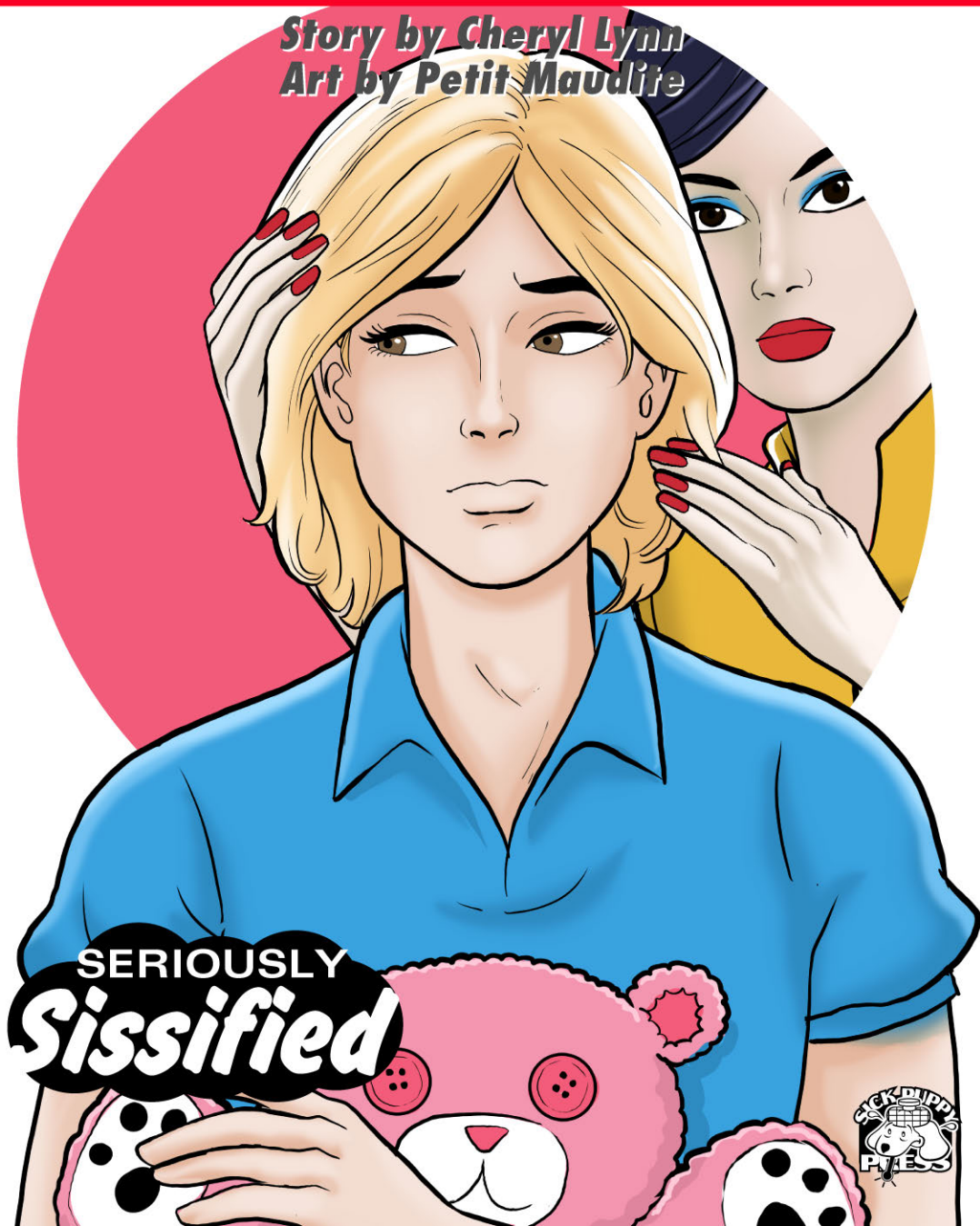


ADULTS ONLY

72 pages 18 illustrations

# THE PINK TEDDY BEAR

Story by Cheryl Lynn  
Art by Petit Maudite



**C H E R Y L L Y N N**

***THE PINK  
TEDDY  
BEAR***

**Story by Cheryl Lynn**

**Art by Petit Maudite**

**A Seriously Sissified story**



2023 Edition

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# THE PINK TEDDY BEAR

Thomas Archibald Cochrane Sr. was a WWII fighter pilot in the Pacific theater of operations. After the war, he was stationed in Thailand as the military drew down. While there, he met a beautiful raven-haired Thai beauty he called Siri. She was the interpreter for Thomas's squadron, but Siri wasn't her real name, as her real name was too difficult for most English speakers to pronounce.

A little after 8 months since V-Day, Thomas and Siri were married. Soon after, Thomas Cochrane Jr. was born. He had his father's fair skin, sparkling blue eyes and blond hair. Three months later, Thomas was reassigned back to the states as a test pilot. Needless to say Thomas was delighted at the chance to fly jets while Siri was reluctant to leave her family. Thomas reassured her that he would still send her poor rural family money. Siri was still sad, but happy her family would be taken care of.

