

# **Bad Boy** *Good Girl*



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# PREFACE

The following story is fabricated from the diaries, notebooks, personal letters, notes and other personal observations of my late Grandmother, Mrs. Constance (née Conrad) Jesmaine Carmack Miles over the period circa 1920 until her death in 2001 at the age of ninety-one.

My Mother, Jesmaine Martha Leigh Miles, the only child of Constance Jesmaine Miles and her husband, Courtney Jesmaine Miles, was the inheritor of the vast Miles & Miles, Inc. Food Chain that was willed to her by her Great Aunt Jesmaine Miles and her Auntie Dianne Bond upon their deaths in the early 1940s.

My Mother was a strong willed woman who took after her Great Aunt in her hard headed approach to business and followed after her Mother, Courtney Jesmaine Miles, learning the milk and egg and produce business first hand.

Against her Mother's strong objections, my Mother married my Father, Georgia Katherine Leigh Miles and I was the only issue of that union.

I discovered the material I have used to reconstruct my Grandmother's life in the attic of the ancestral home several years ago and have tried to portray her childhood and emergence into womanhood as she must have lived it, leaving out none of the more relevant parts of her *growth* and the results thereof.

You may draw your own conclusions about *my* childhood and present day life style, and if you wish to think of me as a latter day version of Constance Jesmaine Carmack Miles, that is your prerogative. Who knows? You may be right! But, you didn't hear it from me.

No, I did not inherit the family conglomerate from my Mother. She left it to my own daughter, Constance Jesmaine Miles.

Yes, my Father took my Mother's surname when they married as did all the males who married into The Miles Clan. The rest I leave to your imagination.

Katherine Leigh Miles

## PROLOGUE

### From Constance's memoirs:

Although this started more than sixty years ago during the mid-to-late 1920's, continuing to date, 1984 or so, the events are as clear in my mind as if they had happened only yesterday.

One must take things in perspective and realize that the mores of the mid-to-late 1920's were a world apart from the mores of our present day society of the 1980's, and things that were done to and with one's children then would be considered quite illegal and harmful to a child's mental and physical development in our present day environment.

I believe the current *catch word* is *child abuse*.

However, in the 1920's, the 1930's and well into the 1940's and 1950's, such things were just a part of growing-up and were accepted by *Society* at large as just and proper treatment of one's children and of no concern to those outside the immediate family.

With that in mind, don't be too shocked by what happened to us. We lived through it and so did many thousands of other boys subjected to the same treatment.

That more of those us weren't more warped in our minds and/or bodies by our, to the present day way of thinking, bizarre experiences, was a miracle in and of itself and possibly a subject for a more scientific in-depth study than a mere story to be enjoyed like this one is meant to be.

I have deliberately written my recollections of my life in the third person, preferring to think of the events described as having happened to some one other than me in a more fictionalized manner. However, the basic events are true, and happened just as I've set them down.

If you are offended by my words, why are you reading my personal diaries?

From the memoirs of:

Mrs. Constance Jesmaine Carmack Miles

# Bad Boy Good Girl

by **Bébé Talons**

I

“Heavens to Betsy, Master Conrad!” scolded his Great Auntie Jesmaine Miles, “What a little imp you are! Just look at what you’ve done to poor Mrs. Brewster’s wash line! You’ve managed to break the line and drag her clean wash clear through the muddy grass! And after she worked so hard to get it all done and hung out this morning too! Now she will have to work twice as hard to get out those filthy stains that you have put into everything!”

She grasped Conrad’s ear lobe tightly and pulled him along behind her angrily. “You just come with me,

you bad, horrid little hellion!" she ordered in her no-nonsense tone of voice.

Unwillingly, but having no choice in the matter, Conrad stumbled along behind the lady as she dragged him bodily through the screen door into the woodshed and on to the house proper. "I'm sorry, Auntie," he whined piteously. "I promise I won't never not do it no more!"

She paid him no mind but continued on through the woodshed and into her kitchen where she sat down on one of her old-fashioned wooden straight back chairs. Without further ado, she turned him away from her, back to front, and panting with a mixture of exertion and excitement, she hissed, "No, dear boy, you aren't one bit sorry yet, but I promise you that before I am done with you, you will be *more* sorry than you have ever been before in your whole miserable, mis-spent young life!"

Without further ado, she unsnapped and unzipped the back zipper of his shorts, yanked them and his snug bloomers down around his knees and twisted him, bringing him face down across her broad lap. She caught his flailing hands behind his back and, holding them well up out of range, caressed his plump, naked mounds absently. "I have never in my life seen such a careless, uncaring, destructive boy as you have proved to be in my entire life! Imagine, using my best ram as a horse!

