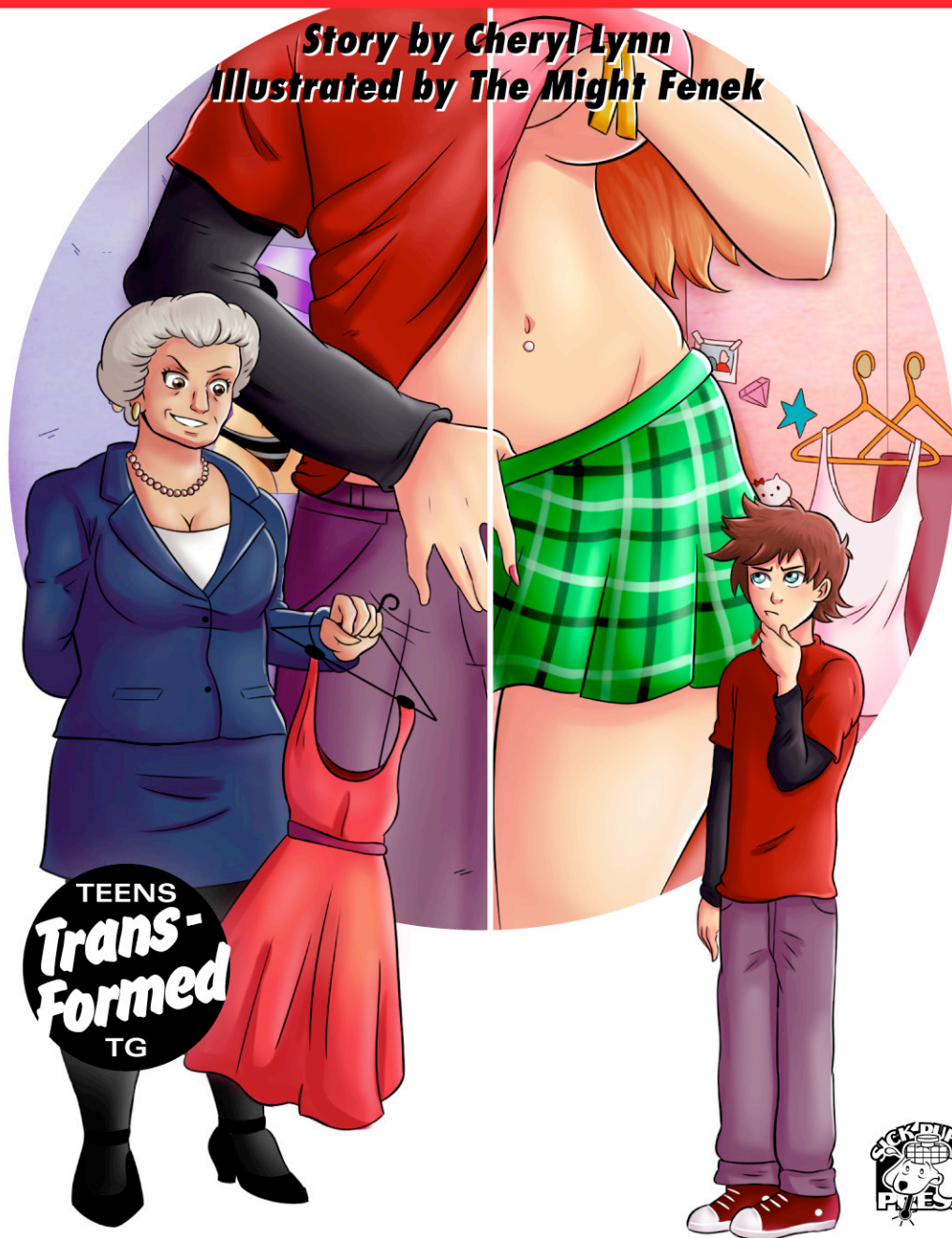


ADULTS ONLY

70 pages **16** illustrations

CREATING SAMANTHA

Story by Cheryl Lynn
Illustrated by The Might Fenek



TEENS
**Trans-
Formed**
TG



C H E R Y L L Y N N

CREATING SAMANTHA

**Story by Cheryl Lynn
Illustrations by The Might Fenek
A Teens Transformed Story**



2017 Digital Edition

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CREATING SAMANTHA

Samuel Eckles was fourteen when his life took a one hundred and eighty degree turn. Up until then he was an average teenaged boy with typical dreams and aspirations. He wanted a driver's license, he wanted to learn to be a fighter jet pilot and he wanted a sick hot girlfriend to show off. He was the only child of a very successful upper middle class family. His father, William, was a civil engineer specializing in roads and bridges, requiring extended travel. Samuel's mother was a family law attorney. It was the ideal suburban family, but like all families that appear solid to the outside world, the reality was a little different.

Shortly after the start of the New Year, Samuel's mother ran off with another man, leaving behind divorce papers. The note she left with the papers stated she never wanted to have anything to do with her husband William or Samuel ever again. The abrupt departure left William devastated and Samuel stunned and confused. He had always felt that his mother was cold and distant to him, but he never suspected she would just leave one day, and he was shattered.

William, emotionally distraught, had to take time off from his work. He had known that his wife was going to divorce him at some point, as they had been just going through the motions for years, still, it was a shock when it finally happened. The divorce was one thing, but Samuel was going to be a major problem. With his frequent and sometimes lengthy traveling, he was in no position to care for his son. On course, these prolonged absences were one of the main reasons his wife left him in the first place. At this point, all William wanted to do was get away from the memories of his failed marriage, but he had Samuel to worry about. His next project was in the jungles of South America and there was no way for him to bring Samuel. That left him with two options — send Samuel to a boarding school or find a responsible adult to watch over him. His parents were elderly, with his mother in poor health, and she lived clear across the country. His wife's parents were deceased. William decided his best option was to send his son to a good boarding school.

One day, William had to face his son and tell him. So on a sunny day in May, he called Samuel in to the living room and sat him down. "Samuel," he said, "I have to get back to work and I can't just leave you by yourself." He could see the puzzled expression on his child's face, and it was breaking his heart. "Here are some brochures from very good boarding schools I picked up. Go through them and let me know which one you would like to go to."

"Boarding school?" Samuel yelled. He couldn't believe his father would do this to him. "You've got to be kidding me Dad! No way! I don't want to leave all my friends! No! Not now, when I'm finally going to high school!" He angrily tossed the pamphlets to the floor and ran to his room in tears.

Well, that idea went over like a lead balloon, William thought. I better pick one even if he'll hate me for doing this. I can't see any other choice. God knows it's been tough on him, but he's a good kid. I can only hope he'll forgive me one day. Placing the brochures in front of him, and fanning them out on the coffee table, he was at a loss. *Can't really tell much about any of these schools though. They all look pretty much the same, and they certainly aren't going to say anything about their shortcomings. Maybe I should consult someone that could recommend the best one. Someone who really knows education.*



“Mr. Cunningham? William Eckles. I was told you’re the school counselor,” William said. It was a couple of days later, and he was picking up his son after school. He used the opportunity to drop in on the counselor assigned to his son for advice.

Harold Cunningham wearily put down his phone as he looked up at the man who had just stuck his head in his door. Mr. Cunningham had just finished having yet another heated argument with his mother-in-law. “Yes... Um... Yes. Oh, you’re Sam’s father, aren’t you?”

“Do you have a moment? I was hoping you could help me.”

“That’s my job,” Harold said, waving Mr. Eckles inside. “Have a seat.”

