



Reluctant Press presents:

HAROLD



Cheryl Lynn

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Harold

By Cheryl Lynn

Harold's life had started out normal enough. He had a Mom, Dad, two-car garage. He was living in suburbia, going to a decent school and all that goes with that but things change. First came the divorce, followed by a move across the country. He stayed with his Mom and things seemed to go back to a semblance of normality. Once again, though, things changed. His Mom remarried and they moved into a new house in yet another new town.

Harold had to make a lot of adjustments. His new father was a drunkard and bully. He was always talking down to his new step-son and belittling him. Harold couldn't man up enough for him or so it seemed. Harold did try to play the rough sports but he was neither physically nor mentally capable to make any of the school's teams, except track and field.

Track and field was a sissy sport according to his step-dad. His relationship with his Step-father had its effect on Harold. He used to be confident and outgoing but as time went on, he became withdrawn and compliant. Fortunately, the marriage didn't last long and Harold and his mother moved again after a couple of years.

In another new town and school, Harold tried to make the best of things. However, the time spent with his Step-father, the onset of puberty and hopping from one school to another left his ego and confidence in shambles. It also put him a year behind in his class work. As a result, it was very difficult for him to make friends and he was picked on by the school bullies.

Harold was eighteen, below average height and skinny for a young man. He was fair-skinned with a persistent acne problem. His mousey brown hair framed an oval face. His best features were his sparkling sea blue eyes and long dark lashes.

His mother wasn't in much better shape. Two failed marriages and a teenaged son to care for were a lot to handle. She had hoped moving to a new city and getting a fresh start would help. However the only job she could find was as a secretary, working long hours. She had been a well-paid office manager before their move but she had to settle for the secretarial job at a large insurer. The work days started at eight, ended at five and were hectic. She also had to work most Saturdays. Her responsibilities left her exhausted and demoralized.

Living in a two-bedroom apartment in a declining neighborhood did nothing to help her spirits. The only bright side to the move was one of the neighbors. Mrs. Gilmore was a kindly grandmotherly type of woman of mixed heritage. Her black, grey-streaked hair was usu-

ally worn in a tight bun on the back of her head; a pair of granny glasses perched on her large nose. She was a woman of almost six foot tall. With three-inch block heels, she easily filled a doorway. She had greeted them the first day of their arrival with a cake and tea. Her sharp eyes seemed to take in everything and everyone.

Almost immediately, she took over. Karen, Harold's Mom, seemed to like the situation. Mrs. Gilmore would come over in the evenings, almost always with a plate of cookies for him and herbal tea. She would listen attentively to Karen's complaints and tell her everything would be alright as they sipped tea. They would huddle over the kitchen table talking for what seemed like hours. After she left, Karen would have a dreamy look in her eyes and go to bed.

Mrs. Gilmore paid a lot of attention to the shy young teen as well. She would tell him he needed to fatten up as she gave him some of her special cookies. She often embarrassed him by telling him that he was pretty. It was her idea that Harold should "shoulder his share of the load" as she put it. She volunteered to teach him all he needed to know to become a real help to his mother. At first, Karen balked at the idea of Harold doing most of the chores as she wanted him to spend the time getting good grades. That changed when he brought home his first report card. It was mostly D's. Mrs. Gilmore assured her that she would see that he not only shouldered his share of chores but would get his grades up.

"Just look at him, Karen. He is a slob, his hair is a mess and the way he carries himself...slouching and shuffling his feet like that. The problem is that he has no self-respect. Get him cleaned up, dressing nice, give

him chores and I am sure he will come around. He needs responsibilities and I would be more than willing to help. It would give me something to do besides watching soap operas all day," she said one night over tea.

Karen had to admit that she was right. Harold wore baggy pants with the top of his boxers clearly on view, he slouched and probably hadn't washed his hair in at least a month. His bad grades only proved Mrs. Gilmore's words. Karen knew that Harold wouldn't mind her if their neighbor tried to get him to change, so she handed Mrs. Gilmore a spare key and told her to do whatever she thought best.

Harold was not happy about that but he was intimidated by Mrs. Gilmore. There was something about her look and demeanor that was intimidating and he certainly was no match for her in physical size or strength. Soon, Harold found himself performing all the household chores.

As soon as he got home from school, Mrs. Gilmore would come into the apartment and take over his training. She gave him an apron. Not just any apron but a very frilly and feminine one. It was a white pinafore with a double-flounced hem and embroidered floral bib. To make matters worse, she handed him a matching cotton mob cap. It had a double-row lace brim and a bright lavender satin ribbon separating the lace from the cap proper. The satin streamers at the back of the cap hung down below the shoulders.

