

What's the Matter with Me

Part One

By Cheryl Lynn

Margo Coli was a fanatical feminist. She wasn't always like that though leaned in that direction. Her wardrobe had dresses, skirts and blouses but preferred pants suits or slacks. She did wear minimal makeup and kept her hair in a short pixie style. She could be called pretty but not beautiful. Her body would be called "pear" shaped and slightly overweight. It wasn't until her rape that she took a radical approach despising anything male. She believed in women's rights but couldn't bring herself to have an abortion. It wasn't until she had a son that she regretted her decision. She named him Robin Alee Coli and determined to raise him properly. In that when he grew up wouldn't be a threat to any woman. For the first six years of his life Margo raised him as her daughter. She had him in the frilliest of dresses, let his blond hair grow past his shoulders and only allowed girlish entertainments.

That all changed when school started at age six. As much as she hated him looking anything like a male, cut his hair just above the shoulders and purchased the least masculine clothing she could. When he came home from school immediately dressed him as her daughter. As his years in elementary school passed, Robin began to give her problems. He was getting into fights and arguing that boys didn't wear dresses. In the fifth grade he refused to wear the girlish clothing any more. Margo had to punish him before he would change into lingerie and dress. He became sullen and only reluctantly did the household chores. He became upset when she refused to let him wear his boy's clothing so he could play with his friends. She had to resort to using her hairbrush to get his cooperation. By the sixth grade, Margo gave up after finding all his dolls with their heads pulled off. Plus, the few swats from the hairbrush no longer had the desired effect and not disposed to harsher punishments gave up. Robin was allowed to be a boy full time much to his relief.

When he was finishing the tenth grade, Margo met a kindred soul, Doctor June DeVere. She was both an M. D. and psychologist primarily working with abused women. Her experiences with these women, developed the same feelings about males that Margo shared. It was her idea that if Margo wanted a daughter; then, she should have one.

"Margo, in this day and age, younger children get diagnosed with gender identity problems. With the proper psychological workup, I'm sure we can convince the authorities to accept Robin as transgender. If you decide to go this route, I can administer slow release female hormones that will prevent any further masculine development. His voice will remain high and eventually grow breasts. As far as school, drop him out and enroll him in a home school program. I have some lady friends, actually former patients, that teach and be glad to have him. In that controlled environment and wearing dresses, he won't have a choice but to accept the life you want. Is this something you would like?" she advised.

"It would be the answer to my prayers but no way he'll go along with it. He is quickly becoming what I despise the most, male. He's even started growing body hair, his voice is cracking and his attitude worse. We argue everyday and spankings no longer have any influence. When he's over my lap for a spanking, he no longer cries. He just balls up his fists and takes it and the look he gives me afterwards. I'm at my wits end,"

Margo replied.

“But you like my idea, don’t you? You do. Good. Let me worry about his attitude and the paperwork. It will take time but I assure you, you will have that daughter in the end. Bring him into my office this Saturday, say about ten. I’m usually closed but you need my help. Before you come, give him this pill. Dissolve it in his morning drink. It’s a sedative and will calm him down,” June said handing her the pill.

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Robin wasn’t a bad kid. He was just a boy and loved sports, rough housing and the only dolls had to be action figures. He hated wearing the frilly dresses and petticoats that went with them. It wasn’t the clothing so much as the restrictions imposed by wearing them. No climbing trees, no real sports as such activities would expose his panty covered butt or get them dirty.

Elementary school had been a bitch for him. He was teased about how he dressed and couldn’t join them in after school activities. It was there that he learned he was a boy and not the girl his mother insisted he was. That was a revelation and created a lot of confusion for him. When he was younger didn’t mind so much dressing as it made mommy happy. As he grew older making mommy happy left him miserable. By the time he reached sixth grade decided no matter how much she punished him, would refuse to become the girl she wanted.

“I’m a boy! Boys don’t wear panties or dresses! I’m not doing it anymore no matter how much you punish me!” he shouted one afternoon upon coming home. He was quite surprised and happy when she agreed and let him be a boy.

Robin wasn’t overly masculine. He was slow to come into puberty probably a result of wearing tight panty girdles most of his life. From an early age Margo had him wearing them to hide his deformities. As a result, he physically looked more like a thirteen or fourteen-year-old. His voice was finally cracking and growing body hair. Light peach fuzz graced his upper lip and chin. He was very pleased about that as during junior high caught a lot of grief from the other guys in PE. He was also noticing the girls for the first time. At the freshman prom, he danced with one, Alice, and she kissed him on the cheek. He liked that very much. So much he had an erection. Thanks to his “playground” sex education had an idea about the birds and bees and masturbation. After that prom experienced his first self-gratification session with many more to follow.

Since she allowed him to be a boy, Margo didn’t treat him the same. Robin was smart enough to realized he disappointed her but enjoyed being a boy. She went through the motions of motherhood but no longer lavished praise or hugged him like she had. That did bother him some but not enough to let her dress him up. She had tried that one Halloween but he was steadfast refusing to go trick or treating as Cinderella.

“I’m a boy and boys don’t wear Cinderella costumes! I’m too old to do that anyway. Even if you let me be Spiderman I wouldn’t go,” he admonished.

Now he was looking forward to the summer. His best friend Billy Hamilton invited him to join his family on their two-week vacation to the lake. Plus, he would be going into the eleventh grade once school started. Hopefully taller and more muscled than he was now.

“I might even have to start shaving by then,” he happily thought rubbing his chin on the way home.

Saturday morning Margo broke open the green pill and spilled the white powder into

Robin's milk. She was all smiles as she served him pancakes with maple syrup and fried egg on top. It was one of his favorites. Seeing her smiling bothered him some. It had been a long time since she had smiled a happy face towards him but a lot longer since he had his favorite breakfast. Besides he was thinking about Alice. She said she would be at this afternoon's baseball game and root for him. Life was good and only getting better as far as he was concerned. Soon after he finished, Robin became woozy.

His last lucid thought was, "*Why am I so tired.*"

At the doctor's office, Margo had to get a wheelchair as Robin was sound asleep. June was waiting as she wheeled him in. "Out like a light I see," she greeted. "Margo, it will take me a several hours to do what's necessary. Why don't you go home and get rid of all her boy stuff? After today she won't be needing it. I'll call you when you can come pick her up," she added with a smile.

Doctor June did more than just implant female hormones into Robin. After removing his testicles, stitched his penis down between his legs; then, folded the empty scrotum around it. While it didn't look like a vagina gave a camel toe appearance when covered. While not a certified plastic surgeon could perform the simple cheek implant surgery and enhance the lips. She had learned how to do that working on battered women. With that completed Robin's face was very feminine. There was just one more thing to do. Doctor June thought of herself as an artist and had to sign her work. To the left, just above the right hip she tattooed a lavender rose in full flower. It would also be a constant reminder to Robin of what she had done this day.

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On her way home Margo stopped at a furniture store. Robin's room always had the white enameled French Provincial furnishings with its gold pen stripping. Now that she was sixteen, Robin needed a lighted vanity.