Thomas bought a nice three-bedroom ranch house outside of San Antonio, Texas. Not much of a ranch, just 25 acres but away from the city. Thomas wasn't sure how the locals would view their mixed marriage and give time for Siri to adjust to American life. Not long after Siri met some other Thai ladies at the officers' club. With their help Siri adjusted quickly. Thomas, spending most of his time at the base, bought his wife a used Nomad station wagon with automatic shift. It didn't take him long to teach her how to safely drive and get her license. Now she was free to visit her Thai girlfriends and show off 4-year-old Thomas Jr. Her pride and joy and source of many arguments with her husband. She has adamantly refused to get his blond hair cut. It was just below his shoulders and Thomas Sr. hated seeing it like that. Still, it was easier to let her have her way for now. In another year, he would start school and a buzz cut required. The only other thing they argued about was the bright pink Teddy Bear she bought Jr. Senior didn't believe that any boy should have anything pink.

1951 and the Korean War saw Thomas Sr. and his Super Saber jet squadron reassigned into the war zone. Before he left Siri convinced him to sponsor and bring her older sister, Pensée to live with her. Her parents had died two years ago and Pensée was her only close relative. What neither of them knew was that Siri's sister had moved to Bangkok. She worked "in the bar trade" AKA whore house. Pensée wasn't foolish or stupid like some rural peasants. She saved her earnings and combined the money with what Siri sent every month. Within a year and half, owned two bars and wealthy but greedy for more. She

almost declined to join her sister but had a trusted adviser to run her businesses, so decided to go. She wasn't fluent in English but knew enough to understand it. A lot of her customers were U.S. military personnel.

*Maybe, she thought, I can make even more money there.*



When Pensée arrived at the San Antonio airport she was surprised to see Thomas Jr. With his long blond hair and holding a pink Teddy Bear by one arm. He was wearing blue bib overalls, white short sleeved shirt and small cowboy boots.

“Siri had a baby boy the last time I saw them but...but he looks more like a toddler girl to me. A very beautiful girl at that,” she thought.

It was true. Thomas Jr. hadn't developed like most boys. His genetics had fallen more on his mother's side and seemed to be inheriting her features — a delicate nose, faint body hair and a short stature.

As Siri was putting Thomas into his car seat, Pensée asked in Thai, “Sister, why haven't you cut his hair? Or better yet, put the child in a pretty dress?”

Siri giggled before responding, “I just can't bring myself to cut his beautiful blond hair. I know I'm going to bawl my eyes out next year when it has to be cut for school. While I did think about getting him a pretty dress just to, you know, see it, my husband raised too much fuss when he saw that pink Teddy Bear. I couldn't do it.”

After the first couple of days, Pensée only referred to him as Suuai, or 'Beautiful' in Thai. When spoken, Suuai sounded more like Sue. When Siri questioned her as to why she had chosen Suuai, she replied, “It just sounds so cute, just like him. A real cutie.”

Pensée spent as much time as she could with Thomas Jr. over the next eleven months. She taught him how to speak Thai and help around the house. At night, she would keep him in her room as she removed her makeup wearing just her panties, bra and translucent silk wrap. She would have him sit beside her on the vanity seat. Of course, he was curious and she soon had him doing a nightly facial cleaning making sure to impress on his mind how important it was. She also had him brushing her and his own hair. Again, stressing how important it was and to be proud of his long beautiful hair. She made sure to always show him lots of affection and praised him when he did as she asked. She also punished if he was caught doing something she disapproved of, like running or stomping in the house. He was expected to walk in small steps with his



elbows at his side.

Siri wasn't happy with all that Pensée was teaching Thomas Jr., but she was the family Elder now that her parents were gone. Being younger, she had been raised to respect and obey her elders. She disliked her sister's nickname for Thomas but after a couple of months, he wouldn't respond when she called him "Thomas."

At the end of the year, Thomas Sr. was coming home and Pensée decided it was time to make her departure. She desperately wanted to take Suuai home with her but knew that wouldn't happen. Still, maybe one day in the future, she hoped, she would have him all to herself. That was for the future, however. For now, she had business to attend to back home.



The first thing Thomas Sr. did when he arrived home was to take Thomas Jr. to the base barbershop. Junior came away with a buzz cut and couldn't stop crying. The next thing Senior did was toss that pink Teddy Bear into the garbage, again causing Junior to throw a tantrum. That got him a spanking with Dad's leather belt. Later, Siri snuck the bear out of the garbage bin. She gave it back to Junior telling him to keep it hidden away so Daddy didn't see it.

Elementary school brought the boy out of any feminine traits he may have had. In junior high he made the swim team, he was quite interested in girls, but too shy to ask one out. In his sophomore year of high school, he made the varsity swim team as a diver. He was five foot six, sleek and trim. He even had a girlfriend, Sally Jo, and his first kiss — discounting his mother and aunt. His only disappointment was that no hair grew on his face, chest and legs to prove his masculinity, but otherwise his life was good. When he turned seventeen, his folks threw him a birthday party at the base swimming pool. It was a big hit with all his friends. He even got to feel Sally Jo's breasts for the first time that night.

Disaster struck in his junior year. Shortly after his eighteenth birthday, in the summer of 1969, his parents were killed coming home from the base's annual Commander's Ball. It was a foggy night; they didn't see the deer until too late. They killed the deer and crashed into a mesquite tree ending their lives.

Thomas Jr. was distraught over losing his folks. He locked himself inside his house, alone for the first time in his life and didn't talk to anyone. He kept the blinds closed and retreated to his bedroom.

He did something he hadn't done in years. He dug out that pink Teddy Bear he had hidden away. For some reason it comforted him as he held it close. It also reminded him of his Aunt Pensée's hugs and kisses. As to the other things she had him do when he was a toddler, no memories remained.



Pensée, now the owner of over a dozen bars and other businesses, was very rich. Hearing of her sister and Thomas Sr. deaths, she was saddened but her secret hopes of getting Suuai back swelled.

