

J A M E S J C R A F T

***HE'S GOT
HIS MIND
MAID UP***

by James J. Craft
A Seriously Sissified Book

illustrations by kinkyrocket



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joe@sixpacksite.com
www.sixpacksite.com

HE'S GOT HIS MIND MAID UP

Marianna Hespeller.

The name seemed weird to Corey.

Sure, Hespeller was in-and-of-itself a weird last name, one that he'd spent a good deal of his life wishing he could change... But to couple it to his new stepmother's given name seemed to make it sound even worse. It sounded like a debilitating disease. Like Aspergers Syndrome, or Lou Gehrig's Disease. Corey wondered if he could convince some of his father's scientist-friends to develop a cure for Marianna Hespeller's Disease.

Not that she was a disease... But she was certainly a big pain.

A high maintenance pain.

Corey chuckled to himself. He thought he was pretty witty.

He remembered when his Father – Danny – had first introduced her to him after his return from a conference in Newark, where he and the New Jersey 'Princess' had first met. What a girl like *that* was doing at conference for the top minds in the country, Corey would never know – and his Father would never tell. All he knew at the time was that his Father and his 'Princess' Marianna were together and that was that.

The term 'Princess' was one that Corey's father used often when speaking to and about his new girlfriend-turned-fiancé-and-soon-turned wife. He used it as a somewhat endearing, somewhat sarcastic term, but Corey's take on it differed.

From the moment he first met her, it was Daniel *this* and Daniel *that*, all spoken in her whiny Jersey accent. To say she was *needy* was like saying Mother Theresa was *nice*. To say she was annoying was another gross understatement.

She was the most demanding, needy, and entitled individual he had ever met.

Corey's father was a well-respected research scientist whose talents made him an in-demand individual around the world. Corey wasn't sure exactly what it was he researched – he had never cared to ask – and he was *sure* his father had never cared to tell him – which is why Corey could never figure out how a South-Shore debutant like Marianna would have fallen into his father's arrogant circle of high-paid nerds.

Corey had grown up without a mother-figure then. His father had never fully explained how or why it happened – leaving the poor boy to fill in blanks himself. All he knew for certain was that Mom had died, and Dad never talked about it.

Since meeting Marianna, Corey's Dad had been much happier. But he was still a fairly miserable man. So much so that when Danny finally came to his

son to tell him that he was to be married, Corey was shocked. "You've only known her for a few months Dad!" Corey exclaimed.

"You'd do well to pay more attention to your studies and less to worrying of my affairs, Son," Daniel replied, in his typical Scientist way. It was Corey's final year of school and his father had 'pulled some strings' to get him into Werthstrom College, the University where he had attended. He knew that Corey's grades weren't that good – something that he and Danny fought about quite often – but as long as he could maintain a minimal GPA, the school would continue to let him attend.

"When it comes to your education," Daniel would often lecture his son, "I'll do *whatever it takes* to get you into a proper school." He would often then pause and roll his eyes, knowing that his words were likely going in one ear and promptly out the other, so he raised his voice and added, "*And so should you!*"

"Yeah Dad..." Corey would sigh and roll his eyes, "I know ... I got it ... you don't have to yell."

Daniel would furrow his brow and lower his voice, "If I got the sense that you were taking me seriously, I wouldn't feel the need to raise my voice..."

One day, he paused thoughtfully and added, "I haven't even heard you say that you want to go to university, you know that?"

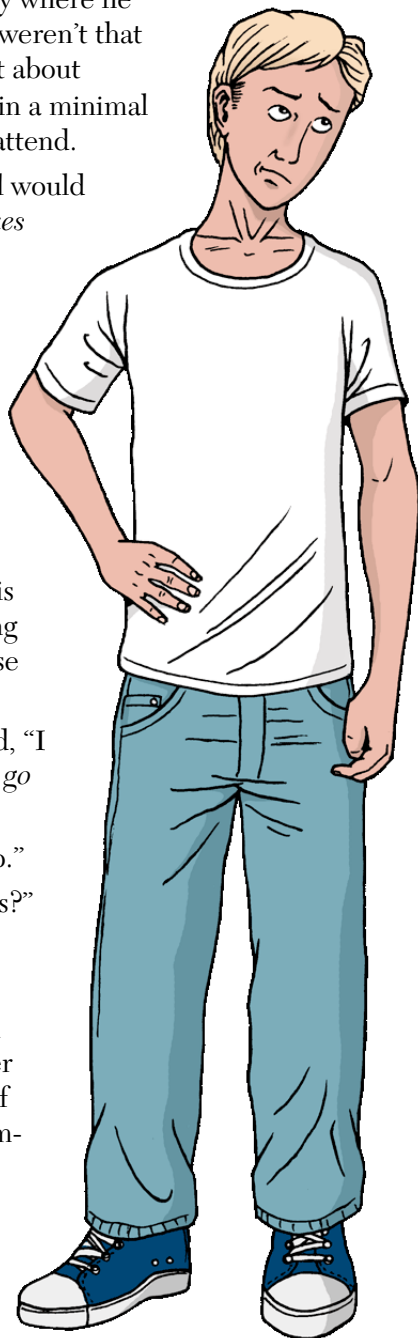
Corey paused then replied, "Of course I do."

"And are you willing to do whatever it takes?" his father continued.

"Sure I am." He shrugged.

Those words were important. Corey would have been better served if he had paid closer attention to what he was committing himself to, for as events would play out, he'd ask himself this question over and over again. His fate was now forever tied to the promise he had just given.

"*Sure you are?*" his father repeated his words back to him.



Corey sighed, "Yes Dad..." He paused, realizing that Daniel wanted to *hear* him say it out loud, "I want to go to University... And I'm willing to do whatever it takes."

"Well," Daniel looked skeptical, "That remains to be seen," he scoffed, "You're going to have to prove it – because one way or another – you're *leaving* this house come next September. Either off to school or off... Somewhere else." He spoke with a stern tone. "So you better make sure that your mind is made up... And get to it, or get to finding an apartment and job in the real world."

Corey looked shocked. Though it was common for his father to be overbearing and make outrageous demands of his son, he was stunned that his father had gone so far as to threaten him. To make matters worse, Marianna was standing nearby and heard every word of it, and was smiling devilishly.

He was pretty sure she wanted him out. With Corey out of the way, she would be able to do whatever she wanted... Especially when it came to spending money. In some ways, it would be to her *benefit* if he *didn't* go to school – that way she'd have *even more* money of his father's to spend.

Corey was reasonably sure his grades were enough to squeak him through, so over the weeks that followed, his slacker routine changed very little, which only served to add more tension to his already tense relationship with his Dad. The addition of the New Jersey princess just added another complex dimension to the situation.

Things began to go from bad to worse in late spring, shortly after the wedding was over. Daniel's new bride started demanding that they hire some domestic help around the house. Danny immediately said no. He was far too practical a man for that, and didn't see the need for such an extravagance.

"Marianna dear," he began, "Why on earth would we ever need to hire a maid there's just the three of us?" He pointed at her and Corey and himself before continuing, "There's no reason why we can't get everything done that needs to be done."

