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# ***A FAMILY FEMMED***

**“The Femmed Family Robinson”**  
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**A Seriously Sissified Story**



2015 Digital Edition

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# THE FEMMED FAMILY ROBINSON

George Robinson wasn't a humble man, but his luck made him feel truly blessed. After years of searching and dating with both disappointment and regret, he had found the woman of his dreams. He had endured so many years of anguish and heartache. So, when she had agreed to marry him, he was shocked that it felt like the easiest thing in the world. He had truly found the one woman in the world he could spend the rest of his life with. He had never believed in true love before now. Even though she was ten years his junior, had stunning looks, and had only known George for six months – he was convinced that she was 'the one.' In fact, he had been smitten at first sight, and never dreamed he could fall for someone as hard as he had fallen for Deborah.

George's eldest son, Jake, had talked him into trying an online dating service seven months ago. He was reluctant at first, as it had only been three years since his wife passed away. George was independent, and very wealthy after selling the chain of fast food restaurants he and his wife Marci had started. Since her death, he had lost the ambition to continue in business and sold out to his biggest competitor. With too much time on his hands, he had more or less become a recluse who seldom socialized, focusing his time and energy on raising his three sons instead.

The oldest of George's sons was Jake, who was twenty-two and in his first year of law school. Majoring in international law, he maintained a 3.8 GPA in order to get an offer from a major law firm. As a result, he had few friends and practically no social life – much like his dad.

Joel, the middle son, was also quite antisocial, but in a totally different manner. Since losing his mother, he had become a bit of a slacker and a misfit. His grades had suffered, which led him to being held back a year. He had fallen in with a bad crowd that wore a lot of black, and pierced much of their body. George had worried that he was going to end up in jail instead of college, but thankfully he managed to graduate. Nowadays however, he spent most of his time in his room. Whenever George or Jake tried to motivate him, he complained with a familiar adolescent refrain of "nobody understands me." George would just shrug it off, assuming he would eventually grow out of this depressed phase of his life.

George's youngest son, Justin, was completely different than his brothers. He was popular in school, had a lot of friends and participated on the school's swim and track teams. He was friendly and outgoing, and eager to please, and seemed ready to take on the world once he graduated from high school.

With his sons almost grown men, and with all of them concentrating on their own lives, George was beginning to feel increasingly lonely. He hadn't mixed socially in a *very* long time and his boys – especially Jake – had been pressuring him to get out and find someone new. At forty-six years old, the bar scene just didn't seem right, hence Jake's suggestion that he try dating online. George knew he would feel more at ease using his computer than he would have in some bar. So, with some reluctance he signed up and began perusing the on-line dating site. His first few attempts were disastrous, causing him to nearly give up. Then he received an email from a Deborah Jackson.

She intrigued him. Her photo was of a striking, 'together' woman with dark auburn shoulder-length hair and wearing a forest green business suit. The email said that she was a widow of three years, had a PhD in psychology and recently moved to the city. She, like him, was not into the bar scene and just wanted to find a friend. George was interested immediately and they began corresponding on a regular basis. After a month of chatting on the internet they decided to meet. As they say, the rest was history.

Jake had wanted his father to get out and meet people, but when he was introduced to Deborah he had misgivings. The more she was around, the more anxious he became. She came across to him as being strict and pretentious. Besides, he wasn't sure either he or his brothers were ready for a step-mother. When his father announced they were getting married, he objected, but not forcefully. Both his brothers actually welcomed the idea. Justin because he thought having a hot step-mom would be cool. Joel because Deborah seemed sympatric to his feelings of being different. Without his brothers' support, Jake's objections were ignored. They were going to be married on the first of June and the kids would have the whole summer to get to know their new mother.

On the morning of the wedding, Deborah and George called the three boys into the living room for a family portrait, something to remember the moment. It was a big day for all of them, and George and Deborah both insisted over the meek protestations of the boys. However, at the last minute, Deborah decided to only take a picture of the three brothers instead of the whole group, which made it even more awkward for the boys.

The wedding was held at the County Clerk's office with only the Robinson men, Deborah and a friend of hers in attendance. Jake thought it odd that his soon to be step-mother only had one friend with her, and that that one friend was an older man. She introduced the man as 'an old associate,' Doctor Anthony Angel, who would act as her witness because he knew her 'better than anyone.'

There was no reception after the ceremony, as the couple was leaving right away for a week-long honeymoon. As the three brothers returned home to their empty house, Jake couldn't help but voice his concerns about his new stepmother.



“Did anyone else find it weird that Deborah didn’t have any girlfriends at the wedding?” he asked as they rode through town. “There’s something strange about a woman that brings another man to her wedding. I have a bad feeling about he.”

“Well, I think it’s way cool,” Justin replied.

“I think you’re just upset that the spotlight isn’t always going to be on *you* anymore Mr.-Lawyer-Wannabe,” Joel scoffed.

Jake narrowed his eyes. His middle brother was always so negative. It was quite tiring. “Oh screw off, Joel. You’ll be thankful if she gives half a crap about you and your mopey attitude!”

“Whatever,” Joel scoffed again, “I don’t care if she even notices that I’m alive. I’m just fine by myself – always have been.”

“Will you two knock it off!” Justin stepped in, “This is supposed to be Dad’s happy day and you’re ruining it!”

Jake sighed loudly. His youngest brother was right – *but* it didn’t change how he felt about Deborah. The three siblings rode the rest of the way home in silence, and over the next week they barely spoke a word to each other.



The day after George and Deborah got back from their honeymoon, the new wife called the boys together in the kitchen.

“What for?” Joel whined when he was told by his father.

“Because she’s your step-mother now, and she want to get to know you boys,” George explained.

Joel sighed. “I hope she doesn't expect me to call her ‘Mom.’”

“You can call her whatever you like.”

“Whatever,” Joel mumbled.

A few minutes later, they were all assembled in the living room. “Boys, I can’t thank you enough for welcoming me into your family,” Deborah said, enthusiastically. “I know it’s not easy. I really do feel like a part of the family already, and it means so much to me. I wanted to show my thanks by getting you all something...” She fished around in a bag she had by her side, as both the boys all leaned forward, brought to attention by the prospect of getting a present. “As a token of my appreciation, I’ve gotten each of you mp3 players,” she said, pausing to show the tiny electronic devices off to the three brothers.

“Joel, I downloaded some of your favorite punk rock bands to your machine. Justin, I had the salesman download the music he said that you’d like, because frankly I’m not sure. And for you Jake, I downloaded some of the great classical sonnets and ballads I’ve heard you enjoying.”



She held the devices out to the siblings to take. All but Jake was wide-eyed with delight at her gifts.

The two younger brothers quickly placed the earbuds in and began listening to the music and fiddling with the buttons. Jake wasn't so quick to check his out. He seldom listened to music in the first place and then only while studying. Plus, there was something that just didn't seem right about his new step-mother, and gift-giving seemed like an obvious attempt to ingratiate herself. Unfortunately, whatever it was that was bothering him, he couldn't put a finger on exactly what it was quite yet. He did see her affection for the other boys and his father seemed as contrived, and her request to have them take a group photo later also left him feeling odd.

Justin and Joel were too busy to be bothered with such doubt. George, their father, had been steadfastly against the presence of music players, smart phones and other hi-tech devices in the house, saying they were distractions and time-wasters. Now they had something they had been wishing for for years, and they wouldn't give them up even if a circus strongman attempted to rip the tiny players from their hands.