"It's been fourteen years since I last saw my precious Suuai," she thought as she booked her flight for the states. "I hope he's still as cute as I remember. Guess I'll find out soon enough."

No one met her at the San Antonio airport, so she got a limo. When she arrived at the ranch house there was just one car in the garage, A convertible Ford Mustang, which was Thomas Jr's. Inside the house, the young man was distraught. The funeral had only been the day before, and he wanted to be alone. He was sitting in his dad's recliner holding his pink Teddy Bear, his eyes moist but all cried out.

The ringing doorbell didn't bring a response. "Just go away," he thought.

A loud banging on the door and a shouted, "Let me in Suuai," in a thick Asian accent got him up. Not realizing he was still holding the pink Teddy Bear by an arm, opened the door.

"Aunt Pensée!" he gasped in surprise.

"Of course, it is my Suuai. Get my bags and take them to my room," she demanded and broke out into a broad smile seeing the Teddy Bear.

Before Thomas could move, she grabbed him in a hug and kissed him firmly on the lips. It was a short kiss and as she pulled back, nodded towards her luggage.

"But why...?"

She didn't give an answer and headed to her old room.

Thomas rubbed his forearm across his mouth to remove the bright scarlet lipstick smear on them. "Gosh, I haven't been called that in years an...and she...kissed me on the lips!" He thought grabbing two of the four bags. It was only then he realized he still gripped the Teddy Bear.

When he entered her room, he froze. She was wearing just a shimmering scarlet silk lace and floral embroidered slip, black nylons and five-inch spike heels.





Thomas had a flashback to when he saw her wearing less and a bright flush came to his cheeks.

“I’m...I’m sorry...I...I didn’t know you...you were changing,” he stammered.

“Why? Suuai, it’s just the two of us here and unfortunately the only family we have left,” she said in Thai, smiling broadly. “Put the bags by the bed and fetch the rest.”

He automatically replied in Thai, “*pîi sǎao*,” as he had been taught. Thomas was still fluent in his mother’s maiden tongue as she would usually speak to him that way. As for calling her ‘elder sister,’ that was the way she wanted him to address her so long ago.

As he went to get the last two bags, he thought, “Now why did I just call her elder sister? She’s...my aunt. Got to remember to call her aunt next time.”

“He’s still delicate and no facial hair thank goodness,” she thought as she familiarized herself with her old room. “It’s a shame that his hair is so short, but that’s an easy fix. I just need to convince him to return with me to Thailand. He thinks he’s a man now, but I know how to get men to do what I demand. I assume the estate was left to him. Well, I’ll get that as well, as I’m the Elder.”

When he returned, Pensée was only wearing a black bra with pink oriental floral embroidery, black tap panties with similar pink embroidery and red translucent wrap tied loosely at her waist. The hem on the wrap was black floral lace. She was seated at the vanity, hair brush in her hand.

“Come Suuai, brush my hair. It’s been a very long day and I’m tired,” she said putting the brush in his hand. “Remember, 100 smooth strokes.”

“Please Aunt Pensée, stop calling me that. I’m a man and men aren’t called that here,” he said as he started brushing her hair.

“Nonsense, Suuai. No matter how old you get, you will always be Suuai to me,” she replied, smiling broadly.

When he finished brushing her raven locks, she patted the vanity bench for him to sit next to her. He felt very uncomfortable, told to sit next to a practically naked woman now that he was older.

“Aunt Pensée, I...I don’t...don’t think that wou...would be,” he started to stutter when she sharply replied.

“Suuai! Sit! And call me properly *pîi sǎao*. I’m your elder sister and demand respect!” she snapped.

He quickly sat beside her their hips touching. “I’m sorry, *pîi sǎao*. I respect you but this is all so new to me,” Thomas replied.

“New? You didn’t mind doing this when you were younger. Now, sit still and watch me as I remove my makeup. Maybe you’ll remember the fun times we had together,” she said sweetly.

He watched her remove her makeup and realized she was truly a beautiful woman. The enchanting perfumes she wore, and them sitting so close to each other made his penis harden. That brought a flush to his cheeks and was totally embarrassed.

Next, she began her nightly facial routine. Glancing out of the side of her eye noticed the flushed cheeks and smiled. “*I know men and boys well enough to know he has an erection,*” she thought. “*I wonder if he remembers how I taught him how to do this.*” She pushed the cold cream over to his side.

“You might as well do your facial as I do mine,” she stated. “Your skin is dry and in bad need of a good cleansing and moisturizer. You do remember, don’t you Suuai?”

Thomas was reluctant and wanted to tell her that guys didn’t do that, but her tone of voice silenced any protest. He remembered the perfumery smells as the cream was spread evenly across his face. It was embarrassing for him and it did little to lessen his erection.

When they were finished, she told him to put one of the suitcases on the bed and open it. He was surprised to see that it contained nothing but lingerie. The smell of her spicy perfume welled up from the sachets inside. It made his penis harden even more. The pink blush on his cheeks turned red.

As Pensée came over to him, he slid over to the side, not wanting her to see the bulge in his shorts. When she told him to put her lingerie into the dresser, and to make sure they were neatly folded like she had taught him, it didn’t help reduce his swelling. She watched as he carefully picked up a stack of panties, holding the stack down by his stomach, and placed them in the top drawer. He held his hands over his crotch hoping to hide the bulge. It didn’t work, as she stopped him in his tracks and brushed his hands aside.