William sat and leaned forward. “I find myself a single father now, and I have to travel for work. Without a lot of option, I’m afraid I’ll have to send Samuel off to boarding school. My son absolutely hates the idea, but I have little choice. His only grandparents live clear across the country and are in poor health. The only other option is to hire someone to look after him, but that’s not realistic. I don’t know anyone that I could trust to do that.” He took the boarding school pamphlets out of his coat pocket and put them down on the counselor’s desk. “Do you have the time to help me select the best boarding school from these?”

Mr. Cunningham hadn’t listened very intently to what William had to say about his situation. He had troubles of his own, after all. But when Mr. Eckles brought up the idea of hiring someone to look after Samuel, the counselor paid full attention. As William’s story unfolded, an idea formed in Harold’s mind. *Shit!* He thought to himself. *I think I have a way to get ‘The Bitch’ out of my house — finally! I just have to find a way to get this guy to buy it.*

Despite his calm and professional demeanor, Mr. Cunningham was an angry and conniving sort of man. He had been even more bitter due his recent home life. ‘The Bitch’ in question was Mr. Cunningham’s mother-in-law, Margo. She had moved in with them two years ago. She had quickly established in Cunningham’s mind that the woman was a royal, haughty, cunt, and reinforced

it every single day, with her demands becoming intolerable. Her constant need to be in control over his wife and their life was more than he could stand.

Now, he had a golden opportunity. If he could get William to hire Margo, he could get her out of the house, give her someone else to worry about and still keep his wife happy by having her in the local area. Then there was the added plus of not having to pay her expenses anymore.

Margo was indeed everything Mr. Cunningham thought of her — and more. She was in her mid-fifties, tall, almost six feet in her two-inch heels and big. Not fat, just big-boned. Her personality matched her physical form, being strongly opinionated and demanding. She was used to giving orders and having them followed. For most of her adult life she was a physical education teacher, and had worked in several public schools before obtaining a position in a private school for girls as her most recent job. Due to her frequent moves and the low pay, she hadn't managed to accrue any retirement benefits or much savings.

She was referred to as “The Hulk” by her students. An apt nickname as she was both big and quick-tempered. After a very bitter marriage and divorce, Margo had developed a strong, almost pathological distaste for the male population. Two years ago she was dismissed from her last teaching job under questionable circumstances, and the rumor running around campus was Margo had been caught in a relationship with one of the students. With no job, income or any real savings, she was invited to move in with them by Mr. Cunningham's wife.

“William,” Mr. Cunningham said, in a calm and thoughtful tone, “I think I have an answer to your problem that will let Samuel stay here. I know of a person with excellent qualifications to look after your son — a former teacher, as a matter of fact.”



At first, Margo wasn't that interested about moving into a stranger's house to watch over a teenaged boy. However, when William mentioned the \$2,000-a-month salary including room and board, she was begrudgingly willing to see the house and meet Samuel.

Upon seeing the nice old house, well-furnished with antiques, she became very interested indeed. It was a far better place than her son-in-law's squalid little hovel, in her opinion. When she saw the large bedroom reserved for her use, she had already made up her mind. By the time she met Mr. Eckles' wimpy-looking son, who would be a pushover for her to control, she was already mentally moved into the house. So she accepted the position — with conditions.

Those conditions were simple enough. She had to have legal power of attorney over Samuel in all matters, she insisted. In addition, she needed access to enough money for household expenses and other contingencies for which she wouldn't have to justify. Her final condition was to hire a maid as she wasn't going to do house work.

I hate how I'm living now and it would be nice to get away, she thought, as she toured the house. *My daughter and that prick of a husband are a real pain in the ass. Samuel is a wimp if I ever saw one and shouldn't cause any problems. This bedroom is twice the size of that cramped guest room I'm living in. Having spending money and the use of his luxury car isn't bad either. I can make this really work for me.*

"Mr. Eckles, I'm just not going to explain every nickel and dime I spend on taking care of Samuel or the house. If you trust me to raise your child, then you can trust where I spend the money. Why I need that power of attorney should be self-explanatory. I'll do the cooking but not household chores. For that you can let me hire a maid," she stated.

William, for his part, wasn't all that happy with Margo. He felt belittled in her presence, as her every mannerism and the tone in her voice exuded an air of superiority. Personality aside, though, she was obviously well-qualified, even over-qualified. Her resume looked good, she had no criminal record and could obviously take care of herself. Mr. Cunningham, her son-in-law, had given excellent references. Still, he didn't like her dominant and arrogant personality, and knew Samuel was going to like it even less. He hadn't planned on hiring a maid either, but with little other choice, he agreed to her demands. As far as the power of attorney went, it was a legitimate request. If Samuel got hurt she would need it if he couldn't be reached which was very likely. His next big project was in Columbia for anywhere between eighteen months and two years. The only way he could be contacted was through satellite phones and that would be iffy in the jungle-covered mountains.

Predictably, Samuel wasn't at all pleased over what his father was doing, but he figured it was better than going to some boarding school. Besides, he knew his father loved him and wouldn't leave him in the company of someone who couldn't be trusted.

I don't need anyone watching or ordering me about, he thought. *No way is she going to be as bad as she comes off right now. This tough act has to be for show. The minute Dad leaves, I bet she'll have her feet up on the couch and watching TV. Oh well, I don't have much choice. Guess I can put up with her until he gets back. School's out at the end of the week and it's not like I'm going to be spending a lot of time in the house anyway.*





Margo moved in on a Sunday, with five old-fashioned hard-cased pieces of luggage beside her. William was scheduled to leave early Monday morning and Samuel was out of school for the summer. That day was a bit strained with all the activity, but passed without any major blow-ups. Samuel was embarrassed when he grappled with one of her suitcases. He managed to get it just off the floor, puffing and huffing as he struggled. She came up to him and using one hand took it from him as if it weighed nothing.

“What a little pussy,” was her only comment.

There was little conversation other than finalizing the arrangements at the supper table that night. Later, William said his goodbyes as he was leaving for the airport early the next morning. “Look son, I’m not entirely happy about this either, but you didn’t leave me with much choice. Your grandparents live clear across the country and are too old to care for you. Do what Margo tells you and stay out of trouble, because if this doesn’t work out, you’ll probably have to go to one of those boarding schools. Understand? Now promise me to be good and I’ll check up on things when I have a chance.”

"Yeah, sure, Dad. Whatever," Samuel replied dismissively, as typical teenagers often do. In a way, he was glad to see his dad go and get on with his summer without a parent.



It was Monday morning, and Samuel was awakened by Margo at seven, way earlier than he planned. She entered his room without knocking, threw open the drapes, letting the bright sunshine in, then told him breakfast was ready. Opening his eyes he glanced at the alarm clock and groaned.

"Why so early? I'm on vacation and want to go back to sleep. Mom never bothered me," he said turning away from the offending light, planning on doing just that.

"I'm not your mother for one thing," she said, sternly. "I said, get up and dressed. You have chores to get done! If you think I'm going to let you sleep all day like a little princess forget it. Now move your butt," she gave his bottom a hard swat.

"Alright, alright I'm friggin up already!" He then realized what she had just done. "You friggin hit me! You can't do that," he screamed.

Before he could say anything more, Samuel was half dragged, half carried, across the floor into the bathroom. There, he was bent over the sink and a bar of soap crammed into his mouth. Margo worked it completely into his mouth, leaving small chunks behind.

"I will not under any circumstances tolerate hearing cuss words coming from your filthy mouth," she shouted, holding him by the scruff of his neck. "Not only that, you will never speak to me in a loud voice again! You will do and act like I demand when I tell you, or face punishment. Do you understand me?"

