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AUNTIE'S GIRL TIME

Story by Cheryl Lynn
Illustrations by Joe Six-Pack



SERIOUSLY
Sissified



C H E R Y L L Y N N

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GIRL TIME**

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A Seriously Sissified Story**



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AUNTIE'S GIRL TIME

David Clarke looked up into his Aunt Margaret's face as intense, bone-rattling fear ran roughshod through him. "Please, please, please! You can't do this to me!" he pleaded. "I can't! *I can't!*"

With a full, vise-like grip on her nephew's shoulders, she wasn't about to let him get away. "Well, of course you can do this Honey Bunny! It's your birthday. Put a smile on your face and let's go," she sternly replied.

The last thing David wanted to do was walk out that door. He tried to plant his feet and resist his aunt, but the soles of his dressy shoes slid across the hardwood flooring. Despite his resistance, Margaret was much bigger and stronger than him, and she was also very determined to humiliate him beyond the point of breaking. This was the moment where it would all cave in on him, where he would be forced to bend to her will now and forever. If she had to drag her nephew out the door to the party, she would.

Wearing heels, Margaret stood six feet tall, a full-figured woman who could easily force David to do whatever she wanted. David was definitely no match for his aunt. She was the only thing that he was really, truly scared of.

And he had every right to be.

"Now, be good and meet your friends!" Margaret scolded. "You're being horribly rude to your guests!" She broke David's resistance with a simple push and he lost his leverage. "They've been waiting to see you, and you must not disappoint them!"

"Never!" David objected, taking one last ditch effort at being thrown out for all to see. He grabbed the sides of the door frame and tried to brace himself.

"Now you're being silly," his aunt said. "You will comport yourself as I've trained you, and you will be a perfect host to your guests!"

"No!" He replied, with every ounce of strength that was left in him. "You don't know what will happen! My life will be over! I'll lose everything! You'll ruin my life!"

"You're overreacting," his aunt replied. The truth was, he didn't even know the half of it. For when he did go through that door, his life would be essentially over. No, even David couldn't have possibly contemplated what she had in store for him after this moment.

Or maybe he did, she thought. That pure, animal terror in his eyes might indicate that he truly did understand what was about to happen to him. It might have been possible that he had seen what his future would be like after this point in time. For even Margaret, as sinister as her intentions were, could sym-

pathize with that a little bit. But it was too late now. "I've lost my patience with you," she said approaching him, menacingly.



Ten months ago, David Clarke had just gotten his driver's license fresh in the mail and was looking forward to his independence. His mother wasn't particularly happy about it, thinking he was still too young, but her ex-husband had already given his approval. A car was one of the few things David really, truly wanted. It was his freedom. It was his maturation. With a car and a license, the world was open to him. Getting his license would finally give him all the freedom he wanted. Transportation to come and go as he pleased – within certain limits of course.

"Dude, I got it today!" David said to his friend Dalton, on his phone.

"What?" Dalton replied.

"The license! I'm officially an adult now!"

"Well, technically, it's a year until..."

David interrupted his friend's unnecessary clarification. "Ten months. You know what I mean."

"So you still gonna get that sweet mustang you're always talking about?"

"Cherry red and black leather seats. I almost have the money. When I turn 18, I can sign the papers myself. That's all I'm waiting for," he said, boastfully. "Open roads, here I come."

"You're gonna give me the first ride, right?" Dalton asked.

"First ride is goin' to my lady," David answered.

"If you have one by then."

"Details details..." David had five more friends to call and brag to, so he wrapped it up. "I'll see you tomorrow in class."

He had been mowing lawns since he was ten, saving every penny to buy a car. It had always been a dream of his and his dad matched his earnings. David's life was working out just like he planned it. A car was just months away, and soon he'd be off to college. He'd be his own man and live on his own terms. Life couldn't be better. Well... That was until the divorce.

The swiftness of the divorce shocked David, as the obvious signs of verbal or physical abuse in his parents' relationship never showed themselves. One day, he had a father and the next, he was gone from his life. What David didn't know was that his father was caught red-handed with an underage girl. She was seventeen, but looked and dressed much older. As soon as they were discovered by her father, she claimed rape. The sex was perfectly consensual, but



what young lady could tell her father, when caught in the living room, that she had instigated the whole thing. Appearing in court without her usual heavy makeup and wearing a dress more fitting for a fifteen year old, the conviction was assured.

In any case, his mother, Nan, sold the house and moved near her sister's place in another city. In all the turmoil caused by the trial and divorce, David's purchase of his dream car was put on hold. Within a month of moving, his mother found a job selling copy machines which paid the bills, but required some travel. Most of her work was in the city, but for the last week of every month she had to make a circuit of her region, requiring her to be out of town for a full week.

During those trips, David was dropped off at her sister's house on Sunday afternoon for seven days and picked up the following Sunday morning.

The routine rarely ever changed. After a week flying around the country and working herself ragged, Nan would come to her sister Margaret's house, to pick David up. She and her sister had tea while listening to how wonderful her son's stay had been. Then, when he went to get his things, she took the opportunity to talk privately to her sister.

Nan had always looked up to her older sister from a very early age. Their family could only be described as dysfunctional, but Margaret had always been there for her. It was Margaret who helped her through trying times and paid for her college tuition. Yes, she had tried to keep her from marrying David's father, but other than that had always supported her. When Nan was older she discovered that her big sis was a lesbian, but discrete about it, and didn't let that little quirk interfere with their relationship. Nan trusted her sister and was in profound debt to her for all she had done.

Margaret was very self-reliant, and owned a successful women's clothing store. Her reputation as a ruthless, determined business woman was well known. Margaret savored that reputation and carried that attitude into her personal life. She had never married, and didn't think much of the male population. She wasn't pleased when Nan initially asked her to look after David every month, as she disliked him almost as much as his no-good father.

However, she consented to David's presence, not as a way to help her dear sister, but because she had a plan. A devious plan to make his father suffer as much as possible. By the time she was finished with David, he wouldn't be the son, the pride and joy, he thought he was.



