not in a bikini. That would be embarrassing but making it worse was Richard and Reginald would be coming with us.

Mother had me fry some chicken for the boys and make chicken salad sandwiches for the girls. I filled up a couple of Tupperware bowls with watermelon and pineapple for our picnic lunch. Mom caught me trying to eat a chicken wing. I hadn't had any fried food in so long my mouth was watering. What would one piece of chicken hurt but she slapped my hand with a wooden spoon.

"Cameron, you know you have to stick to your diet. Put that down and go get ready. Wear your bathing suit unless you want to change at the beach. Maggie and the others will be here shortly," she admonished.

Diet, that damn diet I've been on since the first day staying with my aunt. I didn't think I was that fat to begin with but Auntie had other ideas. "Cameron at your age you need to watch what you eat. If you're not careful your skin will break out in acne and ruin your complexion. Fried foods, sweets and such are strict no-no's from now on. You need to learn to eat healthy."

Eat healthy my ass. I wanted meat, fried foods especially French fries with lots of ketchup. Instead all I got was cow food, soy burgers and broiled fish. The fish

wouldn't have been so bad if it were deep fried and served with lots of tartar sauce. It was no wonder she gave me vitamin supplements, who could be healthy not eating burgers, steaks and fried food.

I could just see myself changing in the communal bathhouse at the beach. If I used the boys, I'd be beaten to a pulp or worse. In the girls I'd probably be arrested. The bottoms were very tight, a nylon spandex blend not much different than one of my girdles. Using a pad and tucking my parts like Auntie taught me, my crotch looked just like a girls. The bra had foam padding that gave the appearance of having small breasts. This I covered up with a large white nylon three quarter length flare sleeved wrap and pulled on a pair Daisy Dukes with a red and black checkered pattern on the back pockets. Green strappy two inch cork heeled wedges completed my beach wear.

Thanks to Morgan's intense training I couldn't go out without doing my nails. Pink varnish just didn't compliment my bathing suit, so I redid them in a matching green. I decided to put my hair up in a high pony tail secured with a green chiffon scrunchy. Since we were going to the beach I settled on the minimum makeup, eyeliner, mascara and coral lipstick. I should have known better. Morgan went with me back into my room and made me blend two shades of green eye shadow on my lids, add some blush and high gloss lip balm.

"If it was just us girls that would be fine but the boys are going with us. You need to remember to look your best whenever guys are around," she admonished.

Us girls! Yeah, I might have to look like one but I was still a guy and no guy wants to look good for another one. In any case, off we went in Auntie's SUV with me sitting next to Reginald in the back. He was wearing one of those really long and baggy black swim suits and of all things a muscle shirt. Man, if that wasn't a joke on his scrawny chest. Richard on the other hand was a letterman and toned. He wasn't wearing a speedo but something close and seeing that manly bulge made me jealous. For some strange reason I remember thinking at the time that if I had to date at least it could be a hunk like Richard.

At the beach I wanted to stay with Morgan and all her friends but like all older teens we were shuffled off to the side. So I was stuck with Reginald and his geek squad friends. At least there were three girls in the group, again losers, but better than being stuck with Reginald. Another bothersome thought hit me. I was actually proud to be the prettiest girl in the group. All that girl time was getting to me.

Besides getting a couple of hickies and more tongue action than I wanted the day was almost bearable. The fireworks display was really good but I didn't enjoy it as I had to keep fending off Reginald's roving hands and kisses. I was getting the hang of keeping him under control but still it took effort. The worst thing I had to deal with was the suntan. By the time we got back home, my skin was a nice even shade of red. Now I was left with very feminine tan lines. Bright white triangles over my breasts and another around my groin. My breasts were a bit puffy to begin with but the contrast between light and dark made them look even bigger.

As August was coming to a close I had another bigger worry, school. I was due to start the ninth grade and in a new school. Mom would have to let me be a boy again didn't she? Every time I asked her about school she would put me off saying, "We'll see." She was making me sick with her none committal answers. I kept telling her I had been good and done everything she asked but still I was left hanging.

A few days before registration I got my answer. Auntie came over with some documents for mother to sign. "Agnes we're all set," she said putting them on the

kitchen table. Mother was having coffee and I was doing the evenings dishes.

“Everything is in order for Cameron’s registration. I have an appointment set up with that gynecologist we talked about for tomorrow morning. After the examination she’ll write an order exempting her from physical education. All you have to do is sign these, here and here and it’s a done deal.”

I didn’t really pay attention to what she was saying but I did pick up on the words “registration,” “her” and “gynecologist.” Now that got my attention. I might not be the sharpest but I knew what that meant. I was going to a female doctor and enrolled as a girl. No she couldn’t do this to me. With tears flowing and me begging for her not to do this, I didn’t get any sympathy. Mom and Auntie both gave me “that” look which spoke volumes. I was screwed.

Mom took Friday off so she could take me to the doctor’s. I had begged and pleaded for her not to do this ever since Auntie left the house. It did me no good as mom kept telling me it would open up “a world of wonders” and “do me good.”

Do me good, ha, more than likely get me beaten to a pulp and as far as the “wonders” went....yeah it would be a wonder if I survived. I can’t believe my mother would be so stubborn about me being a boy again. Over the summer, I did everything expected and didn’t complain. Well I don’t think I complained that much anyway. Still she did bend a little bit by saying that if the doctor was against me going as a girl but didn’t say anymore. All I have to do is tell the doctor I didn’t want to be no friggin girl. The doctor is a professional right? She would have to let me be me again.