All Samuel could do was nod his head as his stomach churned. The smell, taste and bits of soap going down his throat were nauseating. Never in his life had he been subject to such punishment. He had only been punished once before, just three swats of his dad's belt and that occurred long ago. When she finally relented, he stuck his mouth under the faucet, but he thought he would never get rid of the soap's taste or smell no matter how long he rinsed.

If Samuel thought waking up was an ordeal, it was only the beginning. For breakfast, he had a small bowl of oatmeal and glass of orange juice. Then he was put to work. First, he had to place all the dishes into the washer after rinsing them off. Back in his room, he had to make the bed and vacuum the floor, then do the same in the master bedroom. He didn't protest doing the dishes but grumbled under his breath. Making the beds and vacuuming were something else altogether, and he expressed his objections.

"You want me to make my bed, then do the friggin floor? I've never made my bed, and I've never touched the vacuum cleaner — and I never will!" he shouted.

"Looks like you're a slow learner, and a whiner as well," she said grabbing his elbow and leading him back into the bathroom. "Guess you need another lesson." She was such a large person, Samuel stood no chance of getting free from her once she had him in her grip.

Tears flowed freely down his face from the spanking, and he tossed up breakfast into the commode from the soap. "What did I tell you about cussing, using a loud voice and not doing what you are told?" she scolded. "You're acting worse than those prissy girls I had while teaching. Heck, those girls took three of my best with a paddle and not cried as much as you are. You're such a pathetic sissy."

The rest of the day didn't get any better for Samuel. With the bedrooms done, he had to dust, then vacuum the rest of the house. Lunch was a tuna salad, three crackers and a large glass of water. Again, he had to rinse then put the dishes into the washer. In the process, he splashed his shirt, so Margo tied a frilly bib apron around his waist. It was one of his mother's special ones that she had worn for guest dinners. The apron was made of apricot organza with a dark peach floral decoration embroidered on the bib and ruffle frilled. Margo made him wear it for the rest of the day as she instructed him in household chores.

Supper was no better than his other meals: chicken salad, rice cakes and water. He wanted to say something about her meal choices but dared not. He could still taste the soap. With supper finished and the dishwasher turned on, Samuel hoped his day of misery was over. All he wanted to do was get away from this evil woman and crash in his room. To his delight, Margo finally untied the apron and dismissed him.

"Hang your apron on the back of the pantry door, take out the garbage then you can go," she stated.

It's not 'my' apron, he thought, doing as told. With the apron hung, Samuel went over to the refrigerator and took out a can of soda. He was about to open it when Margo stopped him.

"Just what do you think you're doing?" Margo said, aghast. "Don't you know any better? That stuff is like battery acid! Put it in the trash along with any others in the house. As a matter of fact, I noticed a lot of unhealthy things that need to be trashed like all those bags of chips. Grab one of those large trash bags and bring it here," she stated, going to the pantry.

Samuel could only watch in horror as his beloved chips, candy bars and other snacks filled the plastic bag along with all the sodas. He was surprised when she added bread, pancake mix and other things from the pantry before moving to

the refrigerator. By the time Margo was finished, two large garbage bags had been filled.

“Tomorrow I’ll go shopping. From now on, only nutritional and healthy food will be allowed in this house,” she stated. “No more fats, sugars or refined flour for you.” She smirked when she looked at her charge. “From that scowl I see on your face, you aren’t happy, but in time you will love whole wheat and soy instead of red meat.”

Dad, what have you done? Samuel thought, as he carried the bags to the trash cans. *This woman is out of her friggin mind!*

Finally left alone in his room, Samuel was too exhausted to play his video games. Instead, though still early, he decided to go to bed. He was just too tired and every muscle ached from all the physical activity. Normally, his most physical workout was with his fingers as they danced over the game controller. He shucked off his jeans and tee shirt, tossing them haphazardly to the floor. He went into his bathroom, thought for a moment about taking a shower but was too tired. Then, in his boxers, he slid under the covers. It had been the most terrible day in his life and all he wanted to do was sleep and forget it.



Margo sat down on the couch with a glass of wine and hit the remote. She selected the History channel, but she really wasn’t paying much attention. Her thoughts were on more important matters.

I wasn’t all that thrilled about taking this job, she thought to herself. *This is just glorified babysitting. I’m a tenured educator with a degree! This is boring as watching a brick wall. Much more of this and I’ll be driven stark raving mad. I should have demanded more money!*

As she watched old, grainy black and white film of German offensives in WWII, Margo began to think. *But if I make that wimpy Samuel do all the housework, I can pocket the money for a maid. ‘Samuel?’ Ha! From the way he whines and complains sounds more like a prissy Samantha to me.* She scratched her chin in a moment of realization. *Now that’s an idea... It’s a little crazy, but not impossible... Maybe this job won’t be so boring after all...*

Margo didn’t get much sleep that night as her mind continued to race, expanding on her earlier thoughts. As she thought about what she was going to do, something unexpected happened — she became sexually excited. That night, she did another thing she hadn’t done in a long time. Margo extended three fingers down between her legs and masturbated. As she reached one of the most satisfying climaxes of her life, an image formed in her mind that took her over the top.



Tuesday morning, Samuel was snoring away, when he was rudely woken. This time not by harsh sunlight, but a sharp stinging pain on his butt quickly followed by two more. His pleasant dream of seeing Margo carted off in a straitjacket dissipating into nothingness as tears of pain formed in his eyes.

“Wha... What was that for?” he stammered, seeing Margo standing over him with a shoe in her hand.

“For one thing, leaving your clothing on the floor,” she growled. “And... from the smell of you... for not taking a bath. Stop that sniveling and get up! Get those dirty clothes off the floor and put them in the hamper while I get your bath started,” she ordered.

Oh God, he thought, rubbing his behind and getting out of bed. This is starting out worse than yesterday... and... a bath? She actually said ‘bath.’ I don’t take baths. She must have meant ‘shower.’

Entering the bathroom, he was surprised to see a growing pile of multi-colored bubbles forming in the tub. There was also a sweet fragrance in the air that made his nose wrinkle. He was about to say something when she asked him a question.

“Why aren’t you wearing pajamas?”

“Huh? I just sleep in my boxers. Don’t have any pajamas,” he replied.

“That’s not proper when there is a lady around. I’ll take care of it when I go shopping today. Now get into the tub. We have plenty to do today. You have thirty minutes,” she answered leaving the room.

Samuel thought about ignoring the bath and jumping into the shower but decided to just do it. Margo seemed to be in a bad mood to begin with, and his butt still stung.

No sense in making my day any worse, he thought, stepping into the froth of bubbles.

After another meager breakfast, Margo had him put on his apron. This morning Samuel was directed to strip the beds and taught how to do the laundry. Once the washer was running, she showed him how to make the beds using fresh linens. That task completed, it was time to put the washed linens into the dryer. With that accomplished, she had him mop and wax the kitchen’s linoleum floor. As he started doing that, she told Samuel what more was expected of him. “Once you finish with the floor I want you to wipe down the counter tops and all the cabinets. I have to go to the grocery and run some errands. Do a good job or you’ll feel my shoe again,” she stated grabbing her purse and leaving.

Samuel was standing, staring through the window as the car left the driveway. For a moment, only a brief moment, he thought about saying ‘fuck it’ and going out to meet his friends for some video gaming. Once the car was out of sight, he removed the yellow rubber gloves, quickly followed by the apron, and headed out the door.

“Shit! I’m fed up with all her crazy demands. Its summer, vacation time and I’m going to have some fun,” he said as the door slammed behind him.

Getting on his bike, he hesitated, but then shaking his head, started off to David’s house. David, his long-time friend for several years, and shared the same classes in junior high. David lived a couple of miles away, but getting away from the house worth the effort, in Samuel’s opinion. His best friend had the latest “Grand Theft Auto” and Samuel was looking forward to beating David’s ass.