Harold looked at the garments in total disbelief. Stunned into silence, he just stood there, holding the offending garments. Mrs. Gilmore took the apron from his hand, quickly pulled it over his head and tied the

sash in a big bow at the back. As he felt the bow being tied, Harold found his voice.

“Ta... take... take this thing off me. I’m not wearing some stupid apron!” he shouted, flinging the cap to the floor.

“Temper temper, dear boy, mustn’t make Granny mad now. Pick up that cap and put it on! You have a lot to learn today and I’m here to see to it that it gets done,” Mrs. Gilmore replied sharply.

His face flushed, Harold stared up into her eyes. “I’m not gonna...” he started yelling but was cut off by the look in her eyes. “Not gonna wear an apron,” he finished softly.

“You have housework to do and an apron is appropriate wear for such duties. I’ll not have your poor Mother coming home to see you filthy with dust and dirt. Now pick up that cap, put it on and let’s get started, or do you need me to encourage you? I’ve spanked many an unruly child in my time and you won’t be an exception. Well, what’s it going to be?” she said in a dangerous tone.

Harold stood with his hands clinched at his sides, trying to decide what to do. He found it difficult not to bend down and pick up that stupid cap but he held firm. This woman wouldn’t dare spank him.

“It’s against the law or something, isn’t it?” he thought.

Mrs. Gilmore reached out a beefy hand, grabbed his upper arm, spun him around, bent him over and was pounding his ass within a heart beat. Since his pants were already halfway down his ass, she was spanking him on his boxers. The humiliation was almost as bad as the pain of the spanking. She pounded his ass until

he was crying loudly and begging her to stop. Finally the spanking stopped but not the humiliation. He was standing, crying, with his pants pooled around his ankles. She demanded that he say he was sorry, would wear whatever she said and would do as he was told. Harold took the tissue, wiped his eyes, blew his nose and did as instructed.

Two hours later, he had vacuumed the apartment, dusted the shelves and mopped the kitchen floor to Mrs. Gilmore's satisfaction. During that entire time she kept telling him what and how to do it correctly. She even made him put on a pair of bright pink rubber gloves when he mopped the floor.

"You mustn't ruin your pretty hands in the harsh detergent as you wring out the mop, dear. You should always be conscious of protecting your hands and nails while doing your chores," she said.

After he finished, she helped him out of the pinafore. Grabbing the back of his pants, she pulled them roughly up. Harold let out a whelp as the crotch of his pants jammed into his nuts.

"I don't want to see your boxers and I am sure nobody else wants to see them either. If I see them again, I will pull up your pants even harder the next time," she stated as she hung the apron up behind the utility room door along with his cap.

"But all the kids wear their pants this way," he complained.

"Your Mother and I don't care what the other kids are doing. The way you dress is atrocious and disrespectful. Don't let me catch you with your pants down again," Mrs. Gilmore barked.

She looked at him for a moment, then reached out. Grasping his chin, she turned it one way, then the other.

‘Ummm, you have some pimples popping up. Wait here while I fetch something for that,’ she said, leaving the room.

She came back with a pink carrying case. ‘Here, these will clear up your acne and keep your face fresh. Go take a shower and make sure you wash your hair. Then I want you to call me. I will show you how to exfoliate, cleanse and moisturize your face. Then you are going to help me fix your poor mother something to eat,’ she ordered.

Harold took the various containers and, mumbling obscene curses under his breath, went to do as he was told. After his shower, she showed him the tube of cream that would exfoliate his skin and how to apply it. The cleanser was next and, finally, the moisturizer. The white cream had a light floral fragrance and there was no label on the jar. He slathered the cream on, scowling as he did so but too afraid to disobey Mrs. Gilmore. When he came back into the kitchen, she had him sit at the table and checked his face.

‘Good, I am happy that you did as I instructed. You will use all those products when you get up in the morning and just before you go to bed at night. Do that faithfully and your acne problem will be a thing of the past. Now I want you to sit still while I get that unruly mop of hair in order,’ Mrs. Gilmore stated. She placed a large towel around his shoulders and opened the carrying case revealing a barber’s shears, comb and scissors.

‘Oh no, I don’t want my hair cut. I like it just the way it is,’ he said with a bit of courage in his voice.

“Do I have to remind you this soon of who is in charge here? Now, sit still or I’ll have you squirming in that chair for another reason. As soon as I get this done, I’ll show you how to create a simple meal,” she replied sternly.

