

# INHERITANCE

*By Cheryl Lynn*



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

---

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

---

*Copyright © 2000, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved*

### ***Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

### ***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!***

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

## INHERITANCE

By Cheryl Lynn

### INTRODUCTION TO A NEW LIFE

It was the mid-nineteen fifties and times were for the most part good. The only blot on the horizon was something called the Korean Police Action and the possibility of nuclear war. Oh, yes, the kids practiced hiding under their desks or huddled up against the walls away from the windows. They even practiced falling to the ground and protecting their heads as imaginary war planes strafed the schoolyard along with the fire drills. Otherwise, it was a safe, permissive environment even for most metropolitan centers to bring up kids. It was a secure and, with the recent invention of the Salk vaccine, healthy environment. Life was good, yet goodness is a matter of perception.

The screen door slammed shut as John ran into the house. He did not slow down like a normal eighteen year old would, as he wheeled around the corner and into the kitchen. It was close to the end of the New Year's vacation, and he was still running free. His free-spirited upbringing allowed him unlimited and almost unsupervised personal time. School was the only discipline he'd had to deal with, and that was almost over for him. If he hadn't been held back a year, he would have graduated by now. He was an only child, and his parents treated him with a permissiveness that only can be found in such homes. In many respects, his parent's coddling had made him very immature for his age. There was also the fact they lived several miles from his nearest friends and such things as television were still a new technology.

His family lived out in the country, and the house was surrounded by Aunt Edna's vast holdings. The nearest neighbor was more than three miles away, except for the black family living in an old share cropper house down the road. Aunt Edna lived in a big apartment in the city proper and rented the farmland out. The only time other than at school Johnny spent with other male friends his age was the Slugger's League practice and games held on the weekends during the summer.

He didn't have that many male friends in any case. He was the smallest boy in his classes, and the girls outnumbered the boys two to one. The entire student population wouldn't even make a senior class in any big city school. While small, he made up any shortcomings with audacity. The country school where he attended classes was typical for the period, sticking primarily to the basics: reading, writing, and arithmetic. The only extracurricular activities offered were basketball and baseball.

His parents, perhaps trying to make up for the limited number of children his own age to play with, made sure he lacked for nothing. His wishes were almost always accommodated. Sports accessories were scattered in great profusion throughout the house, backyard, and garage. His room was a massive jumble of halfhearted collec-

tions, sports paraphernalia, toys, comic books, drawings, clothing, and all the other accumulations young boys hoard. Under the best of terms he would be considered a spoiled brat. His independence was also a function of the times. There were few if any societal psychopaths running amok like they seem to do in this day and age.

As his sneakers squeaked to a halt on the linoleum floor before the "icebox", what his parents called the refrigerator, his mother looked up from her sewing machine in the adjacent sunroom. "Johnny, how many times have I told you not to run in the house? Can I get you anything?"

Johnny simply said, "Un Huh," as he opened the refrigerator and pulled out the pitcher of lemonade. Not bothering to get a glass, he slurped noisily directly out of the pitcher. A small stream of lemonade flowed down his cheeks and across his chest to drip to the floor.

"Johnny! Stop that this instant," his mother cried out upon seeing him. "How many times have I told you not to drink out of the container? Get a glass. Here, put that down, and I'll get you a glass."

Johnny pulled the pitcher from his face and, after wiping his arm across his mouth, put the pitcher back into the refrigerator just as his mother walked up. "Oh, Johnny, look at the mess. Go to the bathroom and wash your face. Are you hungry, darling? I'll fix you a peanut butter and jelly sandwich just as soon as you wash up. Now, go on, scoot."

Johnny looked at his mother and told her, "Cowboys don't wash, ma'am."

"I don't care," his mother replied. "I want your hands and face washed this instant. Now, scat!" His mother was a petite, somewhat frail person. Short-cropped brunette hair, pixie nose, and full lips with spectacular green eyes made her almost beautiful. However, she had been brought up very sheltered and hadn't been that healthy as a child. Her family had been imperious, and she never developed a real sense of self-confidence or authority. This also being the fifties, she was a real life version of the role portrayed by Donna Reed on the television sitcom.

As he moved to do his mother's bidding, he did a quick draw using his hand as an imaginary six-shooter and pretended to shoot the cat. "Bang! Got'cha, big Willie," he said, blowing imaginary smoke from the barrel. "That makes seven bad guys down in one day! Not too bad for a tenderfoot. Now to go get me some of dem rotten Indians. See how's they like it when I hang their bloody scalps from my lodge pole."

"Johnny, quit talking like that! How horrible. Can't you find something better to do with your time than to pretend to kill people? Besides, you are way too old to be playing those silly games. I'm going to have your father give you a good talking too, Mister! Now go on and get cleaned up," his mother scolded.

Then turning to face the opposite direction, she called out, "Bertha! Bertha! Are you finished with the laundry yet? Or do I need to start on lunch?" Bertha was the black woman who lived with her family just down the dirt road from their house and did housework for them. Her husband Lincoln worked the farmland for Aunt Edna, and she had two young children.

Turning her attention back to her son as he walked out the kitchen, she exclaimed, “Mercy, I don’t know what to do with that child. Too much of that newfangled television! That’s what it is. It will be the ruination of that boy. I’ve got to have a talk with his father.”