“Suuai, I see you’re as happy handling my lingerie as you were when you were little. Just maybe a bit more happier now. We’ll take care of that later,” she added with a giggle. “Don’t worry my darling, I brought some nice things with me for you. Now unpack all my bags except for the pink one while I take a bath.”

He had just finished hanging up her last dress when she came out of the bathroom. She was stark naked with only a pink towel folded into a turban on her head. She was indeed beautiful, slim with nicely shaped B-cup breasts with pert nipples. Her groin fully exposing plump lips and a narrow landing strip of

trimmed pubic hair. Raising his eyes quickly, he noticed a large red ruby in her navel. He was blushing brick red, his penis throbbing in his pants as she approached him.

“Oh, my poor *nórng sǎao* (little sister), being so close to my clothing; yet not understanding how much you are attracted to them,” she said going over to the pink suitcase. She removed a vivid red pair of silk tap panties with a black lacy hem and sat at the vanity. Spreading her legs beckoned him to come stand in front of her.

Thomas couldn't help himself, and mesmerized, did as he was instructed. *Pensée* quickly undid his shorts and jerked them with his jockey shorts to his ankles. Slowly she reached down and lifted his leg out of his clothing; then the other leaving him naked from the waist down. She wasn't happy seeing the large patch of black pubic hair but pulled the slinky panties up his legs.

“These are yours now, and I have more for you *nórng sǎao*. They will bring you great pleasure.” Reaching out, she grabbed his erection thru the panty leg, startling him. He didn't dare move, unsure of what this woman, who could do anything at any time, might try.

Trembling in fear, and in anticipation, he watched as his aunt took his erection, and, bending it down, blew on the exposed head softly making him shiver. She then began rubbing and stroking it. He didn't understand why it was happening, his mind frozen in a trance by the moment. It didn't take the young man long before he was moaning and leaking clear fluid from the tip. At that, *Pensée* grabbed an oriental tea cup and held the cup up to the head. Seconds later, he erupted sending gobs of creamy white goo into the cup.

Exhausted, he collapsed to his knees.

“There my darling *nórng sǎao*, you did very well,” she said softly. With not even a smirk on her pretty face, she leaned over him. “Now for your reward.” She brought the cup to his lips.

Before he could react, she poured the contents into his mouth and sealed his lips with her hand. Stroking his throat, she made him swallow.

“*Suuai* your *pîi sǎao* has taken your virginity and you have drunk man's juice for the first time. Now kiss my lips to thank me for helping you lose your virginity,” she ordered pressing his face into her crotch.

This was the first time Thomas had ever seen a real pussy up close and personal. He was disgusted at the thought of having to kiss it, but with no choice, did it. She jerked his head back and glared into his eyes.

“Is that how you thank your pîi sǎao for what she has done for you? Now kiss it like you mean it and use that tongue unless you want to be severely punished,” she snarled.

He was totally repulsed by that and tried to stand up but fell back on his ass. Pensée quickly grabbed his softened member and reach up on the vanity to get a bamboo stick. She pulled out his soft member and began hitting it with the stick. The stick was thin and flexible but stung like the rasp of a hornet. The pain was horrendous and the tears flowed in torrents. It didn't take long for him to beg her to stop — promising anything if she would.

“Very well, nórng sǎao. I will stop, but you must promise me to do whatever I tell you without question from now on. I did not like punishing you like that but it is my responsibility to teach what you need to know. Now, kiss me like you mean it until I tell you to stop,” she demanded.

It wasn't as bad as he thought it would be. Actually not bad at all. There was the hint of her perfumed bath water and it did become wetter as he licked. She held his head tight against her crotch, moaning and withering in pleasure until she shuttered and let go a burst of fluid. It didn't taste bad but had a slight musky taste.

As he was laying on the floor gasping for breath, she arose and went to the pink suitcase. She removed eleven more pairs of multicolored silk tap panties, all hemmed in one-inch floral lace. Another dozen hip hugger panties in various bright pastels and primary colors with lace waistbands and ribbons at each hip. They were all made of the finest silk material. She also removed a dozen pair of silk camisoles, elaborately embroidered in an oriental floral design that matched the panties.

“In time, you will willingly embrace being my nórng sǎao, Suuai. Now go to bed,” she instructed. “I need my sleep. Have a pot of green tea and light breakfast ready for when I get up. Oh, I shouldn't have to tell you to wear matching panties and camisole under your clothing. Good night.”

As he was picking up his panties and camisoles, she tossed him a baby doll nightie. It was a cream and chocolate confection. The under skirt was chocolate silk while the outer layer a translucent white cream with puffed shoulders trimmed in chocolate lace and ribbons. The panties that went with it was also double layered chocolate on the inside and cream on the outside with multiple layers of ruffled lace on the back side.

Back in his room, Thomas was exhausted, ashamed and defeated. His poor penis was still throbbing. He thought seriously about just getting dressed and driving off into the early evening, but he couldn't tell anyone what happened.

That kind of admission would be truly humiliating and ruin him. In the end, he decided to do just what his pũ sãao told him. He put on the nightie and went to bed. It was embarrassing, but he was too tired to do fight back, and the nightie did feel very sensual against his skin.



Thomas was in a deep sleep, dreaming a nightmare were

Sally Jo caught him wearing panties and camisole. He was awakened with a hard slap to his panty covered butt.

Pensée was already dressed for the day. She was wearing a red silk pants suit with black long-sleeved blouse with a ruffled collar. The black patent leather five-inch stilettos made her tower over Thomas.