She combed his hair straight back and examined it. “Mmmm, it’s not really long enough to style but I think I can do something nice with it,” she mumbled, picking up the scissors. Initially, she lopped off clumps of his hair, making him very nervous as the shorn locks fell into his lap. He became even more nervous as she combed the front of his hair down over his face and cut it just above his brows and across the forehead. Next, she took the shears and carefully cut away the hair at the back of his neck into a sharp “V”, then did the same with his sideburns. Using the scissors, she carefully feathered his new bangs. When she finished, Harold had a cute pixie style. He didn’t have a chance to see it as she had him sweep and clean up, then prepare the meal.

It was a simple meal using leftover chicken, lettuce, tomatoes and cucumbers to make a nice salad. She had him wear the apron again but not the cap. Just before his mother was due home, Mrs. Gilmore left, telling him she would be back in a bit with some cookies and tea.

As soon as she walked out the door, Harold reached behind and tried to untie the apron straps. No matter how much he pulled and tugged, they would not budge. Frustrated, he let out a howl and pounded his fists on the counter top. He thought about getting a knife and cutting the damn garment off his body. He knew, though, that that would only piss off Mrs. Gilmore and he didn’t want to face the repercussions.

He decided he would have to face his mother dressed like he was and hope she understood.

“Maybe seeing me like this, she’ll put a stop to Mrs. Gilmore. I just hope she stops laughing long enough for me to explain things to her,” he thought.

When his mother walked through the door, she didn’t laugh. She stood, not saying anything at first as she examined her son and the clean house. The freshly-made salad didn’t go missed either.

She let out a soft sigh, then, smiling broadly, said, “Darling, what a pleasant surprise. Did you do all this by yourself?”

Taken by surprise by his mother’s comment, he nodded his head. “Mom, please, you gotta get me outta this thing,” he said, indicating the fancy apron.

“Oh dear, you have it all knotted up in the back. Here, let me help you, then we can eat. I’m starving,” she replied, moving over to untie the sash.

As they were finishing their salads, Mrs. Gilmore walked in without knocking. She placed a plate of cookies in front of Harold and a pot of herbal tea near Karen.

“Karen honey, I hope you are happy with what we accomplished this afternoon. Oh, Harold, I see you took off your apron. It’s such a pretty thing. It is a little frilly for a boy but don’t you think it kept his clothing nice and clean? As you see, I gave him a haircut while I was here. It was the best I could do considering all the snarls and tangles. It was like combing through a rat’s nest and didn’t leave me much choice. I hope you’re not mad at me,” she said, taking her normal seat next to Karen.

Up until Mrs. Gilmore's comments, Harold had completely forgotten about the haircut. "What has the old bat done to my hair," he thought as he brushed his hand over his hair.

Karen was actually a little upset at the feminine hairdo Mrs. Gilmore had given him but refrained from saying anything about it. How could she complain when the old woman was trying to help? Yes, she admitted to herself, the haircut and apron were a bit much but the living room and kitchen were spotless. It was a very pleasant feeling to come home to a clean house and dinner on the table for a change. For the first time in what seemed like forever, all she had to do was kick off her heels and relax. She didn't even have to listen to Harold bitching and complaining about their situation. Yes, it was a very nice feeling indeed.

"How can I be mad at this wonderful woman? If I come home to this every night, who am I to complain? As far as I'm concerned, she can put him in pink chiffon aprons if she wants," she thought, then giggled out loud.

"Where did the idea of chiffon aprons come from?" she asked herself, a little confused.

Karen had several cups of tea while Mrs. Gilmore sipped at her first cup. She was feeling very relaxed and comfortable. Harold had finished his plate of cookies and gone to do his homework. There was a loud, "What the fuck has she done to my hair?" screech from his room but otherwise there were no more interruptions.

Mrs. Gilmore was saying something about taking Harold to get some new clothing more stylish and unisex that would clean up his image. This sounded good to Karen and take another worry off her mind. Mrs.

Gilmore was talking softly and making suggestions about how Harold could be made into a more responsible adult. Any concerns Karen had over the hair cut or his wearing an apron evaporated. It all sounded fantastic and she heartily agreed. She went over to her purse and gave Mrs. Gilmore her credit card. She went to bed that night feeling very happy about Mrs. Gilmore's advice.

"That woman is my guardian angel," she mumbled as her head hit the pillow.

Ooo

School the next morning was just like any other day for him. He was a nobody so most of the student population ignored him. He received a few derogatory comments about his hair from the bullies. He was getting use to being called a faggot or queer, so he ignored them. It wasn't until he was walking up the steps to his apartment that he began to worry.