"Why even your own Father didn't do that much damage when he upset my tea cart into your own dear Mother-to-be's lap that June afternoon when he was just sixteen years old! My goodness, but she was so angry with him for his clumsy rudeness! So much so, in fact, that she had unsnapped the crotch-piece of his lit-

tle taffeta rompers, removed his little rayon bloomers and paddled his bare ass soundly, right there in front of her Aunt Myrtle and myself! He carried on for the longest and I was so ashamed of him! And at the same time, I was so very proud of your Mother-to-be for taking him so well in hand. Oh, what a glorious triumph for woman! I knew right then and there that she would be the best husband for him that any boy could possibly hope to find! And oh, how he howled even more when I blistered his plump, bare little ass too!" she reminisced fondly for several long moments.

All the time she was murmuring to herself, she continued to caress poor Conrad's bare cheeks lovingly. "And he was such a beautiful bride the day he walked down the Church aisle and promised to love, honor and obey Martha for so long as they both should live! I shall never forget that moment! He blushed so nicely when I gave his hand to Martha in marriage! Oh, how he stammered and hesitated when he repeated his vows! He was so humiliated when he realized that he was now Mrs. Constance Jesmaine Carmack Miles instead of Mr. Conrad Jesmaine Carmack, period! But, after all, it is our custom to adopt the surname Miles, and why should my dear nephew Constance be any different? I just know he was dreading the up-coming wedding night with his new husband! That scamp, Martha! She broke him in right!"

Then, without further delay, she began to spank Conrad's bare bottom furiously.

***SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!  
SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!***

Her work calloused palm bounced from his buttery soft mounds as tears of anger and pain spurted from his blue, wide staring eyes. He tossed about atop her



lap, his long, blonde hair flying madly, his long, shapely legs kicking furiously.

‘Life is so unfair,’ he thought miserably. ‘I should be in Europe with Mom and Dad and not here with this mean old witchy woman when I didn’t want to stay with her in the first place! It’s just not fair!’ he thought, wallowing in self pity and screaming his frustration as the woman continued spanking him soundly.

He squirmed ineffectually, sobbing and yowling piteously as the heat built in his tortured mounds and his thoughts went back over the previous month’s revelations and conversations between his parents and himself...

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“I’m really very sorry, Connie,” his Mom had said, “but the travel voucher is made out to just your Father and me and we really can’t afford to take you with us on the ship at this time. You know good and well that we just had the whole house renovated, and... well... we just can’t afford to take you too, and that’s all...” her voice trailed off. “I’m truly sorry, dear,” she added in a slightly defiant voice.

“Besides,” his Father had chimed in shyly, “wouldn’t you rather be spending the summer with your my... er, *your* favorite Auntie, enjoying yourself instead of sitting in some dusty hotel room waiting for one of us to return and amuse you? After all, Auntie Jesmaine is

*family!* She is my late Mother's eldest sister, and besides, there are no baby-sitting services in the German hotels, you know," he ended up apologetically

"Who needs a dumb old baby-sitter anyway?" Conrad had exploded. "Why, I'm almost sixteen years old! I'm plenty old enough to take care of myself!" Conrad loved his parents dearly but he thought they were hopelessly outdated and over-did the protective bit some times. After all, other boys his age did not have baby-sitters, so why should he? Oh, he knew very well what his Mother would say, 'But you're not like *other* boys, Connie!' That's what she would say! Damn! "You're still not completely over your influenza attack from two years ago!" she would remind him and that was completely unfair! He was fully recovered! It was just that she didn't want to admit that her baby was no longer a baby, no matter that he was severely under-sized and under-weight for his almost sixteen years, a constant thorn in his otherwise placid existence.

"You'll have a lovely time with Auntie Jessie!" his Father had promised wistfully. "Your Mother has it all arranged and Auntie Jessie has agreed to let you stay with her as long as we're gone."

Conrad wanted to tell him that if he wanted to have someone stay with dear old Auntie Jessie, why didn't he stay with her instead and let him go to Germany with his Mother! But then, his Father was such a... a... I don't know what, that he'd probably jump at the chance! Aloud, "Why don't we go visit her for a week or so when we return from Germany?" Conrad had proposed instead.

"Gee, if only we could..." his Father had whispered nostalgically.

“Now, Connie,” his Mother had chided gently, “don’t I take care of all your needs now?”

“Oh, of course, Mother Martha, it’s just that Auntie Jessie is such a wonderful person. She was so good to me and for me when I was but a child. She raised me, you know”

“Yes, I *do* know,” his Mom smiled indulgently at her husband. “I will always thank you for introducing yourself to me at her tea party in such a unique manner!”