She’s going to be so pissed when she gets back and finds me gone, but what the heck! He thought as he peddled down the street. I’ll just call her later and tell her I’m spending the night with David. Screw her!

Margo’s first stop was a nearby mall. At Macy’s, she found what she was looking for and made several purchases. Besides pajamas she bought a dozen tee shirts and six pairs of shorts in the young teen’s department. She added three pair of lowrider skinny jeans while she was at it. She wasn’t satisfied with the underwear in the boys’ department, so Margo went to the lingerie section, where she selected a dozen pair of cotton brief panties. The panties were unadorned mostly in soft pastel colors. Her next stop was the drug store, where she filled the small cart she carried. The final stop was at what she called the “whole paycheck” grocery where she filled the cart. Normally she only purchased a few items there but this wasn’t her money. It was William Eckles’ money, and she didn’t mind spending that on wholesome organic food. Driving

home, she had a big smile knowing how much Samuel wouldn't like what she had gotten.

Since he acts like a prissy girl then he should look more like one, she thought.

Grabbing the Macy's bags from the back seat, Margo intended to have Samuel bring in all the others. When she entered the kitchen, to say that she was mad would indeed be an understatement. Seeing the mop, gloves and apron scattered on the linoleum floor and no sign of him, her face turned red and looked to explode.

"That little shit! How dare he disobey me like this? If he thinks he can get away with this... Well, he's in for a very unpleasant surprise," she fumed.

After putting everything away and getting back into her car, her anger had changed into determination. *I'll show him,* she thought. *I didn't intend to go this far, but he earned everything coming to him.*

It was a little after seven when Samuel finally called to tell Margo he was staying over at David's. He was very surprised that she didn't say 'no' or give him any argument. Instead, she asked for the address where he was, and that she would pick him up at ten in the morning.

"Guess I showed her," he said, as he smirked and hung up.

In fact Margo was actually happy that he called to say he was spending the night with his friend. She wasn't finished with what she was doing, and still had much to do. She spent most of her time on the computer searching the internet. As she browsed through it, began finding web sites that made her perk up.

Sakes alive, she thought to herself. *I hadn't given thought to doing this or going so far, but these sites are giving me plenty of great ideas. Looks like babysitting won't be so boring after all...*

Margo made good use of the credit card William had given her as she made her way through the sites. It was almost midnight when she stopped, rubbing her tired eyes exhausted.

Gracious! I never expected so much. Those drugs I got from that Canadian company were expensive, but if they work like they promised, it's well worth it, she thought, heading to her bed. *And who would have thought they even make hypnotic CDs that can alter a person's personality when listened to as they sleep. I'm not sure about the promises they made, but what the heck.* She glanced at a clock. *It's almost midnight. No wonder I'm so tired.*



While Samuel was waiting to be picked up, the pleasure he had felt from for his brief escape to freedom began fading as he thought about the

repercussions. Margo's threat to use her shoe on his backside was the primary cause for that worry. He was surprised, even shocked, when she showed up just before ten with a big smile on her face. She even chatted with David's mom while he gathered his things and put his bike into the trunk. While she didn't say anything on the drive back to the house, her smile began to gnaw on him.

I thought she would be busting my ass, he thought, but she's been smiling the whole time. She hasn't said a word about me running off, either. I think this is the first time I've seen her smiling... and it's giving me the creeps.

She finally spoke as they were getting out of the car. "Take your dirty things and put them in the utility room then go to your room. I'll be there shortly. I'll put your bike up," she bluntly stated, moving to the trunk.

She took the bike and rolled it over to a corner. Going to the workbench, she found a utility knife and slit both tires. "Let's see the little wimp run off again," she said to herself, heading into the house as the garage door closed.

Margo was barely inside the kitchen door when she heard, from upstairs, "What the fuck!" Samuel yelled. "What has that bitch done to my room!" Hearing that, her smile broadened as she removed the leather belt from around her waist.

"Time for us to reach an understanding of who's in charge here, wimp," she said softly, heading to his room.



The next morning, Samuel's alarm went off waking him from a troubled sleep. "It's only Thursday. She hasn't been here a week and look what she's done to me. I should have gone to one of those boarding schools. They couldn't be worse than this," he groaned getting out of bed.

For a few moments he just stood looking around his room and rubbing his butt through his new pajamas. His bottom didn't hurt, but he remembered the pain from last night. Shuddering, he headed to the bathroom. There Samuel pulled down the front zipper of his new fuzzy polyester pajamas. They were a hooded and footed jumper style in a powder pink color. The pajamas were almost as bad as what she had done to his room.

Going to the linen closet he removed a container of bath beads and tossed several of them into the tub, just as he had been told to do. As the tub began filling, the heady aroma of lilacs and lavender hit him like a two-by-four. After yesterday's punishment and mouth washing, he wasn't about to cross Margo again, and eased himself into the bath. Picking up a new bar of pink Camay soap and wash cloth began his new bathing routine. A routine she taught him

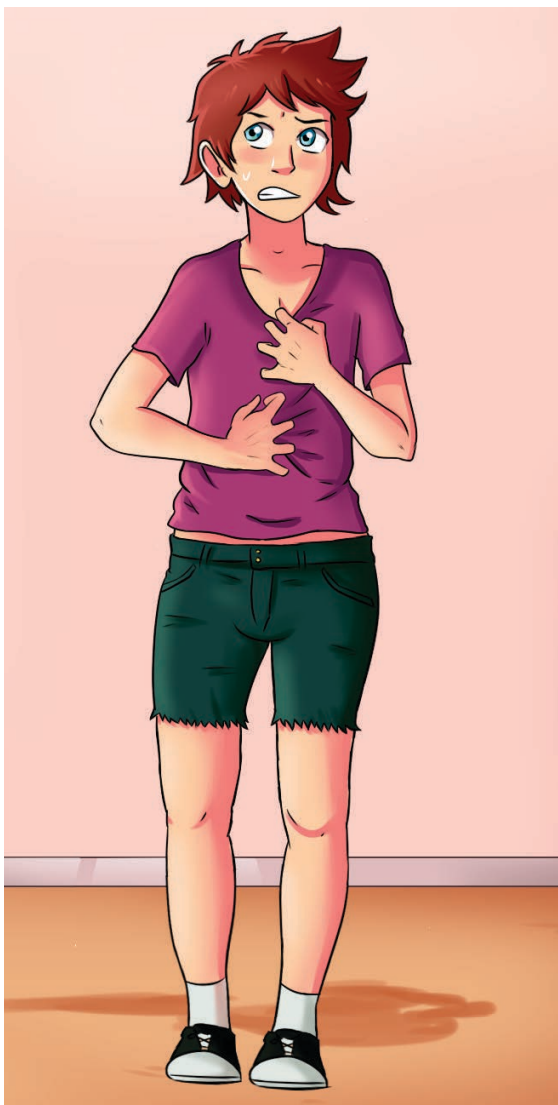
yesterday after his punishment. He finished by using a strawberry scented shampoo and conditioner.

“God, I smell like a flower shop,” he moaned as he began applying his new scented body lotion.

Returning to his room to get dressed for the day, a shudder ran up Samuel’s spine as he saw his room. *I still can’t believe what she has done*, he thought.

Samuel’s room now had pink satin curtains with white lace frills, pink sheets with white flowers on them, and a neon pink quilted satin bed spread. His pink walls had been cleaned of his posters and almost all of his stuff was gone. Margo had even cleaned out most of his closet and dresser, and the new clothing she she had replaced it with was just as bad. There were tee shirts and underwear in pastel colors, and the tiniest shorts he’d ever seen. He examined them closer. Margo had told Samuel she got them from the boy’s department, but he had never seen any of his buddies wearing stuff like this. The jeans aren’t much better, and felt like a size too small, and were too tight on his butt and legs. With little choice, he selected a pair of white cotton briefs.