"But *Dannnniel*!" she whined, "You're going back to Munich for the summer, it'll just be the two of us..." she pointed at Corey and then back at her, "it's too muuuuuuch, the house is too big."

Corey's ears were ringing. Her whining was incredibly annoying.

"Corey is perfectly good at cutting the grass, and I'm sure you can do a little cleaning here and there my dear," Danny replied.

Marianna stuck her nose up, even further than it was already stuck up. "You can't be serious. What would the other wives on the street say if they saw me cleaning a toilet?"

Danny chuckled, "I'm not sure dear, but I'm sure you can handle it."

Marianna scoffed and stormed off.

Corey just rolled his eyes and walked away.



At the end of June, school finally let out. The final marks were in, and they weren't that good – but the Corey was sure that they were good enough. Admission letters wouldn't be sent out for a few more weeks, or possibly even a month. So there was no sense in worrying about it, especially since Corey's Dad was soon heading off to Germany to continue on a research project he had started earlier that year. That meant it would just be Corey and his newly acquired stepmother, under the same roof, without Daniel to act as a referee.

And Marianna wasn't about to let Corey get away with *anything*.

To say that things got off to a rocky start was yet another gross understatement.

Things got off to a *horrible* start.

Marianna refused to do any housework, and so did Corey, which started to leave their once-well-kept home looking increasingly shabby. Eventually, during a video phone chat with her new husband, Marianna convinced Danny to allow her to hire a gardener to maintain their property, but only on the condition that she would personally take care of the *inside*.

“Fine!” she lied, “I'll clean the inside if they clean the outside.”

But Marianna had no intention of actually doing it.

Instead of cleaning, she simply avoided using any rooms in the house but her own. Instead of cooking she opted instead for takeout. Instead of doing laundry, she took her clothes to be dry-cleaned every week.

If anything *did* require attention, she would whine at Corey to do it until he finally couldn't take it anymore. It was usually little things here and there, like taking out the garbage and occasionally washing her car. Doing the work was far more preferable to listening to Mariana whine about it, in that chalkboard-scraping tone of hers.

It was during one of those seemingly routine car washes that something happened that would change the course of Corey's summer. And possibly more...

At seventeen, Corey was of the appropriate age to have already had his driver's license for a full year. However, because his father had never been home for more than a few weeks at a time, the topic had never come up – or if it did, Corey's Dad would say, “We'll talk about that later. For now, focus on your studies.”

Corey never did. He would go skateboarding or play videogames instead. He had managed to obtain his learner's permit, but that was as far as he got.

One afternoon, whilst he was cleaning his Father's luxurious Mercedes, Corey saw an opportunity to finally take the test drive that he had been yearning for.

Marianna had instructed him to clean the car, after he had finished cleaning hers. She had left the sedan in the driveway, as she had always done, for Corey to vacuum and wash. It was something that his father had made him commit to, as the acting 'man of the house.' Corey proceeded to wash the exterior of the car, as usual, but when he opened the door to vacuum the inside, a bell went off – literally.

Marianna had mistakenly left the keys in the ignition.

Corey looked around the quiet street. He knew that his evil stepmother was sunning herself in the backyard, and would likely never hear him if he were to start the car's performance engine. He looked around a second time, then leaned sat in the driver's seat, closing the door behind him.

He checked a third time for passers-by, then turned the ignition.

The German sedan roared to life as a huge grin formed on the boy's face. He determined that he could slip the car into reverse gear, gently back out, make his way to the end of their quiet cul-de-sac, and be back in the driveway before anyone knew any better.

He looked around again, then slowly pulled the car's seatbelt over his shoulder, before pulling the gear shifter into 'R' for reverse. Seeing no one, he slowly released the brake and placed his foot on the accelerator pedal.

It was there that things went horribly wrong. Marianna was making her way around the garage to check on her stepson's progress when she saw her husband's silver Benz inching down the driveway. Without knowing it was Corey inside of it, she threw her arms in the air and yelled in her Jersey 'twang, "Heeeeeeeeyyy!" She assumed that someone was trying to steal it.

The sound of his Stepmother shouting caught the inexperienced young driver by surprise, and instead of hitting the brake, his foot pressed down firmly on the gas. The car shot across the road like bullet – directly into the lamppost opposite their home.

By then, Corey had realized that his foot had hit the wrong pedal and he'd applied the brakes – but not before hitting the unmoving pole with such force that the car's bumper had bent nearly in half.

"Oh my gawd!" Marianna cried as she scurried across the road in her trademark stiletto heels, "Oh my gawd!"

She threw open the driver's door, only to find that the person who had tried to steal Daniel's sedan was none other than her bratty teenaged stepson.

"Corey?" she gasped, "What... What the hell are you doing?"

"I... I..." Corey stammered, "I just..."

“Get out!” she growled, “And go inside! You are in a *world* of trouble!”

He lowered his head, knowing he was in deep doo-doo, and slumped over as he headed into the house.

Moments later, Marianna came storming in after him, “What the *hell* were you thinking?” she scolded.

“I... I just...” Corey tried to find the words, “I just wanted to get some practice...”

“Practice?” she nearly screamed at him, “Practice? You wanted to *practice* driving using your father’s seventy-thousand dollar car?”

Corey didn’t know what to say. He was pretty certain that his Dad was going to *kill* him when he found out what had happened. He stood in the hallway, shuffling his feet nervously as his new stepmother continued to reprimand him.

“Your father warned me to keep an eye on you,” she growled, “he said that you needed to be kept busy or you’d get into trouble – but I never thought I’d have to watch you constantly! What does expect me to do? Have you follow me around all summer? It’s ridiculous!”

Corey shuffled again, looking down and shrugging, but saying nothing. He figured that she would call his father the first moment she could, and that his dad would probably lose his mind.

He’d cut off his allowance, or worse, kick him out of the house like his father had threatened to do if Corey wasn’t attending school next year.

Suddenly, Corey was starting to realize that he might be thrown out of his house. Maybe he should have taken his last year of school a little more seriously.

“Well, I don’t know what I’m going to do with you, but I’m pretty sure you’re going to spend the *rest* of the summer locked in this house until your father can figure it out,” she shook her head in disgust. “And even *then* I don’t know how you’re ever going to have the money to pay for what you’ve done to his car!”

Corey sighed and looked down. It was going to cost a *fortune* to fix the car, and he didn’t have a job, which meant he was probably going to end up *owing* his Father a *lot* of money for *very* long time – and that was something that Corey was not looking forward to.

“To begin with,” she said after a small pause, “You’re going straight to your room.” She pointed down the hall to where his bedroom was located.

“Really?” Corey whined, “Come on...” He objected to the idea of being sent to his room like a child, especially by some bimbo his father had chosen as the bride-of-the-week, “You’re not my mother!” he finally blurted.