Needless to say, Johnny’s dad never had that talk with his son. That night, Johnny’s dad came home in an army uniform. He had been recalled to active duty. Something happened in a place called Inchon, and the government was getting serious over Korea. Johnny never understood nor for that matter really cared. All he could think about that night was the upcoming baseball season; he was the starting shortstop like his idol Pee Wee Reese. All Johnny could do when not otherwise occupied was talk baseball and playing shortstop. His world revolved around baseball, especially the Brooklyn Dodgers and Pee Wee Reese. Girls were just on the periphery of his awareness and world events not even a close third.

Something about the name “Pee Wee” struck a familiar cord with Johnny, as he was small-framed for his age. His father often told him that “dynamite comes in small packages,” and whatever his father had said was true. So Johnny acted just like he was filled with dynamite and was explosive in his attitudes and actions. Everything he did, he did like a bull in a china shop and. Despite his short stature, he was the starting shortstop for the Texican Marauders team. His energy level would not have been so bad if it had been controlled, but control and respect for authority were seriously lacking. Johnny ran wild and free, doing whatever Johnny wanted to do. He also usually did what was best for Johnny.

Johnny made the team but was second string. Then Billy Holiday, the coach’s first choice for the position, got seriously spiked during a practice session. The injury put Billy out for six weeks and Johnny in. The fact that Johnny was the player who spiked Billy entered into the coach’s thinking, but it had looked like an accident. Still, the coach might have chosen another player for shortstop, but Johnny took physical pain well. The same day that Billy got spiked, Johnny got hit in the shin by a hard grounder that would have driven bigger boys into the dust. Johnny shook it off and almost made the play. He limped for the rest of the game but refused to quit. The coach’s decision was made, and Johnny became the starting shortstop.

Some time after his father left for military duty in Japan, three army officers knocked on the door. Something about a breakout and everyone being sent in to plug the hole. “Yes,” the army chaplain explained, “even those assigned to headquarters’ company were sent in. He died honorably and in the line of duty.”

It was a very sad time for Johnny. He understood death and its ramifications but not the violence and horror that sometimes goes with death. His understanding of death was limited to the John Wayne or Hopalong Cassidy kind of death— clean, neat, and basically painless. He knew that his father was gone for good and would not be returning. What he did not understand were the real life ramifications of what the loss of his father meant or the emotions stirring within him. His mother took her husband’s death very hard.

Johnny’s mother summoned Aunt Edna soon after the representatives of the Department of Defense had left. Aunt Edna was the last of his mother’s relatives; and,

while his father had one or two, they were estranged. He had an Uncle Frank or something like that, but no one knew where he lived. There might have been grandparents on his side, but again, with his mother's incapacity, no one knew enough to follow up on "what might have been." So Aunt Edna was their closest known living relative.

Aunt Edna took over from the moment she set foot inside the house. Seeing Mary, Johnny's mother, so distraught, Edna thought it best to call her family physician to the house. It would be a major inconvenience for the doctor, but Edna was a big contributor to his clinic. After he examined Mary, he prescribed the current drug of choice and lots of bed rest.

Being the Fifties, tranquilizers were the new wonder drug of the age and were freely prescribed. Mary was bluntly sent to her bed with instructions to take her "pills". Bertha was told to see to Mary's needs, while Edna would take care of everything else. The fact that heavy doses of tranquilizers left the patient incapable of performing anything but the most elementary functions was of no concern. Edna took over complete control, and Johnny would only get to see his mother briefly over the intervening days before the burial ceremony.

Within hours of her arrival, Johnny learned some very hard lessons. His Aunt had arrived late in the night. While she was getting settled, he was asleep. Bertha didn't come in until just before ten a.m., and he had the house pretty much to himself. At least, that was his routine until Aunt Edna arrived. As was customary, he rose at eight and went directly to the kitchen, where he filled a large bowl with cereal and settled down in front of the television. It was a big mahogany black and white console with the small octagon-shaped screen and speakers on both sides to give the illusion of stereophonic sound.

"*Here he comes to save the day...*" echoed in the empty living room, as Johnny watched television. Johnny had the volume all the way up. He still watched cartoon shows, but they had lost most of their appeal. Since television was in its infancy, the shows being broadcast weren't worth watching during the day. Daytime television was limited to a few soaps and local programming. Syndicated television, what we call networks, came on beginning with the nightly news. If nothing else, the toons that were shown on Saturday morning occupied his sleep-edged mind until his favorite western, *Sky King*, came on.

Now that show had everything: horses, guns, good guy versus bad guy, and best of all an airplane. Johnny wanted to be a pilot when he finally got out of high school. Pretending that his spoon was a plane; he dived it into his bowl of cereal not caring where it wound up. In his mouth or on the floor, it didn't much matter to him. Bertha would clean it up in any case.

His attention was soon distracted by the approach of his Aunt. He did not know that she had arrived, and he was somewhat surprised at seeing her. You would think that as his only living relative besides his mother, they would have gotten along beautifully. Unfortunately, that was not the case. Aunt Edna did not like many adults and certainly considered children to be nuisances. Johnny, for his part, had tried to get along with his aunt but found her aloof manner not to his liking. They had spent very little time together, and that included the rest of his immediate family. They had only

been together four or five times over the past six years and then primarily at Christmas. So there was neither love nor hate in their relationship. They were essentially strangers. The fact that they shared the same blood created more of an obligation than a real bond.