Conrad’s Father blushed furiously. “Oh, Mother Martha,” he whispered hoarsely, “it *was* an accident! And I was *not* trying to catch your eye!” he protested weakly, his eyes shining suspiciously.

“Oh, of course you weren’t, Darling,” his Mom had agreed with a small laugh. She hugged the smaller male and kissed his cheek fondly. “We’ll discuss it later. Now, why don’t you run up and put on your favorite footed pajamas and get ready for your nap? I’ll be up in a jiffy to tuck you in and lie with you until you go to sleep. OK?”

“May I have a bottle of warm milk too?” the man asked softly, his eyes alight with adoration for this strong-willed, forceful, woman.

“We’ll see, baby,” she half promised as he scooted from the room like a scared rabbit. Conrad thought nothing of his Father’s odd behavior. After all, the man had been acting the same way all Conrad’s young life! Sometimes, Conrad thought that the wrong male was the little boy from the way they acted! Sometimes his Mother acted more like his Father’s Mother than she did his!

‘Well, why not?’ Conrad thought defensively. ‘Mom’s almost fifteen years older than Dad!’ He became aware that his Mom was talking to him again.

“Yes, dear, I know that you’re almost sixteen, but you’re still not old enough to be left alone and unsupervised,” his Mom had explained patiently, “and that’s why I’d feel better about it if I could be sure that you were safe with your Father’s Auntie Jesmaine instead.” And Conrad knew there was no chance of her changing her mind when she adopted that tone of voice.

And so, on the first day of his summer vacation, Master Conrad Jesmaine Carmack, Jr., “Connie” to all his friends, after a long, two day travel by train, found himself somewhere in Wisconsin or Minnesota or Iowa, in the back seat of his Aunt’s long, black LaSalle limousine, sitting next to the lady in question while another, younger woman, dressed in a severe black leather chauffeur’s livery who was identified only as “Tufts,” chauffeured them carefully along the narrow, twisting, tree shrouded highway toward his Aunt’s huge farm complex.

Connie had tried to make polite conversation with the woman. “Boy, we’ll surely have a lot of fun this summer, won’t we, Auntie Jessie?” he had asked eagerly. But that lady had easily silenced him with one hard glare.

“Please, Master Conrad,” she had murmured in curt apology, “but the truth of the matter is that I do not feel very well... I have a splitting headache!” At his apologetic glance, she had added more gently, “We’ll talk later, Dear.” And he had had to be satisfied with that because she spoke no more for the entire trip.

Boy, some *favorite* Aunt she was turning out to be!

Eventually, the car turned off the narrow road between two massive stone pillars and threaded its way carefully along the winding, two track drive through the dense trees, to at last emerge into a huge cleared space that seemed to be all lawn and hedges and flowers and smaller shade trees symmetrically placed in a pleasing panorama of foliage. And right in the center of all this perfection rose a massive four story mansion atop a small rise with three huge barns set well back from the main house, and four smaller, one floor homes obviously meant for the help, and that surprised him greatly. He gazed at the majestic size of the mansion, awestruck. It was the first time he had ever seen his Aunt's home.

He knew that she was the owner of a huge milk processing business and that she rented rooms in her home to other women, but he had mentally envisioned a much smaller house with maybe one or two extra women living there.

He was further surprised to learn that the mansion had thirty two bedrooms and that some fifty or so women called the place home and with few exceptions, two women shared each bedroom. And, further, he was to learn, all but two of those women either worked as household staff or worked for his Aunt's business in various positions of authority. In fact, except for him, there was not one male on the premises, and never would be if his Aunt Jesmaine had her way about it! He wondered why she had allowed him to be there!

And, in the four days since he had been staying with her, things had not improved one single bit! He had been punished on several different occasions by being sent to his room, put into a hard wooden seat chair to just sit, stood in a corner for sassing one of the

women who worked for his aunt, and once she had swatted his shorts covered bottom just for being a mere boy! And she had warned him that he could not run nor jump nor play nor rough-house in *her* home at any time of the day or night under any circumstances, and that if he had to jump and play, he was to take his boisterous masculinity out of doors and keep it there!

Or, else!

What *or else* was had never been explained to him. Still, Connie knew he wanted no part of it in any case! Because that was exactly what he had been doing, keeping his play out of doors, when he had gotten all tangled up in that stupid old wash line! Now how in the blue blazes should he be expected to know that his aunt's laundress would be doing the laundry on such a bright, sunshiny Monday morning instead of what any other, more normal (to him), woman would be doing instead?