"Now that I have my daughter, she'll need a vanity to learn how to apply makeup and style her hair. That reminds me, she doesn't have any appropriate clothing. I'll pick up some basics for now. I'm going to have so much fun taking her on another mother-daughter shopping trip. I really miss those times when she was little," she happily thought entering the store.

A package of day of the week nylon brief styled panties, two white satin training bras and a violet nylon and chiffon baby doll nightgown along with a pair of bright purple satin slippers. A cute blue denim skirt with white lace trim, a white with floral decorated hem sun dress, three frilly blouses, pair of ballerina flats and several packets of panty hose later and Margo headed home. She had just finished cleaning out all of Robin's boy things when the vanity arrived. About the only thing she had left to buy to make the room into a girl's room was change the linens, drapes and add some pictures. All his old girlish things and stuffed animals were in the attic.

Getting the call to pick up Robin, Margo packed a pair of panties, training bra, the sun dress and flats. She thought he would look precious and all smiles as she drove to the doctor's office. She lost that smile when she saw the floral tattoo.

"What's the meaning of this? I never would have approved of you giving her a tattoo," she admonished.

"It's a symbol Margo. That's all. I put it there so that no matter what Robin will be constantly reminded that she is now a girl. Despite the physical changes I made, his mind is still that of a boy. The hormone implants will slowly change his mind set to some degree. That feminine tattoo will help that process. I can, using hypnosis, help.

It'll take about a week for Robin to recover and she will be very upset. So, forget the adoring daughter for the time being. You have to be patient and not rush things too fast. I've set up standing appointments to see Robin beginning next week. In time, she will accept the fact that she was always meant to be a girl. I also have some CD's for you. They contain subliminal messages designed to enhance her outlook on being female. They were created by Dr. Vitner. She is a recognized expert in male to female transitions. I've admired her work for years. Using hypnosis and these CD's, you should have your loving daughter in a month or two," the doctor explained.

Robin woke up to a strange dream. He was sitting up in bed. A sparkling white paper wrapped box with a floppy pink bow in his lap. Opening it, found a violet double layered nylon and chiffon baby doll nightie. Strangely he was thrilled to get it. Lifting it from the box noticed the elaborate purple floral embroidered bodice. He thought it was beautiful. As he held it, saw himself standing by the bed reaching out and snatching it away. That's when he opened his eyes and felt pain. Pain radiating out from his groin and face. He groaned loudly and tried to lift leaden hands to touch his face.

"Oh no baby, lie still. Here, open your mouth. This pill will make the pain go away," he heard Margo say.

"Wha....wha...what hap...happened?" he croaked.

"Nothing to worry your pretty head over baby. Come on, take your pill. You'll feel much better," she replied placing the pill on his tongue then the straw.

The cool water flowing down his throat helped. "Why..why does it hurt so much down there?" he asked trying to look down his body.

"The doctor just corrected a mistake darling. Nothing for you to worry about. The pain will go away in a day or two. Now, go back to sleep," she replied.

"Mistake? Doctor? What mistake?" were his thoughts as he drifted back off to sleep.

"You want to be a girl. You love wearing pretty feminine clothing and makeup. You are a girly-girl. It is what you have always wanted to be. You delight in getting pretty lingerie and dresses. You love being pretty. You have always wanted to be feminine. It's your deepest desire to be a pretty girl. You want to be a girl. You love wearing pretty clothes and makeup. You are a girl. You are a girl. You are a girl. It is what you've always wanted to be."

"You want to do whatever your mother tells you. When she says the words, 'Young lady' you will submit. You are a girl and listen to your mother. Your mother knows what's best for you. You will obey her when she calls you a young lady. You are a girl now! Obey your mother!" kept playing in a loop barely heard as Robin fell into unconsciousness.

Margo kept Robin sedated for the rest of the week. Sedated enough that he spent most of the time in a mental fog. He could go to the bathroom when necessary, eat and drink but that was done automatically. The fact that he was wearing a violet baby doll nightie barely registering in his mind.

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Saturday morning Robin's eyes fluttered open. Something didn't feel right but there was no pain. Pushing down the covers, became fully awake. What he had thought a dream was reality. He was wearing a girl's nightie. Not just any girl's nightie but a frilly violet baby doll.

“What the? Why am I wearing this? Momma knows I refuse to wear girl’s stuff anymore. Why did she do this? What happened? It feels nice and it’s pretty but I’m a boy. I shouldn’t be wearing this,” his confused mind screamed.

On shaky legs got out of bed pulling the earbuds and nightie off as he did so. It wasn’t until he pulled the rumba full cut panties down that he noticed what the doctor did.

“What have you done!” he screamed breaking out in tears.

“We’ve only corrected one of your birth defects Robin. I’ve decided it’s high time you became who you were meant to be. From now on you will be my daughter, a girl and eventually a real woman. I’ve gotten rid of all your old tomboy stuff as well. You might as well accept it as fighting me or the changes will do you no good. What the doctor has done cannot be reversed. Shout and cry as much as you want but you’re my daughter now,” Margo said from the doorway.

“You had no right to do this to me. I never wanted to be a girl,” he sobbed.

“I had every right! I’m your mother!” she answered. **“Besides, you enjoyed being my daughter when you were younger. You’ll learn to embrace your womanhood in time. I’m giving you no other choice. Now, get dressed and come get your breakfast.”**

“I don’t want to be a girl no matter what she says I won’t like it. I don’t know what that doctor did but my dick is plastered between my legs. There’s a damn flower tattooed down there. Even if I can get my dick free that will be there forever. I gonna run away just as soon as I get my clothes on,” he thought moving to the dresser.

Opening the top drawer, was disappointed to only see nylon panties and training bras. Slamming it shut, opened the next to find a denim skirt and some frilly blouses. The third drawer had tights and panty hose.

“She got rid of all my boy clothing,” he mumbled going to his closet only to find the sundress hanging there.

“Well, I can’t run away naked and not wearing girl’s clothing either. I could go to Billy’s house but he’ll laugh his ass off at me wearing a dress. It’s a pretty dress though. Why did I just think that? I’m starving too. Guess running away will have to wait until I at least get something to eat,” he thought going back to the dresser.

As he pulled the black nylon with the pink scripted “Saturday” panties up his legs a shiver ran up his back. ***“Gosh, I forgot how nice it was to wear nylon panties. I’m a boy and shouldn’t like this bu...but I do,”*** he thought.

Running his finger tips over the satin training bra also sent a shiver up his spine but left it there. ***“I think I remember wanting to wear one of these years ago but no, I’m a boy. Boys don’t wear bras,”*** he thought.

Opening the second drawer removed the denim skirt and white blouse. **“Guess I can forget playing baseball now. One of the reasons, I don’t like wearing dresses and skirts,”** he groused stepping into the skirt.

He found the ballerina flats and put them on before checking himself out in the full-length mirror. ***“My...my face? It looks different. My cheeks look bigger and my...my lips are swollen. With these clothes, I...I look like a girl. Weird, I kinda like how I look but I’m a boy. I shouldn’t look like this,”*** he thought staring wide eyed at his reflection.

“That’s a cute outfit you have on Robin. Sit down and have your breakfast,” she greeted all smiles.