He watched her as she marched over to the television set. His spoon of cereal was held motionless midway to his mouth. Only his eyes moved as they followed her over to the set. She was wearing a maroon voile robe tightly sashed about her waist. Its wide lapels and the sash were covered in burgundy red velvet, and the "V" opening at the neck revealed the ruffled white lace of her nightgown. Her black hair was pinned tightly into a bun sitting at the top of her head. Maroon colored high-heeled slippers made a loud tapping on the oak floor as she literally stomped over to the television and pushed the off button.

She stood over him for several seconds. Then, shaking her head, she reached down and grabbed him under his left bicep and with a squeeze lifted him from the floor. "Grab that bowl and come with me!" she ordered.

Johnny did not know what had happened. One moment he was sitting contentedly eating his cereal watching cartoons, then all of a sudden his aunt starts ordering him about and tugging at him painfully. As he was forced to rise to his feet, the cereal bowl tilting dangerously from his right hand. All he could do was scream back at her. "You big shit, let go of me!" It was absolutely the wrong thing for him to say.

Edna pinched at his underarm flesh even harder, bringing tears to Johnny's eyes as the bowl fell to the floor. It shattered, splashing milk, cereal, and broken shards of glass everywhere. He had to leap back as milk and broken glass rushed toward his bare feet.

"Ouch! Darn it, you're hurting me!" he screamed as he dangled in her grip. "Let go of me! I'm gonna tell mom. She'll..." He never finished, as Edna pulled him fiercely towards her and into her lap as she sat on a near by stool. She began slapping his pajama-clad derriere. Corporal punishment was the norm for that day and age. Most people considered even severe whippings acceptable. Aunt Edna was just giving him the spanking he deserved; nothing more, nothing less. It was also his first.

Johnny was tough, and it took several minutes of hard spanking before he began to wiggle and squirm on her lap. It took some more time before he started to feel the sharp, stinging pain radiating out from his bottom. Still, his aunt pounded on his backside with the flat of her hand, until at last he began to sniffle and cry. At last, she stopped spanking him and stood up, pulling him once again by his tender underarm flesh with her as she proceeded into the kitchen. This hurt far more than the simple spanking.

"You're sniveling just like a simpering little sissy, " she said, as she pulled him to the sink in the kitchen. She picked up the bar of soap.

"Am not!" Johnny protested loudly, but he was still sniffing.

As Edna shoved the soap into his mouth, a look of astonishment and disgust filled Johnny's face. Before he could spit it out, she covered his mouth with her hand and held it there. Johnny tried to break loose of her grip and even took a swing at her, but

it glanced harmlessly off her shoulder. Edna, for her part, only squeezed harder on his underarm while forcing his arm higher into the air. This brought fresh tears to his eyes and him to his knees. The taste of soap was churning his stomach.

As he sank to the floor, she released her grip on his arm and mouth. Johnny spit out the foul tasting bar and what he had managed to consume of his breakfast. Soap fumes filled his nose, and the acid of his stomach mixed with soapsuds made his head swim. It took him fifteen minutes to catch his breath. Rocking on his knees in the puddle of vomit, Johnny could only hold his stomach and groan in misery.

As he knelt on the kitchen floor amid his own mess, he felt another stinging pain. Edna swung one of his father's wide leather belts across his bottom. As he tried to place his hands behind his back to ward off the blows, he slipped in the mess and fell face forward into it. Lying prone on the floor gave his aunt unrestricted access to his bottom. Soon he was crying real tears and begging her to stop.

"Well, I trust that you have learned your lessons for today," she said, puffing from her exertions. Edna handed him a dampened washcloth to wipe the tears and other lingering liquids from his face. "Now, I want you to get up. Clean this mess up off the floor and the one you made in the living room. Since you made such a mess, you will have to mop the entire kitchen and living room. As long as you are doing that, you may as well wax the floor. Now go on and get busy! We have a lot to do today."

It took a minute or two for what his aunt has said to sink in. "Clean...Mop the floor...That's girl's work! I ain't gonna clean..." he began in disbelief.

Edna, who had been digging into the kitchen closet for the mop and other cleaning materials, turned before he could finish what he was saying. She jammed the mop head into his stomach. The force of the blow knocked him on his backside. Startled, he just sat there on the kitchen floor, as Edna pulled out a bucket and apron Bertha usually wore from the closet.

Without saying another word, she reached down and pulled him to his feet, spun him around, looped the apron over his head, and tied the sash into a double knotted bow in the back. The apron was a bright chartreuse nylon with flouncy lace trim. It was a bib style with wide flounces trimming the shoulder straps. It hung to well below his knees while reaching around his waist to almost meet in the back.

"Well, I do hope that you have learned another lesson today. I will accept nothing but absolute obedience when I tell you to do something. No ands, ifs, or buts. Just 'yes Auntie' or 'no Auntie' will do. Is that perfectly clear, or do I need to furnish you with more instruction?" she said, while letting his father's belt swing from her hand. "No? Well, what do you say then?"

Reluctantly, Johnny nodded his head in compliance. Seeing the arched eyebrow and look his aunt was giving him, he quickly amended with, "Yes, Aunt Edna."

"That will be 'yes, AUNTIE!'" Edna stated in a firm tone. "Aunt sounds entirely too old. Now let me hear you say it correctly!"