Maybe he should have been watching where he was going a little more carefully, but the truth of the matter is, when one is riding on the back of a stubborn old ram and watching one's backside, one can't possibly watch one's front too, now can one? Besides, his darned old too-long auburn hair had fallen across his eyes and the ram had refused to be guided by his pulling on its curved, twin horns, and he just plain hadn't seen the dumb old clothes line in time to try to change the direction of the ram's mad dash across the yard.

It had been just one of those unfortunate accidents that you read about all the time.

But, what an exciting accident it had been!

He had gotten caught up in one of her old fashioned taffeta slips and one of her long woolen skirts,

thereby breaking the dumb old line and dragging the whole mess into the dirt!

Dimly, he had heard someone yelling in the back-ground about, "Watch yourself," and "Watch what you're doing," and, "Just look at what you've done now, you horrid little monster!"

Jeezums, one would have thought she'd be glad that *he* hadn't been hurt instead! And then his Aunt Jesmaine had come onto the scene like some avenging Goddess from Mount Olympus or an armored Valkyrie from Asgard, or something similar...

Jeezums! Jeezumscrew!

\* \* \* \* \*

III

"I'll teach you to be more careful and to watch where you are playing, you horrid little monster! And riding my prize Suffolk ram like some mad rodeo cowboy! The very idea!" Aunt Jesmaine scolded angrily as she spanked him, her hand flashing in the warm summer sunshine.

***SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!  
SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!***

His flesh was becoming streaked with her finger marks and she knew that she was hurting him greatly. 'Good enough for the obnoxious little brat!' she thought gleefully.



Finally, she stood him in front of her and she slapped his hands away from his scorched bottom "Leave it alone, you little hellion!" she ordered. She noticed that his little thingie was standing hard and at full attention and she smiled knowingly. Connie thought



she was smiling at his tears and he felt even more sorry for himself..

“Just let that be a lesson to you, you horrid little brat!” she hissed angrily. “Now, you can just stand in that corner while I try to talk Mrs. Brewster out of breaking your scrawny little neck! Don’t you dare move and keep those hands away from that ass! Hear?” She knew instinctively that he would obey her to the letter, ‘Because he’s just as much a little sissy as his dear Father was... er, *is!*’ she amended silently. ‘And this one’s coming along nicely too! His Mother will be so pleased with him... after I’m done with him...’ she mused.

Dazedly, Connie nodded and allowed her to face him into the kitchen corner by the ice box, his shorts and bloomers still down around his ankles where they had dropped when he had stood erect. He did not dare to pull them up, not after what she had said! He could hear her soft murmur as she talked to Mrs. Brewster in the woodshed. What were they planning? He didn’t think they would put him in jail, but then again, who knew what they did way out here on the wild west frontier?

Jeezums, what a lousy dump!

Surreptitiously, he rubbed his throbbing bottom. “Get your hands away from that ass, you little brat, if you know what’s good for you!” Swiftly, she crossed the kitchen and smacked his throbbing bottom three or four times, making him cry out sharply. “Or do you want some more?” she demanded crossly, slapping his already sore bottom hard for emphasis. “Well, do you? Speak up, you miserable little hell-cat!” she repeated.

“Oh, no, Aunt Jessie,” he blubbered, full of self-pity. “Please, no more!” Hastily he dropped his hands to hang loosely by his sides.

Her hand caressed his round bottom, feeling the heat she had generated there. She smiled to herself in satisfaction. ‘Serves the damned little sissy right for disturbing the sweet little set-up I’ve built here!’ she thought maliciously. Aloud, “Well, I’ve talked to Mrs. Brewster and she is willing to forgive you on one condition, that you apologize to her and help her clean up the mess you have made.”

‘That’s two things,’ Connie thought, but he dared not point that out to his outraged aunt!

“And that means that *you* help her clean it up! You will *not* just sit there while she does it for you! You will do exactly as she says, and I don’t want any nonsense nor one word of sass out of you. If you don’t mind her, we’ll see what the local juvenile authorities have to say about your behavior! I assure you, great nephew of mine, they will not be as lenient with you as she and I are willing to be!”

“Yes, Ma’am,” he whispered dejectedly. He stepped back, bent and then straightened immediately. “May... may I... pu... pull my bl... bloomers back up, Aunt Jessie?” he asked politely. She insisted on calling them *bloomers* instead of under drawers or under pants which they were and always had been. Still, it was easier than arguing with her!

“Oh, very well,” she acquiesced, somewhat reluctantly it seemed to him “we can’t have the girls thinking you are an indecent lot now, can we?”