“Don’t know what you’re so damn happy about. This sucks!” he answered.

“Watch your mouth. You’re not too old to have your mouth washed out with soap or a spanking,” Margo answered angrily.

“I can take the spanking but soap is another thing. I still remember heaving my guts out after that last one,” he thought sitting down.

When she put his breakfast down, he glared at her and said, **“Is this all? I’m starving here.”**

“You’re a girl now and have to watch your figure. Vanilla yogurt, a peach half and unbuttered whole wheat until you lose weight is what you get or starve. Either way you are going to trim down. You want to be a pretty girl, don’t you?” she answered.

That comment sent a shiver up his spine. ***“I don’t want to be a girl but if I have to be, I should be pretty,”*** he thought then shaking his head thought, ***“Where did that come from. I don’t want to be any kind of girl.”***

Finished his meager meal, stood and began walking out of the room. He stopped when his mother shouted, **“Just where do you think you’re going young lady!”**

“To watch some television. There’s probably an early game on,” he answered.

He was a bit confused as it was his every Saturday and Sunday habit to plop down and watch some sports. She had quit giving him static about that years ago. Now she was bitching about that again, he wondered.

“You’re my daughter now and you will not watch any more sports unless it’s gymnastics. None of that violent stuff either. Now, get over here and help me clean up,” she barked.

Robin wanted to tell her where she could go with that idea but felt compelled to do what she said. ***“I don’t know why I’m not giving her the finger and going to watch a game. Weird but I feel that I have to do what she says,”*** he thought walking over to her.

“Grab your apron and start wiping down the counter tops then the table young lady,” she instructed.

Still not knowing quite why, he went over to the closet and put on the tea rose red apron. It didn’t take long to do what she wanted. Hanging up the apron started to go to his room.

“Not so fast young lady. Go wash up; then, we’re going shopping to get you some more clothing,” she said.

“I wonder why whenever she calls me a young lady I seem to like it and I shouldn’t,” he thought but replied. **“Mother, I’m not going anywhere dressed like this. I don’t want anyone seeing me like this; especially, my friends.”**

“Well, be that way for now. It’s only a matter of time before we take that shopping trip,” she replied. ***“June said she would be belligerent for a while. Guess I shouldn’t push her right now. Hopefully she’ll come around,”*** she thought.

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Monday afternoon, Margo had Robin wear his gray flare skirt and pink chiffon blouse with the ruffled cuffs and jabot tie. He wasn’t happy about going outside looking like he did or the coral lipstick he was wearing. After listening to his music most of the weekend, found it more difficult to go against her wishes.

“Don’t know why she’s taking me to see some doctor. I’m not sick and I don’t want to go out looking like this much less seeing a doctor. I stamped my foot and said I wasn’t going but she said, ‘Young lady, you’re going’ and here I am in the car. What’s the

matter with me?" he thought.

As prearranged when they got to the doctor's office, the receptionist gave them some tea. Robins tea was spiked with a psychotropic drug. He was nervous and agitated about being seen out in public dressed as a girl. At first, he didn't want to drink the tea but did so once his mother told him to. His vacant stare told them he was ready to see the doctor.

"Robin how do you see yourself? As a boy or girl," June asked.

"I'm..I'm a..a boy," he slowly replied.

"Come with me and stand before this mirror. Now, what do you see?"

"A...a girl," he responded.

"Yes, most definitely a pretty young lady and who is that girl?"

"M...me," he said reaching out and touching the mirrored reflection.

"Good, now lift your skirt and look at your panties. Do you see a boy's penis there? Or is it flat like a young lady's?"

"Fl...fla..flat," he hesitantly responded.

"Yes, just like a young lady. So, tell me, how can you call yourself a boy?"

"Bu...but I..am a boy," he replied.

"Would a boy have such a pretty rose tattoo like yours? Only girl's get a floral tattoo and it's such a pretty one."

"N...no," he answered.

"Well then, don't you think since you look like a girl and have a girl's tattoo that you must be a girl. Robin you are a girl! You are, seeing how you are dressed and wearing lipstick, a girly-girl. A girl that loves wearing pretty lingerie, lovely dresses and makeup. A girl that wants to be very feminine and who obeys her mother. You're only a boy in your imagination. Now, I want you to repeat fifty times, 'My name is Robin Alee and I'm a girly-girl. I love delicate lingerie and lovely dresses. I want to be pretty and wear makeup. I'm a girly-girl who obeys her mother.' Forget you were ever a boy."

When they left the doctor's office, Robin was still slightly under the drug's influence.

"Young lady, it's such a nice day out. Let's go to the mall and get you some new clothing. You want to do that, don't you?" Margo said smiling.

"Ye...yes, I guess," he answered while thinking, "*The mall? Some of my friends might be there. I...I think I would like to have some pretty clothes though I'm not sure.*"

"Alee, I know you will love some delicate lingerie and cute dresses. You have so little. As long as we're out let's shop. If you're sweet and smile, we'll stop at the Merle Norman shop. I just bet you will love learning how to put on some makeup. How does that sound young lady?" she responded with a broadening smile.

"*Makeup? That would be nice. "Don't know why but I think I want to try it,"* he thought.

"You know young lady, I like the sound of Alee. It suites you much better and I'll call you that from now on. What do you think?" she asked.

"*Can't continue call her Robin. It's a girl's name too but it might bring unwanted attention should any of his old friends be around. If you look closely, I can still see the old Robin,*" she thought.

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"That's a pretty girl," Robin thought looking into the mirror.

The face that stared back at him had on a young teen day time makeup. Pink blended into powder pink eyeshadow, light coating of foundation to even up the complexion, brown mascara and eyeliner with coral pink matte finished lipstick. The woman holding the mirror was wearing a lab coat and smiling.

"So, what do you think Alee? With what I've shown you today, you should be able to recreate that look easily enough," the woman said.

Looking around realized where he was. *"Merle Norman? That's a makeup place. What am I doing here? Gosh, that's me in that mirror! Why am I here? Guy's don't wear makeup,"* he thought getting scared as the drug finally wore off.

"Go on young lady, tell Mrs. Lawrence how much you love what she has done," Margo said interrupting his thoughts.

"Oh, thank you so much. I just love it," he responded to his surprise.

"Why did I say that? I hate how I look no...no matter how...pretty I am," he thought confused.

"Don't mention it Alee. It was my pleasure. Now just let me take off your drape and get what your mother purchased packaged," she responded.

With the plastic drape removed, Robin noticed his chest. He clearly remembered that afternoon they were just small bumps. Now they seemed to block his vision. His hands automatically came up and squeezed them fearing the worst. He let out a sigh finding it was just padding.

"Stop that this instant, young lady," he heard his mother's harsh whisper.

Pulling his hands away from his chest, looked at his mother puzzled.

"What's going on? How come I'm wearing makeup and have these?" he whispered back.

"Young lady, we've been shopping and it's time you learned how-to put-on makeup. As for your enhancements, we'll talk about that on the way home. Now, get up, smile and thank the nice lady again...or...would you rather have her question your womanhood?" she instructed.