Once it was decided by Nan and Margaret that David was going to spend a week at his aunt's house every month, he had protested vociferously. After all,

he was seventeen, and was old enough that he could look after himself, in his opinion. On the very first morning he was due to go, he was demonstrably pissed off.

“This is garbage,” David said. “You’re not leaving me with that crazy lady. I’m almost 18! This is unfair!”

His mother was having none of it, knowing how much trouble a young man like David could get into. She knew he was a responsible person, mature and clear-minded, but what teenager could resist the temptation to throw parties with their parent out of town? Even as it pained her to have to treat David like a child, she wasn’t going to risk the consequences.

“It’s done and that’s that,” she said.

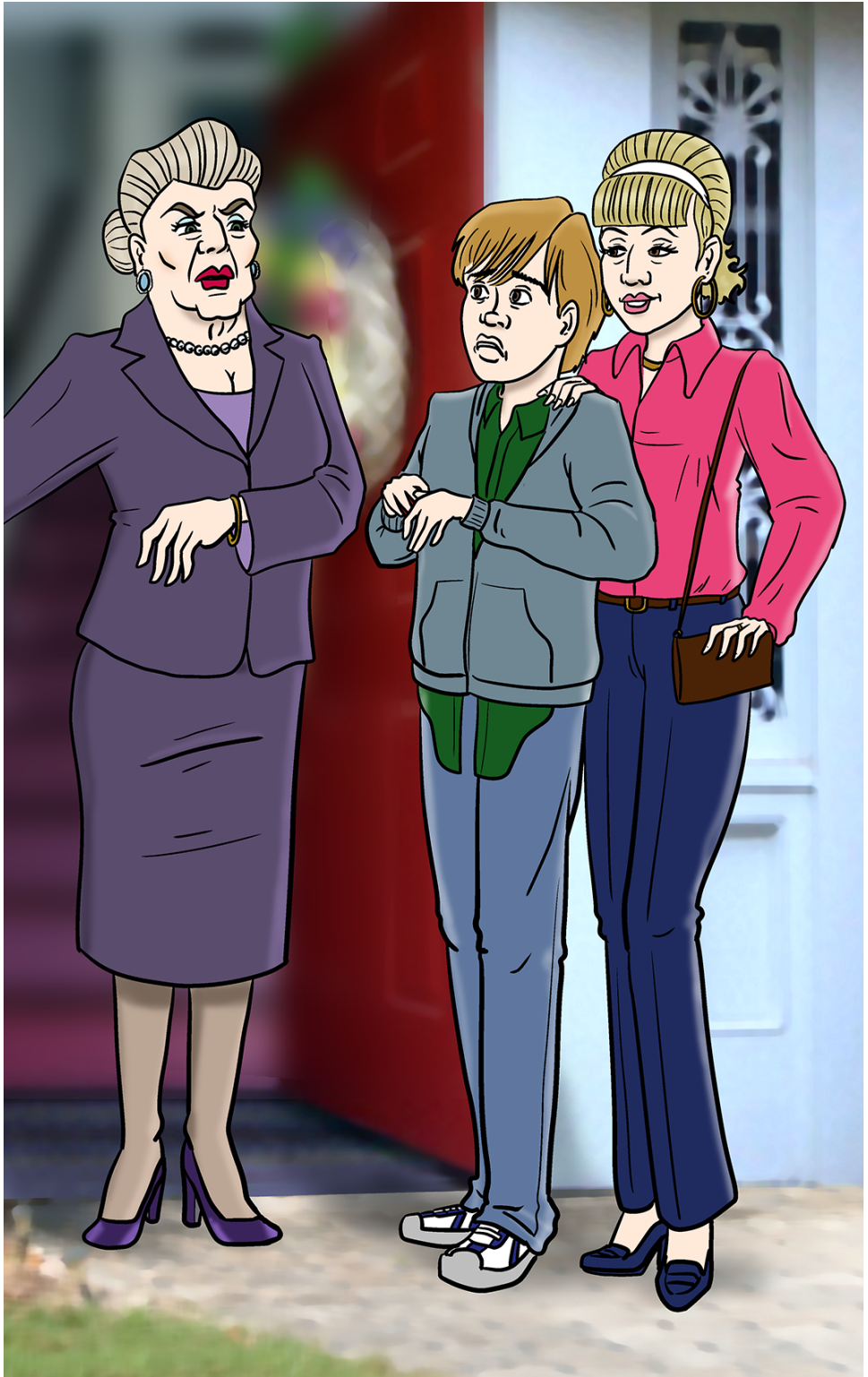
David stood on the doorstep to his aunt’s house along side his mother. He had met ‘Aunt Margaret’ a few times over the years. His Dad hated her, but would allow her to visit every now and again. Those visits were brief, always contentious and David perceived her in much the same way as his father had. She was a bossy, demanding and interfering bull dyke – according to his Father’s loud statements to his mother. At the time, David had no idea of what a ‘bull dyke’ was, but from the way he talked about Aunt Margaret, David knew it wasn’t a good thing.

So here he was, standing nervously, waiting for her to open the door. It would be the first of many seven-day stays with his aunt over the coming year. Nan had given him the lecture about being ‘good’ and minding ‘Auntie Margaret,’ but what echoed in his mind was his father’s hatred towards her, a hatred which David thought was fully justified. He wasn’t looking forward to this extended visit, but had no choice.

Even as they stood on the steps, he was still desperate. Knowing that trust might be an issue, he begged to be allowed to stay at his friend Dalton’s home. “Aunt Margaret can check in on us any time!” He offered. “That would work, right?”

“It’s too late,” Nan said, even as she started to have serious doubts. Maybe he wasn’t being fair to her son, but it really was too late to make new arrangements.

When the door opened, David saw his aunt for the first time in years. She was a tall, full-figured woman, six years older than his mom. She was wearing a white, long-sleeved cotton blouse, tan slacks and brown loafers. Her blond hair was in a short no-nonsense bob and she wore little makeup. For a full-figured woman, her face was not that pretty. Rather, it was angular with a large, slightly crooked nose. She greeted her sister warmly with a huge hug and an air kiss. She extended a hand to David with a forced smile. The handshake left David hurting from its firmness.