“Oh?” she glared at him, “We’ll see what your father has to say about that!” She narrowed her eyes and pointed her slender finger at him. Corey took note

at how long her blood-red fingernails extended past her fingertips like talons. “You get up to your room and clean it from top to bottom, right now, or...” she paused for a second, as if she hadn’t fully figured out the second part of her rant, “Or... I’ll text your father *right now* that you tried to steal his car and go for a joy ride.”

“What?” Corey gasped, “But I *told* you,” he whined, “I only wanted to...” He sighed. He could tell by her firm expression and a *crazy* glint in her eye that she was

serious. He had seen her text his father all the time over silly things like ‘the pool filter is clogged,’ or ‘the landscaper didn’t weed the garden beds,’ – silly things – so it wasn’t a far stretch to expect that she wouldn’t hesitate to let his dad know that he had tried to ‘steal’ his car and crashed it into a light pole.

He felt his shoulders slump forward as the realization hit him that he would be better off to simply go to his room and do as she asked.

He knew that she would probably use any angle she could to get him out of the house, so he resigned himself to following his father’s words and doing ‘whatever it took’ to stay in his father’s house, no matter how crazy his debutant stepmother got.

He simply had nowhere else to go.



Marianna inhaled from her slim cigarette and took a sip of her wine. That *stupid* teenaged stepson of hers had certainly made a mess. Of all the things he could have done, crashing Daniel's prized Mercedes Benz was about the worst.

Worse still, he'd probably blame *her* for it.

She shook her head. *He'd make a fuss over a stupid car but won't pay for a maid*, she scoffed to herself. She thought it was ridiculous that she had to do her own cleaning and laundry. A woman of *her* status certainly shouldn't have to do such a thing. Clearly her husband's priorities were confused.

She raised her glass again, then paused.

He won't pay for a maid... But he will pay for his son... She raised an eyebrow. Daniel, knowing his new wife's lavish tastes, had put her on a tightly controlled 'allowance' in his absence. Her stipend was enough for her to maintain her life-style, but gave her little for 'discretionary' spending, on things like new clothes, vacations... Or a maid.

However... Daniel had also set up an allowance for Corey. Though it wasn't as large Marianna's was, it was still a sizable amount of monthly income – and Marianna was in charge of it. What's more, Daniel had kept the allowance a secret from Corey, thinking he wasn't responsible enough to handle the freedom of 'free money.' So being in charge of it, she reasoned, *she* could choose how it was to be spent. With the boy clearly fearing his father's punishment, *now* was the time for her to make her move.

Marianna grinned and took a long drag off her cigarette. She would punish Corey by making him do the maid stuff, while siphoning his allowance to pay for damage to her car.

It was a win-win situation.

Her smile quickly faded. Having him in debt to her to fix the car was good. but she still felt that she needed more 'leverage' on the boy. She needed to catch him in the act of something and hang it over him. She needed to catch him doing something embarrassing enough to blackmail him with.

"Too bad he isn't a closet cross-dresser," she said aloud with a chuckle as she finished her wine. It would be so much easier to blackmail him if were.

She paused for a moment and mused to herself, *I wonder if I can make him into one?*

Later that day, Marianna was rummaging through her closet, trying to free up some room for a few dozen pairs of new shoes she had recently purchased. Marianna, like all good Jersey princesses, adored pretty high heeled shoes, and the new ones she just bought were absolutely wonderful.

Sadly however, it meant that some of her lesser-used pieces would have to go.

One particular pair of ankle boots caught her attention. They looked like a pair of military-style boots with a slight platform sole and ramped wedge heel.

They were monochromatic, all in black, which served to camouflage the wedge heel and platform slightly.

Her earlier thought returned to her head. She wondered if Corey's impishly small feet (for a boy) would fit into the wedge heeled boots?

Could she somehow trick him into trying them on?

And if 'tricking' him didn't work... Could she flat-out force him? And if she could force him, could she then capture him on camera wearing them – and threaten to embarrass him unless he did the housework around the house?

An evil smile crossed her mouth as she carried the booties out of her room and down the hall to where her stepson resided.

Corey's room – though he had been ordered to clean it up the other day after having crashed Marianna's car – was still a complete disaster. Or as some would say, a typical teenaged boy's room. She walked through open the door, to find him on the floor, surrounded by dirty laundry, listening to blaring headphones while playing video games.

She stood silently for a few moments, thinking that he might eventually 'sense' her presence.

He didn't.

Finally, she cleared her throat loudly. But nothing happened. Frowning broadly, Marianna tried again, this time with a very pronounced 'A-hem!'

The young man remained oblivious.

Not wanting to waste any more time, the hot-headed stepmother marched around his room in her five-inch heels, and stood in front of the gaming boy. Corey looked up at her with a scowl, "What?" he said, pausing the game behind her.

"I thought I told you to clean this place up!" Marianna boomed.

"I did!" he said, removing his headphones and looking around.

"*This* is what you call cleaned up??" she growled, "It's a frickin pig-sty! You're grounded until further notice!"

"What?" Corey whined, "You can't do that... you're *not* my mother!"

Marianna gasped. She had been expecting such a response. "How dare you!" she recoiled, "I've been as fair as I can be, Corey." She glared at him. "I wasn't *going* to tell your Father about the car, but apparently you leave me with no other option if you're going to pull this kind of crap!"

She turned to leave the room. Corey blinked his eyes for a second, letting her sermon set in. *She hadn't told his dad.* Yet.

"Wait!" he said, "I thought you told Dad yesterday?"

Marianna shook her head, "I'm a good Christian woman Corey," she lied, "I believe in second chances. But I don't see any cooperation coming from you – so never mind!"

"Wait!" he said again, "I'll... I'll clean my room... *Better*. Just give me a second... Er, *third* chance." His voice softened to a far less combative tone. "I promise I'll do better, really Marianna. Just give me another chance."

Marianna smiled. "You promise to do better?" she said in her Jersey 'twang,' with the word 'better' sounding more like 'bedda.'

"*I promise!*" he said.

"Fine," she smiled. Corey thought he had won, and was about to go back to his game console. But Marianna wasn't done with him yet.

"If you want a second chance you'll have to wear these," she said holding out the wedge booties.

Corey looked at her, then at the odd-looking boots, then back at her. "Seriously? But these are like..." He saw her familiar looking scowl returning to her face and changed his mind. "Fine, whatever," he mumbled as he took one of the ankle-boots from her hand.