So as the days passed, Jake noticed that his brothers were constantly listening to these new music players, never letting them get far from their person. The earbuds were practically physically attached to their ears. When he mentioned that it *'might be a little much'* to them, they both replied that the music selections were the best, and they just couldn't help it. Jake hadn't used his yet, but after conversing with his siblings, he decided to see if Deborah *really* knew the music he that liked. To his surprise, *she did*. The player was crammed full of everything that he loved, from Tchaikovsky to Schubert to Wagner.

*Maybe she isn't so bad after all*, he allowed himself to think. But that didn't mean that he trusted her... or even *liked* her.

That was the way the oldest of the three Robinson boys felt, but not the way they all felt. Joel, for his part, was now apparently quite fond of Deborah. Since the wedding, it seemed to him that she had paid more attention to him than any the other boys. It was her influence with the George that had allowed Joel the freedom to grow his hair longer and to get his ears and lip pierced. These were things that he had wanted to do for a long time but his conservative father had vehemently opposed it. Older Jake thought Joel had lost his mind, and couldn't believe that his father had allowed it. Deborah wholeheartedly supported Joel and his father's very uncharacteristic agreement and it really worried Jake.

*It's going too far*, Jake thought. *How does Joel expect to ever get a job looking like that? Not that he's tried. He spends way too much time hanging out at the arcade and playing those video games. Dad needs to put his foot down and make him look for a job. Instead, he lets Joel do that? What's gotten into him? That woman's influence has addled Father's brain.*

Regardless of Jake's thoughts on the issue, Joel's lip and ears were pierced, and hair was left to grow shaggy and long, and it was immortalized by another one of Deborah's stupid group photos with the three of them.

This time however, the camera lens caught Jake's worried expression as he gazed disapprovingly at Joel. He was so concerned about the changes that Joel was showing, he had failed to notice how his other sibling was changing as well. Aside from slightly longer hair, Deborah had purchased Justin new shoes and undershirts with very bright pink stripes, something Jake would have expected that the macho sports nut would have rebuked.

Unbeknownst to all of them, the changes were just beginning.





A few days later, at the breakfast table, after serving eggs just the way George liked them, Deborah made a strange demand of her husband. “George,” she began, “I’d like to build a salon in the basement.”

George looked shocked. “A what?” he recoiled, nearly spitting out his coffee. He was very surprised at the request, as his new bride had always portrayed herself as more of an executive-type, not a beauty-obsessed tramp. He realized that he had never actually learned what Deborah’s profession was, other than the fact that she had a degree and had called herself ‘self-sufficient’ in financial terms. With her new wish having been revealed, and being so totally out of character, he realized for a moment that he barely knew his new wife, and wondered for the first time if he had made a terrible mistake by marrying her so quickly.

“Darling, I worked as a beautician earning my way through college. I found it very relaxing and eased the tension of my studies. I miss it terribly,” she came over to him, gently caressing his collar bone and kissed his cheek, “Please, just do this little thing for me.”

“Are you planning on having some of your lady friends over and do their hair?” he responded suppressing a laugh. A picture of his wife wearing an elegant pants suit putting curlers in another woman’s hair popped into his mind seemed ridiculous enough to be funny.

“Oh no, nothing like that darling. I’ll use it to try out new hairstyles and makeup looks while down there. I’ll also use it to give you and the children haircuts. Think of all the time it will save you and the boys from having to go to that barber shop. They do a lousy job by the way, darling,” she replied.

How could he refuse, especially when she smothered him in kisses?

So without a further thought, George set about hiring a construction crew to begin constructing his bride her own private salon in what had previously been the workout room. He had briefly questioned her on where he and the boys would work out now that he had succumbed the space to her. She just smiled and said, “Oh Georgie, you don’t need to be all manly and muscular for me. In fact... I’d rather wish you weren’t.” She ended the sentence with a suggestive wink.

Within a week, George’s space had been converted into an professional-grade single seat salon with more supplies than one woman could use in a year. As a reward, George had his first sex in over a week. Deborah gave him a hand job using one of her silk scarfs. He slept peacefully with his earbuds in place that night while she sat in her new room in the basement, taking stock of all she now had.

Deborah nodded and smiled as she looked around her new space. It was exactly as she had planned it.



The following week began with another picture of the three siblings together. The boys were convinced that their new step-mother was a bit of a shutterbug.

Joel was sitting at the table poking his bowl of toasted 'o' cereal with a spoon, watching as the whole-grain rings were submerged beneath a layer of milk before floating back up to the surface. He hated toasted oats. In fact, he hated breakfast altogether. Breakfast just came too early in the morning for him. A cup of coffee was about all his stomach could stand so early. But Deborah had *insisted* that he eat, as breakfast was the 'most important meal of the day.'

"Hmmpf," he had scoffed when she pointed at the box of crunchy oats with her trademark no-nonsense, don't-you-dare-object expression. His dad had tried to get him to eat breakfast for years, but had given up. Joel wished that Deborah would just give up too.

But she didn't.

And for some strange reason, Joel *did*. He didn't know if it was her gruff demeanor, or stern look, but something about her had taken the fight right out of him. Plus he did owe her for letting his hair grow out and getting his piercings. All he could muster was an unhappy scoff, just before he compliantly poured himself a bowl of cereal.

"I know you're unhappy Joel," he heard his step-mother's voice behind him as he munched another mouthful of toasted oats. He turned around to see her standing behind him, leaning against the doorway. "I know you think that you don't fit in here," she continued, as if he seemed interested in the conversation, "and I know you think you're far more different than everyone else. Much more than they see you as being."

Joel just stared at her blankly as he crunched his breakfast. *Was she right?* He wondered, *Am I unhappy?* *Do I not fit in?*

He took stock of his two siblings, one a straight-laced over-achiever, the other a likable athlete. He was clearly neither. Then he thought of his father, an unemotional intellectual. He wasn't much like him either. In fact he wasn't like anyone in his family at all.

*I really am different*, he thought to himself. *I'm nothing at all like them. I wonder if I'm adopted?* *Maybe that's why they try so damn hard to make me just like them.*

"I know you are trying to break out of your shell, Joel," Deborah continued, as if reading his thoughts, "To become your own person." She had moved to the chair on the opposite side of the table where Joel was seated.

Joel continued to chew his food, letting Deborah's words sink into his head. He wondered how she seemed to know his thoughts so deeply and totally. He really *didn't* fit here, and he really *did* want to be his own person.

“Yes,” he muttered, still crunching cereal in his mouth.

“I can help you with that, with *all* of that,” she smiled warmly. It was the first time he had ever seen her smile. It was a caring and understanding expression that in return made Joel grin back.

“You can?” he asked, as he slipped his spoon into the now-empty bowl.

“Of course!” She replied. “All you have to do is ask. That’s what step-mothers are for.”

Joel paused. He recognized that this conversation had become very strange, very quickly. A few minutes ago, he had thought of his father’s new wife as a cold and miserable woman whom he wanted nothing to do with. Now he was about to ask her to help him make some important changes in his life. Changes that would define who he would become as he grew from young-adult to adult. Changes that he now suddenly craved and felt compelled to accept, though he didn’t even know what they would be.

He let a tiny smirk cross his face. “Okay,” he said, “I’d kinda like that”.

Deborah’s smile grew wider. “I’d kinda like that too,” she said as she stood up from her chair, looking down at her newly acquired step-son. “I’d kinda like that very much. Clean up your dishes then meet me in the salon.”

Joel wasn’t sure that he wanted to “really stand out,” but he was sick and tired of being the family’s wallflower. Being the second child, Joel always felt left out. Jake was his Dad’s pride and joy and Justin the baby. As a result, he never received the attention other kids got from their mothers and fathers. Deborah had at least shown him some real, honest attention and he liked that.