During the entire time his mom was there, Margaret didn't say more than a couple of words to him. Her lack of warmth and cold demeanor reaffirmed what his dad had said about her in his mind. As soon as they finished waving goodbye, and his mother drove off, David felt a chill run through him. Now it was just him and his aunt. Silently, Margaret led David to his temporary room. As David entered the room, his suitcase hit the wooden floor with a bang as his mouth dropped in stunned surprise. It was a girl's room.

The walls had floral wallpaper, the window treatment was soft pale chiffon over bright pink satin drapes. There was a large poster-sized picture of a Disney Princess framed on one wall, a similar one of a Prima Ballerina on another, and a poster of Justin Bieber across from the bed. Beside the bed was a large white fuzzy throw rug. The furnishings were French Provencal with delicate gold piping accents. There was an eight-drawer dresser, a mirrored and lighted vanity with pink satin skirts plus a matching pillowed bench seat, a twin bed with rosebud-imprinted white linen sheets, pink plush satin comforter and two fluffy lace-edged pillows. The bedside table had a white lace doily covering, a princess lamp with soft pink shade and alarm clock. A table with a pink and white daisy decal-covered computer, a solitary straight backed-chair and a large fancy pink-and-blue doll house stuck in the corner that completed the furnishings. A strong aroma of flowers filled the air. It was a room any young girl would love to call her own.

"Aunt Margaret I... I can... Can't stay here. It's a... A girl's room," he finally managed to say.

"Of course you can, and you will," she replied stiffly, giving him a slight shove, moving him further into the room. "I showed this room to your mother, and she just loved it. And it's the only guest room I have available," she finished. David looked up at her, astonished.

Of course, Margaret had shown another version of this room, a very boyish room, to Nan when they discussed him staying over. After her inspection, Margaret had the whole place redecorated.

All David could wonder was why his mother had approved of this bizarre interior for what was to be "his" room for this and several more weeks to come.

From the bedroom, Margaret led the confused boy across the hall to the guest bath. It was a standard bathroom layout with a large white enameled tub instead of a shower. He was shown the linen closet where the towels were kept, along a whole bunch of things he wasn't familiar with. As he stood looking into the closet, she told him to undress while she filled the tub.

"Huh? A bath?" He answered in shock. "I already took a friggin' shower this morning and it's not even nine o'clock yet."

Margaret grabbed him by the waist band of his jeans and jerked him towards her. Staring down at the startled youth, she snapped angrily, "Let's get one thing straight right now. I give the orders you follow them. Is that clear?"

"You're not my friggin' mother and can't tell me what to do! You... You bull dyke!" he screamed, not realizing what he said in his own wrath.

David wasn't exactly sure how it happened, but before he could do anything was over her lap, kicking and screaming as she pounded his bare ass with a wooden hairbrush. When the spanking ceased, a bar of sweet smelling soft soap was thrust into his mouth. He was left gasping, choking and puking into the commode.

Throughout his punishment, Margaret kept up a constant tirade. "You are a spoiled brat who has no respect for his elders. You arrogant filthy-mouthed boy! You're just like that no good father of yours! I hated his guts! Prison's too good for him!" She was as angry as David had ever seen a woman. "But you will be different. I'm going to teach you respect and discipline even if I have to wring your scrawny neck! I won't tolerate disrespect or disobedience! You will do whatever I tell you, when I tell you and do it happily or I will blister your ass! Do... You... *Understand?*"

David understood all right, as he lay scrunched up on the bathroom floor hugging his aching stomach, the tears flowing down his cheeks. He burped and a small multi-colored bubble formed at the corner of his lips. The horrible taste of the soap was a strong reminder of what just happened. He had never been punished in his life, and as his aunt turned on the faucets, David decided that it would be best if he didn't argue anymore. He would tell his mother what had happened once he was safely home. That was his best option. All he had to do was make it through the week, and this insane bitch would get what was coming to her. He was positive he would never have to spend another day with this crazy woman.

As the tub was filling, Margaret went to the linen closet, removed a white plastic disposable apron and gloves and put them on. Filling her hands with a large number of objects from the closet, she went over to the counter giving David a smug grin as she went past.

She poured scented oil into the bath water and tossed in some bath beads filling the room with the scent of flowers. Turning to face her nephew, she ordered him to get up, take off what remained of his clothing and come over to her. He did as instructed, clearly afraid of his aunt. She opened a container and removed a large dollop of pink-colored cream and began covering his lower face, neck, chest and arms. It stank and burned, making him hop from one foot to the other. When he thought he couldn't stand it any longer, she told him to get into the tub.

Kneeling beside the tub, Margaret picked up a large natural sponge and began washing the cowering boy. He blushed scarlet when she had him stand and roughly washed his genitals. It was embarrassing to have an older woman wash him there, but it was downright mortifying when she picked up a pink razor and began shaving away the mat of pubic hair. Back in the tub, she raised his left leg, covered it with shave gel and began removing the fine hair on his legs. With his legs shaved, and as smooth as a baby's bottom, she did the same with his underarms.

"You will keep your body completely hair free from now on," She demanded. "You will use this depilatory cream on your face, neck, arms and chest. I never want to catch you shaving your face, understood? But use the razor for the rest." She put the razor down, in clear sight of the frightened young man.

That was almost too much for David to comprehend. She wanted him to shave himself clean, head to toe, every day. He immediately backed away from the sink, resisting the idea, but there was no place to go in the small room. He had to make it to next week and let his mother, and probably the police, take care of deranged Aunt Margaret, so as long as he knew it wasn't going to materially hurt him, he was going to have to do it. So for now, David just had to go ahead and keep his skin perfectly smooth. He only hoped the guys in Gym class weren't going to notice.