“Come on my beautiful girl get up and fix my breakfast. A pot of green tea and fried egg with toast,” he heard his aunt demand. “Now! Hurry up. I have much to do today,” she added then left the room.

It didn’t register in his mind that she called him her beautiful girl. “Oh my God! I’m wearing a baby doll grown! Shit! I’ve got to stop this shit!” he thought as he got out of bed.

He was surprised when he went to his dresser and discovered that all his male underwear was gone. Neatly arranged in the draw were the panties and camisoles Pensée had given him last night. There was something new, a sachet smelling like her spicy perfume. He removed a pair of neon blue tap panties



and matching camisole; then, grabbed a pair of denim shorts and a Dallas Cowboy jersey. As he started to remove the nightie his aunt entered without knocking.

“Nórng sǎao, didn’t I tell you to fix my breakfast?” she snapped. “Here, I forgot to give these to you last night.” Aunt Pensée tossed Thomas a pair of black slippers with colorful embroidery depicting a Lotus flower in full bloom.

“I was going to get dressed first,” he explained.

“Do I need to give you another discipline lesson so soon, Suuai? You did promise to do whatever I tell you. Now put on those slippers and get my breakfast,” she said sternly.

“Chay pī sǎao,” he answered, using the Thai word for yes. *Dang*, he thought, heading out of the room, *I got my morning woodie and it’s still sore. I certainly don’t want to be punished like that again. Feel like a total idiot wearing this nightie and now I must wear these girly slippers.*

As he was making breakfast, Pensée was sitting at the dining room table with a big smile. *I’ve been rough with him*, she thought, *but I had to get both his respect and fear. I have that now, so won’t push him much further. He told me that he has a meeting with some lawyer about the estate in three days. Well, I’ll take his car and meet with a lawyer a Thai friend told me to see. I’ll keep him busy cleaning the house and doing my laundry. I’ll make him keep the nightie on too. That way he won’t answer the door should any of his friends come by.*

After they finished breakfast and Thomas had cleaned up the kitchen, she told him to clean the house, make the beds and wash her lingerie. After that, he could take a bath, do a facial cleansing then put his nightie back on. He wanted to protest, but the look she gave him stopped any talkback.

Seeing the look on his face, she elaborated. “I must go someplace in town today. Give me the keys to your car. While I’m gone, you will vacuum the carpets and mop the floors. When you finish that, make our beds with the sheets I brought. They are on the top of my dresser. Oh, I left my used lingerie on the bathroom counter. Make sure to hand wash them as well. Then you can take a bath, do a facial cleansing, and put your nightie back on. When I get back, Suuai, you better be wearing it.”

After she left, Thomas decided to make the beds before doing everything else. In her room, he removed the white satin pillowed comforter; then the sheets. Going over to the dresser, he found a set of scarlet silk sheets and pillow covers. Next to them was a sheet set, but in bright pink silk. That stack had his name written on a piece of paper resting on top of it.

*Oh no, not pink; especially neon pink*, he thought in dismay. *Dang, I still have three days before I meet with my lawyer and get all this tomfoolery out of my life.*

He was busy mopping the kitchen floor when the phone rang. Putting the mop down, he picked up the kitchen extension. It was his best friend, David. David was a star linebacker on the high school varsity football team. He wanted to know if Thomas was ready to go out and see a movie or cruise around the main drag. Thomas was tempted, but all the underwear he had to wear was lingerie. He didn't want to wear them, or God forbid, be caught wearing them. Besides, if he said he could go, would Pensée let him? He doubted it. He decided to just tell his buddy that he still didn't feel ready to go out just yet.

"Okay buddy," David agreed and added, "why don't I grab some beers and I'll come over instead?"

"The last thing I need right now is for him to come over and meet my aunt; especially if he's bringing beer," he thought beginning to panic.

"Hey Thomas, you still there?" he heard, paused a moment, and replied, "Yeah, look man my Aunt Pensée just arrived from Bangkok. Look, just forget it for now. I'll get in touch later, okay? Oh, and please tell the other guys not to bother me for now. With the funeral and my aunt here, I'm not ready to do anything right now." He didn't wait for a response hanging up the phone.

"I hope that keeps everyone away for a while and not piss them off too much," he thought.



When Pensée called the lawyer's office that morning, she was told that he could see her in two days. She curtly told the receptionist to inform him who was calling. Shortly after, she was told he would see her at ten that morning.

"Good, I'll be there but I need directions," she replied in fluent English. Her time in the U.S. made her language skills almost perfect, plus the Viet Nam build up brought a lot of American military to Bangkok which required her to learn how to speak well from an early age.

At precisely ten o'clock, she met Mr. Somchai. He was wearing an expensive black silk suit, stiffly starched white dress shirt with a scarlet silk tie. Black alligator loafers were on his feet. He was about five-foot eight and on the chubby side. He greeted her warmly as if they had known each other for a long time.



Pensée was impressed. Her associate in Bangkok had prepped Mr. Somchai very well. She asked for a cup of green tea as she sat down in the green leather chair. It didn't take her long to explain her situation and what she wanted done.

"Mr. Somchai, I need you to make me the official guardian for my nephew Thomas," she said. "He just turned eighteen a few months ago and in no position to intelligently manage the family estate. This folder has the contact information for the lawyer currently handling the case. This folder has Thomas' personal information and my qualifications to be his legal guardian." She handed him the folder.

He glanced through it briefly, nodded and with a smile said he could take care of it. "However," he added, "This will take a month or two to resolve in your favor. Depending on the current lawyer's willingness to agree to let me take over, it may also be expensive. Plus, the courts here are slow. But it can be done."