“No, Ma’am,” he agreed aloud. To himself, he thought, ‘Fat lot you care!’

"I shall help you," she purred silkily.

Connie blushed and hung his head in shame as she snuggled his underpants... er, bloomers, into place around his hips, tucking his stiff little pipi back between his legs. He kind of liked the touch of her fingernails scratching his sensitive skin, but she had to go and spoil it! "Too bad you're not a girl, Darling!" she mused.

'See? There she goes!' he raged inwardly. But, there was nothing he could do to stop her from saying and doing exactly as she pleased! Then, she slipped his shorts up, fastening the waist snap at the rear and then zipping them closed.

The day after his arrival and over his loud objections, she had confiscated all his boys' clothes and stored them away in her locked attic. (Or so she claimed. Actually, they had been stuffed into rough burlap bags and relegated to one of the out-sheds to avoid *contamination*, in her view.) Then she had replaced everything with girls' clothing in his size. His underpants had been exchanged for white and pastel and pink girls' thin rayon and taffeta bloomers of various designs and styles. They all had very narrow elastic waist bands and a narrow band of lace sewn to the leg openings that clung quite tightly around the tops of his girlishly plump thighs and womanly shaped bottom. His undershirts had become lace edged girls' undershirts in colors matching his new bloomers (and they all had a cute little bow right in the middle of the neck curve!), and she made sure he wore them by checking his choice every day! His outer shirts had been replaced with girls' blouses, tank tops, pull-overs and halters in different styles, colors and lush fabrics. There were no replacements for his trousers and all his

regular shorts had all been replaced with girls' style shorts; Bermudas, pedal pushers, culottes, and a garment that was sort of a shorts that looked more like a short skirt! The main difference between his new shorts and his old ones was that the new ones didn't have a front fly nor any pockets and they all zipped closed on the right side or up the back with a snap closing at the waist! Too, they were cut some fuller around the tops of his thighs and when he stood still, it looked almost as if he were wearing a skirt! And the legs had the embarrassing tendency to fly up and expose his bloomers when he forgot to control his exuberances! The shorts and all, he didn't mind, especially the shiny satin and the stretchy polished cotton ones, but he positively hated the bloomers with a passion! The damn things were so tight and they slipped all around under his shorts and made his thingie get all hard and hurting! And the colors! All pinks and whites and reds and light blues decorated with hearts and flowers and fairies and lambs!

There just had to be a way to keep from having to wear them!

His sox had been replaced by girls' anklets, his sneaks by girls' tennies, or ballerina flats, or saddle shoes or moccasins. His belts were now little stretchy things with metal clips instead of buckles, or wide leather concoctions that not only nipped his waist alarmingly, but were worn backwards around his waist! But the worst thing of all were his new swimsuits! It was some new one piece of stretchy material that seemed to be trunks with an attached bra meant for preteen girls! It wasn't just the snug crotch piece in which Auntie cupped his hard little pipi that was tucked tightly back between his legs that bothered him so much as it was the twin circular top pieces that

covered his swollen little nipples that caused him to blush so much!

He was *not* a damn girl, no matter how much his parents might wish him to be nor how much Auntie treated him like one! And he'd be damned if he'd wear the flipping thing to a public beach again, no matter what she might do to him!

Once was quite enough, thank you so very much! No way was he going to go out in public again while wearing that thing! All those hateful boys whistling and hooting at him, making fun of him! It was almost as if they knew it was a boy wearing a girl's swimsuit! He had been so upset about the bathing suit that he had written a long letter to his parents about it. In due time, their answer came saying, in effect, that Auntie Jesmaine knew what was best for him and for him to mind his p's and q's and to be a good little boy, for their sake. And that was something that Connie did not understand. Of course, Connie did not know that his original letter had been intercepted and another substituted in which *he* purportedly enthused over the good time he was having and how "good" Auntie Jesmaine was to him and the very thoughtful things she was doing for him, like buying him a beautiful new swim suit in the very latest style for him to wear to the beach.

Of course, Auntie Jesmaine had written that letter for him...

Auntie Jesmaine snapped the back closure of his shorts, zipped them closed, patted his plump bottom intimately and he winced and blushed anew. "There you are, Darling! Now, give us a wee little kiss before you go. We must never stay angry with one another, my little girl, remember?" she teased, a sly smile play-

ing across her curved lips. "Are you so very angry with your dear old Auntie Jesmaine, Darling?" she teased.