Once out of the bath, dried and his body coated in a floral scented body lotion, Margaret had him bent over the sink. She shampooed and conditioned his scruffy chestnut hair. Grabbing a pink hand towel, she wrapped it around his wet hair, turban-style, then took the bath towel and fastened it around his chest. He was marched back into his room and seated at the vanity. There, she removed the hand towel and placed it around his neck. Opening a drawer in the vanity, she took out a rat-tailed comb and a pair of scissors. She trimmed the frayed ends until the back was straight and not that much shorter. She parted it across his forehead and gave him a set of bangs that fell just above the eyebrows. David could only look on in shock as she began rolling the back of his hair with large yellow curlers. She dried it with a hairdryer and set it with hairspray before covering his head in a bright yellow nylon scarf.

Satisfied with what she had done, she picked up his suitcase, placed it on the bed and removed his jeans and a shirt before closing it and putting it outside the room. Later, she would lock it securely away so he would be forced to wear what she gave him. Going over to the dresser, she opened the top drawer and took out a pair of bright yellow nylon brief-styled girl's panties with a white lace heart shaped insert on the front, a matching training bra with lots of white lace with yellow satin-ribbon bow detailing, along with a matching camisole.

Why didn't she take out my underwear? his mind screamed. *Oh my God! What is she doing? Those can't be for me!* He shivered, as she walked back to him with underwear in hand.

Scared at what she intended, David jumped up from the bench seat only to have the bath towel drop down to his feet. He quickly snapped his hands down to cover his now hairless crotch while trying to back up. The vanity blocked his retreat as Margaret advanced, smiling wickedly.

“Just where do you think you are going? Didn't my lesson in the bathroom teach you anything? Now come here and let me get you dressed... or...” She didn't actually have to say the words ‘or else.’

David slowly, gingerly, walked over to where she stood, keeping both hands covering his parts. Margaret watched, giggling as he complied. It didn't take her long to get him dressed in the frilly underwear along with his own jeans and yellow shirt.

That was the kicker for David. Now he understood what she was doing. At first, he thought it was just some crazy hatred of male body hair, but now he knew for sure. He wanted him to look as much like a girl as possible. Now, he had to reconsider his strategy of waiting for next week.



This was more than he could handle.

Margaret had him sit at the computer and pulled up a site catering to young girls. There were a number of subjects to pick from, all dealing with fashion, makeup and relationships. She gave him explicit instructions to read every subject, and he would be tested when she returned. It was a whole new level of horror for David, as he imagined himself in some bad slasher film where he was the prisoner who was being tortured and broken.

But he did what she said. All he could do right now was find a way to get out of this, and he would need to play along until he found his moment of opportunity to escape. When she came back in, a few hours later, she asked a number of basic questions. His mind was in no shape to do this task, as he was trying so hard to repress his panic instinct that reading and memorization was beyond him. He failed her test miserably, and received ten hard strokes of her brush. By the time he went to bed, and much earlier than normal, he was happy to be away from her. He tested the knob of the door and found it locked from the outside. The windows were nailed shut.

That woman is out-of-her-mind insane, David thought. Dad was right about her. I wish he was here then none of this would have happened. Mom will have a fit when I tell her what she did to me though. All I have to do is make it through this week, he told himself as sleep took him. *All I have to do is play along.*



Monday morning, Aunt Margaret bathed him and put his hair back up into the rollers. This time, she gave him a powder pink nylon matched set of bra & panties and the same jeans and shirt he had been wearing. When he was dressed, she grabbed her purse and keys from the coffee table, and taking his hand, led him into the garage. He tried to pull back when he realized it was time to take him to school, but she jerked him forward forcibly.

“I... I can’t go to school like this,” he sputtered, clearly frightened.

“I called you in sick. I have other plans for you today. You give me any – and I mean *any* – trouble, and I swear you won’t be able to sit down until your mother comes to pick you up. Now come along, I don’t have all day,” she barked.

His butt was still sore from his latest spanking and he knew he was defeated. Bowing his head, blushing in shame, he got into the car. It wasn’t until he pressed his head against the headrest that he remembered that he was still wearing the curlers and scarf.

“Eerrrr, Aunt Margaret ... eerr ... I still have those *thingees* in my hair ... nnn ... this scarf,” he ventured holding the edge of the scarf between two fingers.

“Those *thingees* are called hair rollers or curlers and no, I did not forget,” she snapped. “You’ll keep those on, and the scarf, until I *tell* you to take them off.”

The temptation was there to open the door and take his chances by surviving a jump from a running car. But breaking his bones didn’t seem like a very good option. How would he explain the hair and panties to anyone? No, all David could do was slouch down in the seat as far as he could. He didn’t want anyone looking into the car to see him. He was ashamed of how he looked and afraid of what people would say if they saw him. Here he was, a seventeen year old boy in curlers, wearing a lady’s scarf – not to mention the lacy underwear and being completely devoid of any body hair. Sitting with head bowed, a tiny trickle of tears began running down his cheeks. He was beaten for the moment.

“You’re going to my little boutique,” Margaret explained. “Isn’t that nice? You can see where your aunt works for a living. It isn’t the biggest ladies’ store, but it’s mine. I’ve spent a lot of my life making it a successful business.”

Margaret pulled up behind her store and parked. Away from any onlookers, David followed her inside. Another woman, slightly older than his aunt, met them in the store proper. David nearly had a heart attack, with someone else seeing him like this.

“Be nice, David,” his aunt scolded. “Darlene works for me.”

She was tall, slim, and dressed in a black straight skirt with baby blue cotton blouse and sensible low-heeled pumps. Her black hair was styled into a bun at the back of her head and streaked with grey. She wore more makeup than Margaret, but it wasn’t over-done.

“Darling is this ... errr ... this your nephew?” The older woman greeted, sounding quite surprised.

“Yes, Darlene. This is David. The one I told you all about, and he’s staying with me for the week,” Margaret said in way of introduction.

“He’s so cute! Come here dear and give me a hug,” Darlene said holding out her arms. He was hesitant, but a look from his aunt and he stepped into her welcoming arms. She gave him a quick hug and air kiss before stepping back.

“Why is he wearing that scarf and in curlers?” she asked.

“My nephew is being punished. He’s an arrogant, foul mouthed little snit just like his father. I think having him spend some girl time is a suitable punishment, don’t you?” Margaret answered.