Wearing the snug, soft briefs felt weird after wearing coarse boxers for so long. Also, there was something about their look that bothered him, but he couldn’t figure out exactly what. Maybe it was the thin elastic waist band and legs plus the lack of a fly. Opening another drawer revealed six pair of new shorts. The one on top was white, elastic drawstring pair with a Dolphin hem. To him they just didn’t look right. Putting those aside, the next was



multi-colored in a tribal pattern polyester. Samuel didn't like those either, and pulled out the next. These were more to his liking. They were made of blue denim with frayed legs. Still, they didn't seem right as the inseam was only three inches. The next pair, if they had wide legs, *might* have been acceptable. They were slim-fitting Bermuda shorts made of polyester/spandex with an eleven inch inseam. The next two were nylon with short flare-notched legs in pink and green.

Frowning, he decided to put on the denim shorts. Lastly, he selected a red tee — but even that didn't feel comfortable when he put it on. The neckline seemed larger and lower, it hugged his torso and barely reached the waist band of his shorts.

None of this feels right, he thought, slipping on his sneakers, *but I don't have anything else to choose from.*

At breakfast, Margo only gave him a brief glance as he arrived in his ill-fitting and humiliating outfit. After eating, he was given a new soft pink organza bibbed apron with lots of ruffled hemming and new pink rubber gloves. He spent the morning mopping and waxing the kitchen floor then learning how to iron the linens he got out of the dryer.

After eating a horrible lunch of some strange concoction that contained chunks of what Margo called tofu, he was shown how to separate and launder the dirty clothing. His face flushed pink as he was instructed on how to hand wash her delicates. Washing panties, bras, slips and fancy blouses just wasn't something a man, much less a teenaged boy, should do. That afternoon, he learned how to iron the freshly washed clothing, including her delicates. By the time supper was over, Samuel could barely keep his eyes open. He was more than happy to go to bed, even though it was shortly after eight.

Friday morning was fairly easy for him. All he had to do was make the beds, tidy up a bit here and there and clean the bathrooms. The tasks were not that tedious, but left him exhausted. A week of eating small portions and no red meat left his stomach growling and his body weak. When he complained to Margo, she told him he could eat as many carrot or celery sticks as he wanted.

I'm starving and she's offering me cow food. How does she expect me to survive on this? He thought, taking several of the veggies.

As he sat nibbling on a carrot stick, Margo placed a "Good Housekeeping" magazine beside him. "While you take a break, read this. There are some good articles I highlighted that will help you with your chores." By the sound of her voice, she wasn't asking.

As he was reading, the doorbell rang. "Go see who it is," she ordered.

Getting up he reached behind to untie his frilly apron but was stopped and told to go to the door. *Like I want anyone to see me wearing this stupid thing*, he thought — but didn't have the courage to say it.

Looking through the peep hole, Samuel was somewhat mollified seeing a UPS delivery man. “At least it isn’t anyone I know. I would die of embarrassment if it was David,” he mumbled, keeping as much of his body covered as possible behind the door.

“Hi, I have several packages for a Ms. Margo Peterson. She has to sign for two of them,” the man said.

“Just don’t stand there Samuel. Let the man in,” Margo said coming into the room.

When the delivery man entered with five boxes on his dolly, Samuel blushed. It was obvious the man was choking back a laugh as he handed Margo his pad to sign.

“Why did you do that?” he whined. “He probably thinks I’m a big sissy.”

“Get over it and help me take these boxes to my room. Then get back to finishing that magazine,” she spat.

When she was alone, Margo excitedly went through her new purchases. The first box she opened contained a pink CD player with lavender trim, earbuds, eight CDs simply marked “Sleep Eze,” numbered one through eight. There was also an instruction booklet included. The box was from the hypnosis web site. According to the instructions the subject should listen to each CD for a week while sleeping. At the end of eight weeks, the subject should show marked improvement in obeying orders and displaying a more submissive attitude. If not satisfied, return for a full refund, it promised.

That’s some guarantee, she thought. I can hardly wait for tonight. If these things work like advertised, I’ll order the other sets.

She quickly went through all the boxes, resealed them and placed all but one in her walk-in closet. The box she kept out contained four large bottles of purple pills. Looking at the labels one would think they were multi-vitamins. However on closer examination, there was a warning in small print stating “For women only. Use by males will cause breast growth and possible sterility under prolonged use.”

Like the world really needs more wimps like Samuel, she thought taking the pills to the kitchen.

That night, as Samuel returned from the bathroom wearing his pajamas, Margo was waiting for him. “Samuel, as you have been complaining about being tired, I got you this. Put these earbuds on and get into bed. According to the manufacturer, if you listen to this at bed time, you’ll fall to sleep in no time. It better work, as I’m sick of your complaining. I’ll check on you later to make sure you’re listening to it.”

Samuel wasn’t happy over this new addition, but did as he was told and listened to the discs as he went to bed. *Huh?* He thought as he heard the sound

for the first time. *This isn't what I expected. No music, just the sounds of rain falling. Thought it would be ancient oldies from a thousand years ago or whatever music she listens to,* he thought as he drifted off to sleep.



On Saturday, Margo started Samuel on a new routine. Early that morning, wearing a black leotard, she entered Samuel's bedroom and woke him. "Amongst other things, I am — or rather was — a physical education instructor. Professionally, I can tell that you lack muscle tone and coordination. So beginning this morning, you're going to learn aerobics. We will do them every morning from six to seven," she stated.

Groggy from sleep, Samuel glanced at the alarm. "What? It's five a.m.! I'm tired and want to sleep! Can't we do that later?" he said, his words sounding more like a whine than question.

"No, you have your chores and the exercise will give you energy to meet the day. Get out of bed, get dressed and meet me in the den in thirty minutes," she ordered as she tossed some clothing at him. "You will wear this for aerobics. Now, no more arguments — or I will get my belt." She then left the room.

"What the?" he gasped, becoming wide awake. She had given him the pair of bright pink nylon flare legged short-shorts, what looked like stretchy white briefs, a white cap-sleeved crop top and black ballerina slippers. *I can't wear this!* he thought. ...*But what choice do I have? She's too big and strong and knows how to use that belt. Oh my God! I'm going to look so fruity wearing this.*



That's exactly what he did look like — a fruit, as he followed his legal guardian's moves, dancing to thirty-year-old dance music, dressed in tight, tiny clothes. "Kick higher!" Margo barked at Samuel. "Move those hips!" She yelled. Her instructions seemed to be more focused on the quality of his dance moves than exercise, but Samuel kept up. By the time he was done, he was ready to go back to bed, but his day of housework hadn't even begun.



For Sunday, Samuel just had a few chores assigned to him, leaving most of the day free. However, instead of getting to watch baseball like he usually did, Margo had him learning basic sewing. When he complained that boys didn't do that sort of thing, she gave him a hard glare.

"Samuel, boys and men can always use basic sewing skills," she snapped. "How else are you going to replace a button on a perfectly good shirt or stitch a torn seam? Do you think a Marine would call his mommy when a button pops off his uniform? You certainly cannot expect me to do that for you." She crossed her arms, ending further complaint.

The clothing she gave him that needed mending were anything but Marine Corps regulation. There were four blouses needing buttons, three bras with torn straps, a half-slip with loose lace and a skirt needing hemming. As he was sewing the lace back onto the pink slip, he didn't notice Margo snapping a picture. Seeing the look of intense concentration on his face one wouldn't notice the disgust he felt.