"Yes, auntie," Johnny quickly replied. He had had enough for today. Besides, he was still feeling queasy from swallowing all that soap. He filled the bucket with warm water and soap and began mopping, as his aunt gave him instructions. Later, when



Bertha came in, she took over his instruction. It had been embarrassing enough when his aunt was watching over him, but the maid was almost more than he could stand. Bertha's gloating over his misfortune was almost worse than the spanking he had received earlier. As he pushed the mop across the floor, his wet, vomit-covered pajamas stuck to his skin. The vile aroma filled his nose. He even dry-heaved a few times, as he bent to wring out the mop head and the foul smell hit him. His requests to change clothing when unheeded.

Much later, after he had mopped and waxed both the kitchen and living room, he was followed into the hall bathroom. Edna began filling the tub with hot water and flowery scented bath oil. Johnny had the opportunity to look at himself standing before the full-length mirror. It was with some trepidation that he realized just how silly he appeared. The apron looked all too much like a frilly dress, and it made him feel like a real sissy.

*Good thing my friends can't see me dressed like this,* he thought, as his aunt walked over to him. She spun him around and untied the apron. She then lifted it off him along with his pajama top. To his utter amazement, she pulled his pajama bottoms and underwear off in a single swift motion. He was left standing naked before his aunt, blushing for all he was worth. Quickly, he pulled his hands in front of himself, trying desperately to cover his privates.

"Get in the tub," his aunt ordered. He meekly turned his back to her to move towards the tub when she demanded that he answer her. It was followed by a sharp stinging slap to his bare right buttock.

"Yes, Auntieeeee," he said as he scampered into the tub. It was hot, and he wanted to jump out. But the fear of being naked in front of his aunt stopped him.

*Maybe now she will go and leave me alone,* he silently prayed.

His prayer was not answered. Aunt Edna grabbed a rough looking sponge and a bar of beauty soap and began scrubbing roughly at his bare back.

"Auntie, I...I can do this myself," he stammered, hoping this would stop the onslaught. Tears of humiliation began filling his eyes once more but did not spill out on to his cheeks.

She only scrubbed the harder at her task, telling him, "You just let me be the judge of that."

"I can't believe that any one person could get so much grease in their hair," she continued, as she held the sponge over his head letting the soapy water splash over his head. Like most kids his age, he had styled his hair in the James Dean fashion commonly referred to as a "duck tail." This hairstyle required the use of a lot of that greasy kid's stuff to hold it in place. Real men did not use "hair spray" in those days, so an oily liquid was liberally splashed on and combed into the hair daily to hold the style.

"Get under the water while I scrub this mess out of your hair!" With her right hand she pressed on the back of his neck. Soon a sputtering Johnny was having his wet hair lathered in a floral scented shampoo. "I don't ever want to see you using that horrible oily hair tonic again, understand?"

Glumly, he nodded his head and mumbled a soft, "Yes, Auntie."

Finished with his hair, she pulled him upright and began scrubbing at his legs. She worked her way up his thighs and was soon moving the sponge across his pubic area, bringing a bright crimson flush to his entire body. He kept trying to push his hands in her way, but she successfully brushed them aside. His embarrassment did not end there. She moved to clean the area between his cheeks. It was a much-subdued Johnny that emerged from the tub.

As she finished drying him off and powdering his body with a floral scented talc, she told him that he looked and smelled much better and that he had best keep himself that way or else. She led him by the hand to his own room. There, after she shuffled through his bureau and closet, she tossed him some clean clothing. As he was getting dressed, she examined his closet carefully and asked him if he had a suit and tie.

"Yes, Auntie, the one I wear to church sometimes. It's there in the back of the closet." Tears still flooding his eyes and ran down his cheeks. He had never been so humiliated or manhandled like he had just been. And by a woman who was almost a complete stranger!

Edna pulled out a rumpled gray flannel suit from the back of the closet's floor. "You don't mean this, do you?" she said with disapproval in her voice. "Well, we are simply going to have to do something about it, that's for sure!" With that, she left him to finish dressing.

Later that afternoon, she made him stand still to take his measurements. With tape in hand, she had him lift his arm up and straight out from his body, elbow bent. Again she embarrassed him when she pressed the tape up tightly into his crotch. It was a horrible first day with his aunt, and Johnny was glad to finally get into bed for the night, even if it was hours before his normal bedtime. His aunt insisted.

Her last words to him as she tucked him in for the night were: "Johnny, you will never turn on the television set again, unless I or your mother give you our permission. Is that understood? Now let me hear your prayers. What? You don't? Well, you are going to begin tonight. Now repeat after me, Now I lay me down to sleep..."

The next few days passed with little disruption. Johnny walked around the house as if he were on eggshells and did his absolute best to stay out of his aunt's sight. He saw his mother only briefly, and even then she seemed to be in la-la land. Her greeting was light and airy, and the words spaced with pauses. She seemed to see him but not see him at the same time. Her condition left Johnny both confused and worried. He was not at all happy when she told him that he would have to do whatever Aunt Edna said.

His aunt tried to explain why his mother was acting the way she was but failed. It was not that she did not really try, but Edna just could not relate to Johnny. While he felt bad about his mother, he also harbored resentment for her as well for leaving him in the clutches of his aunt. The arrangements for the funeral were taking up most of his aunt's time, leaving him free to do pretty much as he pleased. She had assigned him chores to perform, since Bertha was otherwise occupied taking care of his mother.