Girl time? The phrase flashed through his mind. *What does that mean? Isn’t busting my ass punishment enough?*

“Girl time. Why, now that I think about it, yes I agree wholeheartedly,” Darlene teasingly responded. She was in on Margaret’s plan but not the details. She, too, had an intense dislike for the male population and had no problems helping out. They just didn’t want David to know that.

"I'm glad you agree," Margaret replied. She had no doubt Darlene would help. They were of the same mind when it came to men. "Maybe you would like to help me finish getting him appropriately attired while the other girls manage the shop."

David stood trembling in fear and humiliation in a small area just outside the changing rooms. They had taken him there, where he was told to take off his jeans and shirt leaving him in just his feminine underthings. If you could literally die from embarrassment, poor David would have. A boy dressed in lingerie, with hair curlers and scarf having a strange woman with touchy feely hands poking and prodding while saying how lovely was more than enough. Having to see his reflection staring back at him from the three full-length mirrors surrounding him, and all in a public area did nothing to ease his mortification. He wanted to run and hide but he had been given strict orders that he dared not disobey. Besides, there was nowhere to run dressed in a lacy panties and cami-sole set.

A young woman walked by, carrying some clothing and entered a changing room, giving him a brief smile. Soon after, a mother and her little daughter walked past carrying a baby-blue velvet party dress. The girl gave him a hard look, giggled, but said nothing as she followed her mother into the change room.

"That poor little girl having to stand out in the open in just her underthings looked so embarrassed," he heard the girl say. "I'm so glad you don't make me do that anymore, Mommy."

Margaret and Darlene returned, carrying arms full of clothing, as the first lady left the changing room. She smiled, said hello, and kept on walking. David was surprised that she didn't seem to recognize that he was a boy.

The yellow satin party dress his aunt gave him to put on was a welcome relief, despite the fact that it was a dress. Anything was preferable than standing out in the open with what little he had. The dress had a "V" neck trimmed with three layers of overlapping ruffles that also formed the short sleeves. The top ruffle was yellow satin and the others white lace. A white satin ribbon sash tied in a bow at the high waist front. The full circle skirt was buoyed up with three built in white net petticoats. About two inches of the lace trimmed hems of the crinolines with their bright yellow satin bow decoration were visible.

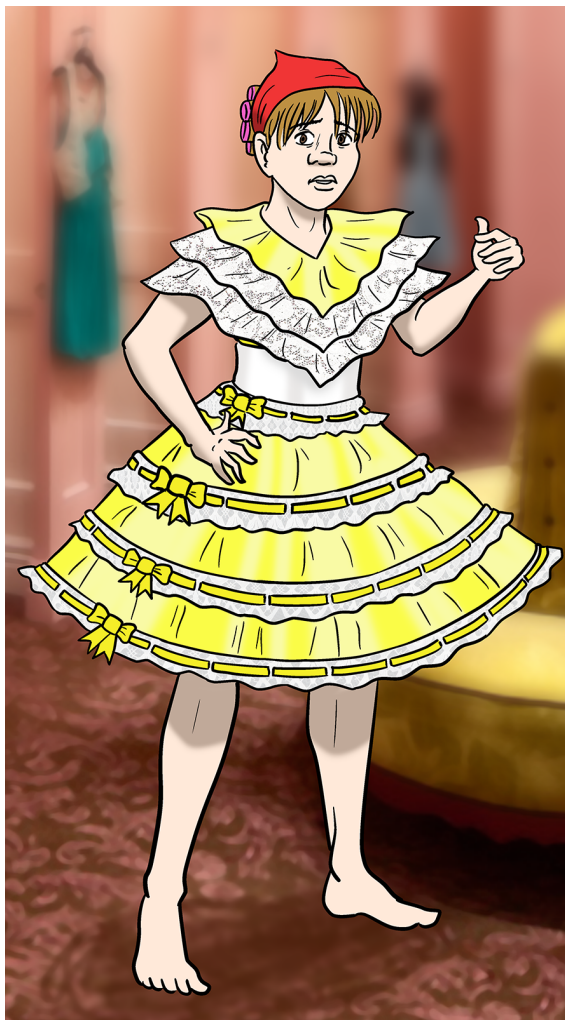
As the two women fiddled and adjusted the fit of his dress, the mother and daughter came back out of the change room. They stopped momentarily and watched the proceedings.

"What a lovely dress," the mother said as they continued on their way.

David didn't think he could blush any harder, but felt his face flame. *They think I'm a real girl.* With his hairless skin, the neat but long-ish hair and his slight frame, it was no wonder. David was only five-foot-five (and a half), and a

slender 140 pounds. His doctor had said he was due for a growth spurt, with his family history and other indicators showing he would grow to at least six feet, and probably more, by age 21. But for now, he wasn't so far off from the average height and weight of a young girl.

The dress was removed from David and he was given a pair of short-shorts to put on. Again, they were a bright yellow with a large white button fastener. A thin white leather belt came with it. The shorts fit like a second skin with the back seam pulling into his rear, separating his ass cheeks, and the front mashing his boy parts painfully. It was matched with a thin white cotton midriff blouse with a round collar, that was trimmed with three layers of ruffled white lace, and like the dress, they formed the short sleeves. The waist was elasticized and came to just above his belly button. If it weren't for the lace trim at the collar, his bra would be visible.



“Oh dear, that just won't do Margaret,” Darlene exclaimed pointing at David's crotch.

Panicked, David glanced down where Darlene was pointing, and reflexively shut his thighs together.

“You're right... Run down to the dance wear shop and get me a few of those dancer's thongs,” Margaret said. “That should keep it out of sight and out of mind.”

Darlene didn't need to be told twice, and was off on her task. David, with a furrowed brow, looked at his aunt for some sort of explanation.

"I will simply not tolerate it," she said. "You made pride yourself on your male anatomy, David, but in time, you'll understand what a detriment it is to becoming a useful member of society."

"You're crazy," he said. "What makes you think you can get away with this, you dumb..."