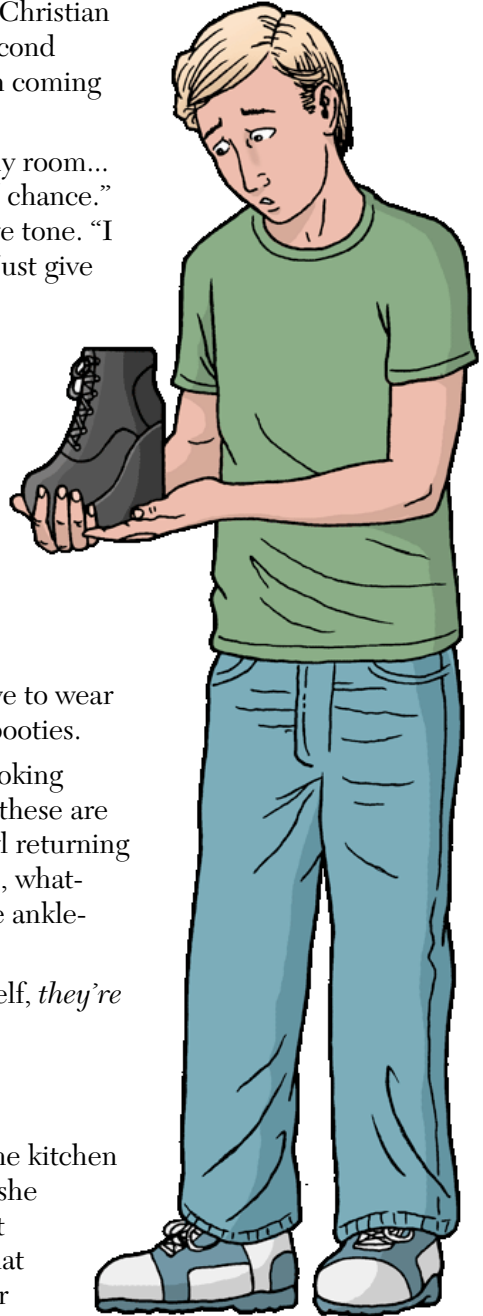
I can't wear these! He thought to himself, *they're ridiculous!*



A day later, Corey was cleaning up in the kitchen – at his Stepmother's insistence – when she came storming into the room. In her left hand, she held the pair of ankle boots that she had instructed him to wear the other day.

"You think I'm joking?" She exclaimed, as she slammed the boots on the counter with a 'thud.' "You think this is a joke?"

Corey shrugged. "No... I..."



But before he could finish, she had grabbed him by the ear with one hand, and grabbed the boots with the other, and was dragging him to his room to supervise him putting them on.

After she had twisted his ear a few more times to get him out of his shoes and into the new boots, he gave up. "They won't fit," he mumbled. He had pulled the laces as loose as they would go, and was tugging at the lip of the ankle-high tops with all his strength.

"Well of course they won't!" She cried, "You're wearing your socks!"

"I can't wear boots without socks..." he whined, "I'll get blisters..."

"Ugh!" she threw her hands in the air in frustration, then began to stomp out of his room, "Wait right here," she muttered loudly, "I have to do *everything* around here!" She continued to complain as she made her way down the hall.

Corey sighed and rolled his eyes as his stepmother stormed off. Surely she didn't honestly expect him to put these damned stupid things on... *Did she?*

The loud clicking of Marinna's sharp heels in the hall signaled her impending return. Corey thought about the clicking noise, how he could always tell where she was in the house because of it – and how he had never *ever* seen her without her heels on... Ever. He wondered if they were as easy to walk in as she made them look.

"Hello?" She interrupted his thought as she stood in his room holding out a pair of thin pink... Something-or-others towards him. Corey snapped to a looked at the pieces of thin pink fabric.

"Try these," she said, fluttering them around like they were some kind of flag.

"What are they?" he said, as he took them from her hand and looked them over further. The material was ultra-thin and super stretchy. They looked to be a pair of very long socks, though he couldn't be sure.

"Just shut up and try them on," she ordered, "They're thinner than your other socks, they'll help you to fit into your new boots."

My new boots? He thought to himself as he slipped out of his old white cotton sports socks. He picked up one of the new pink 'socks' and sighed, then proceeded to try and pull them over his feet and ankles like he would have any other pair of tough boy's socks.

"What're you doin'?" Marianna cried, reaching forward with her slender nails to snatch the tiny socks away from him like a bird of prey uses their talons to snatch up rodents. "You're gonna ruin them if you do that!"

Corey looked at her like the wounded rodent that had been snatched up and then released. "But... I..." he cried.

"Roll them up like this," Marianna commanded, rolling the outside of the thin pink 'sock' over itself until it formed a pink fabric 'donut.' "Then point your toe

and gently roll it over your foot,” she pressed the inside of the ‘donut’ against his pointed toe and began the process of unrolling it.

“Now you do it,” she said tossing pointing at the other sock.

Corey sighed and began to copy Marianna’s actions, rolling the sock into a donut shape, pointing his toe, then pressing his feet through the middle, effectively coating his foot, ankle and lower calf in smooth pink nylon. He paused for a moment, looking up at her as if to plead not to have to put on the boots, but Marianna Hespeller would not be dissuaded.

“Go ahead and put them on,” she said, pointing at the matte-finished black boots.

The effect of the thinner sock paid off, and the boots both slipped completely over his feet. He sighed, and began to slowly tie them up. Once they were firmly fastened, he carefully stood and turned towards his stepmother as if for inspection.

“Wonderful!” she chirped, “now take a step...”

Corey obeyed, taking a tentative step forward. The raised wedge heel, forced him to reposition his center of gravity. At the same time, his buttocks were now being forced slightly outwards and his back was forced slightly straight. He felt his ankle start to wobble and grabbed onto the bed frame in anticipation of his balance leaving him altogether.

“Heel first, then toe,” Marianna said, “Heel first... You’ll kill yourself otherwise... Trust me.”

Corey sighed quietly then tried again, letting his heel connect first before rolling his foot forward to let his toe come down.

He didn’t fall.

He turned proudly to his stepmother, but she wasn’t overly impressed.

“You’ve got a long way to go,” she muttered. “You’re gonna need to practice in those *every* day... And I mean e-v-e-r-y day. If I see you outta those boots for even a second during the day...” She paused for a second for dramatic effect, narrowing her eyes. “You’re dead meat! So you better have your *mind made up* by tomorrow,” she used her husband’s classic phrase about having his ‘mind made up’ – only it was spoken with her classic New Jersey accent. “‘Cuz tomorrow you’re going to start tidying up the *rest* of the house.”

With that, she turned and left Corey in his four-inch wedge-heeled platform-soled ankle boots, standing haphazardly in his room, dreading the thought of what she had in store for him tomorrow.



The next day, Corey began by vacuuming the lower part of the house. He tripped several times, and was pretty sure that he would break his ankle by the end of the day. But he wasn't in a position to argue with Marianna about it – he really didn't have a choice.

He needed to do as she told him and put his mind to it, or, like she put it the day before, he would be dead meat.

Around ten that morning Marianna went out to 'run some errands,' which actually meant going to her friends house for cocktails, leaving Corey alone in the house to work. Which he did, begrudgingly, until the doorbell rang.

Corey clip-clopped over the big front door of the house in his wedge boots and peeped out the peephole to see if he knew who it was.

The person on the other side was a man, short in stature, on in years, but kindly looking. Corey figured he was a salesman of some kind, so he ignored him and began to walk away when the bell rang again, followed by a knock. Corey remained perfectly still, not wanting the man on the other side to see or hear any movement. He waited a moment, then heard the doorbell ring again.