"Fine, I don't care about the expenses but get it done as soon as possible," she replied.

As she left the office, Pensée was more than pleased. Yes, it would be expensive but once she had Thomas back in Bangkok, it would be worth it. She wasn't happy about having to wait a couple of months to get it done. There would be complications arising — like his friends coming to see him and him wanting to go meet them. She would have to figure out some way to limit that. As she was going to the car, she noticed a large major retail store across the street. She decided to make a stop there.



She got back to the house a little after noon and very pleased with herself. There were no other cars parked there either, which meant Thomas was still alone. She grabbed several large bags from the back seat and went into the house. She could hear the shower running in his bathroom.

*I distinctly told Suuai to take a bath. When will he learn to do what I say?* she thought putting the bags on her bed and picking up her hair brush.

To say that Thomas was surprised when she whisked the shower curtain aside and pulled him out of the shower would be an understatement. He was horrified and embarrassed to his core. Several hard slaps to his butt later, he was crying and in pain. His butt reddened. He put his hands down to cover his groin but a slap with the hair brush made him move them away.

“Nórng sǎao!” she shouted. “I told you to take a bath not a shower. Why do you make me punish you? You know I don’t like doing that! Now, turn off that shower and prepare your bath.”

With tears flowing he nodded and said, “Chay, p̄i sǎao.”

He hated being called a little sister or having to do what she demanded, but didn’t dare defy her. He wanted to physically harm her, but men didn’t strike a woman no matter what. He learned that lesson when he was in first grade. In a fit of anger, he swung at his mother as she bent down scolding him. His little fist landed on her lip making it swell. When his father got home and heard what had happened took off his leather belt. It was a lesson he would never forget. All he could do was swallow his pride and do as commanded.

The tub was almost filled by the time she came back carrying some bottles. His p̄i sǎao told him that from now on he would only be taking baths. Not only that, but he would always add two capfuls of Tree Oil and two of Lavender Oil. She also handed him a bottle of her expensive women’s shampoo and her lavender scented soap. Instructing him that a proper bath should last at least thirty minutes, she left. She even left a timer set for thirty minutes on the counter.

*Good grief! Now I not only have to take a bath but put all this smelly stuff in the water. I’ll smell like a flower garden by the time is up,* he thought in despair.

It felt like forever before the timer went off. Sighing, he pulled the plug and stood up. The smell of lavender was strong, much to his dismay. He was about to get out of the tub when she came back. This time with a pair of small scissors, a women’s razor and can of shaving gel.

“Stay where you are,” she ordered. “It’s time for you to learn how to neaten yourself. I’ll do it this time but you are expected to continue doing this,” she added.

*Neaten myself up? What the heck does that mean?* he thought.

Thomas found out soon enough as she had him raise his arms. It didn’t take her long, using the scissors to trim the hair under his arms. He tried to stop her. “Please p̄i sǎao, men don’t shave there,” he pleaded.

“I know plenty of Thai men that remove their body hair. So now will you,” she simply replied.

Then, using the gel shaved them smooth. If he thought that was embarrassing, he was humiliated when she dropped to her knees and began trimming away at his pubic hair. When she was done only a narrow landing strip of hair remained. She even removed the sparse black hairs on his scrotum. Pensée had

him turn around and checked to see if he had hair growing on his back or ass. Finding none was pleased. Handing him a fluffy towel told him to pat himself dry.

He took the towel and began to rub it like normal, only to be reprimanded. “I said pat, not rub. Skin is delicate and must be treated so. You pat not rub. When dry, coat your body with this moisturizer,” she said and pointed to a large bottle of lavender scented body lotion.

Thomas thought of a TV show, “The Honeymooners” and Ralph’s line, “bang, to the moon Alice,” but knew he couldn’t do that. Sighing, he finished drying and poured the scented body lotion into his hand.

*I thought I smelled like a flower garden before, but now it’s more like a florist shop, he thought sourly. I’m going to smell like this all day. I can’t see any of my friends smelling like this! No telling how they would react. David would probably call me a fag — or worse decide to fight me...*

As he was applying the soothing moisturizer, his aunt left the room, but soon returned. In her hands was some clothing. “Put these and your slippers on, hand wash your nightie and hang to dry. You will need it for tonight. While you do that, I’ll make us lunch,” she said.

The first items in the pile of clothing were — of all things — a lavender-colored pair of hip-hugger panties with small, bright lavender satin ribbons attached at the hips and the center of the waist band. A matching camisole was next. The next item was more to his liking. It was a Dallas Cowboy jersey... Except it wasn’t his. This one was a size 3 X extra-large. He put it on anyway but the hem went down to mid-thigh and hung loosely around him. The final item was something he had never seen before. It was a pair of shorts, blue like the color of the Cowboy’s star. It was made of a stretchy fabric and had only a four-inch inseam. Putting them on wasn’t easy as the material clung to him. The two-inch waist band was tight and brought in his stomach while the crotch was crushing his manhood. He didn’t know it at the time but the shorts were actually girls dance panties.

Looking into the mirror on the bathroom door, he was shocked at what he saw. The jersey made him look smaller than he was and looked more like a dress. Holding back tears, he stepped into his slippers and picked up his nightie.

The afternoon wasn’t any better as he had to sit and watch the soap operas with his aunt. As he approached the sofa to sit next to her, she instructed him to tuck his shirt under his bottom before sitting. He gave her a questioning look.