He had to sweep the floors, make his bed, tidy his room, and do the dishes after the meals. But otherwise he was left alone.

He wasn't allowed to watch his television shows at all, which made him mad. But he now knew better than to say or do anything to provoke his aunt. When he complained about not getting to watch the set, she made him sit down with her and watch the soaps. Those shows made him want to puke, but he wasn't allowed to leave because he had complained so much. She managed to bring him near to tears several times, but nothing like he had done that first day. He did his best to suppress them, even when she tied that hateful apron around his waist so that he could complete his chores.

His next lesson was learned on the second day of her stay. When she came into the kitchen as he was eating his cereal, she sniffed the air around him and immediately dragged him back into the bathroom, where she proceeded to scour him satisfactorily clean. Powered and standing naked once again before his aunt, blushing for all he was worth, Johnny was told what was to be expected from him in the way of personal hygiene. He knew better than to protest and just managed to keep back the tears. So each morning after getting up, he bathed and powered himself according to her wishes.

The day before the scheduled wake, a package was delivered to the house. His aunt, with one of the few smiles he had seen on her face, took it into the bedroom she shared with his mother. Later, she called for him to come into the room. Johnny knocked on the door like his aunt taught him before going in. His mother was sitting up in the bed, dressed in a soft, pale pink, nylon gown with a white, lace-frilled chiffon negligee floating from her shoulders onto the bed spread. It's big bulb-shaped sleeves were covered in ruffled, bone-colored lace. Bright pink satin ribbons were arranged in neat rows running the length of the sleeves. It fastened at her neck with a wide bright pink ribbon. She was smiling dully at him as he walked into the room.

"Come here, child," his aunt ordered. "We have something for you to try on. Have you had your bath this morning? Good. Now get over here."

Johnny resented being called a child, but he knew better than to argue. His time would come later, when his mother was feeling better. He walked over to stand beside the bed, facing his mother. He asked her how she was feeling, and she just looked at him for the longest before replying that she felt just fine. The glassy look in her eyes told him otherwise, but there was nothing he could do about it. So he just smiled up at her.

"Come on over here, child!" Edna demanded. "Take off all your clothing. I want you to put this on. I need to make sure that it fits before the funeral. Come, come, I don't have all day."

"Mom, do I have to?" Johnny pleaded with his mother. She just continued smiling down at him. Finally, she said, "Do as Auntie asks, dear. I...I think that... you will look just lovely in...in..." At that she started to sniffle. Then tears began to flow down her cheeks.

"Now look what you did to your Mother," Edna said, as she grabbed some tissues from a box on the dresser and walked over to Mary. Edna handed her the tissues, tell-

ing her to blow. After a few moments, Edna turned her attention back to Johnny.  
“Come on, strip!”

Reluctantly, he did as instructed. What protest that might have been forming in his mind ended with his mother’s tears. He certainly didn’t want to make her cry. Standing totally naked in front of both his aunt and mother brought a bright red glow to his face. Once again, he was mortified and humiliated more than he had ever thought possible. It had been bad enough with just his aunt, but with both of them present it was totally demoralizing. This was something only little kids and maybe girls did. Certainly not boys his age. He was tempted to run, but there was nowhere to run. So swallowing what remained of his pride, he stood fidgeting, while his aunt dug into the big box sitting on the other side of the bed.

After what seemed like an eternity, she handed him something. Gingerly, he took it from her to discover a pair of black nylon socks. They were unlike any socks he had ever worn before, in that they were almost translucent and stretchy. He looked at her questionably for a moment and then pulled the socks up his feet. Next he was handed a pair of white underwear unlike any he had ever had before. They were a soft, white, brushed cotton. But they had no fly, and the leg openings were elastic. Unlike his usual underwear, which had a wide band of elastic around the waist, this pair had a very narrow waistband. He had to turn them around in his hands several times before discovering where the front was. They fit tightly and were uncomfortable.

Next, he pulled a bright white, brushed cotton undershirt over his head and, following his aunt’s instruction, tucked it into his underwear. The sleeveless undershirt clung snugly to his stomach but loosely across his chest. There was a hint of what appeared to be lace edging around the arm holes and scooped neck. There was also a very narrow vertical striped pattern designed into the material. What he did not notice was the tiny pale pink rosebud sewn into the middle of the neckline. Edna handed him a pale cream-colored silk shirt. It was soft and smooth and had full sleeves and a rounded collar with a slight “V” shaped neck. The front and cuffs buttoned with tiny pearl buttons that Johnny had a difficult time fitting into their respective holes. Again, the material and styling of the shirt were unlike anything he had ever worn in the past.

Edna had him spin around so that she could examine how he looked. Telling him that so far so good, she handed him a pair of black velvet shorts. They had a sailor-styled front and large brass button fasteners at the corners. He gasped in disbelief at what she had given him to put on. He started to tell her exactly where she could put that offending garment, but she had already gripped his underarm and was pinching his flesh.

“You don’t have a problem with this, do you?” she almost hissed in his ear.