"That's the last thing I need," he thought and replied, *"Yes, mother."*

As he stepped off the stool, felt the strange weight on his chest shift. *"What has she done and why don't I remember whatever it was? The last thing I clearly remember was drinking some tea. Everything else is pretty vague,"* he thought.

As soon as they got into the car asked Margo why his chest was so big and heavy. All the way out to the car, Robin was very conscious of the movement of his chest. The tug on bra straps and his upper arms brushing against them were new sensations hard to ignore. He was especially conscious of the weight making him feel like leaning forward.

"Don't you remember Alee? You were quite insistent on getting C-cups. They cost a small fortune and the shop doesn't accept returns. So, stop your complaining. They're yours until the foreseeable future," she answered.

"I...I asked for these?" he said surprised. *"She must be lying...no way I would want these. Then again, I'm not in any pain nor do I see any bruising. I think I would have put up some kind of fight or a big fuss. What if she is telling the truth? Did I really*

what these? I don't see how but they do make my blouse fit better. Now why do I care how my blouse fits? Gosh, what's wrong with me," he thought feeling very confused.

"Yes, you did Alee. You even asked the technician to use that surgical glue to set them firmly to your chest," she replied smiling broadly.

"They're glued on?" he gasped.

"At least for the next three months or so dear," Margo giggled. *"I'm so glad I did this. Joan said I should while he was still under the drug's influence. It wasn't that hard to convince him to get those big babies,"* she thought.

Robin was surprised at how many bags and shoe boxes were piled up in his room. He had hoped that most were going in his mother's room; especially the bright pink ones from the VS store. He had never been in one of those stores but thanks to his mother's catalogs, more than familiar with what they sold.

Now he was busy with a pair of pinking shears removing labels and tags. He wasn't happy doing that but at the same time drawn to the pretty delicate lingerie. At times he had to actually stop himself from fingering the soft sleek material.

"Panties, bras, slips, garter belts, nighties, nylons and tons of other stuff. More clothing than I think real girls have. We went to the doctor at one and now it's close to seven. Six hours I don't remember and apparently didn't resist or put up any kind of fuss. How was that possible? Do I really want to be a girl? With the makeup that lady put on me, I do look like a pretty girl. That should upset me but for some reason, I like it. I shouldn't be sitting here removing tags from panties either but I am. They feel so...so delicate and colorful compared to my boxers," his thoughts becoming more confused.

Later after hand washing his new intimates and putting everything away, looked around his room. *"It's my room but it's not. There's a white wrought iron, glass topped vanity against that wall, my closet is filled with dresses, skirts and blouses and my bureau bursting with lingerie. Even smells like a girl's room since Mom added those floral scented deodorizers. I never wanted to be a girl but it seems I'm becoming one like Mom wants. She's been acting happier than I've seen her in ages. I remember when I revolted and she let me be a boy when I was little. So, why can't I do that now? I'm not even angry and I should be. What's wrong with me? Maybe I like this? Could it be possible I want to be a pretty girl?"* he thought perplexed.

By the time they had a late supper, both were exhausted. Before Robin could go to bed Margo showed him how to remove his makeup and perform a facial treatment. Pulling the hairbrush through his hair for the hundredth time could barely keep his eyes open. Getting into bed wearing a lavender nylon nightie and matching granny panties, didn't argue as Margo put in the earbuds.

That night as he slept a new CD was playing. *"Robin Alee you are a pretty girl. It's what you've always wanted to be. You love being a girly-girl and obeying your mother. You are a girl. You love pretty clothing and wearing makeup. Seeing yourself as a pretty girl gives you great pleasure. You want to be the best girly-girl you can be. You love the feel of satin, nylon and chiffon against your skin. You love all the pretty colors and patterns girls get to wear. You love wearing dresses, skirts and blouses. You love wearing makeup. You adore being a girly-girl in all ways."*

"When your mother says 'young lady' you will do what she demands. Robin Alee is a girl's name therefore you are a girl. It's what you've always wanted to be. You are a girly-girl. You are a girl and want to obey your mother."

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"It's time to get rid of that horrible body hair. I just hope her conditioning will make this less difficult," Margo thought going into Robin's room to wake him.

"Young lady, it's time I taught you a morning beauty routine. Come with me, I have a nice bubble bath ready for you," she said once he was awake.

When Robin came out of the bathroom, he was wearing a bath towel around his chest and blushing. ***"Why did I let her do this to me? That was so embarrassing. She even shaved my pubic hair into a damn heart and I just stood there and let her. What's the matter with me and why can't stop all this?"*** he thought going to his bureau to get some underwear.

Opening the top drawer, gazed at its contents. ***"Panties and bras. They're pretty and the color choices, so bright and lacy. Still, I shouldn't be wearing any of this but I'm drawn to them. Almost like they are calling out to me. Really doesn't matter cause I don't have any choices; especially, now that I got these things glued to my chest,"*** he thought removing a pair of white nylon panties and bra.

As his mother had laid out a white satin peasant blouse and gray wool blend knee length straight skirt, a white with frill of lace trimming camisole and half-slip were also selected. Dressed, he sat at the vanity and began applying makeup. Applying moisturizer and foundation didn't give him much of a problem but had difficulties with the rest. He had to call Margo for assistance. With his makeup done, she had him step into a pair of two-inch, block heeled strappy sandals.

"Today you're going to learn how to act like a young lady Alee. There is just too much tomboy in your mannerisms. We'll practice walking, sitting and bending along with the proper arm movements this morning. After lunch, we'll work on your vocabulary and voice; then, back to mannerisms. We'll be doing this every day until it becomes natural, performed without thought," she told him.

With few changes this routine was followed over the next month. For the first two weeks, she assisted with his makeup application. At the end of that time, Robin could do it himself. He had also advanced to wearing four-inch spike heels. He was also becoming less confused about his gender. Thanks to regular visits to the doctor and the advanced CD's, was beginning to think that he really wanted to be a girly-girl. It was during this time that Robin was taken to his mother's beauty salon. There his shoulder length hair was dyed Chestnut with blond streaks and given a soft perm. Proper haircare was then added to his training.

At the start of the second month, his feminine mannerisms were automatic. According to Margo they needed a bit of fine tuning but she was more than pleased. His vocabulary, thanks in large part to watching girl's his age talking on You Tube, vastly improved. His makeup skills now included date night makeup looks. With these improvements, Margo concentrated more on his feminine domestic skills. She was teaching him how to cook and perform household chores.

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With summer coming to a close Margo dropped Robin out of school. Placing him in Mrs. Robinson's home school as June had suggested. Unlike most home schooling where the parent did the teaching or shared those duties with other parents, Mrs. Robinson's was more like a private school. A private school in that she charged tuition, a sizable cash donation she called it. Margo wasn't happy about that but could afford it. The fact that June recommended it and Alee would be with other girls her age convinced her to do it.