“Tuck your shirt Suuai, so I don’t have to see your bulge,” she simply replied bringing a flush to his cheeks.

“Pensée...” he began, but stopped before he could say more.

“From now on you will only address me as pîi sãao. I’m your elder sister and you need to show your respect. You can address me by my name only if in the company of others. Do you understand?” she interrupted.

*What the heck? Elder sister? She's my aunt, dang it, he thought. I can't wait to see my lawyer and get my freedom back. I'm sure mom and dad financially took care of me and I'm eighteen now. Once that's done, I can tell her to go back to Bangkok.* Tomas may have been thinking defiant words, but instead he simply said, "Chay, pîi sǎao."



That evening after supper, she told him to take a bath, moisturize and set the timer for thirty minutes. "It's been a stressful day for you, nórng sǎao, so you need more time to relax. A long soothing bath will do that. Put on your nightie and meet me in my room when you are done," she said.

*I really don't want to do either of those, he thought, getting up. I still smell like lavender after all this time but there is no point in arguing. At least I'll be out of these uncomfortable shorts. They're crushing my poor balls. I'm afraid of what will happen in her room, too. Hopefully all I'll have to do is comb her hair and watch her remove her makeup.*

He gave a momentary thought about only putting one cap full of the oils but decided not to take the chance. Thomas wouldn't admit it, but he actually enjoyed the bath. Getting out of the tub, he grabbed a towel and started rubbing. He stopped in mid-rub and began patting himself dry. He didn't doubt that she would find out if he didn't pat dry or use the lavender moisturizer. Putting on the nightie and stepping into his slippers, he forlornly headed to her bedroom.

Again, she was seated on the vanity bench, clad only in an emerald green bra and matching tap panties with a loosely tied sheer wrap. "I hope you found your bath relaxing, my nórng sǎao. Now, come and brush my hair," she said, greeting him.

*I'm not your little sister. At least you could call me your little brother, he thought, picking up the brush.*

"Put your knees and feet together when you sit, nórng sǎao," she instructed. After he had brushed her hair, she had more commands to give. "Now, watch as I remove my makeup and pay attention like you used too." When he didn't reply, she slapped his thigh. "When I tell you to do something, what is the proper reply, Suuai?"

The slap stung, but he quickly replied, "chay, pîi sǎao."

Again to his dismay, the aromas filling his nose and sitting so close to her caused his penis to grow erect. Hoping that watching closely to what cleansers

and unguents she used and applied them would ease the stiffening of his member. When she pushed one of the jars over to him, he knew to start his facial cleansing. Nothing helped ease his stiff penis.

Thomas was surprised when she swung her feet up and placed them in his lap. “I’ve worn heels all day, nórng sǎao. Please message my feet,” she kindly said. *By making Thomas call me Elder Sister and me calling him Little Sister, in time he will think of himself as the little sister,* she thought.

He had never done that before but had a general idea of what to do. He began by rubbing her right foot then moved to the left and back again to the other. Aside from telling him to rub harder at certain spots, she remained silent. He didn’t realize with her feet in his lap, that he spread his own legs out.

She leaned over and pinched his ear painfully. “Legs together Suuai!” she barked. “You must remember to keep them pressed together whenever you sit!”

He remembered just in time to answer, “chay, pîi sǎao.”

His hands were aching by the time she put her feet back down. “That was very good, my nórng sǎao. We must do this more often. Now watch.” She opened a large jar with what looked like blue clay. “This is a night time facial mask I do twice a week. You smooth it on, let it dry then in the morning just rinse it off. Watch, then you can apply it to your face.”

Once his face was covered in the blue clay and dry, she stood up and took his hands and helped him stand. As he stood, he spread his legs. That got him an icy stare. “Suuai, legs together when you stand as well.”

“Chay, pîi sǎao,” he replied as he brought his legs together.

She didn’t miss seeing the bulge in his panties. Reaching out, she grabbed it and began stroking. Thomas let out a soft groan and closed his eyes. Dang, I don’t want her doing this, but it feels so good. She wouldn’t stop anyway, *he thought. I think she enjoys torturing me like this. She’s been here only three days and look what she’s done to me so far. It seems like forever — not just three dang days!*

As soon as a damp spot appeared on his panties, she grabbed the tea cup with one hand while pulling his penis out from the leg hole. She began stroking in earnest and blew on the damp tip making him moan. Smiling broadly, she quickly brought him to a climax catching all of it in the tiny cup. She stood up, his eyes were tightly shut, mouth closed and shaking.

“Open up Suuai and receive your reward,” she ordered. Still, he refused to open his mouth, eyes shut hard.

*No, a thousand times no. That's sick and I refuse to do it,* he told himself.

Pensée didn't waste any time grabbing his balls and squeezed. When he screamed, emptied the cup into his mouth and placed her hand over his mouth. With her other hand, she stroked his throat until he swallowed. His eyes were open now and she saw hopelessness in them making her smile.

"From now on my nórng sáao, you will smile and say thank you when I milk and feed you man cream! Then you will kneel and pleasure your pîi sáao for being so kind to you," she demanded.

It wasn't much of a smile, but she let that pass for now. He thanked her as well. *I don't think I will have any more such problems with him now but he hasn't broken completely,* she thought after he pleased her. *He's also showing promise as a licker too. Tomorrow, I will push him even more.*

"That was very good Suuai," She said with a smile. "Now off to bed with you and I mean directly to bed. No stopping to brush your teeth like last time. I'll know if you do. Now go, you have a lot to do tomorrow."