"Damn, I hope she isn't here. I'm not in the mood for any of her shit," he thought as he put the key into the lock. The door wasn't locked and Mrs. Gilmore was waiting for him.

"Good, you're home. Put your book bag in your room, then get back here. We have some shopping to do and I don't want to take all day," she said by way of greeting.

As he walked back into the room, Mrs. Gilmore grabbed the back of his pants and pulled up sharply, lifting him slightly off his feet. Harold screamed in pain as the crotch of his pants jerked hard at his balls, smashing them against his pelvic bone.

“Damn it! That fucking hurt!” he yelled.

Before he could react, she grabbed him by the back of his neck, bent him over and was pounding his ass with a wide black leather belt. Harold felt like his ass was on fire as she continued to spank him. When the punishment was over, he was crying and knew that he wouldn't be able to sit for a while.

“I warned you what would happen if I saw your boxers again, didn't I?” she barked.

“I...I forgot. It won't happen again,” he tearfully replied.

“Oh, you mean that I won't catch you next time is what you are saying. I'm sure you will remember to pull up your pants before you get home. I know just the thing to keep your pants up. Now come along, we have to get you some new clothing,” she said.

They walked four blocks to a nearby thrift store. She went straight to the women's clothing section. Harold followed behind, not paying much attention to where they were going. His mind was occupied with wondering what she had meant by her pants comment and with his sore butt. He came back to the here and now when she thrust several pairs of pants into his arms and told him to try them on.

In the changing room, he picked up the first pair and examined them. They were jeans with a flair leg and a floral pattern stitched into the back pockets. He didn't like them but tried them on anyway. His sore bottom reminded him to do what he was told. The pants were loose around his lower legs, tight on his thighs and ass. As he buttoned and pulled up the short zipper, his boxers were bunched up and made the jeans very uncomfortable.

“Man, these are way too small for me,” he mumbled as he stepped out so Mrs. Gilmore could see him.

“What was that, dear?” he heard her ask.

“I said these are too tight. I need a larger pair,” he replied.

“No, I think they are just fine. It’s your boxers that are causing the problem. Wait here. I’ll be right back,” she ordered.

Feeling like a fool standing in the communal changing area, he fidgeted hoping she would be back quickly. When she returned, she tore open a plastic wrapped package and handed him something white. He took it and went back into the dressing room to put it on. When he got inside, his jaw dropped. What she had given him were a pair of bright white brief-cut nylon panties with a hint of lace about the waist and leg openings.

“I...I can’t wear these,” he said through the curtain.

“You will or I will pull you out of there and spank you right here in front of everyone. Put them on with the jeans and get back out here,” Mrs. Gilmore demanded.

The panties covered his navel and fitted snug around his groin. They were surprisingly light yet confining as he pulled them into place. The feeling was completely different than his boxers and he didn’t like it. When he stepped into the jeans, they went on much easier. He was blushing as he stepped out of the changing room.

“Much better and the fit looks good. Now go back and put on the other pair,” she said with a smirk.

The next pair of pants he didn't like at all. They were a pale tan color with full-cut legs and came with an attached thin brown belt with a small gold buckle. Again, the zipper didn't seem as long as it should be. Mrs. Gilbert liked them and told him to put on the last pair.

He positively hated the last pair. They were black and slim-cut with legs that only reached to mid-calf. What made them obviously girl's pants were the back button and zipper closure.

"I'm not putting these on, Mrs. Gilbert. They're for girls," he said as he held them up through the curtain.

"Put them on anyway. I got those for you to do your housework in. Hurry up and don't question my judgment again," she stated.

Reluctantly, he did as he was told. His fear of her was greater than his fear of public embarrassment. As he anticipated, they hugged his body in a tight embrace and were difficult to zip up. When he stepped out, blushing a bright pink, she had him turn around. The back seam dug into and defined his ass cheeks.

"A pair of three-inch clogs and a nice blouse would make that look really nice," she thought then said, "Wait here, I want to get something to go with that."

Once again Harold was left standing in the changing area, feeling like a complete idiot. Every time someone walked by, he blushed all the harder. He felt like a complete dork standing there but was grateful that no one paid him any particular attention. When Mrs. Gilmore back, she was holding a purple satin blouse in one hand and a pair of black strapped clogs with a three-inch cork heel.

"I think these will fit. Go put them on," she demanded.

Harold stood frozen in place. He wanted to tell her exactly what she could do with the blouse and shoes. Standing in a very public place at her mercy made protesting impossible. He reached out a shaky hand and took the items from her. He would argue with her later in the relative safety of his apartment. If nothing else, he knew his mother would take his side.