"Oh, no, Ma'am!" he stammered, reddening furiously. Although kissing was even more hateful and humiliating than a spanking on his bare bottom cheeks, as far as he was concerned, he knew well that the penalty for disobedience or denial was an even harder and more prolonged kind of punishment than the spanking he had just received over her capable lap! With a greatly feigned eagerness to his actions, he rushed headlong into her arms dutifully, his face up-turned expectantly, his lips slightly parted in open invitation, his eyes closed tightly with eager anticipation, his breath sweet in her nostrils as he slipped his arms up and around her neck to hold her tight, and rose to his tippy-toes, exactly as she had so painstakingly taught him a few days earlier. Her lips were so soft and creamy and waxy with lip stick and they felt so exciting when pressed demandingly against his with her sharp tongue thrust boldly inside his welcoming, but extremely shy, mouth! If only she wouldn't call him a *girl!*

"You may go, then," she cooed, "but you remember to be very careful to do exactly as Mrs. Brewster tells you. And, please, *please*, remember to stay out of trouble this time?"

Connie's spirits were at their lowest ebb since he had received the news that he could not go to Europe with his parents. Slowly, dreading every second and dragging his heels every step of the way, Connie walked out into the woodshed where Mrs. Brewster was scrubbing away at a something, her arms deep in the sudsy water of the wash tub.

His spirits rose slightly when he saw that the mess had been picked up and that the line had been repaired too. Maybe he wouldn't have to do anything more than to apologize to the dumb old broad... yeah, that would be all right with him! Then maybe he could get back to the serious business of breaking that stupid old ram to the saddle so that he could get on with what he wanted to do, exploring the rest of the farm.

He was soon to discover how wrong he was!

\* \* \* \* \*

## IV

Timidly, Connie knocked on the woodshed door and waited for an answer. Soon he heard approaching footsteps and the sound of the door being opened. The door swung open slightly and the woman glared down at him icily. "Oh, it's *you!*" She pronounced it as though it were some sort of contagious disease. "What do you want? Haven't you done enough damage around here for one day?" she demanded querulously.

She stared down at him hostilely, noting his girlish attire. 'What a change from that first day!' she thought. 'I wonder if she's got him into bloomers yet like she said she would? God! Maybe I'll just check and find out for myself!' Instead, she looked approvingly at the boy's tight white shorts, the back zipper, the cute cut-off tank top, the anklets, the ballerina flats and the gently understated make-up. It was applied very

lightly, but it was there, just as Jessie had promised it would be! 'God! How she'd love to do something with that hair! It would look so pretty if it were several shades lighter and braided...' she mused. She nodded absently and smiled at the thought.

Connie cringed in spite of himself.

He just knew that her thoughts were on him!

He was right in a sense, but they were not what he thought they were!

"Auntie Jessie sent me over to help you clean up the mess that I made accidentally," he explained shyly. The woman was very intimidating to him. She was almost six feet tall and weighed almost two hundred pounds and looked to be as strong as any man! "But since I see that it has already been cleaned up, I'll just say that I am very sorry for all the extra work that I caused you, and I promise that it will not never happen again!" He turned to go.

"Sure, the mess outside has been cleaned up," Mrs. Brewster admitted sarcastically, "but I have a woodshed full of soiled linens that have to be done all over..."

"Auntie Jessie said I was to give you a hand..." Connie repeated slowly, but to himself, he thought, 'I'd like to give you a hand all right! The back of it, that's what I'd like to give you!'

It had not escaped her attention that he was here because of his Aunt's urgings and not of his own volition. 'You'll pay dearly for that little oversight, little girl!' Mrs. Brewster made that promise to herself silently. "Well, since Jesmaine sent you, I suppose I will just have to put up with you! So, you had better come on into the woodshed, and be quick about it!"



She turned brusquely and bustled busily across to the wash tub, her heels clicking loudly on the wooden plank floor, her skirts swishing angrily about her ankles.

Connie watched, open-mouthed, as she hurried away. Did she mean for him to come into the woodshed with her? Alone? Without a chaperone?

She paused beside the wash tub and turned to look at him in open hostility, just as though she knew exactly what he had been thinking! "Well, what are you waiting for? Christmas? Or an engraved invitation? Or are you waiting for me to bring the dirty wash over to you? Knowing the way your mind probably works, I'd be willing to bet that that's exactly what you'd expect! Well, little one, I'm very sorry to have to disappoint you, but the laundry is over here and that's where it's going to stay until it gets washed again and then hung back on the wash line! That's when the laundry be finished, and not one minute before!"

"Yes, Ma'am," Connie whispered miserably.

"What?" she demanded. "I am not a 'Ma'am!' My name is 'Mrs. Brewster,' and don't you ever dare to forget it! Do you understand me?"