Reluctantly, he lowered his head in submission. He knew that there was little he could do now. *Maybe later*, he thought as he stooped to pull the shorts up his legs. The shorts fastened, he next allowed Edna to tie a gray silk scarf around the collar of his shirt. She fluffed the scarf’s trailing ends out from the shirt after tucking the remainder under the collar. Finally, she helped him into a long-sleeved, black velvet, Eaton-styled jacket. Again, she fluffed out the scarf and folded the shirt’s collar out

over the jacket's. As a final humiliation, she had him stand still while she fastened black patent leather Mary Jane shoes to his feet. By the time he was fully clothed and standing before the full-length mirror in his mother's bedroom, his cheeks were positively glowing. Tears again filled his eyes.

*If I had longer hair I could be mistaken for a girl,* he cringed.

"Oh...You look so... pretty," his mother said softly from her bed. "Oh, my darling...Come here and give me a big hug."

*Pretty indeed,* he thought, as he did his mother's bidding after an encouraging shove from his aunt. *They wouldn't make me really wear this shit outside, would they? This is some kind of weird joke. It has to be! Just as soon as they leave me alone, I'm gonna show 'em. Shit! I'm going to rip these clothes to shreds! Let's see if they can make a fool out of me!*

"Those hairy legs look ridiculous with that precious outfit, but that can wait until later," his aunt said, while tugging at the waistband of the shorts. She tugged the shorts up by the back hem, pulling the crotch painfully tight.

Johnny swallowed quickly as the pressure was put on his masculinity. He automatically flung his arm out behind him to push his aunt's hand away.

"Hey, that hurts!" he screamed. "Let me go!"

Aunt Edna turned Johnny to face her and slapped his cheek with her open palm. "Don't you ever raise your hand to me or I will make you very sorry that you were ever born! Understand? I, unlike your mother, will not- positively will not- put up with any of your contrariness. Now, behave or I will get the hairbrush. And stop that sniffing, you little sissy!"

Stunned by her actions, Johnny stood there rubbing his slightly stinging cheek. The tears that filled his eyes finally spilled out onto his cheeks. The slap did not hurt so much as it humiliated him. To be forced to stand there and take this abuse was bad enough, but to have it done with his mother in the same room and not only allowing it but approving of it was devastating. He balled his fists in silent, helpless fury and apologized to his aunt as instructed. The only way it could have been worse would have been if Bertha were there.

That night, as he crawled into bed after saying his prayers under the steady stare of his aunt, Johnny tossed and turned until the wee hours of the morning, agitating over how he could get out from under his hateful aunt's control. When he finally dozed off, he had come to no solution. Murder had passed through his mind, but the consequences were too stiff. Besides, he didn't really know how to commit a murder. He decided it would be in his best interests just to wait until the old bat left for home. Once he and his mother were alone, he could get back to being his old self. He had also determined that he would not wear that ridiculous outfit his aunt had him try on earlier that evening.

## THE LAST RITES

The next day, as was the custom, saw the arrival of the hearse with his father's coffin. The coffin was placed in the living room, and an arrangement of flowers set at its head and foot. The mood in the house was somber and quiet. Johnny was instructed to stay in his room and read some books his aunt had given him until called. He wasn't happy about having to stay in his room, but his model airplane needed to be finished. Besides, he wasn't even going to pretend to read the silly books his aunt had given him. Just imagine him, a boy, reading some stupid books about bootsy twins or some such, much less poetry books! So he spent the morning gluing and tinkering with his model airplanes until called to lunch. At lunch, he was given a vitamin to take along with his peanut butter and jelly sandwich. Johnny didn't think anything of it and was soon feeling very relaxed. He wanted to take a nap, but his aunt was nagging him about getting ready for his father's wake.

People came over, bringing food and drink, and visited the family. They talked in whispered tones. They were all somber. His mother's mother's sister, Aunt Edna, was the most somber of all. Old fashioned and a spinster, she had been the youngest child and had inherited all the family's wealth. Johnny's mother was her only living relative. How Aunt Edna had gotten control of everything was, according to his mother, "a long long story" and was never truly revealed to Johnny.

It was much later when the house was finally beginning to empty that Johnny seemed to recognize reality. He stood silent beside his mother, who was seated in an overstuffed brocade chair. He was wearing the black velvet suit and a black satin beret with satin ribbon streamers flowing down the back. The beret was fastened with several bobby pins to the back of his head. The beret covered his head in such a manner as to make him look like a girl. While he did not see the full effect of his clothing, he started to feel very uncomfortable in the sissy clothing. He was beginning to fidget and become agitated when the last of the guests were shown to the door.

His aunt took his hand and walked him back to his room. He fussed and complained about being dressed like a stupid girl and that he was never going to wear it again. Once they were inside, Edna pulled him over to the straight backed chair sitting beside his bureau. Grabbing the hair brush off it, she proceeded to spank soundly the complaining boy. Even with the help of the brush, it took several minutes before Johnny broke down and began to cry. He was tough and belligerent, but in the end he succumbed to the humiliation and pain. With tears flowing down his face, his aunt undressed him and helped him into his pajamas. After saying his prayers through sniffles and moans, he was allowed to crawl into bed. He slept on his stomach soundly through the night. The next day, the casket was to be buried with full military honors and the flag presented.

That next morning, when his aunt came to wake him, he was already wide awake. He said a cursory good morning to her but otherwise did his best to avoid eye contact or further conversation. After breakfast and his morning bath, his aunt called him into the bedroom. It was time to get ready to go to the funeral. Upon seeing the same hateful clothing piled at the foot of the bed, Johnny started a screaming, leg-stomping, arm-flinging temper tantrum.