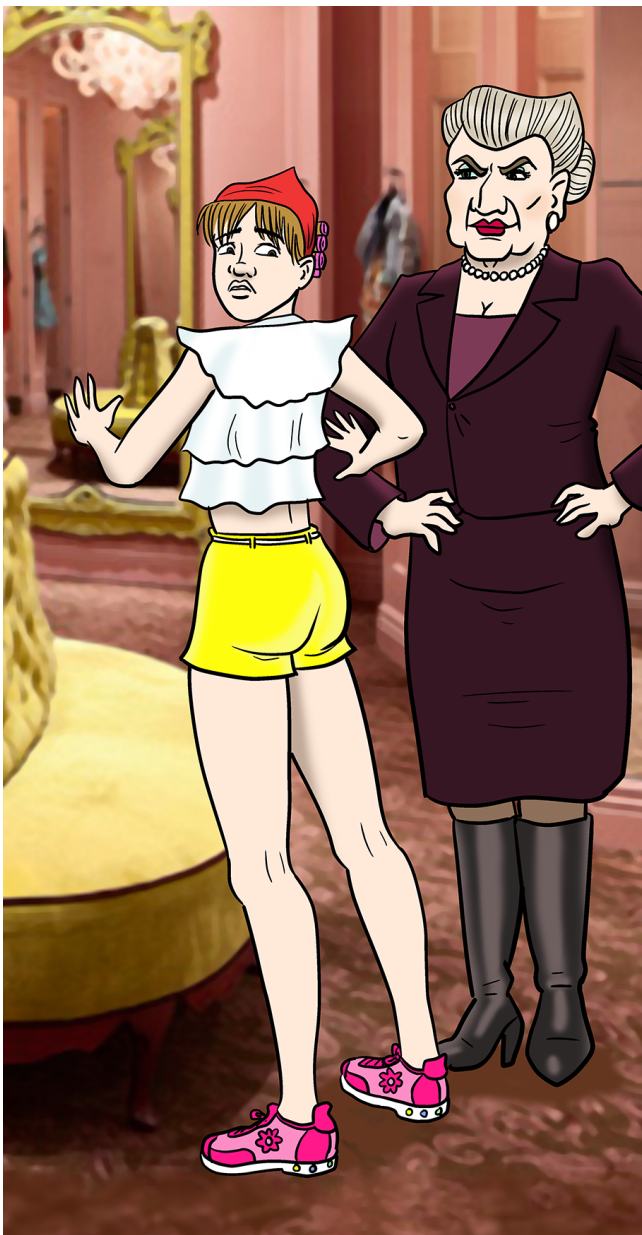
With a lightning-fast move, she slapped him right across the cheek. "And your aggressive bullying proves my point."

David decided the best tactic to take was the silent one. He had no leverage at the moment and fighting his aunt would attract the curious. He just rubbed his face where it stung and waited.

They had to wait quite a while for Darlene to return, and Margaret was getting impatient, muttering, "What's taking that girl so damn long?"

When she finally walked back into the store, Margaret looked peeved. Before she could say anything, Darlene spoke up, "Sorry to take so long but when I told Dallas what I wanted, and what I wanted it for, she sent me some place else." She held her bag open for inspection. "Come here, I have something you just have to see."

Margaret walked over and looked at what Darlene had brought. Intrigued, they huddled, whispering back and forth for a few minutes before they came



over to where David had been left standing. He was taken into a changing room. Standing nude from the waist down, Darlene read aloud the instructions that came with the garment as Margaret pulled the thin, nude-colored item up his legs.

“What...?” David started to ask. He was quickly shushed.

“It’s called a gaff. Don’t make a noise,” Margaret growled to David. Placing the palm of her hand flat against his testicles, she forced them back up into the canals from which they had descended. David grunted quietly in pain as they went in. Quickly, she took hold of his penis, forced it into an elasticized cloth tube which would keep it flat, back between his legs, and pulled the waist band all the way up.

“There,” Margaret said, standing up. “That takes care of his little bits and pieces very nicely. His crotch is as flat as a doll’s now. David, you don’t have to take it off to pee but you will have to sit from now on. She gave his flat groin a pat.

“Errr, Margaret,” Darlene whispered, “You don’t intend to keep him in that all the time do you? The instructions clearly state not to leave it on for more than a few hours at a time.”

“Of course I do. It would be such a bother to take off and put back on,” she replied.

“But it says that keeping it on for too long could cause potency problems,” Darlene whispered back.

“It says ‘could’ and that is the operative word here. Besides, since when have either of us ever worried about a man’s potency? If those she-male pole dancers can wear them, he certainly can, and if he thinks they’re just dance thongs so much the better,” she harshly whispered. Turning her attention back to David, she raised her voice back to normal. “Darlene, lets get our little darling back outside and see how some other dresses fit.”

When they had finished trying on all the garments, David had enough girlie clothing to last more than just a week. He had several straight hobble skirts with heavily ruffles and a number of lace-frilled polyester, nylon and satin blouses. He had five satin and organza party dresses suitable for a very young girl with lace hemmed petticoats in contrasting colors. He had two pair of short-shorts: a yellow one and the other white. Three pair of Capri-styled pants in yellow, lime green and black. Shell-styled blouses in lightweight cotton were chosen to go with the pants. To complete the clothing selection, a white bikini with red polka dots, cream-colored sheer cover up and a wide brimmed straw sun hat were selected.

With the clothing bagged, Darlene looked at David who was wearing the black Capris with a yellow shell top and said, “Margaret, what about underwear and shoes?”

"Shoes? Yes. But I think I have enough undies already at the house," she replied.

David was then seated in the shoe section, his feet measured and a pile of boxes slowly grew next to him. He tried on shoes for almost an hour and he hated each and every one of them. Most were Mary Jane styled in bright patent leather. They came in white, pink, baby blue, yellow, red, sparkling pink, sparkling light blue and one pair with rainbows. There were also several flats with little bows at the toes, fancy slippers, and an assortment of dress shoes in polished, shiny leather with kitten keels. Finally, he ended up with a pair of trainers, in white with pink detailing and blinking LED lights on the heels on his feet.