"Yes, Ma'am... er, Mrs. Brewster," he added quickly, face aflame with embarrassment.

Without another word, she spun on her heel and turned back to the task at hand. It was painfully obvious that she didn't care one way or another whether he moved to help her or not. Without thinking, Connie went across to the wash tubs, obediently.

She had bent over one of the tubs and was busily scrubbing her clothes in a tub that was sitting on a rickety old wash stand next to a cast-iron sink that even

had a water-primed hand pump at one end. Connie stared open-mouthed, fascinated, and without being told, knew that nothing was ornamental, but was used regularly. The wash tub was almost full of hot, soapy water and something else that stuck up out of the soapy water. He would soon learn that this *thing* was an old-fashioned *wash board* and that it had been a wedding present to Mrs. Brewster by her Grand-Mother. Quietly, Connie stepped up beside Mrs. Brewster.

That lady looked up with some surprise. 'So, the little brat dared to come in after all, and without a proper chaperone, did he? Well, she would see to it that he was properly received!

But, first...' "Here, you scrub this for a while and I'll just sit here and rest a bit with a nice cup of hot tea!"

"Yes, Ma'am... er, Mrs. Brewster," he amended hastily.

She glared warningly at him.

Connie took the garment that she held out to him and dropped it into the water. "But, what do I do with it?" he asked stupidly.

"You wash it, dummy!" she snapped in disgust. "Don't you know anything?"

"Oh, I know you *wash* it, what I meant was, *how*?" Connie looked for the washing machine, but could not find what he was used to seeing. 'Boy, what a weird old house!

"In my 'Maytag' wringer washer, of course. It's right there!" She pointed to a white metal wash tub with metal legs attached to its underneath. Connie stared open-mouthed at the thing before he remembered having seen one like it in some old magazines.

She snatched the towel away from him angrily. "Pay attention and I'll show you how it's done." She scrubbed the towel vigorously in an up and down motion on the corrugated surface of her wash board, checking occasionally to see if it were clean, just as her Grand-Mother had taught when she was a little girl. Finally, she wrung it out and took another, handing it to him. "There, do you think you're capable of doing that? Or is it beyond your capabilities?" she asked sarcastically.

"Oh, I can do that!" Connie blurted with more confidence than he really felt. She sat back and watched as he raised up onto his tippy-toes, bent over the tub and started to scrub the towel with enthusiasm. She noted the gentle swellings in the boy's cut-off top and the tender, sweet little niblets poking excitingly at the material... 'God!' she thought, and her gaze rapped across the out-thrust curves in their snug fitting satinet and down along the soft sweep of girlish thigh, calf and ankle. 'God!' she thought again.

Connie took the towel and began to duplicate Mrs. Brewster's actions as best he could.

'Not bad,' she thought grudgingly. 'Maybe he does have the potential to progress to that state that Jesmaine has planned for him! Maybe Jesmaine does know what she's talking about!'

Her hands itched to caress the sweet body, to bring him to a peak of fiery lust that only her knowing kisses could quench! She shivered delicately. Connie scrubbed away at his towel, unknowing and unconcerned for the passion he had innocently aroused in her heart with his sexy, youthful body.

He finished scrubbing the towel and held it up, dripping. "Now what?"

“Wring it out. Twist the water out of it and recheck it for any soiled spots,” she ordered, rising to her feet and going over to stand beside him. He did as she directed, held it up and examined it carefully. It sure looked clean to him!

“Well?” he asked timidly.

“Very good, my child,” she smiled encouragingly, “just put that one in the rinse tub and get the next item to be done. Just take the one on top. It doesn’t matter which one you take because they all have to be done again. Don’t try to count what’s left or you might get discouraged,” she warned.

Connie did as she told him and took the next item from the top of the pile in the sink. It was also a towel and he scrubbed it thoroughly until it too was clean and white. She made no comment as he continued to scrub each item clean before putting it into the rinse tub and reaching for the next. He had been scrubbing for some moments before he realized that the garment he was scrubbing was a woman’s silky slip. He stopped and looked at Mrs. Brewster, his face aflame. “Er, Mrs. Brewster... I... er, I can’t wash this...” He held it out to her gingerly.

“And just why not?” she snarled.

“Because it’s... it’s...a wo... woman’s thing!”

“Yes, it’s one of Tufts’ slips. So what? You dirtied it, you scrub it clean!” she ordered. She spun on her heel, returned to the table and sat down with her tea.

Hesitantly, Connie obeyed. He scrubbed it carefully until it was as clean as he could get it, then put it in the rinse tub with the other clean clothes. He turned back to the scrub tub, reached for the next item, and slipped on the wet floor! Panic stricken, he grabbed for the

nearest support which just happened to be the wash tub on the rickety rack. Naturally, it tipped and slobbered all over him and the floor.