What Margo didn't know was that two of the students were actually boys. Mrs. Robinson's twin step sons to be exact. Her divorce was very bitter after their father left the country with his young secretary taking most of their assets with him. She wound up with the house and her car plus two kids. Two spoiled boys that were impossible to deal with. After several very tough years, she received a large inheritance. More than enough to send her delinquent sons to get treatment by Dr. Vitner. Unlike Robin who now though he was a girl, these boys remembered. They knew they were boys but had no control of their actions or behavior. While Robin was a girly-girl these poor boys were prissy-sissy girls. Girls that Mrs. Robinson could use to get her revenge.

To Be Continued...

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Jason and Ryan Robinson adored their father and wanted to be just like him when they grew up. They loved watching the rougher sports like football and hockey with him. Going camping, hunting and fishing with him even better. Jason was the eldest and Ryan two years younger. Jason took more after his father while Ryan had more of his mother's looks. In both cases neither one of them were that masculine.

Mr. Robinson was slight of frame, five foot eight and weighed one fifty-five with curly black hair. He was well aware that he was no athlete much less a John Wayne. To make up for his shortcomings, acted all macho. That attitude he passed on to his sons. One Christmas when Ryan asked for an action figure, his father told him only girls or fags played with dolls. He emphasized his point by giving Ryan a spanking for just asking for one. He also taught them that women were good for only three things, cleaning house, cooking dinner and having babies. As a result, whatever mother-child bonding that had occurred was broken by the time they reached puberty.

When Mr. Robinson left with his secretary for Paraguay, Mrs. Robinson was relieved and angry. Relieved that he was gone and angry at being left almost destitute. She was also upset that he didn't take his obnoxious sons with him. The next two years were extremely hard on her and the boys didn't lift a finger to help. They refused to help earn some money by cutting yards or some other job. They insisted she was the woman and refused to lift a hand to clean the house. When her maiden aunt passed leaving her a small fortune, things changed dramatically. First, she quit her two jobs and secondly, found Dr. Thelma Vitner.

As for the boys, they missed their dad but were enjoying life. They were in high school, smoking pot and getting drunk with their delinquent friends. Yes, their mother tried to make them more responsible but working two jobs had little time for supervision. During those two years, she hated her jobs and children. At times she thought about just running away but that was impossible. The only bright light in her life with getting to kick the boys out when they turned eighteen. Meeting Dr. Vitner changed all that.

One of her jobs was doing night time janitorial services in an office building. Dr. Vitner had her office there. Occasionally the doctor was present when Mrs. Robinson came to clean. Over time they had chatted some. Enough that Mrs. Robinson learned Dr. Vitner was a phycologist that treated wayward boys. She had no idea as to what the doctor actually did to those poor boys. It wasn't until she had her inheritance that she

approached the doctor as a customer. She left that meeting with a CD to ease her worries, one for each boy, three portable CD players and a bottle of pills.

That evening, she dissolved a pill in each boy's drink during supper. When their eyes glazed over took them to their room, put in earbuds and turned on the CD player. Later, she took a pill, put in her earbuds and turned on her CD player. The next morning woke feeling wonderful after the best night's sleep ever. Over the ensuing months, Mrs. Robinson had absolute trust in Dr. Vitner and loved what was happening to her sons.

What Mrs. Robinson didn't realize was that her mind was being programmed as well. Her program made her trust without question Dr. Vitner. It made her want to open a "Special" home school program and love how her sons were changing. Jason and Ryan's programming made them into super girly-girls.

##

Robin wasn't the least bit pleased with the clothing his mother had put out for him. The lingerie was a bright peach color with white lace frills. Full cut brief styled nylon panties with matching panty girdle. The bra was one he had never seen before. It was full coverage in bright satin with six hook and eye back closure. What made it different were the stiff pointed cone cups. A matching high waist floral embroidered garter belt, white stockings with back seam and yards of white net crinolines completed the lingerie. The flare skirt was made of a light charcoal gray wool. A pink poodle was embroidered below the left hip with a black collar. The white cotton blouse had three-quarter length sleeves cuffed above the elbow and peter pan collar. The accompanying shoes were pink saddlebacks with a three-inch block heel. A pink patent leather handbag and large pink satin bow for his hair completed the outfit.

"Mommy, I won't wear this! No way, I'll look like an idiot if I put this on," he said loudly and rolling his eyes.

"Young lady! You will happily wear this. It's your school uniform and I don't want to hear anymore outburst from you about it," Margo replied sternly.

"It is and Mrs. Robinson said required. Alee will look absolutely precious in it though. I remember wearing something similar when I was a young girl. I wasn't that happy about enrolling her; especially when told of the tuition cost. Still, after seeing the uniforms that were included worth it. Getting her enrolled wasn't that easy either. I had to take Alee to see a Doctor Vitner before Mrs. Robinson would accept her. Don't remember a lot about that doctor visit but feel I can trust the doctor's judgement," she thought.

Robin was gazing at his reflection in the full-length mirror. His chestnut colored hair with blond highlights flowed in soft waves to his shoulders. A bright pink satin ribbon pinned to the back. His face in full date night makeup and wearing that horrible outfit.

"I look like an oversized doll dressed like this. Momma says all the other students will be dressed like this. What kind of school is she making me go to? I even had to see some shrink too. That was weird. Other than getting some new music CD's don't recall much of what happened either. What's the matter with me? I should never have agreed to put this on in the first place," he thought.

"Oh my, seeing Alee wearing that uniform brings back so many wonderful memories of when I was young. It's a shame I can't keep her dressed like that always. Oh well, I can have my baby back during school days," Margo thought as they left the house.

What Margo didn't realize was that she was too young to have ever worn something

like that. False memories of wearing 1950's clothing had been implanted by Dr. Vitner. Other memories of that time were there as well. Reminiscences that were important for Dr. Vintner's plans to succeed.

##

"Young lady, I expect you to do whatever Mrs. Robinson tells you with enthusiasm and a smile. I will be very displeased if I get a bad report when I come pick you up this afternoon. Is that understood young lady?" Margo said before she left.

With the key words, "young lady" Robin had no choice but to obey. He wasn't at all happy with his situation. There were four other students two of which were like him. Both Betsey and Ashley appeared to be young girls about Robin's age and wearing similar outfits. The other two, Jaden and Rayden, were dressed like the others but without makeup and short hair unmistakable as boys. They also had fancy dolls clutched in their hands instead of purses.

"*What kind of school is this?*" Robin thought when he entered the makeshift classroom.

"Alee I have a specific rule that must be followed. All my students must curtsey to one another before class starts and give each a hug and kiss on the lips. Secondly, when I address a student or any other adult does, you will stand and curtsey before replying. Failure to do this with a smile, will result in punishment. Is that understood, young lady?" Mrs. Robinson stated.

"But...but I don't know how to curtsey," a startled Robin replied. "*Curtsey? Hug and kiss them on the lips! No way,*" he thought.

He was more surprised when he grasped the hem of his skirt and dipped copying Mrs. Robinson. "*Why did I just do that? What's the matter with me?*" he thought smiling.

"Passable but you need to practice. When you do that greeting another student, raise your skirt and petticoats high enough to show your pretty panties. Then I expect a nice girly hug and kiss," she stated.