*No one has really listened to me or tried to understand me except Deborah,* he thought, picking up his dishes. *I’m not going to be kept in the background anymore. No, Deborah is right! I need to stand out and make a statement then maybe my family will show me some respect.*

After putting the dishes into the sink, he went down to join her in the salon. She had him sit in the chair and leaned it back so his neck rested on the basin rim. Deborah shampooed it three times and conditioned it twice. It was something he hadn’t done in a while, and it was filthy and oily. With his hair clean, she squared off the back and created sweeping bangs. Using a flat iron she smoothed it out and gave it texture. He protested when she took tweezers and began plucking his brows. Telling him it would enhance his punk rock look didn’t ease the pain.

“Now, Joel darling, bear with me now,” she said as she finished his eyebrows. “I want to show you something that I think will really make you stand out. So please don’t say or do anything until I’m finished. Okay?” The pain was so intense that it caused tears to well up in his eyes. Deborah would occasionally have to stop to sop it up with a tissue.

Deborah set down the tweezers and applied a soothing cream to the area that she had just plucked, before moving on to her next target. The boy flinched when she began outlining his upper and lower eyelids with a deep black liquid liner. She extended the lines slightly past the edge making them more almond shaped. Then she returned to his hair, gently brushing it out before styling it into a very loose androgynous hairdo with long, full bangs that were swept to either side of his face.



A quick application of hairspray would hold them in place. Once the spray had dried, she returned to the boy's eyes, applying a thick, lengthening black mascara. He initially recoiled, blinking feverishly. He hated having anything so close to his eye. Holding his chin, she scolded him to hold still as she finished.

"Stop fidgeting and look up at the ceiling, darling," she instructed, "It's a trick that all girls learn when they're putting this on." Joel obliged and glanced upwards as his stepmother continued to apply the mascara to his lashes.

Once finished with the boy's eyes, she removed his lip ring before lining his lips with a pink liner, followed by a coating of shimmering pink plumping gloss that made his lips tingle. She then moved out of the way so that he could see his reflection in full. For a moment Joel didn't even realize that it was his face in the mirror. Instead, it appeared as if a girl



roughly his age was looking back at him.

“Wow,” he gasped. “But don’t I look a little...” his voice trailed off, leaving his newly-minted stepmother to interrupt.

“...A little off without your lip ring? Of course it does dear!” she reinserted the silver ring back into the hole, restoring some semblance of himself.

Joel smiled. With his piercing restored, he felt elated by his new look. *I wasn’t sure about what she was doing, but I like it. Besides, a lot of my favorite punk rock bands*

*wear makeup*, he thought to himself as if defending his new look to others. *I can’t believe I didn’t stand up to my father earlier. Everyone is going to notice me now – that’s for sure.*

After smiling broadly for the first time in ages, he turned to his stepmother. “Deborah, I can’t thank you enough. You’re the first person to ever try to understand me. I really love my new punk-rock look but...” his voice trailed off again as he paused for a moment. “But what about Father? He’s going to have a fit.”

“Don’t worry Joel. I’ve already had a long talk with your Father. I’ve gotten him to understand your need to stand out and be accepted for who you really are. He’ll not only approve but support you all the way,” she reassured him.

Joel smiled, feeling confident of his father’s acceptance.

His older brother’s acceptance however, what not so forthcoming. In fact, when Jake saw Joel for the first time at dinner, he practically exploded.

“Dad you have to do something!” Jake yelled at his dad. “He looks like a total fruitcake!”

“Jake, that’s enough!” George said loudly, slamming his hand down on the table top. “I will not tolerate such references. Your brother is just trying to find himself and I certainly do not have a problem with that. If it gives him the self-confidence necessary to face the world, both Deborah and I heartily approve.”

The only one more surprised than Jake at his father’s reprimand was Joel. It was the first time his father had ever shown any interest in him, much less such



strong support. He was so moved that tears of happiness and joy brimmed his eyes. He quickly grabbed a napkin to blot the tears away. It would be way too uncool to be seen crying.

*Deborah was right*, he thought to himself, *I don't know how she did it, but man I really owe her big time. She really understands the real me.*

Justin, for his part, looked on with disinterest, although his father's defense of Joel came as a total surprise, because George had never before berated Jake as far as he could remember.

Jake couldn't believe his own father would not only take Joel's side – but support him as well – as it was inconceivable. It was so unlike him. He looked over to Justin who seemed detached. He would get no support there. Then, glancing at his step-mother, he was surprised at her reaction. “Perhaps you two should finish this conversation in the next room,” she said, “and leave those of us who wish to continue eating to do so in peace.” She smiled wickedly. It was that kind of attitude that convinced Jake that Deborah was up to no good.

“Fine!” Jake shouted, as he and his father left the dining room together.

“Dad? Why am I the only one who thinks this isn't normal?” he continued in the next room, “I mean *look* at him! Is *that* normal?”



George appeared to be carefully considering his eldest son's argument, but kept making glances over to the corner of the room where a stern-looking Deborah stood, glaring at the oldest boy.

"Ugh!" Jake finally said, throwing his arms into the air. "I give up. If you think it's okay for him to look like *that* – then fine. How could I possibly be wrong in my judgment?" he said sarcastically as he turned and left the room.

*I can understand why dad listens to her but Joel and Justin too?* He muttered to himself as he marched up the stairs and into his room. He sat down in front of one of his his books of case law, putting his earbuds into his ears and pressing play. He wasn't even caring that it was that dumb player his step-mother had bought him, he just wanted to drown out the world right now.

Classical music always put him at ease and some Mozart would do the trick. As the track played, Jake thought he heard words – but that was impossible. This selection was strictly music, beautiful music.



Over the coming days, Deborah began spending more time with Justin. She was showering him with gifts, the kind of gifts he couldn't refuse. Workout clothes. At first, it had been simple things like new shirts and shoes. Justin usually wore cotton shirts that were either white or red, his school colors. His normal jeans were worn baggy and loose, when he wasn't wearing his customary track pants. The jeans and pants that Deborah had most recently purchased for him were much stretchier and figure hugging than anything he had worn before. Instead of his usual color of red, they were white, a very uncustomary color for him to wear. But Deborah had insisted that white was all the rage, and he wanted be at the beginning of the trend.

The new tops Deborah had given him also varied in color, from light pink to dark pink, and made of a much softer fabric than before. Even his shorts were different. These were white with a pink stripe down the outside seams, made of nylon with notched mid-thigh flare legs. The shoes were white with pink detailing. Justin wasn't so sure about wearing the new shirts much less the shoes until Deborah gave him a big hug. With his face buried into her ample bosom and the intoxicating aroma of her perfume filling his nose, he agreed.

"Darling, with your confidence and likability, you can easily add a little pink to your repertoire. Not many men can pull that off but you certainly can," was all she had to add to convince him.

"Guess I can give it a try, Deborah," he answered, with a slight blush. He knew that Pink was normally for girls. But having seen several guys his age wearing pink shirts, he figured that she was right. *She's right about me being*

*confident*, he thought to himself, *so I guess I can give it a try if for no other reason than to make her happy.*

“Great, darling. Here, go put these on for me so I can see how it looks on you,” she said handing him a dark pink tee and white shorts.

*If I look like a damn fool, I’ll hide these somewhere in my closet*, he thought as he pulled the shirt over his head.

The short cap sleeves somehow didn’t look quite right to him but was more concerned with the color and fit. Normally his tees were loose and airy but this one was almost form fitting. The skintight white pants ended just before his ankle, which seemed odd. Also he could feel his legs brush against each other through the thin stretchy material. It was disconcerting – but in a good way. The shoes fit and the pink seemed to work with his outfit. So after viewing himself in the mirror he decided that he liked the look, even as others would have thought that it looked a little feminine.