So much for the afternoon ball game, he realized. Still, there was the late game he had wanted to watch. That didn't happen either, as Margo had different ideas. Before supper that night she placed a romance novel in his hands and told him to read it to her.

"Samuel, I hear that this book is fantastic but I forgot my reading glasses. Be a dear and read it to me," she said, in handing him the book.

From her tone, he knew it was not a request, but an order. Picking up the paperback book reluctantly, Samuel glanced at the cover. "Surrender Under the Sun," he saw printed on the front, along with the picture of a beautiful brunette showing lots of cleavage.

You've got to be kidding me, he thought.

He didn't get halfway through the first paragraph when she stopped him. "Samuel, that's not how you read a story aloud. You're using a monotone, dull voice that's putting me to sleep. Put some resonance into it, raise it slightly by tightening your vocal cords. Focus on the story to properly emphasize the

emotion of the story and use the right tone of the words. Make it sound interesting.”

Samuel sighed and began again, but a little louder than before.

“No, no, no! You have such a harsh, grating voice! Has no one ever instructed you on how to speak properly?” She reached over to position Samuel, making sure he was sitting up straight. “Breathe from the chest and speak softly. Now start over again and do it like I said... Or we’re going to be here all night,” she reprimanded. Margo had taken off her belt and placed it on the table as an incentive.

It took him several chapters before she was satisfied with his voice and inflection. Every time he thought he had it right, she wanted him to speak softer, and in a higher pitch. It didn’t help that Samuel wasn’t used to saying words like “lovely,” “gorgeous,” and “precious” which were laced throughout the book. They were not in his normal vocabulary, but by the time Margo ended the session, he was saying them enthusiastically.

“That was very good, Samuel, but there is room for improvement. We’ll do this every night before supper. You have a very pleasant speaking voice when you set your mind to it. In fact, I expect you to talk this way from now on. I don’t want to hear that harsh, loud monotone you normally use,” she said when she stopped him, an hour later. “Either speak this way to me or not at all.”

Oh great, just what I wanted, Samuel thought to himself. *How can anyone enjoy reading that stupid, girly mush?* Checking the time, he grunted. *Damn, I missed the late game. Guess I’ll go play Grand Theft after I eat. That is if I can swallow that awful gunk she serves.”*



The rest of May and the entire month of June went by with Samuel doing all the household chores. His once chubby frame had lost twenty pounds from his mostly vegetarian diet and constant activity, but it was happening slowly enough that Samuel hadn’t even noticed. But Margo certainly had.

Other than making him do aerobics, wearing a fancy apron most of time, listening to his CD’s before bed and taking his twice-daily vitamins, Margo didn’t change his routine. She didn’t have to. Over time, Samuel had become more and more compliant with Margo’s commands, thanks to his hypnotic messages. To further his changes, she had him reading romance novels and assorted female-orientated magazines, but that was about the extent of it, for now.

With Samuel’s new obedient tendency, Margo only had to punish him when he forgot to use the soft modulated voice she demanded. Things were going so

well that she even let him visit with his buddy David several times. She made sure to spend some time with David's mother, Irene, when she dropped him off and picked him up. Margo used that time to tell Irene just how precious and helpful Samuel was. It was important for her plans that those who knew Samuel would begin to question his masculinity. Hopefully, as his changes became more obvious, they would begin to distance themselves from Samuel, leaving Margo to do what she wanted without interference.

"Irene," Margo said one evening as she picked up Samuel, "I can't begin to tell you how surprised I was when Samuel volunteered to do some housework. Why he even insisted on wearing a frilly organza tea apron his mother left behind. Said he didn't want to get his clothing dirty. I offered him one of my plain white ones but he refused. Can you imagine David doing something like that? Like I said, Samuel is such a precious boy. Here, look, I have a picture of him vacuuming on my phone." Over the various visits Samuel made to David's house, similar conversations took place with her showing Irene photos of him ironing, sewing, making the beds and dancing aerobics.

One photo showed Samuel wearing his white Bermuda shorts, yellow tee and organza apron. "Margo," Irene asked, "why is he wearing girl's Bermuda shorts? Isn't that a girl's crop top?"

"Oh, I was hoping you wouldn't notice, but yes. He picked those out himself when he saw them in Sunday's newspaper ads. I tried to tell him but he insisted. At least I got him to get the pants in white instead of pink," she answered.

Samuel was getting self-conscious, because every time he saw David's mother, she was giving him stranger looks. "What's up with your mom?" he asked David, as they finished another round of Super Smash Bros.

"What do you mean?" David replied as he selected a new player.

"She's always staring at me."

David shrugged. "I dunno dude."

"It's weird." Samuel had a funny feeling. Like David's mother knew what he had been doing at home. That she knew about his pink clothes. But, how?

"Are you gonna play or not?" David asked, exasperated.

A few days later, when Margo suggested that Samuel should invite David for a sleep over, he absolutely refused. "What?" he answered. "Invite him over after what you did to my room? No, no way. The last thing I need is for David to see this girlie room."

Margo made sure that on Samuel's next trip to see David, she'd show Irene a picture of Samuel's beautiful, feminine room.

"Irene if I live to be a hundred I'll never understand that boy," Margo said. "Don't get me wrong, he's a darling, but he insisted that I help him redecorate

his room. See, take a look at this picture..." She placed a shot of Samuel's room in front of Irene, showing the lacy curtains and soft pink bedspread. "Samuel selected and put up those pink satin curtains and bed linens all by himself. Pink is his favorite color, he told me. I tried to talk him out of doing something so feminine but again he insisted. I just couldn't refuse that sweet precious boy," she had said.

Irene gasped. "Oh my God! Sam... Samuel did this? I've known him for years. I never... He's always seemed all-boy. Well, in a nerdy kind of way, but still... If I hadn't seen it... Are you sure this isn't some kind of joke?" Irene gasped.

"No, no joke. I think now that his mother and father are gone he's expressing his true feelings. Actually when I first met him, I thought he was a bit on the swishy side. I don't know if I could put up with a teenaged boy that acted all macho. However, Samuel is such a sweetie, I don't mind taking care of him," she answered. "He's very a very *special* boy."

"I guess you're right Margo. I noticed that lately he smelled... errr... Flowery." She put her hand to her bosom in shock. "Well I never," Irene said.

I wish I had a picture of the look on Irene's face, Margo thought, driving Samuel back home. It was absolutely hilarious. She'll start thinking twice before David is allowed to invite Samuel for a sleep over now."



Towards the end of July, Samuel was having some bouts with morning nausea but otherwise coping. When he asked Margo about the strange queasiness, she told him it was just a part of growing up.

His birthday was on the sixteenth and Margo gave him a big pink fuzzy teddy bear with a large white satin bow, much to his displeasure. Still, he knew better than to object, and thanked her for the gift, wondering how he was going to sneak it out in the trash. Thwarting his plan, Margo insisted he keep it perched between the two big pillows on his pink bed.

Another gift was a poster that came with his guardian's latest romance novel. It was a copy of the front cover, featuring a Fabio-type man in pirate garb with his shirt undone. Margo insisted he put it up right away, and watched over him as he taped it to his bedroom wall, directly across from his bed.

The best he could say about that month was getting a call from his father. It had been over two months since he had heard from him, and Samuel was terribly excited to get a call. The sound was spotty, as the call was coming from a bad connection somewhere deep in the South American jungle, but Samuel didn't care. He had so much he wanted to tell his dad.

Unfortunately, Margo was standing right beside him as they talked, keeping him from saying what he wanted. “Dad, you have to help me!” He said. “My room...”