Corey rolled his eyes and was about the slowly tiptoe back to his room, when he heard a most surprising thing. The man called out to him, "Corey!" he said, "I know you're in there... Open up please!"

How did he know my name? He wondered, as he slowly opened the door a quarter way. He wanted to , so he could keep his feet hidden from view, "Hello?" he said in a curious tone.

"Well hello there," the old man began, "You must be Corey."

Corey nodded, still looking confused, "And you are?"

"Percival Payne." He extended his wrinkled old hand for Corey to shake, "I'm a friend of your stepmother's. She told me to drop in and check up on you while she's out. She wanted me to make sure you weren't getting into any trouble."

Corey looked indignant, "I'm fine," he grumbled.

"Well that might be the case from what I can see from standing here... In the sweltering heat I might add... And I'm almost seventy-five you know..." He seemed to pause to collect his thoughts. "But the real reason for my being here is make sure that you are keeping up on your chores," he said, smiling, "And I can only do that from inside the house."

"Well... Now is not a good time, Mr. Payne." Corey blushed, not wanting the old man to see his odd-looking footwear. "Maybe you can come back in a little while..."

"My dear boy," the kindly elderly gentleman interrupted, "If it's an issue with the little black ankle booties that your dear stepmother has put you in to, I can

assure you that I have already been informed of the situation and I am not in a position to be judgmental on the subject.”

Corey looked confused, but it sounded to him as if there was no longer a good reason *not* to let him into the house. He sighed and opened the door. Percival entered without hesitation, looking down at Corey's new footwear. “A fine choice for a beginner indeed,” he said, rubbing his hands together.

Corey had no idea what he meant, but he was sure it wasn't good.

“Let me see you walk in them,” he commanded.

Corey was now fairly certain that this was all part of his stepmother's punishment of his for crashing up the back of the car, and decided it would be best if he played along.

He proceeded to walk, in an awkward, boyish kind of way, around the room while the old man watched.

“Small steps, boy,” Mr. Payne offered, “let the heel of your foot touch the floor first, then the toe. Heel, then toe.” He echoed Marianna's comments from the other night.

Corey tried to modify his step but it soon become very apparent that this would be a *very* slow process of learning.

“Better,” Mr. Payne motioned with this hand, “But keep going... You're starting to get the hang of it.”

The hang of it? Corey wondered to himself, *How much walking these shoes does he expect me to do?*

But after half an hour of the old man parading him around the room, exclaiming, ‘heel-toe, heel-toe’, Corey was actually starting to ‘get the hang of it.’

“You need to relax your hips a little,” Percival exclaimed, “And wiggle your buttocks like the girls do...”

Corey looked at him with an undignified expression, then sighed, letting his hips relax as he took a step. He let his weight shift from one side to the other, which inadvertently caused his butt to wiggle slightly as he walked.

“You've got it!” Mr. Sims cried out, clapping his hands excitedly. “And with practice, you'll be a natural in those in no time.” The old man cupped his hands together and smiled proudly at Corey's feet, while Corey stood in an uncomfortable pose, waiting nervously for something to happen.

“But... Mr. Payne,” Corey sighed, “I don't understand why I have to wear these things... I'm a guy and these are *clearly* not guys shoes.”

Percival's wrinkled face turned from jovial to serious. “My boy, it's only in the last few hundred years that the ‘myth...’” He paused and raised his fingers in the sign of quotations when he said ‘myth.’ “...About men wearing such pieces of footwear has come into being. Look back to the 15 and 1600's and history sug-

gests that men of esteem wore such shoes to 'elevate' themselves above common people. It's only in the past few centuries that we have allowed the feminists to pervert this reality and take that power from us by making us believe that only *they* can wear such things so as to make them seem and feel taller and more important."

Corey sighed. He really had no idea what the old man was saying – other than *too bad for you kid, you're stuck in them*. He decided that he wasn't going to let his whiny stepmother and her geriatric friend force him into these faggy shoes any longer, and was about to reach down and undo the laces, when his eyes were blinded by a brilliant flash of light.

"What the?" he exclaimed as he waited for his vision to return.

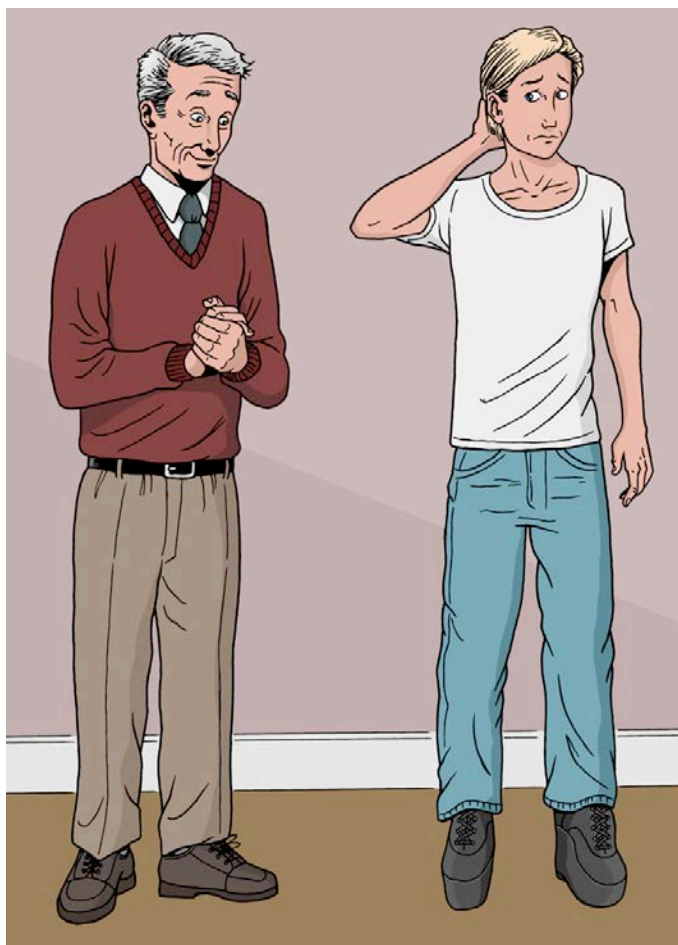
He glanced over at Mr. Payne, who was holding his phone in his hands and a smile on his face, "There we are," the man said, "A little progress update for your loving stepmother."

"A progress report?" he repeated.

"Well, of course – she wants to know how you're making out." The old man smiled.

Corey sighed and realized that there might be no better time than *now* to rebel against Marianna, otherwise she might take this silliness too far. He determined that he would do that just as soon as she got home that night.

"Well, I must be off to my next appointment," Percival finally said, "No rest for the wicked you know!" He smiled and patted Corey on the back. "We'll continue again next



week. Just remember what I've taught you so far... Heel-toe, heel-toe and wiggle that tush of yours a little bit – and you'll be fine."

With that, Percival headed for the door, and Corey was left to stand alone in his black platform wedge-heeled ankle boots. These shoes were not only uncomfortable and bizarre, but they were definitely the first he had ever worn that required an in-home support specialist, just to show him how to wear them!