The blouse was a deep purple satin, had a pointed collar and long sleeves. The many small purple metallic buttons on the front were difficult to button as they were on the wrong side. He tucked it into his black Capri's and stepped into the clogs. The fit was a bit tight and felt weird on his feet. Screwing up his courage, he stepped out of the changing room to be met by a smiling Mrs. Gilmore.

"Yes, that will do nicely. Leave them on and get all the others out of there. We still have some shopping to do," she instructed.

"I... I can't wear this! Not out in public," he stammered in disbelief.

"Yes you can and will. I've already taken the tags off them. It is your punishment for complaining and not doing what I said," she replied with a smirk.

The shoes made him want to lean forward and clomped as he followed behind her. He was so distracted by the shoes and his clothing that he didn't know where he was. When Mrs. Gilmore suddenly stopped in front of him, he almost bumped into her. She had stopped near a wall filled with bras.

"I think you need an incentive to make you pay more attention to what I tell you. Now, if you don't

want everybody in this store to know that you are a boy wearing girl's clothing, smile and keep your mouth closed. Here, hold my purse while I examine some of these bras," she hissed as she waved a sales clerk over.

Harold blushed even redder as he took her large black patent leather purse. It was surprisingly heavy. He was stunned when she pushed the strap over his left shoulder while telling him to hold it close to his side so it wouldn't be a tempting target for purse snatchers.

"Yes, ma'am, how may I be of assistance?" the clerk asked.

"My granddaughter here needs a bra. The poor dear feels miserable that her breast development has been so slow. Could you measure her for a nice bra that... that, you know, might enhance what nature hasn't yet accomplished?" she replied.

"Of course, I'd be more than happy to assist you. Please follow me over to the dressing room and I'll get her measured," the woman replied.

Harold, blushing fiercely, had to lower his blouse as the clerk pulled a cloth measuring tape around his chest just below his breasts, then move it up to span across his nipples. He had never been so humiliated in his life.

As the clerk stepped back, Harold was sure she knew that he wasn't a girl. He could tell by the laughter in her eyes. Without commenting about his sex, she turned to Mrs. Gilmore.

"Ma'am, she is a thirty-two AAA cup. We have some very nice training bras but I think for maximum shaping, you might want to consider our gel-filled un-

der-wire bras. The manufacturer guarantees at least a two-cup size improvement in her bust line," she said.

"I like that. Please select two suitable training bras and two of the others if you would be so kind," Mrs. Gilmore replied, staring at Harold as if daring him to say something.

The clerk left and Harold used the opportunity to beg Mrs. Gilmore not to do this to him. His plea landed on deaf ears. She just glared at him, daring him to do something stupid. Harold stood in the cubicle with his blouse still hanging off his shoulders, trying to decide what to do. As he saw the clerk coming back, he lowered his head and blushed all the more.

The clerk returned, carrying four bras but not before she had stopped and talked to two other clerks in the area who were now staring at him. The first bra was white with pink hearts covering the nylon triangles. It was a training bra and slipped over the head. The second was very similar to the first except it was solid pink.

"Ma'am, these are our standard training bras. Would you like hi...her to try one on? I'm sure they will fit," she said grinning as she lifted up her other hand. Two of the gel-filled bras dangled in that hand. One was lavender nylon with delicate lace trim in purple decorating the cups. Dangling beside that one was another in bright pink with white floral lace covering the cups.

"I think one of the padded bras would do just fine for now. Perhaps the lavender one," Mrs. Gilmore replied after a moment of thought.

The clerk put the other bras down and handed Harold the lavender one. As he held it in his trembling fin-

gers, she explained how it hooked in the back and how to adjust the straps. She also told him that he needed to wash it in warm water and air dry it for longer wear. Then to his utter horror, she removed his blouse and guided his fingers so that he could hook it behind his back. As she slid the straps over his shoulders, she told him to bend over and push his breasts into the cups before fastening the hook and eye closure. When the bra was securely in place, the clerk stepped back. Harold was beet red as he stood trembling before the two women. Off in the distance he could hear giggling, then the voice of Mrs. Gilmore as she said they would take them.

The clerk walked off with the other three bras with a big smile on her face, straining not to laugh. Mrs. Gilmore helped a stunned Harold replace his blouse and buttoned it for him.

“Now maybe you won’t question my orders in the future,” she said, smiling from ear to ear.

Three large shopping bags were in his hands as he followed her back to the apartment complex. He was having a lot of difficulty walking in those clogs until Mrs. Gilmore stopped and gave him some instructions.