“I won’t...I won’t...I won’t! I am not going to wear that sissy shit! Never, never, never! You can’t make me! No way! I ain’t gonna wear that!”

Johnny never saw what happened next. He was yelling and screaming at the top of his lungs one second, and in the next choking and sputtering as the moist soap was shoved deeply into his mouth. As he grabbed for it, he was flipped on his stomach across the vanity stool, and a belt whistled down on his bottom. He did not know how long his punishment lasted, but it felt like forever. The horrible after taste of soap and the sting of the belt had finally penetrated his thick skull. In a torrent of tears, he begged his aunt to stop.

While corporal punishment is frowned upon in this day and age, severe spankings, soap in the mouth, and similar punishments were the norm for the fifties and sixties. Beatings, which are much more severe and designed to inflict physical damage, however, were considered inappropriate. The willow switch, hairbrush, and belt were common articles used to spank misbehaving children.

His mother just stood there the whole time. Her only comments were to chastise him for misbehaving and being disrespectful. Johnny broke down without his mother’s support. He felt completely abandoned and alone. He wasn’t completely defeated or broken in spirit, but for now he felt helpless and inadequate to do anything about his situation. A glimmer of hope still burned deep within him that he would get out of this mess once his aunt left. His aunt’s comments on his sissy tears and crying made his ego cringe. He had cried more in the past few days than he could remember doing in his entire life. *Crying is for babies and sissies*, his mind reminded him in self-accusation.

He snapped out of it when he heard his aunt order him to strip. Meekly he complied. Standing totally naked, hands strategically placed in front of him, Johnny waited for the next blow to fall.

“Well! Since you put up such a fuss over these beautiful clothes, I think that more appropriate undergarments are called for. Something more appropriate for simpering little sissies, don’t you?” Edna asked him. Seeing no response, she continued. “Put this on!” She handed him a pair of pale yellow nylon panties with small blue flowers printed on them and eyelet lace around the leg openings. Johnny could only stare in frozen, mute amazement.

*They really don’t expect me to put those on, do they?* he thought, as his aunt took his hand. The stinging searing pain that filled his being as the hairbrush came down on his upturned palm was unbelievable. It only took that one time for him to be hastily pulling the panties up his legs.

“How perfectly charming,” his aunt said, as he settled the panties around his waist. “Now these.” She handed him a small elastic garment that, when he held it up, appeared way too small to fit. But seeing her wave the hair brush in her hand, he quickly bent to put first one then the other foot into the tight material. This garment was also in a pale yellow and looked just like another pair of panties. However, these were tight; and, when he had them firmly secured at his waist, they held his stomach and groin tightly into his body. He had to reach into the garment and straighten out his male equipment to ease the pain. With his face turning beet red, he pulled his hand free.

His aunt said smiling, "That is called a panty girdle. See how nicely it holds everything in? Now, I'll need to help you with this."

"This" turned out to be a matching yellow training bra. It was a soft elastic nylon and slipped over his head and across his chest. Needless to say, there was nothing there for the cups to support. It did not matter. Even if he had been a young girl, this training bra wasn't designed to support much of anything other than a little girl's ego and feminine image. Johnny could only look at his aunt and question her actions with his expression.

"If you don't behave at the funeral, and I do mean behave perfectly and mannerly the entire time, I will pull off your clothing and show everybody what you are wearing underneath. Is that reason enough to behave, or do I have to do something more drastic?" she said, giving the strap of his new bra a quick tug and releasing it with a snap.

"No?" she continued, seeing him jump as the bra strap snapped back into place. "We'll see that you behave properly. At the funeral you will respond with either a yes or no ma'am or sir. Or better yet, just smile a sad little simpering smile. You seem to have that expression down pat, if nothing else. You will be agreeable today and pleasant...Or else!"

Finished with her lecture, she helped him get back into the hated velvet shorts. She stood back and shook her head. "No, that just won't do. No, not do at all. Come with me!"

She grabbed his hand and half pulled half dragged him into the master bath. Stopping in front of the sink, she opened the medicine cabinet and removed a razor and can of shaving cream. Laying those items on the sink's ledge, she bent down and quickly removed the shorts. Johnny was still too stunned from being dressed in girl's underwear to react. So he just stood still as directed by his aunt. She covered both his legs in the shaving cream and, without pausing, began running the razor up and down his legs. He flinched as the razor pressed up to his tightly pantied crotch but dared not do anything for fear that the razor would remove more than just his leg hair.

Finished shaving both of his legs, Edna then wiped them down with a sweet floral-scented lotion. Standing up with the razor back in her hand, she quickly pulled the bra away from his chest and, in few bold strokes, removed the patch of black hair that had been there. That chest hair had been Johnny's pride as he had grown it sooner than any other boy had in his class. Now in less than a couple of seconds, it was gone. Losing his chest hair hurt his ego more than the underarm hair that soon followed. His shame was complete as he stood slack jawed staring down at his bra-covered, hairless chest.

Edna, happy with what she had accomplished, was humming a song as she led Johnny back into the bedroom. She finished dressing him in his velvet suit.