"Oh. My. God!" Marianna blurted with excitement as she entered the house, It was much later that night, having spent the entire day drinking and shopping. "You did such a good job, Corey honey... The house looks amazing!" Corey, still in his wedge-heeled ankle boots, was clapping down the hall to confront her. "Look at windows, they're so clean!" she continued.

Corey scrunched up his face. He hadn't cleaned the windows. What the heck was wrong with her?

Marianna could see that he was clearly confused. She had read online about behavior modification techniques, and one of the things that they suggested was to give an over-abundance of praise – even if it wasn't warranted – that way they would eventually start actually completing the tasks they were being praised for out of a sense of fairness.

After all, who wants to be praised for something that they didn't do? It would seem disingenuous.

Corey, approached her, looking quite upset. "Listen..." he began with a stern expression on his face.

"Oh you look so cute in those boots!" She turned and smiled at him.

Corey blushed and stopped talking.

"I can tell that you've been practicing. You were 'strutting' down the hall a moment ago. I can spot Percival's handiwork anywhere." Marianna grinned. "You know he used to be the most sought-after catwalk trainer in the country when I was younger? He's still the best in the business."

She paused to reminisce about her time as a young woman with Percival Payne, professional supermodel trainer extraordinaire, and how he would repeatedly make her sashay around in her spike heels until she had the strut of a streetwalker.

The training that he had given her early in life had stayed with her from that point on. She had never been able to walk in flat-soled shoes again – and she knew that soon, her stepson wouldn't be able to either.

"But why do you need him to come here?" Corey asked, "It's embarrassing... What if one of my friends..."

"My dear boy," she interrupted him abruptly, "you're being punished for the damage you've done to your father's car... It isn't supposed to be enjoyable. And furthermore, from what I've seen, you aren't exactly the most popular boy around. Besides, I'd be surprised if anyone actually cared what kind of boots you were wearing... This is the twenty-first century you know... Anything goes!"

"It's not just the boots," he sighed, "it's the walking and the..." He blushed and looked down, "The..."

"Wiggling?" Marianna smiled.

"Yeah," Corey whispered softly, looking humiliated. He knew he was being punished... But this was a little much. Still – what choice did he have?

"Don't worry, dear," his Stepmother smiled widely, "I'm sure once your mind is made up that you need to get used to it, you *will* get used to it." She winked.

Corey sighed and shrugged, then turned to go off to his room. Marianna watched his developing catwalk strut and chuckled. *He'll get used to it... Even he doesn't want to*, she said to herself.

And he would.



A day later, Marianna was going through her closet again, making room for new items in her wardrobe. She stopped and paused when she came across an old pair of flared hip-hugging jeans she had purchased some time ago, but rarely worn. She stopped and stared at the jeans, then smiled widely.

"These will go *perfectly* with those boots!" She said aloud as she grabbed the denim-wear and headed off to find her stepson.

Moments later, a very unhappy looking Corey was shaking his head. "No way!" he shouted. He knew he shouldn't raise his voice, but she wasn't taking 'no' for an answer. "I'm *not* wearing those stupid looking jeans!"

Marianna sighed. "Fine," she said with an exasperated tone, pulling out her phone. "You know," she continued, "I never *did* get around to getting your father's car fixed... I wonder if he knows a good body shop that I can take it to..." She let her voice trail off as she started to type on the phone's keypad.

"Wait!" Corey cried, "Fine! I'll wear the stupid jeans..." He grabbed them out of her hand and turned towards the closet.

"And I'm going to give you a manicure too," Marianna added, sensing that she had him at a moment of weakness. "Just a little polish and cleaning."

"What?" He turned back around to face her. "No way! I'm not..."

Marianna picked the phone back up and began to type again, looking over to Corey with a 'challenging' expression, as if to say, 'Oh?'

"Aaaack!" he exhaled loudly. "Fine!" He knew he wasn't going to be able to win this hand. Marianna had all the cards.

His stepmother smiled. "Meet me in the lounge in ten minutes, and be sure to wear your boots." She turned and left the room.

"Whatever," Corey mumbled as he slipped out of his pants and began to tug the slim-fitting flared jeans over his legs. *Good God*, he thought to himself, *how do people wear these?*

A few minutes later he quietly tiptoed, barefoot, into the lounge, where his stepmother was waiting.

"Um... Marianna?" he quietly whispered, as he peeked his head around the corner. It left his body hidden. "I have a little problem."

She looked at him with a curious expression, "What?"

He sighed and let his body follow his head around the wall, exposing his situation. The jeans were so tight, that they had bunched up his boxers and made it impossible to get the jeans done up. Corey looked quite forlorn.

Marianna smiled. "Well, silly," she began, "You can't wear boxers with jeans like *those*... Everyone knows *that*."

"Well *I* didn't!" He exclaimed. "So I guess I'll have to go back to my old jeans then..."

"Oh no you don't!" Marianna replied. "We just need to get you some new underwear... Wait here."

A moment later, she returned with a package containing a pair of new, skimpy, bikini-cut briefs.

"These should fit you." She smiled as she handed him the unopened package of lace-trimmed, and very feminine panties. He looked at the package. One white pair, one pink pair and one black pair were contained inside.

"I can't wear *these*!" He cried, as he pointed at the pack of skimpy skivvies.

"Oh yes you *can*," she decreed, "and oh yes you *will*!" She pulled out her phone as a visual reminder to him that he had better do as he was told – or else his father would be brought into the fray. That was the last thing that he wanted.

"Fine!" He shouted, grabbing the bikini briefs from her.

Moments later, he emerged from his room, jeans successfully fastened at the top, boots successfully laced at the bottom, and headed back to lounge.

There, Marianna quietly inspected his new pants, noting out loud how nice his bottom looked in the tight denim. "I think I'll need to get you a few more pairs of these," she said with a smile. "Oh, and new panties too."

Corey sighed and rolled his eyes. He hoped the summer would end soon... His father would be back, and he would be off to college – and with any luck, he'd never have to see Marianna again.

But today, there was no such luck.

"Sit down please, dear," she said, in an overly-sweet tone.

Corey obliged, and sat quietly as his step-mother began to work – cleaning, filing and polishing his nails. Corey paid little attention to what she was doing. That is, until she had finished.

He held his fingers outwards with a fearful expression on his face.

"You said just a little polish!" he whined.

Marianna smiled. "It *is* just a little," she replied, "I only used two coats."

"But I can't go out in public with *these*," he held them out for her to see. Somehow, while he wasn't paying attention, she had attached quarter-inch, *or longer*, extensions to each fingernail, and carefully filed and shaped them into lovely tapered feminine pink talons.