“Dear, you must take smaller steps, walk from the hips, keep your chest out, elbows in and for goodness sake, keep your head up. I know they take some getting use to but if you do what I say, it will be easier,” she instructed.

By the time they entered the apartment, his calves and ankles were killing him. However, the relief he felt by being out of the public eye was enormous. All he wanted to do was get out of those heels and clothing. The bra straps were digging into his shoulders and the band seemed to cut into his ribs. The pants were so

tight in the crotch that his balls were aching. He headed for his room. Mrs. Gilmore was right behind him. Entering his room, he dropped the bags on the floor and headed right for the bed.

“What do you think you are doing? You have a lot of work to do yet. You need to take the tags off your clothing and put them up properly. Once you have done that, you need to make your poor mother dinner. Take these scissors and get busy,” she ordered.

If Mrs. Gilmore could have heard his thoughts, his ass would be blistered as he retrieved the three bags. He removed the new pants and two new starched cotton shirts. The shirts had small rounded collars with buttons to the left and were long-sleeved. One was in baby blue to go with his new jeans. The other was in a bright white to go with his tan slacks. He removed all the tags and labels before hanging them in his closet.

The second bag contained his three new bras, an opened package containing five pairs of white nylon brief-cut panties like the one he was wearing. Another package contained seven pairs of days-of-the-week nylon panties in different bright colors. He found two more packages containing three nylon camisoles each. There was a white, sunflower and baby blue nylon camisole with a hint of white lace detailing in each package.

The third bag contained the clothing he had worn into the store. Mrs. Gilmore took possession of that one and removed his pants and shoes before moving over to his dresser. There she removed all his boxers and undershirts, stuffing them into the bag.

“What are you doing? Those are my underpants,” Harold said, shocked.

“You have new underwear now and won’t need these things anymore. I expect you to wear your new panties, bras and camisoles from now on,” she stated.

“I...I can’t wear that! Not to school! They’ll kill me if they see me wearing that stuff!” he screeched.

“Do I have to get my belt? You will wear your new underwear all the time. Keep your pants up and shirt tucked in and nobody will notice. I will check you every morning before you go out. If I find that you are not wearing your new undies at any time, you will be a very sorry young man. For school, you can wear your training bra but if you give me anymore trouble, it will be your padded bras. Wearing panties will cure you of dropping your pants halfway down your ass. The camisoles and bras will make sure you keep your shirt tucked in. Do I make myself clear? Stop your bitching and get busy removing those tags,” she said sternly.

“I...I can’t wear them Tuesday and Thursday. I have PE scheduled on those days. I’ll be dead meat if this ever gets out,” he replied sullenly.

“You have a point there, Harold. Tell you what, I’ll go with you to school in the morning and have your schedule changed so you won’t have to go to PE. I know the principal. I used to teach there at one time as a matter of fact. Changing your schedule shouldn’t be that much trouble. You are going to have to promise something for me in return. I want you to put a big smile on your face for the rest of the day and act happy. I don’t want to burden your mother when she gets home. Can you do that?” she said.

As Harold was busy in the kitchen preparing spaghetti with meat sauce and a tossed salad, Mrs. Gilmore met Karen as she walked up the steps.

“Karen dear, come with me up to my place. I have a nice pot of tea ready. You look like you could use a cup and Harold is still fixing dinner,” she said kindly.

“Thank you, Mrs. Gilmore but I really should check on Harold. It’s been a long day and I would like to get out of these heels,” she replied.

“Dear, come up and have a cup. Harold wants to surprise you and I don’t think he is ready yet. Please don’t spoil his surprise and have a cup, then you can go in,” Mrs. Gilmore pleaded.

As Karen drank her tea, she felt all her cares and worries flee. For some reason, the tea made her feel mellow and relaxed. She listened politely as Mrs. Gilmore babbled on and on. She was talking about Harold this and Harold that and about the clothing he wanted to buy.

“It’s so nice to hear that Harold wants to change his slovenly ways and become more of a help than a burden. He is going to be like a daughter to me from now on, not the boisterous rebellious son I have. His changing attitude will be a blessing. I really need him to change and take a major burden off my shoulders,” Karen thought as she finished her second cup.

When she returned to her apartment, she noticed Harold in the kitchen. She thought he looked a little strange but shook the feeling off. She went into her room, humming happily, to get out of her heels and into something more comfortable.

Back in the kitchen, she examined her son. He was smiling and looked happy finishing up dinner preparations. He was wearing Capri pants, a purple shirt and clogs. No, it was a blouse and was he wearing a bra? The idea of him wearing a bra jolted her for a second,

then she brushed it off. A bra seemed to go with his outfit, she reminded herself.