His cheeks burning bright red, he stood quietly in the corner while the women dressed. They paid him no mind. They were completely oblivious to his presence. For his part, it was the first time that he had ever seen real women almost completely naked up close. They slipped out of their outer clothing, leaving panties, bras and girdles on before putting on black hose and clean black dresses. Bertha helping as needed. Her big smile seemed to laughing at him the entire time. Johnny and Bertha, while not



enemies, did not have any excess love for one another. They tolerated each other. Bertha's entrance and continued presence made Johnny even more aware of his clothing and appearance.

He watched as they applied their makeup and sprayed perfume, some of which got on him as his aunt aimed the atomizer in his direction. Smelling of lilacs, he finally followed them out of the room and to the car. His aunt had to give him a gentle shove in the back to get him out of the door, but he complied without protest. He did not have to force the sad smile or the somber look of real loss.

Aunt Edna was tall, almost six feet, and wore a black full-cut dress that covered her from throat to ankles. Black kid gloves covered her hands and black patent heels were on her feet. The only flesh that showed was her face and then only through a black lace veil. Her figure was trim and she carried about her an authority not to be easily denied. His mother, dressed in a simple A-line black wool dress that fell three inches below her knee, was much daintier and petite in stature. While his mother had a vacant look about her, she could function as required. There was no doubt in anyone's mind at the funeral as to who was in charge of this particular family.

They sat on the front pew as the eulogy was said and a brief service held. The entire time Johnny sat hunched down as far as his aunt would allow, trying to hide his embarrassment from all those present. It wasn't until after the interment, when those present walked past the bereaved to offer condolences, that Johnny had to face anyone or say anything. It was the longest time of his short life and the most embarrassing. At least during the wake he had been blissfully unaware of his surroundings.

"I'm so sorry, dear," a tall reedy lady said to him as she bent down to brush his cheek with a kiss. He unconsciously reached up and wiped at the spot, smearing the bright red print across his cheek. A man followed closely on the heels of the woman; he smiled a cross between a snarl and a smirk but passed on without saying anything. He didn't offer his hand, as one man would do when approaching another. A fat lady came next; she too looked at him and seemed confused for a second before leaning over to give him a big hug and kiss his other cheek. This he wiped away as well. The feminine kisses only heightened the appearance of blusher on his cheeks. Many of the mourners had to take a second look at the child and even then were not all too sure of the sex. Most, after examining his outfit and hairless legs, determined that the child was just a tomboyish girl.

In small towns everybody knows everybody else and most of their secrets as well. Yet in Johnny's case there was now a lot of confusion. Everyone knew he was a boy, but seeing him looking like he did created a doubt in all their minds. Some offered words of condolence and a few commented on how precious he looked. The worst for him was when his baseball coach approached to offer his sympathies. Coach just looked down at him, shaking his head with a stunned look on his face. Without a word he turned on his heel and left Johnny standing there. Johnny's silent plea for help went completely unheeded.

The rest of the time passed in a blur of emotional pain and humiliation. What stuck out the most were the people who smiled sympathetically at him while adjusting his collar or scarf. They touched him on the hand, sides of his arm, or gave him a peck on

the cheek, as women would do for one another. No one offered to shake his hand or pat him on the shoulder the way men do. They treated him like a girl.

He was completely devastated as he stood with tears running down his cheeks. Emotionally he was quickly becoming a wreck. First, he had lost his father and his mother seemed to have abandoned him. Then, to top off his emotional stress, his aunt had dressed him like a silly sissy girl. As strong as he thought he was, this was quickly becoming too much for him to manage. What happened next made the rest of the day and part of the next memories that he would never remember for the pain they caused.

## CHANGES

It started when the military officer in charge of the honor guard approached carrying the tricornered folded flag. Johnny's mother broke upon receiving the flag. She wilted before their eyes just like a morning glory at dusk. She just folded up into herself. It was too much of a loss for her to accept, and she collapsed in a deep swoon. They had to summon an ambulance, and his mother was "taken away for a rest," according to his Aunt. It would be a long time before Johnny would see his mother again.

Later, Johnny awoke in his own bed feeling like he had been running forever. His body ached and his head was pounding just like it had once before, when he had a sleep-over and he hadn't slept the entire night. Slowly he pulled the covers off and slid his feet to the floor. He headed to the bath. It wasn't until he reached down to remove his pajamas that he discovered he wasn't wearing any. Instead, he still had on the yellow panty girdle, the matching undershirt, and bra.

"Shit," he mumbled but pulled them down so he could do his business. He was still so mentally exhausted that he went back to bed. He left the offending garments lying in a pile on the floor beside the commode. It was much later when he awoke at the urging of his aunt.

"All right, sleepy head, it's way past time for you to get up. Come on! It's late and we have things to do."

He opened one eye and moaned. Turning over, he opened both eyes and looked up at his aunt. "I...I'm tired. Can't I sleep a little longer?"

"No, child, we have things to do. Come get up."

Johnny pulled the covers back and slid his feet out. By now he was becoming use to being referred to as "child" by his aunt. As his feet touched the wooden floor, he realized that he wasn't wearing anything. He blushed as he hastened to pull the covers off the bed and around his waist.

"Forget something?" she asked, eyeing him with one brow arched and a sly grin on her face.

"Er..." he began only to be stopped by her raised hand. Edna held out fresh panties, girdle, and bra.

"I believe that these are yours," she said icily.