As soon as he spoke, he felt Margo’s talon-like nails dig into his shoulder, gripping him like a vulture clutching to carrion.

“What? What about your room?” His father replied.

“Nothing...” Samuel replied, trailing off.

However, he did manage to sneak in a complaint that he was doing housework. “I have’ta scrub the toilets now,” he whined. Even the feeling of Margo’s nails piercing his shirt didn’t stop him.

“Great!” William replied to his son. “It’s a good idea! Once you’re out on your own, such knowledge would be good for you!” That didn’t help. Disheartened, he handed the phone back to Margo who reported back to William that Samuel was ‘an angel.’

That wasn’t the only disappointing event in July, either. When Samuel asked David if he could stay over for his birthday, Irene said they had plans. Spending the night at David’s was his one break, his one oasis, from being under Margo’s dominance. If nothing else, at least when he visited David he got to wear jeans and not a pair of those ugly shorts.



August wasn’t much different than July, except Samuel got the distinct feeling that David seemed to be avoiding him. Samuel was only invited over one time by David, but again the request to spend the night refused by Irene. During one afternoon playing outside, David even asked him if he was turning gay.

“What kind of question is that?” Samuel retorted.

“Well you smell like a girl for one thing,” David replied. “All flowery like, you know.”

“Margo makes me use her stuff when I take a bath. Just because I stink doesn’t make me... *That* way,” he responded, getting annoyed.

“You’re starting to sound like a girl too,” David added.

Samuel was surprised at that, and didn’t understand why he’d be accused of such a thing. However, the months of using a soft modulated tone demanded by Margo and using the fancy words from the romance novels he read non-stop, had a severe effect on him. For example, he had stopped using the word “like,” substituting “love,” “precious,” and “adore.” Instead of saying “nice,” he said “delightful,” “sweet” or “charming.” These new words hadn’t registered as girlie to him at all. It was just natural for him to talk this way now.

“You’re being silly,” was the only response he could come up with.

The one thing in August that Samuel was looking forward to was the start of school. He would be getting away from Margo, and had to wear a uniform of regular clothes to class. The school district required boys to wear tan slacks with a white dress shirt. He would also be a freshman and allowed to pick one elective. The elective he badly wanted was Shop. In Shop class he would learn carpentry and hands-on manly pursuits like operating buzzsaws and electric sanders.

When Margo registered him for the upcoming semester, he was furious to see she had decided his elective for him, enrolling him in Home and Family Living, which was just a glorified term for homemaking. Another major embarrassment was his school uniforms Margo had purchased for him. The tan slacks had a small front zip, no functioning pockets and a tailored fit. The slacks bit into his buttocks, hugged his front and came with a slim brown faux snakeskin belt. The inseam was a bit short, leaving his ankles bare. The dress shirts were fitted tightly to his torso and the collars small and pointed. The backpack he was given was black but had pink piping.

On the first day of classes, Samuel was not happy. Looking at his reflection when wearing his uniform brought a blush to his cheeks. His hair hadn’t been cut all summer and almost touched his shoulders. Margo had been making him brush it every night before bed one hundred times, washing and conditioning it every three days. Now it was tied off with a thin black velvet ribbon into a low pony tail. Due to his restricted diet and aerobics, Samuel weighed one hundred and nineteen pounds, his arms and legs toned but not muscular. Thanks to the vitamins, his pectoral muscles were soft with pointy nipples and enlarged areola, and his bottom was firm and rounded. With the fitted shirt and pants, he looked more like a



flat-chested girl trying to pass as a boy. As a matter of fact, his weight and height, five foot four, was more in line for a girl his age according to standard measures.

I was really looking forward to starting my freshman year, needing to shave and looking buff... but not now... Samuel was looking into the mirror, closely, rubbing his smooth-skinned chin. *David had started shaving the last time I was over to his place, but my face barely has any peach fuzz. I don't understand why, but I look more like a girl than a boy dressed like this. I'm going to catch so much grief when I go — especially with this stupid backpack and taking that dumb elective.*

Within two weeks, Samuel had come to absolutely hate high school. He was teased, just as he feared, about his uniform and elective. Fortunately, the school had a very strict bullying policy and he wasn't physically assaulted. However, the words directed his way pierced like sharp knives. Samuel was surprised at how he reacted hearing the derogatory comments. In junior high such remarks would have him throwing punches, now he had to fight back tears. He was a prisoner to his emotions, which seemed to control how he acted. He quickly became known behind his back as “that swishy gay kid.”

What friends he had quickly abandoned him. It also didn't help that he was the only boy taking Home and Family Living. Another problem was his curriculum. Instead of college preparatory courses, Margo had enrolled him in business administration. And of all his classes, he hated going to Physical Education the most. First and foremost was the teasing over his undeveloped masculinity, primarily his firm and round girlie butt. Secondly was his inability to perform standard exercises like pull-ups and sit-ups like the other boys. He just didn't seem to have the strength they did. If that wasn't enough, another thing that alienated him from his classmates was having to go straight home and not attending after-school activities.

After his first day, he demanded that Margo get him a proper uniform and out of his Home and Family Living class. He also said he wanted a haircut. “I was made fun of and picked on all day because of this uniform,” he said, his voice trembling. “None of the other boys are wearing anything like mine. I want new ones like they're wearing... an... and I want out of that stupid elective you put me in. I'm the only guy in that class. I also want a haircut.”

Margo's response was calm and dispassionate. “Samuel, your uniform meets all the requirements of the school district. I had it tailored and spent a good deal of your father's money on them and will not see it wasted. Furthermore, I will not take you out of that class. Your house work and sewing techniques need improvement and that class will help you.”

As Margo was talking Samuel was getting more upset and angry. “You can't do this! You're ruining my life!”

"I'm doing what is best for you, Samuel," margo replied. "As far as getting your hair cut, that's out of the question. If anything, I think your hair should be longer, now that you mention it. However, I do see a lot of split ends. I'll make an appointment to take care of that this weekend. Now go change. You have chores to get done." She put her hands on her hips and locked eyes with Samuel. "Do this for me," she said.

Despite his anger, when she said "Do this for me," something clicked inside Samuel and he immediately calmed down. *Why do I suddenly feel compelled to do what she just said?* he thought. It was weird to just have his emotions change completely like this. He shook his head and then said, "Okay." But he didn't know why.

"Now get changed into your shorts and apron and get started on your chores," Margo said.

"Yes Ma'am," Samuel replied, as he turned and left to go upstairs. Why was he acting like this? He couldn't understand it.

That Saturday, Margo took him to her beauty salon. She had been going there for years, seeing the same stylist, a stout woman named Henrietta. At one point they had had a close, *personal* relationship, but that had cooled to an every now-and-again affair. For the trip, she made Samuel wear his multi-colored tribal patterned shorts and a lavender-colored tee. Of all the shorts she had gotten him, he hated these the most, and had only wore them once. She also told him not to put his hair into a pony tail, keeping it loose. Wearing what he considered a girlie pair of shorts and tee out in public was humiliating. Going into a beauty parlor was truly embarrassing and what was done to him there, mortifying.

His brown hair was styled into a tidy page boy and the color lightened to ginger with auburn highlights. The eyebrows neatened up neither masculine nor femininely but slightly arched. Samuel received his first manicure and pedicure with a glossy clear varnish applied to his nails. As a final insult, his ears were pierced and pink keepers inserted.

Back in school on Monday, the taunts were much worse than the week before. He had been pushed by one boy in the hallway and told he should be wearing the girls' uniform.