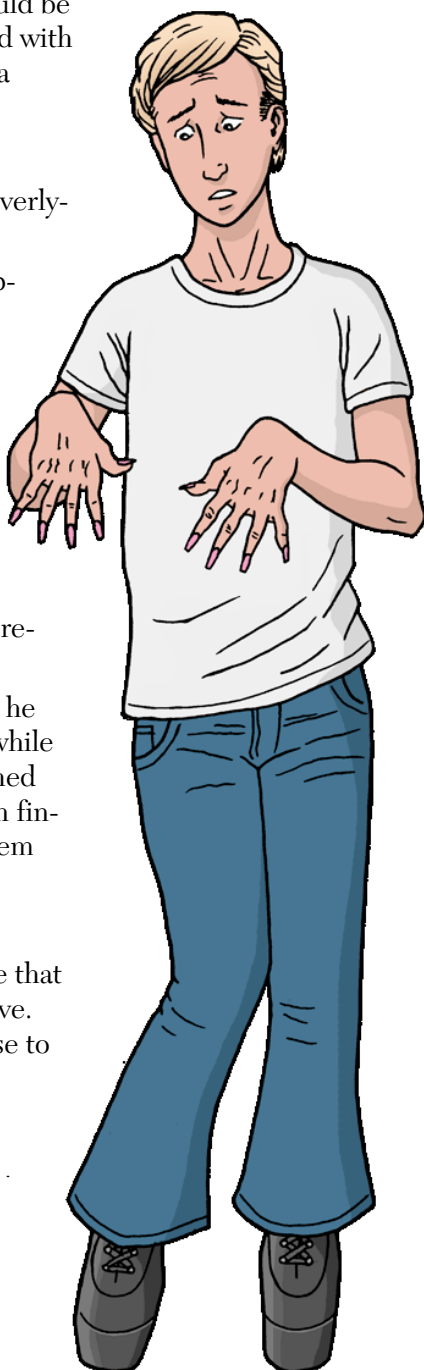
"I look ridiculous!" He cried.

"Well then," Marianna huffed, "I can see that *some* people are completely unappreciative. And besides, you don't have anywhere else to go."

Corey looked shocked, but he was starting to realize what she was up to.

"I'm not gay!" He shouted out of frustration. "Quit trying to turn me into a girl!"

"Oh my goodness, Corey," she scoffed.



“Really now... Such words. This...” she motioned at his pants and boots and nails, “...is about being punished for smashing your father’s car, and that is something that *you* brought upon yourself. But if you’d rather I just call him and tell him what happened...” She held up the phone again.

Corey sighed. He and his father didn’t exactly have the best of relationships to begin with. Adding a damaged Mercedes Benz into the mix wouldn’t exactly improve that.

“Fine,” Corey sighed. He was feeling defeated, feeling humiliated, and feeling helpless against his evil stepmother.

“I think you’ve got some chores to do in the kitchen,” she smiled wickedly, “Best get at it...”

He sighed again and slumped forward, heading off to the kitchen to do the dishes and mop the floor.

Later that night, he would collapse on his bed, exhausted from housework, and from the emotional trauma of Marianna’s ‘bullying.’ All he had to do was survive until his dad was home. Then all of this would change... Or so he hoped.

But in reality, he knew it would just get worse.



The next day began with Marianna instructing him to shave his legs. She said it was all part of his ‘punishment’.

“What the hell does shaving my legs have to do with smashing Dad’s car?” he whined.

“Nothing!” Marianna decried. “Nothing at all – this isn’t *about* the stupid car anymore, Corey!” She continued in a highly agitated voice. “It’s about a spoiled little mouthy rich kid who thinks the rules don’t apply to him!” She scoffed loudly. “Well guess what bub? *They do!* And *my* rules say that *you* have to shave your f-ing legs... So get to it!”

Corey stood in shock. His stepmother was on a total power trip. There was no way that he was going to do what she asked. He didn’t care *what* punishment his father would dish out... Enough was enough.

“No,” he said in an even tone, “I’m not doing it.”

Corey could see her eyes fill with rage, but instead of shouting or yelling, she whipped out her phone and began to text his father. “Dear Daniel,” she said in a mocking voice as she typed with her ultra-long nails... Ultra-long nails that Corey *also* now possessed.

“Why?” he whined, “Why are you doing this to me?”

"I regret to inform you that your son Corey (which she pronounced 'Quarry') has been involved in a collision while driving your..." She paused to look at him before continuing. "...Car," she continued to type her text, pronouncing car as 'core.' "There is extensive damage to the..."

"Fine!" he finally shouted, "Fine! I'll do it... I'll shave them..." He sighed, feeling completely defeated. "Just leave Dad out of it!"

"Good," Marianna smiled, "Let's go... I'll show you how to do it."

"What?" Corey recoiled, "You're not going to watch me in the bathroom!"

"I most certainly am!" She proclaimed, "Unless you want me to continue this little text message?" She held up her phone for him to see. He couldn't make out the exact words, but was certain that she *had* in fact written *something* there.

"Ack!" he cried, "Fine. You want to watch me bath like some sicko... Fine..." With that, he stormed off to the bathroom, where his Stepmother helped him shave off his leg hair – from his toes, up to his groin – for the first time.

Once they were finished, Marianna handed him a new pair of 'socks' to wear under his jeans. They were the same color and texture as the ones he had been wearing, for what seemed to him like forever, but higher.

Much higher.

These new socks came almost the whole way up his legs, ending in a lacy elasticized cuff at the top, very high on his thighs.

As he examined himself in the mirror in his room, he wondered if they were really socks at all.

Marianna barged into his room before he had had a chance to put his jeans on, leaving a mortified Corey, standing in his panties and new pink thigh-high 'socks' before her.

"Cute!" She grinned. "You've got *great* legs for tights... Especially now that they're all smooth and soft, and they don't have any more of that *icky* body hair on them."

She paused for a moment then skipped out of his room. Corey sighed a breath of relief. But it was short-lived. Marianna returned only a moment later with a pair of scissors in her hand, and proceeded to locate one of Corey's favorite pairs of jeans. She retrieved it from the closet and began to cut through the heavy denim, just below the knee.

"*What the hell?*" Corey screamed.

Marianna paid him no mind and continued to destroy the other pant leg, then smiled as she rolled the newly shortened bottoms into thick cuffs. "I think you should start showing them off." She handed him a pair of knee-length jeans.

"What the hell have you done?" he cried angrily, "These were my best jeans!"

“Well I bought you a few more pairs of the jeans that *I* like... So you won't be needing those *other* ones anymore...” She smiled. “So either you throw these ones out, or get a little more use out of them by turning them into shorts!”

You evil woman! He said to himself, as she clip-clopped back to his room and threw open his drawers. He sighed relief when he found his other jeans still there.

“Try them on,” she commanded.

Corey lowered his head and pulled the shorts up over his new pink socks... Tights... Whatever they were. He looked down in horror at the sight of his legs in smooth pink nylon, peeking out from under his ruined jeans.

“Wonderful!” Marianna smiled as she handed Corey the scissors. She then went back to his closet and retrieved the remaining pairs of jeans – that weren't new flared hip-huggers she had purchased for him – and handed them to him. “Now do the same with these.”

Corey's mouth fell open and his blood boiled. But he knew that there was nothing he could do. If he refused, she would call his dad, who would *not* be pleased to hear that Corey was wearing faggy pink tights and wedge-heeled

booties... Not to mention the whole crashed-up car thing.