Harold saw the slightly glazed look in his mother's eyes but didn't find that unusual. What surprised him was the way she was reacting to seeing him dressed the way he was. She was acting like he dressed this way all the time. Her reaction deeply disturbed him. He wanted her to yell at him to take off those ridiculous clothes immediately but she just sat down at the table and smiled at him. At the same time he was glad that she wasn't making fun and teasing him about what he had on.

He was going to say something but decided to serve dinner first. He removed his pinafore and sat down to eat. He looked at his mother's carefree face and started to tell her how much he hated Mrs. Gilmore and the clothing she was forcing on him. He had gotten about halfway through his speech when his mother stopped him.

"Harold darling, stop complaining. Mrs. Gilmore only has our very best interests in mind. Why, just look how cute and neat you look. And the house... it's clean and you made me a delicious meal. As for your clothing, it's a pleasant relief not having to see your boxers. I know it's been hard moving from place to place all the time but we're here to stay, I promise. Let's enjoy ourselves and thank our lucky stars that Mrs. Gilmore has been so kind to us. She has been a terrific help and I want you to do what she says. She only has the best intentions for you, for *us*," she stated.

The next morning, Mrs. Gilmore was waiting for him. As usual she had her hair up in a tight bun and wore a simple blue gingham dress and sensible black heels. Her big black purse hung from her arm. She

looked the picture perfect Grandmother type. The first thing she did was check to make sure he was wearing his panties, training bra and camisole.

He was dressed the way she had told him to be when she brought over his nightly supply of special cookies in his white panties, white-with-pink-hearts training bra, white camisole, baby blue starched shirt and the new flair-legged jeans. At least he didn't have to wear the clogs. Instead, he had on his old running shoes. Mrs. Gilmore saw them and muttered something about taking care of that.

As he walked beside her toward his new school, he could feel the elastic straps and band of his bra tugging at his shoulders and chest. It was a very uncomfortable feeling, almost as bad as that between his legs. The tight fit of the jeans forced him to tuck his boy parts back between his legs. With every step, the crotch of the jeans pulled at his poor balls. The only good thing he could say about his apparel was that the bra did not show through his shirt. He was totally unaware of the distinct panty lines showing on his backside. Another problem he had was finding a place to put his wallet, cell phone and keys. The back pockets of the jeans were sewn shut so he was forced to put them in his front pockets. The wallet barely fit inside the pocket and it rubbed uncomfortably on his upper thigh.

About halfway to the school he complained about the uncomfortable feelings. She looked at him for a second, then told him she would take care of it after school. He wasn't happy hearing that and hoped that he didn't get himself into more trouble.

True to her word she didn't have any trouble changing his class schedule. When he saw it, he gasped. He wouldn't have to take PE but in its place

was something called Home and Family Living. Not only that but she had changed several of his other courses. Instead of Algebra, he now had Business Math. His Chemistry course was changed for Business Administration. Without higher math and science, he wouldn't be able to get into college.

"Mrs. Gilmore, I didn't want to change my math and science classes. I need those to get into college and what is this Home and Family Living thing?" he declared.

"What, dear? Oh, Home and Family Living. That's just a fancy title for Home Economics. You had to have that since you dropped PE. It was the only elective left. As far as your math and science courses, you weren't doing all that great in them anyway. With those changed, you should have no trouble getting much better grades. Now go to class and I'll meet you out front when the day is done," she calmly replied.

This had to be the worst day of school in his life. There were only two other guys in the Home and Family class and it was obvious they were queer. He could tell just by looking at them. The way they talked and dressed made it obvious. He was glad that he wasn't that way.

"Gay, I can't see how anyone can call them that. They're weird, no matter what you call them. To me they're just queer. I hope they don't try to make friends with me. They give me the creeps," he thought as he took his seat. Harold had no idea that judging by the way he was dressed with his hair cut in a cute pixie style, he made the other two boys look like macho men. It wasn't until his name was called in class that everyone realized that he wasn't a girl. Everyone had

checked out the new girl as she entered the room but now some giggling could be heard.

“Whatever the joke is, I don’t get it,” he thought as he pulled down his hand.

His Business Math course was nothing more than a bookkeeping class. Business Administration was just another term for secretarial studies. He didn’t like either one and was one of the few boys attending those classes. Again, there was giggling when his name was called.

As he was leaving his last class of the day, three girls from his new classes walked over to him, “Hi, Harold” they said, giggling, as they came up to him.