“Justin, you look so sophisticated wearing that darling outfit,” she gushed, giving him a big hug and kiss to the cheek.

“Huh? You don’t think all this pink is too much? It feels a little weird too,” he said as she broke the hug.

“Oh no darling. I think it gives you a very sophisticated look,” she replied bringing him in for another hug and kiss.

“Sophisticated?” he replied puzzled.

“Yes, sophisticated. It means that you look classy and stylish. The latest trend is to look as sophisticated as possible darling. I want you to wear your new clothing all the time, promise?” she affirmed giving him another hug and kiss.

It had been a long time since his mother had passed that Deborah’s attention was more than welcome. Her hugs felt so good and reassuring. Justin had no problems promising her that he would always wear his new clothing.

*Sophisticated huh? Well, if wearing what she gets for me makes me ‘sophisticated’ and gets me more of those hugs, I’ll be happy to do it*, he thought to himself.



A couple of days later Deborah approached Justin shortly after breakfast. “Justin darling, why don’t you come down to my salon? Your hair needs a trim.”

His hair was getting shaggy and hadn’t been cut in a long time. So with a smile, he followed her down to the salon. Once in the chair, she shampooed it – something his barber never did – and he loved it. He was so relaxed as she massaged his scalp that he really didn’t hear what she was talking about. All he



heard was something about a lighter shade. She left his hair damp, put on a pair of yellow gloves and picked up a mixing bowl. Deborah had already prepared a pasty mixture of powder bleach and peroxide. She used this mixture to coat his hair, working from the roots out, as the ends would take the bleach and lighten the quickest.

“Hey, what’s going on?” Justin asked as she began rinsing his hair.

“Just what I said earlier darling. I’m going to lighten up your hair to give it a more sophisticated look. You do want to look stylish and be a trend-setter don’t you?” she replied as she continued to section and coat his hair.

“Oh yeah, I remember,” he answered, not sure of what she was talking about. *I know she was saying something when she washed my hair but don’t remember anything about lightening my hair. She did say it would make me a trend setter though... and that sounds okay*, he thought.

She towel dried his hair, then brushed and dried it with a hand dryer, before pulling it back into a blonde ponytail. She then proceeded to take an emery board to shape his nails into nice ovals. She continued her work by buffing then applying a slightly pink varnish.

This was another first for Justin. He pulled his hand away when Deborah first began applying the varnish. “Hey, what are you doing?” he asked in surprise.

“Justin, *darling*, relax,” she scolded. “I’m just going to neaten up your nails and put a clear sealer on them. Sophisticated gentlemen don’t go around with jagged and dirty nails and often get a manicure. Now you just relax. Have I steered you wrong so far?”

It was over two hours later that Justin left the basement salon. His hair was honey blond, tied up in a high ponytail. His nails shined with a hint of pink color. His bushy brows had been neatened but not overly plucked. Again, the unspoken word – sissy – didn’t enter his mind, and was happy with what Deborah had done for him.

He was so happy with his new stylish look he agreed to go with her to get pierced. Of course, he thought he misheard when she said “ears.” He wasn’t as happy when they returned with pink keepers in both lobes, but the technician and Deborah said it made him look, you guessed it, sophisticated. Plus, he knew guys with way more piercings. He could manage just two, so didn’t complain.

Upon their return to the house, Deborah called the other boys downstairs for another group picture. It was, after all, her and George’s one month anniversary. Something Jake thought was stupid and childish, but stood for a brotherly group picture anyway. His father was standing beside his wife acting like a love-sick school boy which further bothered Jake. He forced a smile, surrounded by his brothers, not noticing how much pink Justin was wearing or that he was

wearing his longish *blond* hair in a ponytail. He was too preoccupied with how Joel looked to divert his attention.

Besides the eye makeup and lip gloss that Joel now routinely wore, he was wearing tight black pants and black ramped ankle boots, with a purple and black striped shirt that sat long on his torso, covering his bottom like a shirt dress. His usual black hoodie now seemed somewhat out of place. The plain studs in his earlobes had been replaced with small hoops that matched his lip ring.

“Thank you my darlings,” Deborah gushed. “This picture will look great in our family album. You have been so wonderful this past month that I left each of you a present on your beds.”



It wasn't until he looked at the picture that Jake noticed his youngest brother had gotten his ears pierced, his brown hair had changed into blond and wearing a powder pink silky shirt. For a moment he was taken aback at the abrupt changes.

*Why haven't I noticed that before?* Jake thought, *What's gotten into him? Is everyone in this family going completely bonkers? I don't like it that they are spending so much time in Deborah's salon either. She's got to be behind all this. What and why is she doing this? It just doesn't compute.*

He was so upset he passed on eating the piece of wedding cake that she had saved for this occasion and went to his room. There was a box on his bed with a card. It read, "Jake, *darling*, please wear this for me. Hugs, Deborah."

Slowly, Jake lifted the box's cover off like a demolition man might handle a bomb. Contained inside the box were two items that were unfamiliar to Jake – a navy-blue corset and matching pair of thong panties. Once he realized exactly what they were, he dropped them on the floor, carefully scooping them back into the box with a boot so as not to actually touch them.

*She's lost her bloody mind!* He said to himself as he reached for the soothing sounds of his music player and continued to read from his case law books.

Meanwhile, downstairs, Jake's two siblings had had an entirely different reaction to their stepmother's gift.

"Darlings, how can you expect to learn how to lace up a corset if you don't practice," she scolded them.

The boys weren't enthusiastic, but her logic was flawless, so they agreed. She had Joel strip down first then positioned a black lace-frilled satin corset around his torso. With his pants off, he was embarrassed to be seen wearing his black boy-cut panties by his brother and blushed. He wasn't sure why he was still wearing panties Deborah had given him. He had plenty of boxers in his dresser but none of his were as pretty or felt as good. Just feeling the nylon sliding up his legs sent shivers up his spine.

"Darling, there is no need to feel embarrassed," Deborah said, seeing his blush. "I'm *sure* Justin doesn't mind. Just hold still a moment while I get your corset on."

"Yeah Joel, I'm wearing the same kind of underwear too. Please don't feel bad," Justin piped up while undoing his pants to reveal his skimpy pink panties. Being the youngest and most impressionable of the boys, Justin had fallen under Deborah's sway the fastest. Deborah had told him that sophisticated people always wore comfortable, colorful underwear that didn't bunch when worn under clothing. So what if the material wasn't rough cotton, but soft sensual nylon? Underwear was just underwear. He couldn't argue with her statement. He certainly couldn't wear boxers under the new jeans she had given him. Besides he really liked the secure feeling the more confining underwear gave him.

Joel's corset had underwire demi-cups, with a boned torso and reached to mid-hip. When fully laced, it would draw a waist to twenty inches. With Joel, Deborah managed to get his waist from thirty-two down six inches. With that harsh restriction, Joel was having a hard time breathing, and in some pain.

"I know it's very uncomfortable now, *darling*," Deborah told him, "but it will get much better with time. Believe me when I tell you that you'll come to love and depend on having a corset's firm support all the time. If you take shallow breaths from your chest, it will make breathing easier."

Justin's corset was a bright bubblegum pink. As he was the youngest and a swimmer, she hoped to get his waist down to twenty-three inches from twenty-nine. By the time he was fully laced, Justin was groaning and having a hard time breathing, but she had gotten him to where she wanted. Justin was of two



minds once the corset was fully laced. First, he absolutely loved the hot pink color. The other part of his mind told him he shouldn't be wearing a corset. That part however was drowned out by how sophisticated he looked in it and the gorgeous color.