Robin was anxious approaching the first student, Betsey. She was wearing purple panties but there was a prominent bulge in them. The same with Ashley when they exchanged pleasantries. Jaden and Rayden, formerly Jason and Ryan, displayed only flat fronts which puzzled Robin. Later he found out that Betsey and Ashley were like him, girly-girls with abnormalities. Jaden and Rayden were boys securely locked in tight chastity and forced femininity. Robin felt sorry for them, at least he knew he wanted to be a girl.

"For Alee's benefit I will explain our school. All of you have been dropped out of the state system; therefore, the required curriculum is not taught here. For you girly-girls, I have designed a program that will make you housewives that men dream about. Your primary texts are, "1950's Housewife," by Sheik Wardy and "A Good Wife's Guide: Embracing your role as a help meet," by Darlene Schacht. You will also have 1950's fashion, beauty and decorum guides as well. As for the two sissies, they will have their own studies. Now girly-girls take out your "1950's Housewife" and begin memorizing the basic rules. They will become your mantra," Mrs. Robinson stated.

"*1950's housewives? Like that's from a hundred years ago,*" Robin thought as he pulled out the book.

What Robin didn't know was that Dr. Vitner planted "Girly-girls" as a code word when he visited. Hearing that, he would be compelled to do whatever was required. He could object but powerless to do anything but comply.

As he began reading was appalled by how restrictive those rules were:

“Have dinner ready. Plan ahead, even the night before for a delicious meal ready on time for when he gets home.”

“Prepare yourself. Take a fifteen-minute rest so you will be refreshed when he arrives. Touch up your makeup and be ready to greet him properly.”

“Be happy and interested to hear about his day.”

“Clear away the clutter before he arrives. Make a trip around the house to make sure everything is as clean as can be.”

“Be happy to see him and put sincerity into your desires to please him.”

“Don’t complain about your issues as they are unimportant. Let him do all the talking.”

“If he is late or doesn’t come home all night, don’t complain as it’s his right.”

“Don’t ask questions about his activities or question his decisions. Remember he is the Master of the House. You have no right to question him.”

“A good wife always remembers her place.”

“This is so ridiculous. No one acts this way. This has got to be some kind of joke. Still, this book seems to be real and from the fifties based on this copy date. I certainly don’t want to act this way but as much as I want to toss this into the trash, I can’t help myself,” he thought.

It was bad enough learning how to properly behave but the fashions were worse. He learned that the dirndl skirt, either sleeveless or with small puffed sleeves and billowy skirts were the most popular. The general style was unpadded, round shoulders, shapely bust lines with closely defined waist lines and fluffy, billowy skirts along with frilly blouses and narrow long skirts were the basics of women’s wardrobes. To achieve the necessary figure to wear such items required bullet bras, girdles or corsets and petticoats. Foundations that weren’t for just special occasions but everyday wear.

“I know I’m a girly-girl at heart but behaving like that and wearing those clothes? I don’t want to be anybody’s housewife either. It gives me the creeps but Mrs. Robinson says I have too. What’s the matter with me? I can’t stop myself,” he thought.

When it came time for lunch, the girly-girls were ushered into the kitchen and given a Betty Crocker cookbook. Told to select a nice lunch and prepare it. While they were doing that, Robin noticed the two sissy boys. They were in pink ruffled pinafores, sitting side by side holding hands and kissing each other on the lips. Robin shuddered then turned back to finish fixing lunch. The meal they decided upon was tuna salad. He didn’t like tuna but ate it anyway deciding that it wasn’t high in calories. Momma still wanted him to lose weight. When they finished eating, Mrs. Robinson gave them a vitamin to take.

Back in the classroom Robin was feeling a bit drowsy as Mrs. Robinson gave them earbuds. **“It’s always nice to relax a bit after lunch. Girly-girls clear your minds and listen to your music before we start back with our lessons,”** she instructed.

“You want to be the best housewife you can be. You love taking care of your man and his domain. You want to make him happy and will do whatever he desires. He is the Master of the House and never question his decisions. As a girly-girl you adore the fashions and love being a Miss. Suzie Homemaker. Girly-girls absolutely love the decade of the 1950’s. The fashions from foundations, frilly lingerie and crinolines to the full billowy dresses and long straight skirts. You desperately want to adopt the behavior and restrictions women of that decade were under as they were so girly-girl

feminine,” could barely be heard as soothing music played.

Robin’s eyes blinked open when he heard Mrs. Robinson say, “Alright girls, rest time is over.”

“Gosh, I must have fallen asleep. Oh my, it’s been over an hour. I’ve never done this before. Must have been really tired to do that,” he thought opening another text book.

This book was titled, “The Ladies’ Book of Etiquette” by Florence Hartley. The book covered everything from what to do if you see a stranger’s dress is tucked up in the back to spotting a lady who had tightened the laces on her corset to tightly by her reddened nose. There were sections on how to behave in a hotel, on the street and table etiquette among others.

“You’ve got to be kidding me. Women put up with this? Don’t think I would have liked to live way back then but...they were very feminine..and girly-girl too,” he thought as he began reading.

The girl’s next assignment was to watch Youtube Tutorials. The first was at www.youtube.com/watch?v=MANKpGb1xa8 on makeup application. The second was on hairstyles at [watch?v=Asq-cojnnTU](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Asq-cojnnTU). After which the girls were given “Westmore Beauty Book” to use for homework.

##

Doctor Vitner was sitting behind her mahogany desk, tapping her pencil on a yellow tablet. *“Mrs. Robinson is making progress in my plan to create old fashioned housewives for my male clients. While making unruly males into dainty puffs for their mothers or caregivers was profitable, I’ll make twice or more now. Not really the money though. It’s the thrill of changing both wives or mothers into embracing their feminized males. None of them would approve or allow the lengths I go to but drugs and hypnosis change that. Getting Mrs. Robinson to open that home-schooling program was sheer genius on my part. Recruiting Dr. De Vere will increase my clientele substantially too.”*

“I’m particularly interested in this Robin Alee Coli and his mother Margo. They both are easily influenced and accepting of what I’m doing. Having her dressing and raising him as her daughter in those early years must have something to do with it. Margo only wants a daughter but I intend to take it much further. Oh, she’ll have her daughter just not the modern day one she expected. She’ll be here soon and I’ll start programming her to accept Alee marrying a significantly older man,” Dr. Vitner mused.

##

Robin was sitting on the sofa reading a 1955 issue of “Good Housekeeping.” He was wearing a tan semi-transparent poly balloon sleeved blouse with ruffled lace jabot. His black heavily floral lace embellished camisole visible and the bodice displaying a crisp bust line. A hint of black lace showed at the hem of his mid-calf black wool-tweed skirt. His makeup was modest, scarlet wet lipstick, blue eyeshadow, mascara and rose blush on his cheeks. His hair in a big hair pageboy with an upturned flip and white hairband with black satin bow separating the pin curled bangs. Robin’s legs were incased in sheer seamed black nylons. A black patent leather three-inch stiletto pump dangling from one foot. Thumbing through the pages he wasn’t paying much attention to the printed pages. His mind was on finally getting the breast augmentation he had been dreaming of.