*I don't want this taste lingering in my mouth but I have no choice,* he thought, getting into bed. *My balls are still hurting and I don't want her doing that again.* Thomas made sure the alarm was set.



His sleep was unrestful as he tossed and turned all night. Making matters worse, between the soft fabric of the nightie and silk sheets, he had a hard-on. It felt like he had just drifted off into a deep sleep when the alarm went off. Thomas had to force himself out of bed and go to the bathroom. The first thing he did was brush his teeth and rinse with mouthwash. While in the tub, his mind drifted in and out of awareness. He was so tired he didn't notice his aunt putting a stack of clothing on the counter. He did hear her tell him to wash the face mask off before he got out, though.

Dried and moisturized, he examined the pile of clothing. A bright pink pair of tap panties with matching camisole and a 3X extra-large pink girl's sleep shirt were all that she left. The shirt had a ballerina en point printed on it. Groaning, he put the lingerie on and then the shirt. It hung on him like a tent and reached to six-inches below his groin. He knew what he looked like and avoided looking in the mirror. Stepping into his slippers, he left to make breakfast.

After breakfast, Pensée had him sit on the sofa, reminding him to tuck his shirt and keep his knees together. She gave him a book. "That is a book I brought on the plane to pass the time. It's a romance novel and I want you to

read it out loud, using a soft voice and higher pitch. Your Thai is good but you lack the proper tone and reflection to be fluent. Thai language needs a higher pitch to provide the proper meaning for what you are saying. I have a spray that will help,” she instructed. She held up a spray bottle and squeezed the bulb producing a mist. There was a minty scent to it.

“Now, open up and let me spray your throat,” she ordered.

He wasn’t sure about letting her do that, but did open up after saying, “Chay, p̄i s̄ao.”

*He’s learning*, she thought as she sprayed three squirts. “Now, hold the book in your lap to help remind you to keep your knees together and start reading,” she said.

Thomas felt a tingling and tasted a hint of mint flavor as the spray entered. Clearing his throat, began to read the Thai written book. He tried to raise his voice but it took a couple of minutes to do so. After every thirty minutes, she sprayed his throat again and told him he was improving.

*Reading a darn romance novel is the most boring thing I think I’ve ever done. How much longer is she going to make me do this?* he thought.

After two hours — which seemed much longer to Thomas — she told him to stop and to get up. As he did so, he spread his legs only to get a harsh admonishment. “Legs together when standing. You need to learn to walk properly too,” she said, walking over to him.

“Chay, p̄i s̄ao,” he replied.

“Watch my feet n̄ong s̄ao,” she instructed. She placed one foot out then the other a little over half way ahead and slight 15-degree inward angle. She repeated the move with the other foot. She walked about four feet away and told him to begin.

*If I walk that way, I won’t get very far fast. Besides, what’s wrong with the way I walk?* he thought. However, the young man began moving his feet. He kept his head down so he could see what he was doing. He didn’t make it three feet before his aunt snapped at him.

“Keep your head up and back straight n̄ong s̄ao! Move from your hips,” she demanded.

Thomas did the best he could, but hazarded a look down every now and then. *Walking like this feels so weird and it makes my hips swivel. I wonder how long she’s going to make me do this?* he thought.





“You’re doing better, nórng sǎao, keep it up. Now, I want you to tell me in your higher pitch voice how much you love and respect your pîi sǎao for helping you so much until I tell you to stop,” she ordered.

*Good grief, now she wants me to tell her how much I love all she's done to me so far? If I refuse, she'll definitely punish me and I don't want that,* he thought then began telling her what she wanted to hear using his higher pitch.

Thirty minutes later, the doorbell rang and he froze in his tracks. Pensée went to the door and answered it. Through the half open door, some man handed her a thick manilla envelop and left. Seeing Thomas just standing there, she snapped, "I didn't tell you to stop. Get back to it."

As he continued walking around the living room telling her how much he loved what she was doing for him, she sat at the dinner table. Opening the envelope, she smiled and began reading. It was a progress report from Mr. Somchai. He informed her that Thomas's attorney agreed to step away from the case for a payment of \$10,000. He also said that the case file he got from Thomas's lawyer was good news. The estate was estimated to be about half a million, depending on how much the house could sell for. The lawyer's letter continued, saying he filed with the court a request for legal guardianship for her, along with her personal qualifications. He assured her that he was good friends with the judge and that he expected full approval within a month or so.

*A month?* she thought. *I was hoping sooner, but this is all good news. Now, I just must get Thomas his Thai passport which should be no big deal as he was born there. I've already found a copy of his birth certificate in his mother's room. I'll go to the Thai council in town tomorrow.* She put the letter back in the envelope and smiled broadly.

She watched Thomas as he walked and talked in his new higher register. His back was straight and his head up, but more importantly he had the gentle hip sway of a young woman. She picked up the spray bottle and walked over to him. Squeezed the bulb three times and told to sit and rest for a while.

He was very happy to say, "Chay, pîi sǎao." He was near the point of exhaustion.

His happiness evaporated as he sat on the sofa remembering to tuck his shirt and press his knees together when she handed him the book.

"Continue reading aloud while I go make supper," she said.

*Dang, I need to rest — not read this stupid novel,* he thought. However, he started reading anyway.

Supper was a chicken stir fry dish with a curry sauce and rice. It was tasty, but he was still hungry when his plate was clean. He hadn't eaten since breakfast and was worn out from all he did today. His throat was sore and when he told his aunt, she sprayed some more of that minty flavored spray into his mouth.