Neither, for any more than a second, did either of the two boys even question why they were now wearing corsets. If it made their step-mother happy, they didn't even question it. Their minds were now no longer making rational decisions or seeing reality for what it was, and they simply never noticed how differently their brains had begun to work.

“Oh my *darlings* you look positively fantastic in those corsets. So good, in fact, that I want you both to keep wearing them. Of course when wearing corsets, you must also wear stockings and that means you absolutely have to get that ugly hair off your legs. Joel since you've had the longest to adjust to your corset, you'll go first. Have a seat and I'll get the wax warmed,” she instructed. “Justin, stop complaining. You're the athlete in the family and should be used to dealing with some pain. Take smaller breaths and do it from your upper chest.”

Justin wasn't worried about having his leg hair removed. He had done that himself when he was competitively swimming. He had even shaved the sparse hair on his chest. All the guys on the swim team did that to get a split second more speed. His ex-steady girlfriend had even waxed him once before and he knew what to expect. But Joel wasn't so sure, having never done this, however he sat down anyway. Leg hair being ripped out by the roots was painful, then when she decided to do their underarms as well, it brought tears. Even Justin wasn't prepared for that, and joined Joel in tearing up.

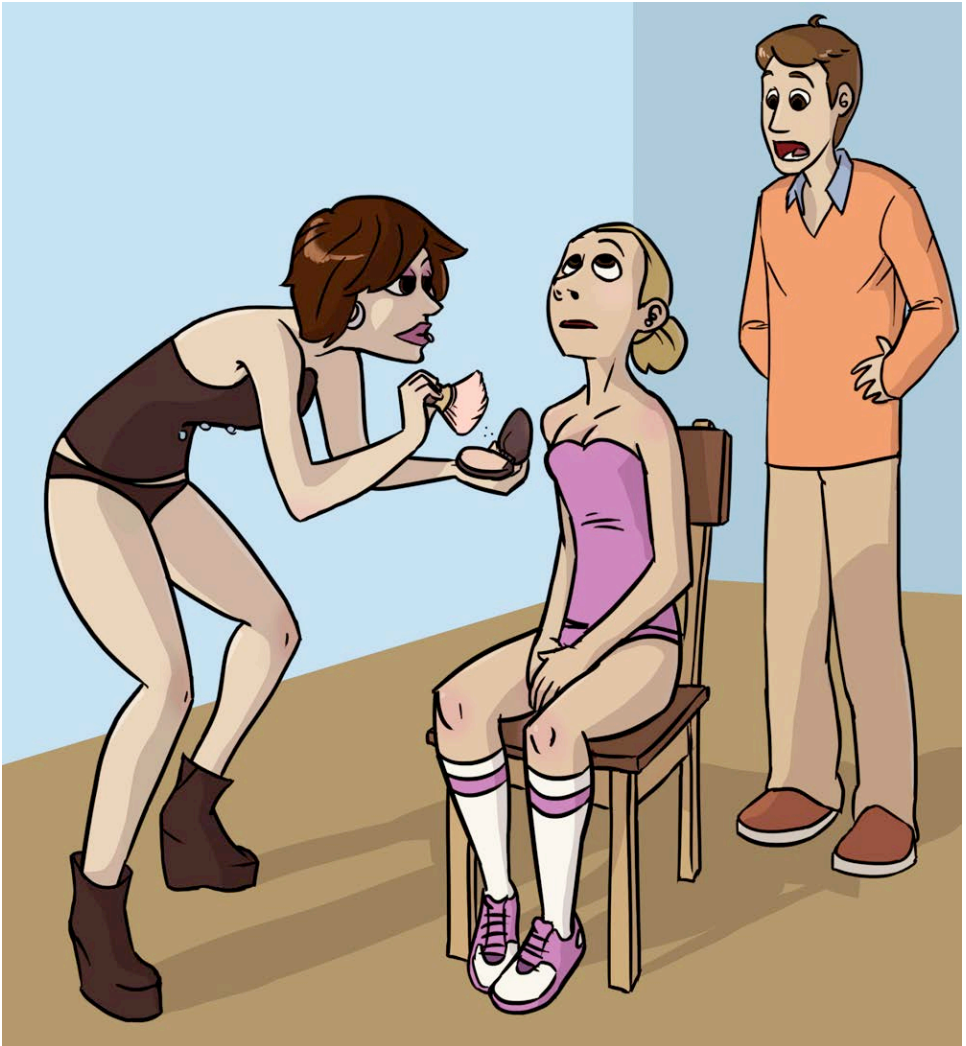
While Justin was getting his hair removed, Joel was busy repairing his tear-ruined makeup. Now, several days after his downstairs salon makeover, he had gotten into the habit of using concealer, foundation and blush daily. He spent at least three hours every day studying the cosmetic training manual his step-mother had provided for him, and was getting much better at it. He liked the purples, plums and dark reds the best which complimented his dark hair.

As he was working on his face, Joel happened to glance down and notice that his flabby chest seemed to fill the A-cups of his new corset. He should have normally been concerned, but instead he oddly seemed to be pleased. Having small breasts actually was a blessing, as it enhanced his image in his eyes. He was convinced that *finally* he would be noticed and no longer overlooked. He was sick and tired of everybody ignoring him. He wanted to be the center of attention for a change. His stepmother had reassured him that he'd never be neglected again.

Having finished with Justin's waxing, Deborah noticed that Joel had also finished fixing his makeup.

“Darling,” she said to him, “Your face always looks so professionally done. I know Justin would *love* to look as sophisticated as you do. Perhaps you can help him with that?”

Justin wasn’t sure what his stepmother had just suggested, as he had been obsessing over his hairless skin, but Joel was already all over it. He sat his brother down in the salon chair and then began to further pluck Justin’s already well-groomed brows. By the time he was finished, they had been shaped into thin, high feminine arches. Picking up a wipe, he cleansed his face before applying any more makeup. A light dusting of loose powder over his face with a hint of matte rose blusher on his cheeks was next.



By now, their eldest sibling had rejoined them. As he watched Joel dust his other brother's face with powder, Jake shouted loudly, "What the hell are you doing now?"

"Go away Jake," Justin spoke softly, still staring at the ceiling as his eyes were lined with a thin black liner and touch of mascara.

"Jake sounds jealous of your sophisticated look Justin," Deborah said, then turned her gaze to Jake, "Would you like to wear some makeup Jake?" Deborah asked, "I'm sure that Joel would be happy to help you with that, if you asked nicely."

"Oh no," Jake recoiled, "Don't even bother asking. I'm not going to be a part of this freak show."

Deborah glared at him disapprovingly.

Jake was not happy. "You've got to be shi... shi..." he tried to yell "shit" but the word just wouldn't form. He and his brothers' had previously used profanity like an everyday adjective, but now he couldn't do it – none of them could. Unable to get the word out, he moved on. "You're nuts! There's no way I'm going to wear makeup. Both you and Justin have totally lost it."

"Jake is that any way to talk to your family members?" Justin butted in. "Now you apologize this instant and do what he asked."

Jake stopped in mid tirade, suddenly stuck dumb. *What? Why do I have this urge to do exactly that? He's my youngest brother and I've always made him do what I wanted. Why do I feel so submissive?*

"I'm sorry for yelling at you Joel. I guess my studies have put me under a strain. Sure, I'll be glad to help you out," he meekly said.