“Momma’s taking me to the clinic today to finally get my own pair of girls. Not sure why I want them though or imagine how I will feel with D-cup breasts. I do know that

I'm tired of using these breast forms. It's just that I can't seem to get having my own out of my mind. I know I'm a girly-girl but something about getting boobies doesn't seem right. It's been bothering me more and more each day. Well, after today I won't be worrying over it, I'll have breasts. Mrs. Robinson keeps telling us men want their wives to have nice breasts. So, if I want a good husband to look after need my own," he thought.

"Alee, its time to go honey. Put on your gloves and grab your purse. Oh, don't forget your scarf. It's a bit windy out this morning," Margo said entering the room putting her white gloves on.

Margo was wearing a dirndl pale blue paisley print dress with puff sleeves and billowy full skirt held out by several net petticoats. It had a small V-neck collar and the bodice crisply pointed. Around her slim waist was a black patent leather belt with gold buckle. Her makeup was similar to Robin's but used more foundation and powder. Her hair was in tubular horizontal curls dyed a brassy blond. A blue satin box hat with short vail perched jauntily on her head.

"I can't believe my little girl is growing up so fast. It won't be long before some nice mature man decides to take her from me. I really don't mind that as I won't be around forever. Alee will need somebody to take care of her," she thought going to the car.

It was an outpatient procedure and the doctor Dr. Vitner recommended did an excellent job. When Robin left, he had a nice pair of cone shaped breasts with half-inch wide by three-quarter-inch long nipples. Creating large nipples was his specialty.

After a week's rest at home Robin had gotten somewhat use to having D-cup breasts. As a matter of fact, couldn't ignore them. Their presents were constantly brought to his attention. Without a bra they moved and bounced every which way. Their weight initially made him feel he was going to do a face plant at any moment. He couldn't get a clear view below them and they made his back hurt.

"I had no idea having my own breasts would be such a bother. I don't think I should have done this but I couldn't say no. Wouldn't have gotten them this big either. What's the matter with me?" he thought as he recuperated.

##

Over the course of the next several months Mrs. Robinson made time for the girls to watch television. "Now you girly-girls watch these shows concentrating on how the wives act and look," she said putting in a disc. "This one is from a series called "Father Knows Best" and the second, "The Donna Reed Show. While you watch put in your earbuds and pay attention," she added.

What Robin heard when he put in the buds was white noise. ***"How am I supposed to listen when there is no sound? Guess she doesn't want us to be distracted and concentrate on the action,"*** he thought.

His conscious mind didn't hear the words coming from the earbuds. "Watch Margaret Anderson closely. You want to be like her. She doesn't question her husband as he knows best. He is the Master of the House. You will do whatever your husband demands because he knows what's best for you. You desire to please and pleasure him as that gives you satisfaction and pleasure. Just pay attention to the wife and husband. See how happy she is taking care of her husband. Don't watch the children as they have no part in your life, only your husband."

"Watch Donna Reed closely especially how she dresses and treats her husband. Just pay attention to the wife and husband and how they interact. You want to be like her.

You want to have her figure and wear pretty dresses. You love your foundations and petticoats. They make you look more like Donna. You are a girly-girl of the fifties. You want a husband to take care of. You need a husband. An older man to care for and please,” played into his subconscious.

They watched those two episodes every afternoon listening to their earbuds. After two months Robin began thinking that he needed a husband to care for. A desire that was building with each passing day. It was becoming a daily conversation between Alee, Betsey and Ashley about how much they wanted a husband by the end of three months. All three were over eighteen and figured they were overdue for marriage. The only problem they had was they weren’t dating or seeing any man.

##

Meanwhile things were changing back home for Robin and Margo. Primarily in their wardrobes and thanks to “What Katie Did®” and similar web sites. While Margo only purchased one or two outfits Robin now had a complete wardrobe change. From lingerie and foundations to dresses, skirts and blouses plus accessories, all came from internet purchases. Most were reproductions but some were vintage like the baby doll nighties and negligees.

There relationship was changing as well. From her visits with Dr. Vitner, Margo began worrying that Alee would die a spinster if she didn’t find someone to marry. Alee was nineteen, in her prime and a great housekeeper and cook. She needed a man to show off her talents. At first, she casually mentioned about Alee finding a man. Later, she found some vintage wedding gown sites on the internet and cried. Seeing her baby is such beautiful gowns made her heart soar and happy tears followed. Something that should have been totally alien to her. Under normal circumstances Margo would never approve of a man entering their lives.

Then, she began pressing Alee about finding a nice older and wiser man. Neither of them wondered why there were no men in their lives up to now. Margo certainly had absolutely no desire to remarry much less associate with a man. Once was more than enough for her but Alee was a different story. She needed a man. When Margo mentioned her worries to Dr. Vitner, she burst into happy tears. The doctor had shown her a picture of an older distinguished looking man.

“Margo, this is Mr. Osgood. He’s a bit old for Alee but would make a good husband and provider for her. Older men just seem to know how to please a woman you know. If you like, I could contact him and set up a date for Alee,” Dr. Vitner said.

“Oh my, he...he looks more my age. Handsome, yes, but I..,” she started to reply.

“Margo, stop. I can personally vouch for Mr. Osgood. You trust me and I want this to happen. He will be perfect for Alee. Trust me,” Dr. Vitner interrupted.

Margo did trust the doctor absolutely. She didn’t know why but she did. “I do and yes, of course, please set the date. I think Alee will be impressed,” she replied blotting away tears of happiness. “*I have no idea why I’m so happy about the prospect of losing my baby girl to some man; especially to one so much older,*” she thought.

“Now that’s settled, please send Alee in to see me,” Dr. Vitner said smiling broadly.

##

Rodney Osgood was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Becoming an investment banker made him even richer. At fifty went into semi-retirement. Over the years had many beautiful women throw themselves at him. Rodney took advantage of those opportunities but found them lacking. They all were high maintenance and looking for

a sugar daddy.

He had met Dr. Vitner at a social event and for some reason trusted her. He went to see her a couple of times as a client. He hoped she would be able to help him. Since he had trust issues with the women he dated, maybe Dr. Vitner could ease his fears when it came to the opposite sex.

After a couple of sessions, he understood that he was homosexual. That side of him kept suppressed due to his profession. What he wanted was a woman with a penis. Not just anyone but one he knew wasn't after his wealth. One that would also happily do whatever he demanded. When Dr. Vitner mentioned that a young male patient wanted to be a 1950's kind of woman, it immediately caught his attention. That was exactly the kind of woman he was looking for he suddenly realized. He didn't bat an eye when she mentioned this patient could be his for just \$500,000.

##

Robin was examining the clothing his momma had selected for his first date. The matching lingerie was a bright scarlet, sheer full cut panties, satin bullet bra, waste cincher with garters, half-slip and three net petticoats. The sheer seamed black nylons competed his undergarments. The vintage black Delores three-quarter length sleeved swing skirt dress was hung on the closet door. It had a V-neck and the cuffs rolled. The just below the knee skirt had wide pleats. A pair of white/black patent leather four-inch slim heeled pumps with a cute black bow just above the toe were on the floor.