“Click.”

Marianna had pulled out her phone and taken a picture of him as she stood. He realized he had no choice.

Slowly, Corey sat at a little table that Marianna had added to his room a day or so ago, and began cut the legs off all of his beloved jeans.

Soon, there would be nothing



left of them.

Every pair was cut from pants into shorts. Shorts intended to be worn with pink socks and black wedge-heeled boots.

He sighed. But there was nothing that he could do.

Marianna was grinning from ear to ear as she looked on. Very soon her step-son wouldn't have a manly pair of pants to his name, *and* he was going to be wearing his newly-cut shorts with silky-smooth pink stockings, too.

It was too delicious for her stand.

When his father returned to their home and found his son prancing around in denim shorts, pink tights, and wedge heeled shoes... He'd have a conniption. He'd throw Corey to the curb, without a doubt.

Or would he?

Maybe it wasn't enough?

She began to doubt her plan. Maybe she still needed to do more to the poor boy to convince his father that he was a closet cross-dresser? She decided to call Percival Payne to come back in for another session. He would know what to do.



A few days later, the silver-haired supermodel-trainer would return to the Hespeller home. Marianna was out with her friends again and the old man was once more putting Corey through the drill of walking and turning with grace. He had instructed Corey to wear his newly-cut denim shorts and pink stockings, much to the boy's chagrin.

"I think they ought to be shorter, Corey," he said, "To show off more of those nice looking legs of yours."

Corey's face scrunched up, "But Mr. Payne... I..."

Mr. Payne cut him off. "And you really should just use a little blusher and lip gloss, dear boy. It will give you a rosy glow." The old man smiled and nodded.

Corey stared blankly at him. He wasn't sure that the old man was serious. The extended silence indicated he was.

"I am *not* wearing that," he whined, "I'm a boy, and boys don't *need*..."

Percival chuckled at Corey, cutting him off again, "Well my dear boy... Far be it for *me* to tell *you* what you *need*..." He paused for a moment as his face became very serious. "But I think that you already know what you *need* to do... Don't you?"

Corey looked confused. His eyes were blinking randomly. He had lost track of what Percival was saying.

“Are you okay Corey?” Mr. Payne asked.

Corey shuddered, “Um... Yeah... I...”

“Why don’t you go shorten those shorts,” the old man said with a smirk, “then come see me in the main room, and we’ll go from there.”

Corey nodded, and headed back to his room. Upon entering it, he noticed the vanity in the corner had something on it. He walked over in his clunking boots and sat before the mirror with a sigh, looking up at his reflection.

Corey sighed, *Oh my, he thought... Mr. Payne is right... I do look dreadful.*

He slipped out of his jeans and began to cut an extra six inches from them when a voice sounded behind him. “Oh more than that, dear boy.”

Corey looked up to see Percival standing over him, reaching for the scissors and shorts. Corey watched as he proceeded to cut them to almost to the top of the pant leg, then rolled the bottom into a thin cuff.

“There!” He beamed, handing the shorts back to Corey. The young man sighed and slipped the shorts over his legs. They were just barely long enough to be called short-shorts, bordering dangerously on daisy dukes or hot pants. He was about to reach for the wedge-heeled boots that were next to his stool when Percival interjected.

“Why don’t we try these instead?” He suggested.

Corey looked down at the new footwear that Mr. Payne was holding in his hand and gasped.

The shoes he was suggesting were black in color, and completely open on the top, except for a wide jeweled band across the area where his toes would rest, and two straps in a v-shape from the center of the strap out to the vamp of the shoes. The soles were likely two inches thick, with solid platforms, and the stiletto heels were proportionally tall – probably six-inches – and dangerous looking as hell.

“This is the part where you refuse,” Percival grinned, reading Corey’s expression. “And then I’ll remind you of your father’s damaged car, and the pictures of you shaving your legs and prancing about in booty-shorts and wedge heeled booties, and you’ll say... *Fine.*” He let out an exaggerated huff. “And then you’ll put them on anyway...” He handed the shoes to the trembling boy, who knew he had no choice.

Corey had a fearful expression as he slipped into them. Much to his surprise, they weren’t as painful to wear as he thought they would be... That is, until he tried to take a step, and tumbled forward.

“Whoops!” Percival chuckled as he helped Corey back up, “Looks like someone needs some practice!”

Corey sighed again, and was about to try to take another step, when Mr. Payne sat him back down at the vanity.

“Let’s do something about that hair... And that grey-looking face of yours.” He smirked as he turned to the items laying on the top of the vanity. Percival grabbed a container of lip gloss and a compact of rose-colored blusher, along with a spray bottle, a brush and a can of hairspray, then turned Corey away from the mirror.

He began with Corey’s hair, spraying it down with the squirt bottle until it was damp, then brushing it, before locking it in place with the hairspray. After that, he opened the blusher compact and rubbed a makeup brush onto it, until it had a healthy quantity of pink dust on it. He then turned away from the mirror and towards Corey and began to gently apply it to the unhappy boy’s cheeks.

When finished, Percival stood back and checked his work.

He smiled and reached for a tube of gloss, cracking open the seal and smoothing the applicator over Corey’s dry lips. In addition to adding shine, the gloss had a slight pink tint to it that made the boy’s mouth look moist and full.

“There!” Percival exclaimed, “All done!” He turned the stool back towards the mirror and Corey’s eyes grew wide with disgust.

What the hell has he done? He wondered to himself, as he looked in the mirror. Percival had switched the part on Corey’s head from right to left and styled his dusty blonde hair in a less-than-masculine way. The lip-gloss and blush only served to accentuate the fact. He was pretty sure that if anyone ever saw him like this, he would have to change his name and leave the state.

He sighed... Then realized that Percival was oddly quiet... *And what was that ‘cutting’ sound?* Corey looked around his room and spotted Percival cutting his remaining shorts *and* the new jeans that Marianna had just purchased into the same super-short *almost* daisy-dukes that he was currently wearing.

“Short-shorts from now on...” The old man ordered, “And the hair and makeup stays too... Got it?”

Corey felt his stomach tighten, as he nodded his compliance.

“Now,” Percival said, his tone of voice changing to sound much happier, “Let’s go try those new puppies out, shall we?” He was gesturing towards the shoes in Corey’s feet. He helped Corey to his feet and then coached him on how to properly walk in them.

“Heel-toe,” he said, “Heel-toe.”

After a half hour, Corey’s calves were aching – but Mr. Payne wasn’t through. Corey was certainly a lot more stable than when he had started, but Percival needed more from the boy.

“Here,” he said, handing him a sterling silver tray, “Balance this with one hand while you walk.”

Corey tried it, and immediately tripped, dropping the heavy tray on the floor. “Try this...” the old man suggested, “Walk with your opposite hand bent at a downward angle... Right at the wrist... Like so...” Percival modeled a very feminine pose. Corey looked mournful as he mimicked Percival’s pose, then began to take a step.