"That should do it, Darlene," Margaret stated. "Let's get these boxes packed up and everything taken to the car. I want to go to the dance shop before we leave. David needs at least one workout outfit and we might as well get it while we're here... Oh... Bring a few of the Mary Janes. I understand they can put taps on them."

Tap shoes? What is that supposed to mean? David asked himself.

At the dance wear shop, which was just two doors down from Margaret's store, he was introduced to the store's owner, Dallas DuFontaine.

"Dallas, this is my prissy nephew David. He just loves to do aerobics and dance. When I told him about your lovely shop he insisted on coming and getting a few things," she had said. Dallas had looked at him with surprise written on her face. If Margaret hadn't said he was a boy she never would have guessed. She knew about David from talking to Darlene earlier, but she didn't expect him to look so cute.

"Is he already wearing the gaff? He looks wonderful," Dallas asked.

"Thank you for suggesting it. There's no time to waste in getting David adjusted to it," Margaret replied.

"Oh my... Where does he take his lessons?" she inquired, as they were going over to a display of leotards.

"Until now, nowhere. He and his mommy only moved here recently," Margaret hastily replied. Then she was intrigued. "Why? Can you suggest a studio that wouldn't mind him attending dressed in a cute leotard? His mommy travels a lot and I get him for a week each month. I'm afraid that he could only attend once a month but it would be for that week."

David wanted to stop his aunt right there and then, but he was practically paralyzed by the sheer terror of walking around in public like this.

"That's a tough one," she replied. "As you know, most studios have classes a few times during the week or on weekends. Let me think and see I can re-

call..." Dallas pointed to a chromed display rack filled with colorful leotards. Ahh here we are."

David became the proud owner of two leotards, one in a luminous hot pink and another in amethyst. White tights, matching fuzzy leg warmers and sheer dance skirts were purchased to compliment the leotards.

The boy could only watch, drained of emotion from so much humiliation in one day, as taps were fastened to the shoes they had brought with them.

They were standing at a workbench as the tap plates were being fastened on when Dallas suddenly smiled and said, "I remember now! Madam Helga... Yes, she gives private lessons and would probably be happy to teach David. Let me get her number. It will only take a second."

When they got home, David spent the rest of the afternoon removing tags and labels, hanging or putting the new clothes away. Margaret left him alone once she was satisfied that he knew what he was doing and where he was to store the items. While he did that, she contacted Madam Helga arranging for David to take both ballet and tap classes. One week he would take tap dancing and the next ballet. For ballet, he would need to have a tutu and slippers.

Margaret sat back satisfied when the call was over. *My, my. Things are certainly moving into place*, she thought. *I got him a complete wardrobe and enrolled in tap and ballet. I didn't think about doing that. Dallas certainly had a good idea there, and Madam Helga seemed more than willing to take David on. However, I still have a long way to go and a lot to do yet.* She smiled broadly to herself.



The next six days seemed to drag on forever as David was constantly bombarded with all things feminine. He was taught both a morning and night-time beauty regimen concentrating on skin and hair care. He didn't wear a single piece of clothing that wasn't designed specifically for girls – except when at school. In the morning, his aunt took him to his school and picked him up as soon as it was over. On days when he didn't have physical education, he was required to wear panties, bra and camisole under his regular clothing.

School days were especially hard on David. He was "that new transfer student," and as such, only had a few friends such as Dalton. If any one of his classmates had discovered he was wearing lingerie, he would be totally ostracized, ridiculed, and who knows what the principal would do. Despite the stress on his life, no amount of pleading would change his aunt's mind about it.

When he got home every day, he immediately had to change into his girl's clothing, then Aunt Margaret led him through exhaustive poise and mannerism lessons. Sitting, standing, talking with your hands, gesturing, eating and even

how to laugh like a girl. Each night he went to bed completely drained. His sleep was sound, but nightmares interrupted any hope of a deep refreshing sleep. As a result, he was always mentally frazzled when he woke, making Margaret's harsh demands easier for her to enforce. It required a number of reminder spankings over her lap, but he was learning the basics of womanhood.

What kept David going was the thought that as soon as he got back with his mother, he would be free. Once he told her what Margaret had done she would be sure to never bring him back. Finally, after the most grueling and degrading week of his life, the day arrived when Nan was coming to get him.

As he was getting dressed in his own attire, so relieved to have some sense of control over his life again, Margaret waltzed into the room and silently slid a disc into the decal-ridden computer on the desk. She then clicked a few times before something started to play on the screen. He watched in growing horror as a video played.

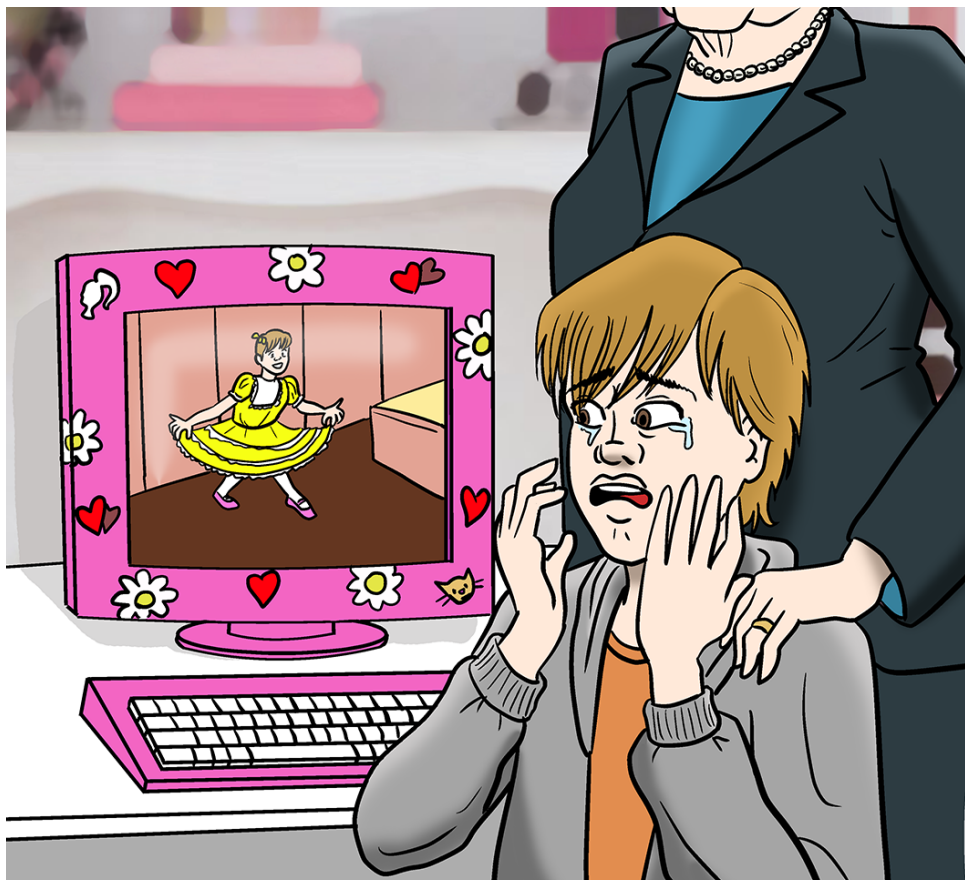
With mounting shock, David realized she had surveillance video from her store and video from cameras hidden around her house. It had been edited down to remove his aunt's intimidation and discipline, and all it had left were pictures of him. She would occasionally pause it at certain points. There he was, wearing panties and training bra, brushing out his hair, and looking into the vanity mirrors with a smile on his face.