Wrong again. The doctor was an elderly woman, short, plump and gray haired. I was sitting on the examination table wearing a paper gown that didn’t cover up that much. She gave me the standard physical examination, blood, urine, heart and lungs. She kind of surprised me when after checking my lungs began manipulating my flabby chest. Over the summer my boy boobs had swollen slightly and my nipples became more prominent. I didn’t pay them that much attention figuring it was from wearing bras all the time. The itching and tingling sensations were more of an irritant than a concern. However her touching and probing did make my nipples stand to attention. Now that was weird.

My biggest embarrassment came when she put my feet up into stirrups. That was something new. Knowing that my groin and ass were on full display brought a bright flush to my cheeks. The blush turned crimson when she manhandled my package and then stuck a finger up my hole. I couldn’t wait for this exam to be over. Up until now I was told to keep quite while I was being examined.

Finally I was dressed and back in the waiting room while the doctor had a chat with my mom. To say that I was nervous would be an understatement. Here I was a guy, dressed like most teenaged girls in a pink crop top and tan khaki culottes, in a room filled with other girls and women. What was really making me nervous was how long my mom was gone. I wanted to tell the doctor about how I felt and worried I wouldn’t get the chance. When I thought I couldn’t take the suspense any longer, the receptionist called my name and escorted me to the doctor’s office. At last I would have my chance and get back to being me.

Well that didn’t go very well, not well at all. I was totally confused and didn’t get but a few words in. Hell, she had touched my package and knew I was a guy. So why was she acting like it was a normal every day event? And why was I being referred to some psychologist? She said I had to continue with the therapy sessions I had started back at my old school. What therapy? I never had that at my old school. Like I said, her

lack of a reaction and referral had me totally mixed up. Before I could object or raise a fuss we were out the door and headed home.

Ooo

Auntie took me and Morgan to Milton High School for registration. She was going to be a senior while I entered as a freshman. We were both wearing the regulation uniform, grey, black and green tartan mid-thigh pleated skirt and white blouse with forest green cardigan. I was miserable having to attend school as a girl but mom didn't relent. I had begged and pleaded up to that very morning to no avail. It was bad enough suffering through public exposure during the summer but that it was limited. Going to high school as a girl was way over the top when it came to exposure. Just one day in school and I would have to be one, convincing at that, all the time. There would be no going back once I was known as Cameron, The Girl.

In the auditorium where registration was held, Auntie sent Morgan off to register and accompanied me to freshman registration. Mom had pre-registered me and Auntie didn't need to be there which was embarrassing. What high school student wanted their parent or guardian with them and I was one of a very few like that. Plus I was a guy dressed in the girl's school uniform.

The woman behind the registration desk gave me a hard look as she took my PE exemption from Auntie. She entered the information into her computer, then handed me a large envelop with my name on it. This was my chance to set the record straight that I was a male forced to be a girl. However with Auntie standing next to me, knowing how humiliating it would be to declare myself dressed and looking like all the other freshman girls I chickened out. Even if everything panned out and I returned to boyhood that day, everyone at school would know I was the boy pretending to be a girl. I was dead no matter what choice I made.

"Welcome to Milton Cameron, I'm Mrs. Davis, Vice Principal of Student Affairs. Let me assure you that school policy is very strict about any bullying or harassment. All our students are encouraged to report any such abuse. That envelop contains your class schedule, orientation materials, supply requirements and school calendar. Read everything carefully as once classes start there can be no changes without parental consent. Should you have any problems I want you to know that my door is always open."

Once we were all back in the SUV I opened my packet and pulled out my schedule. Basic math, English and history didn't surprise me but taking Home and Family Living, Administrative Studies and Women's Issues did. This had to be a major mistake. Like I would want to have those classes especially Women's Issues. It was bad enough having to dress and act like one much less learn about their issues. As far as I was concerned their biggest issue was having a period which made even the nicest turn into bitches. I could attest to that from personal experience with Auntie and especially Morgan. My attention was pulled away from my schedule as the SUV came to a stop. Looking up I saw that we were in the Wal-Mart parking lot.

"Alright kids, give me your supply list and we'll see if we can't get it done," I heard Auntie say.

I guess that was when I gave up to the inevitable. The school identified me as a girl, my so called boyfriend thought I was a girl, everywhere I went I was recognized as a girl. Even here in the crowded aisles I was treated like any other girl. No one had ever called me out for being remotely male once Auntie had me in her clutches. I was doomed and accepted it. What else could I do? I was actually happy to get a new lap

top even if it was pink. Not so much when she purchased a mostly pink leatherette backpack but what the hell, I was a girl now.

Epilog

I lived entirely as a girl throughout high school. Did all the expected things a teenage girl would do, participated in school activities and went to the proms. I was even chairman of the decorating committee for my senior prom and editor of the year book. I dated, a lot, but never with one boy for too long. When things became too personal, I dropped them. Was I happy? Not at first. That first year was a bitch my emotions were all over the place but I managed. I didn't want to see a therapist but admit she was a tremendous help. Her name was Dr. Thelma Vitner and she gave me these wonderful CD's to calm me down. They really helped. As a graduation present my Auntie paid for the surgery to make me a woman. At the moment I'm the executive assistant to Reginald. Yes we remained friends throughout school and when I graduated gave me a job at his software company. With the stock options and salary I'm very well off today. You could say I'm well-adjusted and mostly happy now. It hasn't been easy and some days I daydream about what may have been.

The End...