The fall semester came to an end and Samuel was more than happy to get away from school. The only people he could remotely call as "friends" were four or five girls in his Home and Family class. He was fortunate that none of the girls from his old junior high school were in this class, and didn't know about the radical change in his appearance. There were still some guys that had

known him, giving him grief, but not nearly as much as his first two weeks. The other male students ignored him or thought he was flamboyantly gay. In junior high, he had been fairly popular and had an A average. Now he was an outcast and had a C average. All this had a profound effect on his confidence and ego. Also, Margo's strange influence on him was becoming much stronger. It seemed every time she said "Do it for me," he had to comply.

On Christmas Eve, Samuel expecting a call from his father, and again Margo was right there beside him. "Samuel, your father is probably going to call soon, so I want you to do this for me. When he calls, sound happy and tell him everything is going great. Tell him you just love your Auntie Margo. Oh, I like the sound of that. As a matter of fact, I want you to call me Auntie from now on. Now do it for me," she instructed.

He desperately wanted to tell his dad how horrible his life had become and to please send him to a boarding school, but couldn't. No matter how hard he tried, all that came out was how great everything was — and what his father told him at the end of the call sent Samuel's spirits plummeting.

"I have some bad news," he said. "This job is going to take a lot longer than I expected. Maybe another year before I can get back... Or longer. I asked Ms. Peterson if she was willing to continue watching over your welfare and she agreed. I'm just happy that you two are getting along so well."

Get along? Heck, I hate her, and what she's making me do, he thought as he hung up.

With William not coming home for at least two full years, Margo decided it was time to move on with her plan. Now she had the time to take it to another level, and with the Holiday break, he was going to be home all day for the next ten days. Samuel had been under her influence since early May, and showing the effects both mentally and physically. Between the hypnosis CDs, hormones, diet and lack of close friends he would be in no shape to fight her, leaving him defenseless.

To start the next step in Samuel's transformation, Margo added some new hypnosis CDs. The first set had firmly implanted "Do it for me," as a trigger to make him obey. Whenever she said the trigger, Samuel would do whatever he was told. After eight more weeks, these new ones would implant new desires and beliefs. The longer they were listened to, the more permanent the changes would become.

Those first CDs have certainly worked... but these... these are pretty extreme, she thought, reading the brochure that came with the hypnotic recordings. *If these don't work as promised, then I'll have to stop. As much fun this has been, I can't take the chance. Not with his father eventually coming home.*

That night as he slept, Samuel could hear a soft voice, almost a whisper, that kept repeating: "You hate getting dirt under your nails and looking scruffy. You

hate any kind of violence, especially sports and video games. You love being clean and neat. You love gymnastics and dancing. You hate being ugly. You want to be pretty. You hate dull, boring clothing. You love bright, soft and silky clothing. Wearing makeup would make you pretty. You must obey when told: *do it for me.*”



On Christmas morning, the first present Margo gave Samuel was a pair of pants — but unlike anything he had ever worn before. They were black faux leather-paneled leggings with exposed chromed front zippered pockets. The next present contained a white semi-translucent button down pointed-collar blouse with three-quarter-length sleeves. Another present was a dozen pair of thin cotton briefs, mostly in soft pastels, that were now one size larger to account for his growing butt. In addition, he found an equal number of ribbed cotton camisoles that matched the briefs. In the next one, he found more bright-colored clothing in a shiny elastic satin fabric, unlike anything he was familiar with.

“Wha...” he started to say, when Margo spoke to interrupt.

“Those are called gaffs. Boys wear those to protect their boy parts. You will wear them all the time except when you bathe.”

Samuel looked dubiously at the large, smug woman.

“Do it for me,” she stated.

Without a word spoken in objection, Samuel put them neatly back in the box, and moved on to the next.

The final present were three new pairs of skinny jeans with colorful embroidery on the back pockets like flowers and butterflies.

“Samuel, go and put these leggings on,” Margo instructed, indicating the first pants and shirt she had gifted him. “I have the perfect pair of shoes to go with it when you get back. Make sure you wear one of your new undershirts and gaff too.”

“I can’t wear this!” he exclaimed holding up the black leggings. “They’re girl’s clothes.”

“That’s true, girls wear similar items, but these are the latest in men’s styles,” she answered. “The salesman said he just loved wearing his and were the hottest new styles. Here, I’ll prove it to you.” Picking up her cell, she keyed in “men’s leggings.” Sure enough there were a number of listings.

“Satisfied?” she smirked, closing the app. “Go on, *do it for me,*” she said, stressing the trigger words.

In the bathroom, Samuel hesitated but began undressing. “I don’t like anything she’s gotten me so far, but these are the worst. I’m going to hate these, even if they are the hottest new styles,” he mumbled as he grabbed a red gaff.

This thing is squashing my package like all get out, and I really don’t like the way the strap is digging into my ass, he thought as he adjusted his penis downwards.

He shivered when the soft camisole slid over his nipples. He didn’t notice that the nipples formed hard points under the soft fabric. Samuel was too busy examining the white shirt. If it weren’t for the thinness, sleeves and small pearl buttons, it looked similar to one of his school cotton dress shirts.

I don’t like this either, but she said to do it for her... And for some weird reason, I want to, he thought, sliding his arms into the sleeves.

He had some trouble with the buttons. They just didn’t want to button right. Next he stepped into the leggings. As he pulled the stretchy material up his legs another shiver ran up his spine. Once settled around his hips, they hugged his body like a second layer of skin. They weren’t all that uncomfortable, but pulled tightly into his groin and backside. As he looked into the full length mirror on the bathroom door, another shiver, one not so pleasant, ran up his spine. Gulping, he opened the door and stepped out.

“Why that looks



absolutely adorable on you, Samuel,” Margo squealed, clapping her hands. “Come over here and let me put these shoes on for you. You can do this for me.”

The shoes were black peep-toe pumps with a solid leatherette vamp, ankle strap with rectangular gold buckle and a two inch block heel. As he stood, he couldn’t figure out why on earth he let her put those shoes on his feet.

“I know you’re not used to wearing this type of shoe, but they go perfectly with this outfit. Don’t you just love how they make you look taller?” she asked him.

“I can’t recall seeing any men wearing this kind of shoe... but they do make me taller... an... and that’s good isn’t it?” he said feeling confused.

“Of course, besides now you’re on the cutting edge of the latest men’s fashion,” Margo responded.

“I...I don’t know...I feel like a fruitcake wearing all this,” he said.

“Don’t be ridiculous. You look wonderful,” she replied. “Look how clean and neat you look.”

That message resonated with Samuel, as the messages in his latest CDs had begun to imprint themselves into his mind. He even smiled.

Think this is about as far as I can push him right now, Margo thought. I have some more leggings, tops and shoes, but I need to give those new CDs time to work their magic.

“I have another treat for you Samuel,” she said. “We’re going out for Christmas dinner. I have heard *Taste of India* serves a great variety of ethnic vegetarian meals and want to give it a try,” she added.

“No, Auntie please. Not dressed like this,” came his shocked reply.

“Of course not. Not wearing that thin blou... Um, shirt. Get your jacket and gloves. Come on, do it for me,” she stated.

I feel like a complete dork dressed like this, and that jacket won’t help, he thought, going to the hall closet. I don’t want to go anywhere, but I just can’t say no to her...

The jacket she had gotten him back when the weather turned cold was a traditional grey rabbit fur, trimmed with blue fox fur and champagne satin lined. The only people who didn’t give him grief when he wore it were the girls in his Home and Family class. They loved it, and wanted to know where he bought it. The grey leather gloves that came with it were rabbit fur lined.

As he was putting on a glove, Samuel noticed dirt under his finger nails. *It’s never bothered me before, but I hate seeing dirt under my nails, he thought. How gross!*