Jake, to his astonishment, sat quietly in the salon chair as Joel gave him a complete makeover with both Deborah and Justin observing. His chestnut hair, while relatively short, had been done up in spikes. With his sideburns shaved into crisp "V's," it gave his hair a feminine look. Joel neatened up the brows and used only a tiny bit of brown liner and mascara on the eyes. A light coating of foundation to even out the complexion and a hint of pink blush followed.

More importantly however, was the fact that from that day forth, Jake was submissive to the other members of the family.

Back in his room a frustrated Jake stared at his reflection unable to comprehend what had happened to his resolve. *Why did I let them do this to me? More importantly, why do I comply with anything they ask of me? I look like a total fruitcake. I've got to get this stuff off and wash my hair,* he thought.

However, instead of stripping off his offending clothing and getting the makeup off, he sat down at his computer, put in the earbuds and turned on his music player.



Several days passed, bleeding into weeks. The two younger brothers were now firmly entrenched in corsets and cosmetics, while Jake maintained his opposition. He continued his studies, though he had given up on case law books to focus more on legal professional magazines. The magazines just seemed to be a tad bit easier to understand than his stuffy books. He surmised that he had been reading too much dry case law and needed a break from it.

On this particular day, after fetching a drink from the kitchen, he had returned to his room to find another mysterious box on his bed from his stepmother. The note atop it, again read “*Darling*, please wear this outfit for our next family portrait later today.”



Jake shook his head. She was persistent, he had to give her that.

He took the lid off the box, expecting another disgusting corset to be inside, but instead he found something different.

The first item was a dark, burnt orange long-sleeved sweater with a wide rounded neckline. Holding it out in front of him with both hands, he shivered. The material felt so luxurious and soft, like nothing he had felt before. At the same time, it felt alien. Like this garment was not made for a man to wear. Checking the label he saw that the material was cashmere. As if in a daze, he pulled off his old sweater, and replaced it with the new one. It felt better than anything he had worn before, but it felt too large on him. No matter how he tried to arrange it, the tight fitting sleeves reached to the first knuckles on his hands and it sat well passed his buttocks to the very top of his thighs.

He turned back to the box and removed the next item. It was a pair of sand colored pants with an elastic waist, no pockets or fly. Pinned to the pants was a pair of white cotton briefs and another note. The note said he would need to wear these if the pants were going to fit correctly. The material again didn't feel quite right, being soft and stretchy with a very narrow waist band. Another tiny chill of fear ran up his spine as he quickly stepped out of his khakis and boxers. The briefs were much softer and lighter than jockeys briefs and didn't have a fly. The new pants were a much tighter fit on the legs and crotch, feeling like they wanted to dig into his ass cheeks. The waistband was higher, just covering his navel and the legs ended just above the ankles.

The last item in the box was a pair of shoes. He looked at the brown leather shoes confused. *Why in the world would I even consider wearing something like this?* he wondered.

The shoes were a wedge style and had a three inch cork heel with a two inch cork sole. The toe was rounded and the top was squared and stopped at the beginning of the arch. The only leather support coming from the sides and heel. Inside the shoes was a pair of nylon footies. Shoes no boy would voluntarily wear

“What the... Why did she give me this?” he said aloud in his empty room. “It looks so... So weird. Who does she think I am? I'm not a fruitcake like my brothers are!”



A bit later, Justin was in his room examining the contents of his gift. Bright pink leotards and bright white opaque tights were first, followed by a dark purple long-sleeved hoodie and pair of white trainers with a wide pink Velcro fastening and raised inside heel. The final item was a dark purple scrunchy.

*What's with the leotards and these crazy pants?* he thought to himself, puzzled.

His note read, "*Darling,*" as soon as he read that on particular word, his eyes glazed over for a second before he continued reading. "I know you are man enough to get away with wearing this. If you don't want to show any underwear lines, wear a thong. The new pants are leggings, and they are going to show off your athletic legs nicely. I hope you love it as much as I do you. Hugs, Deborah."

"Gee, she is so right. I know I'm a man and better than most. I can do this!" he said aloud, picking up a thong from his underwear drawer. Deborah had added the thongs to the mix of garments in his underwear drawer only recently. It wasn't until today that he fully understood their intended use.

It didn't take Justin more than a few minutes to happily change into his new clothing. The thong pressing into his anus felt the like the oddest thing in the world – but not that uncomfortable. The front was wide enough to conceal his package, and the smooth satin front also made his penis pulse as it pressed firmly against it. The skin tight fit of the leggings would take some getting used to. The back seam dug deeply into his butt crack separating and pushing the cheeks up while pulling on his crotch almost painfully. The shoes weren't that much different than his other pair, and the hoodie felt soft and comfortable. He was pleased when he examined his reflection and put the scrunchy on lifting his ponytail higher.

*Deborah was so right about me wearing this. I look fabulous and I don't give a damn what my friends say. They'll be just so jealous,* he said to himself fluffing out his ponytail.

He then set about touching up the shiny new lip-plumping gloss that Joel had given him, before attending to his cheeks and eyes. A new pair of pink hoop earrings were the last things he put on.



Joel had been the last to see his present. His note began with "*Darling,*" As with the other boys, Joel's eyes glazed over momentarily before he continued reading. "I know you are just going to love this outfit. It really makes a statement and tells the world just how special you are. Hugs, Deborah."

The first item was a pair of large six inch silver hoops. He quickly removed his studs, replacing them with the new hoops. A pair of black fishnet stockings followed next, with a pair of black knee high opaque hose with plum welts.

*Guys don't wear stockings,* he thought to himself, *I know Deborah wants me to express my personality and style but...* He paused for a moment, then

changed his mind. *Oh what the heck. She did give me this, and I should at least try them on*, he thought.

He fumbled with the fishnets to get them up. The elasticized tops were a trick at first, but once he added the rest of the outfit, he felt reassured that it would all work out. Deborah wouldn't have suggested it unless it was a good idea. *Would she have?* Adding the black knee-high nylons with the purple welt was a lot easier. He really liked how the mesh hose and nylons made his legs look. Their overall effect reinforced his need to assert his own individuality. The clothing was a stark contrast to his gender, but the tightness just above his hips continued to reassure him. The next item was fairly tame by comparison, as he retrieved a pair of tiny black shorts from the box.

"I guess if I can wear stockings, I can wear these," he mumbled.

As he slid the shorts up his legs and settled them around his hips, a strong shiver of pleasure ran up his spine. The next item was again confusing. It was black with black/plum colored long sleeves and a sweetheart neckline.

"Why this? It is definitely made for a girl. This is getting weirder by the minute... But with what I have on now, I guess I might as well put it on too," he softly said. "No sense in only doing things half-way." The fit was tight, but perfect, as if custom-made just for him.

The final item was a pair of boots. The shoes were mid-calf, black leather stripper boots with a two-inch platform and five-inch spiked heel. He would have to practice a lot to master walking in those heels. Seeing his image, Joel was ecstatic – if for no other reason than the additional height the boots gave him.

*I wasn't sure about all this before, but I most certainly will make a statement wearing this! The boots are tight and pinch my toes, but now I'm the tallest in the family. They won't be ignoring me now!* he thought, as he began to add bold plum colored eye shadow to his lids.

Deborah had a huge smile as the boys came down wearing her gifts. All three were nervous and Jake seemed agitated. "Oh my darlings! You look wonderful," she gushed.

*Wonderful? I feel like a complete dork... But what's gotten into my brothers? Justin's pants are something I've seen the girls wearing at school with the same type hoodie. Joel is totally out there somewhere in space, wearing something like that, and Dad is just standing there making goo-goo eyes at Deborah. This is all too confusing... And why am I just standing here like an idiot?* Jake thought.