"I can't believe I'm going out on my first date and it's with a man. That doesn't seem right but when Dr. Vitner showed he his picture, I knew I wanted to date him. He's a lot older than me but so handsome. I just know I will love to be with him. Oh, I just hope he wants me too. I don't know what's the matter with me. How can I be in love with a man I've never met?" Robin thought stepping into the panties.

Once dressed Robin stood in front of the full-length mirror. *"I'm so glad momma took me to the beauty parlor today. I just love what they did too. I look so mature with this honey blond bouffant pageboy style. This dress is to die for too. The neckline shows off just enough of my cleavage and the pearl necklace will draw his attention to it. I hope Mr. Osgood likes how I look. I'll just die if he doesn't,"* he thought swishing the skirt.

For a moment Robin stood perfectly still. *"I know I'm a girly-girl with extra bits but... but something doesn't feel right about all this. There's got to be something wrong with me but I can't help myself,"* he thought.

Whatever doubts Robin had they disappeared when Mr. Osgood showed up. He was wearing a gray Armani suit and looked very handsome and distinguished. His black hair was curly reaching the collar of his shirt with gray streaks on the sides. His features were rugged and other than a small pot belly in great shape. When he took Robin's hand and kissed it, Robin's head swam with desire. Then, seeing his bright smile knew she was in love.

One of the things programmed into Mr. Osgood was that Alee would only address him as Mr. Osgood. After all, it was only proper for the Master of the House to be addressed that way. Others made him a believer that wives were good for three things, keeping house, cooking meals and sex. Once wed, other than going out to do womanly errands, would stay mostly in the house.

Over the course of three dates to fancy restraints, the relationship was plutonic. On those outings Alee was the center of attention. Not for beauty alone but her retro style of both dress and manner. The men with lust the women with some jealousy. It wasn't

until the end of their third date that Alee stood on tiptoe to kiss Mr. Osgood on the cheek. She wanted a real kiss on the lips but in the manner of the 1950's stopped herself.

"I want to really kiss him so bad but have to wait. I don't want him to think I'm easy. Next time though I'm going to have that kiss and many more," Robin thought.

For their fourth date, Mr. Osgood surprised Alee by taking her to his mansion. Robin was more surprised when he asked her to prepare supper. In the kitchen she found a fancy peach organza tea apron and more than enough to make a good dinner. As the game hens were roasting, set the table and made herself busy with the side dishes. As she was doing that Rodney was in his office sipping a single malt.

"I think Dr. Vitner was absolutely right about me marrying Alee. She appears to be all woman and has the right attitude and respect. Of course, as the Master of the House, I can't allow myself to get all giddy and love struck like her. The only thing I must care about is her meeting all my personal needs," he was thinking as Alee said supper was ready.

Rodney was very pleased with the meal set before him. When he finished, told Alee to meet him in the den after she cleaned up.

"Alee that meal was delicious. Thank you dear. After you clean up, please join me in the den," he said bringing a big smile to Alee's face.

"I can't wait to thank you for letting me do this," Alee thought beginning to clear away the dishes.

Entering the den Alee decided to be naughty. Instead of sitting beside him, sat in his lap, petticoats flying and kissed him soundly on the lips. After some heavy petting, Alee excused herself to freshen up before going home. In the bathroom Alee was giddy with happiness as she reapplied her crimson lipstick.

"This has been the best night of my life. Mr. Osgood not only complimented the meal I cooked but his lips were a delight. I can't wait to feel his hands caressing my breasts and kissing them. Next time, my darling," Alee thought.

Over the next ten dates, Mr. Osgood got to play with those D-cups as much as he wanted. The first time he removed her bra was please to see her large nipples and their cone shape almost mesmerizing. None of his previous lovers had breasts shaped like that and couldn't wait to fuck them. Something he did on their tenth date after giving Alee an engagement ring. After their sixth date Alee gave Mr. Osgood a blow job. She didn't enjoy it bit felt she owed him for how nice he had been. Alee however rebuffed his desires for a much more intimate act saying she would stay a virgin until she married.

"I don't like having sex with Mr. Osgood but Dr. Vitner say's it's a woman's duty. I guess she's right too based on what I learned about the 1950's. It's my place to please the man in my life even if I don't feel like it. It's so messy too. Now that he's asked me to marry him, I hope I like being penetrated. Think it will still be messy but she said I would love it," Alee thought gazing at her engagement ring.

##

"Alee come here dear. I think I've found the perfect wedding dress for you. Here, see, it's a vintage floor length wedding dress designed by Elyth Vincent and Alfred Angelo. It has a beautiful long pleated and ruffled Tulle skirt. The net and satin underskirts will give it lots of fullness. The lace apron front is just too gorgeous. This design is so innocent yet sexy with its high round neckline and short sleeves. We'll have to get you

a pretty corset so that tapered waistline will fit. Should I go ahead and order it?" Margo said.

"Oh, yes, Momma. Please order it. I just love it. Give me that web site and I'll get with Betsey and Ashley so we can pick out bride's maid dresses," Alee answered smiling broadly.

"What's the matter with me? I'm only nineteen that's too young to get married, isn't it? I kind of remember reading that girls back then got married much younger. It will be fun picking out bride's maid dresses with Betsey and Ashley too. They both have boyfriends now and I guess it won't be long before I'm picking some out for myself soon. Still, I have doubts but Momma says that's normal for girly-girls like me. Mrs. Robinson also said young women had to have a husband to take care of. I like Mr. Osgood and he buys me nice things, so I guess it'll be okay since I feel compelled to do it," Robin thought.

Meanwhile, Rodney Osgood was having his own misgivings. *"Alee is so much younger than me. I know she has those extra pieces and some bodacious tits but still I have misgivings. Doctor Vitner said Alee needed to be, as she put it, 'serviced regularly', I don't know if I have the stamina. I also know I can't wait to take her cherry ass. That's about all I can think about lately after I had that talk with Doc. Well, I'm probably worried about nothing. Like that old saying goes, 'Better Living with Chemistry' and these new erectile dysfunction pills are magic,"* he thought putting several boxes of pills away.

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The wedding took place in a local Justice of the Peace's court. Alee was standing near the entrance with her mother getting ready to follow her bride's maids down the aisle. Betsey and Ashley were wearing similar gowns of Tulle and satin except theirs were off the shoulder with puff short sleeves in a pretty lilac. Their full skirts fluffed out by several white net petticoats. Mr. Osgood and Betsey's boyfriend were standing in front of the judge in black tuxedos and lilac colored ruffled shirts. Ashley's boyfriend, Mrs. Robinson, Dr. Vitner and Dr. De Vere of seated close to the front. Alee took one step forward, hesitated; then, took another.

"I can do this. So why am I not feeling thrilled. As a bride I should be," she thought.

There was no honeymoon as such. After all the paperwork was signed making Alee officially Mrs. Robin Alee Osgood, they left for Mr. Osgood's residence. Alee had hoped to at least go to a nice hotel's bridal suite but Mr. Osgood's decisions were final. He was the Master of the House and she had no right to question him. She had only three goals in life now. Keep a clean house, cook him good meals and take care of his needs.