Of course, if David didn't have a smile on his face while performing some feminine function, he received three hard slaps of the brush. He received a lot of those before he got in the habit of smiling most of the time.

The next "freeze frame" showed him rolling his hair on bristle curlers. The following one displayed him pulling a baby doll nightie of double layered emerald green nylon and chiffon over his training bra and matching ruffled panties. The next, him at the store in his beautiful yellow party dress, the hems pulled out between his thumb and finger dipping into a short curtsy and with a broad smile. He remembered that incident all too well. He could still imagine the pain from the spanking he got for not doing that right. The rest of the video played out with David unable to hold back the tears.

When it was finished, Margaret smiled down at him and said, "Well David, I think you're smart enough to know where all this is headed. Unless you do exactly as I say, this my dear, will go on the internet and to all your friends and family." She waited for it to completely register with the tearful young man, and then she continued. "Your mommy will be here soon and I want you to greet her happily and tell her just how much fun you had staying with me. Make it real, and make it believable – or else. Is that clear?"

All David could do was to nod his head, unable to talk. He was petrified with fear. He was completely at her mercy, and he was gutted. He had thought she was just crazy before. Now he knew she was cruel beyond his imagination.



“When you get home,” his aunt continued, “you will continue practicing your morning and bedtime beauty routines including keeping your body hair free. No, you don’t have to roll your hair but brush it one hundred times. I will know if you haven’t. Additionally, no more haircuts. I don’t care how much your mommy complains or anyone else for that matter. You will get it cut only when I say you can.” She could see that this had shattered David, and his eyes were devoid of any thought. All she could see was pain, fear and betrayal. With a little smirk of satisfaction on her lips, she turned to leave him to his misery. “Now finish up your packing while I fix some tea for your mommy and me.”

It wasn’t long before David’s mother arrived, running just slightly late. By the time she did, David had already told himself what he had to do. Being exposed like his aunt threatened to do scared him to the core. He was going to have to do what his aunt told him to do and act how she wanted him to act.

When he greeted his mother in the kitchen, he was all smiles. The only thing his mother commented about was how nice his hair looked. David looked sideways at his aunt then burst out, “Oh mommy, Aunt Margaret trimmed it for me...” He desperately wanted to tell her how the truth, but he couldn’t risk it.

"...And I like how it came out." He said, with a clear tone of forced enthusiasm. Aunt Margaret shot him a look, as if to say: 'And?' David took another breath. "And I'm going to keep it this way from now on," he said.

Nan sat back stunned. *Mommy?* She thought. *He hasn't called me that in years. David said he loves that style?* She didn't pick up at all on David's subtle plea for help. She was much more focused on him changing his hair. *I've tried for years to get him to fix that greasy mop of his. Wow! What a pleasant change. I'll have to remember to thank Sis later.* She took an admiring look at her son's new hairstyle. "Well, I like it too darling," she said with enthusiasm.

Aunt Margaret sipped her tea, smugly satisfied at how well that went off. David did exactly what she told him to do. Using his fear against him, she would be able to control him easily. He was also susceptible to suggestion. The whole week she had been intentionally using the term "mommy" in David's presence and he had adopted using it. He was a very impressionable young man, and this made what she had planned for him all too simple.

When they arrived back home, David didn't say much about his stay with his aunt. Only when directly asked a question did he offer anything, and he was as evasive as possible. Within a week, though, he had slipped out of using the term 'Mommy' and reverted back to 'Mom.' He did stick to his new morning and evening beauty rituals, fearing that Margaret would find out if he didn't. He also kept his body hair-free. Again, his fear of his aunt was much greater than being discovered shaving his legs.

However, David's posture worked its way from the upright posture he had been drilled to keep back into the teenage slouch he was used to. He stopped gesturing with his hands and his perfect toe-heel walk returned to a shuffle.

Even as he struggled to cope with his situation, David found the rest of his life easing back into its normal groove, which was of some small comfort to him. For the next three weeks, he was going to have to work on his mom and get her to change her mind. He was absolutely not going to go back to Aunt Margaret's.



One month later, he was back at Margaret's front door, early Sunday evening, his mother at his side. Days and days of pleading had no effect on his mom's opinion of her sister. He couldn't be specific as to why he didn't want to go back to his aunt's house, so his vague and ill-defined complaints were far from convincing. So, now, here he was again. This time, though, he was going to have to stand his ground and get her to back off. He was 18, after all, and he wasn't about to let anyone tell him how to live his life. Especially not a woman.

"I'll see you in a week, David," Nan said to her son as she left. "Don't give your aunt any trouble."