"Jake darling, why don't you fetch all of us some champagne. I think a celebration is called for," Deborah said breaking him out of his thoughts.

"Justin and Joel are too young to drink," he replied, trying to resist her command as best he could.

“Oh I think it’ll be okay, just this once. Don’t you agree George?” she said giving Jake a hard stare.

“Of course dear. Whatever you say is fine by me,” his father answered, giving Jake no choice but to comply.

When he returned with the drinks they toasted their family’s ‘success’ – whatever that meant – and took their positions for another photo. Deborah was about to click the shutter when she stopped suddenly with a loud groan. “Oh Jake, you didn’t finish with what was in your box!”

She angrily stomped off upstairs, instructing them all to stay where they were. Moments later, she returned holding a lipstick tube, which she opened and applied to her eldest stepson’s unaccepting mouth.



“If you ruin this for me, so help me god...” she growled in a low voice. “...Darling.” She smiled wickedly.

Jake felt his mouth relax as if by reflex, then felt the smooth coolness of the pale coral lipgloss that she was applying. And a moment later, she snapped her photo of a smiling Justin, intense-looking Joel, and painfully unhappy Jake, all standing beside each other.



As it was still early afternoon, Justin decided to meet up with some of his friends at the mall arcade. He was in a dilemma as he gathered his wallet, cell and keys. His tights didn't have pockets. Deborah stepped up and loaned him one of her black leather purses.

“Darling, use this. I don't mind loaning it to you,” she said.

“But this is a purse!” he exclaimed, as he took it.

“Of course it is. How else will you manage all your things? Besides, a person with all your charm can do it and you look so sophisticated, darling,” she stated, giving him a hug.

“You're so smart, Deborah,” he said. “A purse is exactly what I need. Besides, it's not like it has flowers or lace on it.”

Justin put his stuff into the purse and headed out the door, smiling. He couldn't wait to see his friend's reaction to how great he looked. He was confident in his sophisticated new style, and starting a trend for his friends to try and emulate. Deborah had warned him that they might be jealous and give him some grief over his appearance.

“Jealous?” he chirped in a high lilting tone, “They better be! That's the whole point, right?”

His reception at the arcade didn't go anything like he had expected. He couldn't believe their reaction, and it really bothered him being called “gay,” “faggot” and “queer.” At first, he was scared by their vicious verbal accusations. His old friend Billy hit and shoved him hard. Then Ralph shoved him back over to Billy, who hit him again, called him a faggot and shoved him over to John. John punched him in the stomach and shoved him back, calling him a queer.

“You're the weird ones!” he screamed, “You're all just jealous of how sophisticated I look! If you're those kind of ‘friends’ then I don't want to have anything more to do with you,” he shouted as he stomped his foot as he turned and left.

A couple of tears trickled down his cheeks as he got back into his car. *What do they know? I thought they were my friends. Deborah was so right about them. They just can't stand how fabulous I look,* he thought as he fixed his makeup and headed home.



At home, Jake went back to his room to do some additional studying. Pausing for a moment, he considered getting out of the clothing Deborah had given him, but decided it was too much trouble. He spent at least a couple of hours every day studying in preparation for going back to law school. The better his grades, the better the law firm would be that hired him. He settled in by the computer to read the online versions of the legal magazines he had been reading, and he put in the earbuds figuring some Beethoven would help his concentration. Again, he thought he heard words when there was supposed to be only music. Shaking his head, he turned on his computer and began his studies.

It didn't take long before Jake was just staring at the monitor wondering why he was looking at that dull legal news site. *Gosh, this stuff is just so boring*, he thought, *Why am I wasting my time studying International Maritime Law in the first place? What I really need to do is practice my typing skills, and it wouldn't hurt to learn shorthand. That would be a bigger help taking class notes than this stuff.* With that, he found a website online that would allow him to practice typing, and later, another one that would teach him shorthand.

He told himself that he would go back to his regular mags once he regained his focus. But sadly for the oldest of the Robinson boys, that would never happen.



Back up in his room his room, Joel was very pleased with his new clothing, but not so happy with his eye shadow. He wanted to experiment further with applying eye shadow. Deborah had recommended a web site that had lengthy videos of different looks and techniques. The cosmetics site offered over one hundred eye, lip and facial shades to choose from. Plus it offered a free "Professional Cosmetics Training Manual" that could be downloaded. Joel was almost overwhelmed by what he saw in that training manual.

*Wow! I never guessed putting on makeup had all these complicated steps and all the color choices. I just wanted to work on my eye shadow but guess I better start at the beginning*, he thought as he glanced through the download. He spent the rest of the afternoon learning what colors worked best with his skin tone, hair coloring and how to blend them into a more dramatic look. He liked dramatic looks.



When Justin came home, Deborah saw that he had been crying and rushed to comfort him. It was exactly what she had expected. After he told her of his experience at the arcade, she consoled him full of mock concern and affection. It didn't take her long to reaffirm that his so-called friends were obviously very jealous. She suggested that what he needed to do was work even harder at being as sophisticated as possible. It would be his best way to show them just how lame they were.

"Besides, darling, you can always make new friends who appreciate you," she said, giving him a hug then continuing, "Justin darling, look at how Joel has progressed and how happy he is. You know you need to make the same kind of statement."

"Exactly like him?" Justin asked.

"No darling, not a Goth look like his. I mean something more subtle and gentle. I think that if you polished up your look with some cosmetics and let your hair grow out some more you'd look fabulous. Why don't you join me and Joel in my salon in the morning and we'll see what we can do?"

As she sent Justin off to his room, Deborah was more than pleased. Justin's friends could have been a major problem interfering with her plans. Keeping him isolated from them would only work for so long. The other boys, Jake and Joel, not having any close friends were much easier to deal with. She didn't have a lot of time, but the progress of her plan was moving better than expected. Both Joel and Justin had readily adapted to her programming. Tomorrow she would see just how far she could push the two younger brothers. Jake could wait a bit longer, as he hadn't listened to his music as long as the others, and was showing more resistance.

*He's just like his father, she thought, the stubborn old coot. But I broke him, and I'll do the same with Jake.*



In the days that followed, Deborah began spending a lot more time working with both Joel and Justin. A lot of time was spent teaching them how to sit properly while using a toilet. Next was everything from how to prepare a bubble bath to performing a morning and nighttime facial. Even more time was spent teaching them makeup techniques and how to create different hair styles. Joel was especially impressive with what he already knew from his downloads, but it took hands-on teaching to obtain maximum effect. Of course, their wardrobes had to be changed, and a bit more time was spent buying new clothing and underthings.

"My darlings," she said the next morning, "I think it's time to expand your wardrobes. With the corsets your clothing just doesn't fit right and I'm sure

you're tired of washing the same underwear every night. Plus, you two have been cooped up in the house too long. Come on, let's do some serious shopping."

The boys were more than happy to go out and get some new clothing. Deborah was right, their restricted waists made most of what they had unwearable, and the recent gifts Deborah had given them were the only things that fit.

Even though both boys could consciously grasp that shopping was a chore they had always dreaded in the past, something inside of them was pushing them onward, making them feel excited and energized at the prospect of getting new clothes. That feeling lasted up until they actually arrived at the mall, and their first stop was the frilliest, laciest and raciest lingerie retailer.

Neither boy had ever gone into a store like that before, though in recent weeks both had inexplicably stopped to stare into the windows at the lovely displays. Before Deborah had joined them, such stores were taboo for any male, which they were, but imagining them on their girlfriend was okay. Now, even with their new outlook on life, both still harbored feelings of unease entering the store.