“We just wanted to say hi. I’m Josie and this is Mary, Jeannie and Alisha. We all have Home and Family together and I have the same Business Admin class as you do. We haven’t seen you around before. Are you new here?” Jodie inquired.

The four obese girls were standing in a semi-circle in front of him. Jodie was by far the prettiest with golden blonde hair while Jeannie was probably the least attractive. Jeannie had brown hair cut in a short bob and her face was not that pretty. Her nose was more of a beak and she wore dark-rimmed glasses. They were all smiling at him.

“Err...hi. Yeah, I’m new,” he stammered in reply. He felt very self-conscious standing in the mist of the coeds. Dressed the way he was made him very nervous talking to the girls. He decided to keep on walking, hoping to cut the conversation off but they formed on each side of him.

“Uh, Harold, I was wondering if you would like to join our group for the H&F projects we are going to

have to do this year. We could really use your help. Besides, you will have to join one anyway," Josie said as she walked beside him. As they walked, her wide hips kept bumping into his narrow ones.

He stopped in mid-step, "I have to join a group?"

"Of course. How are you going to participate in the dress making and makeover projects we have to do this year? You can't do those by yourself," Jeannie spoke up.

"Dress making and what? A makeover? I didn't know that I would have to do those things," he replied, shocked.

"Of course you do, silly. We all have to complete those projects if we are going to pass the course," Alisha said.

"Uhhhh, let me think about it. I have to meet... meet my Grandmother. She's waiting for me outside. I'll let you know later, okay?" he replied as they reached the main entrance.

"Okay, we'll see you tomorrow but please consider joining us. We really need someone your size to complete our projects. That is unless you want to join Billy and Joey's group. Theirs is the only one left that could use one more member," Mary said as they parted ways.

"What the fuck was that all about? Man, this is turning into the worst day ever. I'm not going to join those gay guys," Harold thought as he reached the sidewalk and saw Mrs. Gilmore waiting.

"Why the glum look, dear?" Mrs. Gilmore asked when he reached her.

“Mrs. Gilmore, I really really don’t like those new classes you put me in. Please get my math and science classes back,” he said.

“Don’t be silly, dear. We just changed them. Maybe if your grades really improve and you behave, I will think about it. Come along, we have some shopping to do and the bus will be here any minute,” she answered.

They took the bus into downtown and walked several blocks before tuning down a side street. Mrs. Gilmore stopped in front of a store with a sign above the door reading, “Dance Wear for All Ages.”

The inside of the shop was filled with mannequins wearing leotards, tutus, and all sorts of colorful dance wear. On the walls were colored tights stretched out on frames and other dancing paraphernalia. They were the only two customers.

“What are we doing in here? I’m not taking any damn dancing...” he started but was silenced by her glare.

“We aren’t in here for that but now because of your attitude, let’s see if we can’t enroll you in something. Now be quiet and do as you are told or else,” she hissed at him.

“Damn, this woman scares the daylights out of me. I don’t want to take no fucking dance class but she’d sign me up just to humiliate me some more. I don’t want any more of her spankings either,” he thought.

All too soon he found himself in a changing room with Mrs. Gilmore, stripped naked from the waist down. She had purchased several things called gaffs but he had no idea what they were used for. At her direction, he was pulling a bright iridescent pink one up his legs. When he got it to his hips, she instructed him

to use his palm to press his family jewels back up inside his body and position his penis back between his legs. He had a choice. He could do it or she would do it for him. Some choice.

On their way out, Mrs. Gilmore picked up some literature on dance instructions available in the area. Harold, walking a little funny, was carrying a bag containing six more gaffs, all in iridescent colors. The front of his jeans looked very smooth and the jeans rested just a bit higher on his waist.

“This is turning out to be the worst day in my entire life,” he thought, following her out the door.

From there, they went into a shoe store where he tried on a pair of trainers. They were grey striped on a background of bright pink, with pink laces. He didn’t fail to notice the bright pink LED light that lit up with each step on the heels. Seeing that the shoes fit, she made him take off his socks and shoes and put on a pair of nylon footies. When the salesman came back, he was carrying a pair of bright red leather pumps with an open toe and three-inch spiked heels.

“Come on, little lady. Just slide your foot in here and we’ll see how well they fit,” he said as he placed a hand under Harold’s calf, lifting the foot.

Harold was too dumbfounded to argue. Feeling the man’s hand rubbing under his calf didn’t help either. His first steps were very wobbly and his ankles twisted more than once as Mrs. Gilmore navigated him around the floor. She reminded him to take small steps and put one foot in front of the other while swinging from the hips.

“My granddaughter’s first high heels,” she said as she guided Harold.