Deborah noticed their unease and put her arms around their narrowed waists as they neared the entrance. "My darlings, there's nothing to worry or be ashamed about going in here. You need underwear and this shop specializes in that. There is absolutely nothing wrong in wanting to wear colorful and silky underthings," she said.

They were still a bit nervous as she led them over to the racks of panties on display. Justin and Joel, dressed and wearing makeup, both appeared to the rest of the world as somewhat flat-chested girls. Joel because of his flamboyant look did receive more glances but no one questioned that they weren't probably female.

Justin loved seeing all the pink in the store as it was now his most favorite color and the variety and styles of thongs, his new preferred style of panty, even more. He wound up with an armful of thongs mostly in shades of pink, white and lavender. Some had lacy overlays and one pair had a translucent knife-pleated short skirt. Joel preferred hip-hugger styles in shades of purple and violet. In addition to the panties, Deborah insisted they get new 'undershirts.' Each boy soon had another armful of colorful lace-frilled camisoles.

Deborah was a bit concerned as they approached the checkout counter. This was the moment when she feared the clerk would discover who her customers actually were. If that happened, the best she could hope for was that the girl didn't make a scene. As they piled the large heap of lingerie onto the checkout counter, the sales girl smiled broadly. The size of the sale she was ringing up kept her from looking too closely at her customers. Deborah let out a sigh of relief as they exited. She knew the boys were very passable but there was al-



ways a tinge of doubt that they would either say or do something wrong. They passed this test admirably – but the next stop would be the final test. It was a dance wear shop.

“My darlings, listen carefully. I’ve decided since your bodies are still adjusting to your corsets that we should hold off purchasing too many new outfits. Instead, I think we should get something that can be worn all the time and will adjust to your changing bodies like the leotards you already have.”

Justin and Joel nodded silently, and followed their stepmom to the dance wear shop, which was in a side corridor and had very few customers. Again, Deborah tensed up as a sales clerk approached, but apparently the clerk took them at face value. The size of their purchase put away any doubts the clerk might have had. Justin had several leotards in shades of pink with an equal number of opalescent white tights and fuzzy powder-pink leg warmers. Joel’s leotards were in shades of purple.

A stop in a shoe store on the way out of the mall for Joel didn’t take long. Deborah purchased a pair of black thigh high five-inch spike heeled leather boots with a one-inch platform. She was tempted to have him wear them out of the store, but decided against it. They would take some time to get used too.

Watching her transformed stepson Justin, Deborah snickered quietly. Justin was looking at several different pairs of shoes, but nothing caught his eye. *A few more weeks and I’ll be trying to stop him from buying too much at once,* she chuckled to herself.

The final stop of the day was at the specialty shop where she had purchased the corsets. This time, she had them fitted with new corsets that could be trimmed down to eighteen inches. At this point in their figure training there was no way she could get them down to such a degree. However, at the rate they were going, it wouldn’t be that far into the future. As soon as she had gotten back from her honeymoon with George, she had insisted upon a new diet for her stepchildren, and they would soon be dramatically thinner. That, plus starting them on an aerobics program every morning would make her goal of eighteen inches achievable.

Both boys were feeling a little dubious about some of the clothing purchases that had been made that day. Especially the nylon panties and leotards. They both knew that boys didn’t wear panties, but then-again, some boys *did* wear leotards. Dancers for example. At least that’s what Deborah had convinced them when started to act resistant to her suggestions. She also explained that panties were much better than boxers, as the boy’s underwear tended to bunch up under their snug fitting clothes, were made of much coarser and more uncomfortable materials, and in general were so incredibly ‘drab.’

“Satin and nylon just feel so much better darlings. Please wear them for me,” she said as she drove back home. “You’ll realize soon enough just how precious

they feel. As for the leotards, Justin you love the color of pink darling, so what's wrong getting leotards in the colors you like. Joel the same goes for you. You're into purples. Plus wearing leotards around the house with some nice tights are easier to care for and less restricting. Think of how much easier it will be in our morning aerobics class? Won't it be fun?"

They both knew it was wrong, but it made them feel so confused and troubled. It was much easier just to agree with Deborah. The brothers sighed and smiled up at their Stepmother. "Yes Ma'am. You're right"

She always was.



Later, as the boys were putting away their new clothing, Deborah was sitting at the kitchen table with a cup of herbal tea. The shopping trip went exceedingly well and she was pleased they had passed some major hurdles. Justin and Joel were coming along wonderfully. Jake however, was a completely different story. She had figured from very early on that she was going to have a problem with the eldest boy, but never conceived it would be this difficult. He was fighting her every step of the way. Eventually, she would have to deal with Jake, but first she needed to talk to George.

As Justin and Joel pranced around the house wearing corsets under their leotards with full makeup, Jake was having fits. His outrage and complaints, however, did no good as everyone else simply ignored him. When he confronted his father once again about how absurd his brothers were acting and dressing, George told him to mind his own business.

"Look Jake, you need to loosen up," he demanded. "You've become very uptight lately and I'm getting tired of your constant complaining. I know lawyers are supposed to be straight-laced but you're carrying it to extremes. Your brothers are just experimenting with their personal styles and seem very happy. You could use them as an example believe it or not. Now mind your own business and stop complaining so much."

"Dad?" He replied, "What's gotten into you? It's like you've turned into a completely different person. Can't you see what that woman is doing to my brothers? It's not normal. It's perverted. How can you let them prance around the house, dressed and acting like a couple of sissy-fairies, without raising a single objection?"

"They are expressing themselves Jake..." George tried to interject, but was cut off by his angry son.

"Express themselves?" he cried, "Before Deborah came into our lives you never, ever, in a million years, would have tolerated that kind of 'expression.'"

It's like she's made you lose your mind Dad! Is it just me? Am *I* the crazy one? Have *I* lost my mind? Or has *everybody* else lost theirs?"

George just shrugged, causing Jake to simply sigh and walk away muttering. He returned back up to his room, slammed his door shut and went back to practicing his typing.



Over the ensuing week, Deborah decided to make Jake her focus. She purchased him tighter fitting pants that hugged his thighs and emphasized his butt, and made sure he knew he was expected to wear them.

Instead, all he did was complain.

New long-sleeved cashmere sweater tops in earth-toned colors and several pairs of ramped shoes followed next, but again, nothing but complaints. Deborah had also replaced all his boxers with ultra-soft cotton brief-cut panties. Most were plain white but some had small coral flower or dot patterns. She made sure he kept his nails clean, filed, shaped and polished with glossy varnish. He wasn't happy with what she was giving him, or showing him, but he complied. He particularly disliked having to file and paint his nails.

But as much as he complained about what she was making him do, he could not resist her commands. Occasionally, he would put on a pair of his old khakis just to seem defiant. But for some strange reason, they felt very uncomfortable. If forced him to admit the truth, that he preferred his new form-fitting slacks.

To ease his growing frustration, he began using his earbuds even more often to try and better his mood with music. By weeks end, his anger had subsided somewhat. As a peace offering, Deborah suggested a shopping trip. Jake scoffed at the idea at first, but eventually gave in.

"Fine!" he groaned, "But I won't let you get me anything stupid or girly like my brothers are wearing!"

Deborah chuckled, "Absolutely..." she replied, then turned to leave, muttering under her breath, "...not."

The two of them ventured out to get Jake some new pants. This time, they were even tighter than anything he had worn before. Most of the pairs he tried on rode low on his hips, hugged his ass, and separated and defined his ass cheeks. The new pants seemed to be painted on from the hips down, yet in sand and faded tangerine colors, still appeared masculine enough to satisfy Jake's need that they not be like anything his brothers would wear.

Upon their return, Deborah announced to the family that Jake would be serving the family at meal times from now on.