“Oh, for Heaven’s sake!” Mrs. Brewster cried. “I should have known!” She grasped him by the arm and pulled him upright. Before he realized what she was going to do, she had his shorts unzipped and had yanked them and his bloomers down about his knees and had pulled him face down across her broad lap. With great joy, she noticed the pink tinge of his panties and the marks in his thighs where the tight elastics had cut into the skin. Absently, she noticed the redness and fading marks of fingers from previous spankings and she now realized that Jesmaine had been punishing the boy’s sweet mounds for some time! “I’ll teach you to be more careful, you careless little hellion!” she snarled through gritted teeth.

Connie’s hands flew behind his back to cover his nakedness, but the woman merely grasped his wrists at the waist and held them up out of her way easily. Her palm slid over his blushing cheeks and he cringed inwardly.

***CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!  
CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!***

Her hand bounced off his already enflamed flesh and he forgot all about his exposure with this new assault on his dignity!

“I’ll teach you!” she promised, repeating herself in her highly aroused state. Connie soon lost count of the many times she thwacked him; it just seemed to go on forever and ever, until he knew it couldn’t possibly hurt him any more than it already did! Finally, she stopped and pushed him off onto the floor where he landed painfully on his scorched bottom. “Get those

wet things off and put them into the tub to be washed, you naughty little beast!" she snarled hoarsely. "You can scrub them clean after I've attended to your more immediate need for proper clothing! Oh, by the way, I do mean to get them off, and right now!"

Without thinking of disobeying, Connie pulled his cut-off tank top and pink undershirt off over his head, stepped out of his shorts and bloomers, and at her impatient gesture, removed his sopping ballerina slippers and anklets and put everything into the wash tub.

"Get the mop from the back porch and be quick about it!" she ordered.

"Like this? All naked... with no clothes. . . and all?" Connie was dumbfounded.

She slapped his throbbing cheeks twice in quick succession. "Do you want more of the same, you obnoxious little scamp?" she demanded coldly. "If so, I will be more than happy to accommodate you!"

Without answering, Connie hurried to get the mop, and at her direction, began to clean the soapy water up from the woodshed floor. She noticed, as had Jesmaine, that the boy's hard little swelling bobbed merrily at full attention as he moved about with his duties. She had him wring the mop out when he was about finished and handed him a coarse cloth.

"You'll have to do the rest on your hands and knees," she told him. Dutifully, Connie knelt and began to sop the rest of the soapy water up with the cloth. She watched as he worked and was quick to note that he did a good job the first time, and soon, the wooden planks gleamed in the soft sunlight. She pointed out several spots that she knew were wear marks, but he scrubbed each without argument nor comment.

After he had cleaned the mop and hung it out on the back porch railing to dry, and done the same with the rag he had used, she took him firmly by the hand and, not bothering to cover his nakedness, led him through the house, up the front stairs, and down the long hallway to her suite, passing some quite surprised maids in the process!

Connie was not surprised to see that the bathtub had claw feet and was made of cast iron, unlike the porcelain one in his parents' home. He watched as she turned the faucets on and began to fill the tub with hot water. While it was filling, she poured a generous dose of sweet smelling bath salts, bubbles and oils into the swirling water. The sharp tang of bursting crystals filled the air and Connie wrinkled his nose. Then she made him get into the tub and sit down. Carefully, holding onto her hand for balance, he slid beneath the surface of the bubbles. He picked up a wash cloth and began to soap himself thoroughly.

"Here, give me that!" she demanded. "Let you do it and you'll drown the whole of my upstairs!" She took the wash cloth and began to wash his body vigorously.

"Hey!" he exclaimed in shock. "I can do that for myself!" He grabbed for the wash cloth that she held.

Without a word of warning, she pulled him from the tub, sat on the nearby toilet seat and pulled him, dripping wet, face down over her aproned lap. Again she grasped his wrists behind his back and spanked his already throbbing mounds briskly.

***CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!  
CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!***

Fresh tears squirted from his eyes and ran down his wet cheeks. "Oh! Oh! Stop! Oh, please stop! I'll be

good!" he screeched. "I'll be good and let you give me a bath!" he promised brokenly. "I will! I will!" he begged fervently.

"I don't want any more nonsense out of you, you little heller!" she panted.

"Oh, no, Ma'am, you won't! You'll see!" he cried.

"What did you just call me?" she demanded, giving him yet another four or five hard swats across his already enflamed posterior.

"Ow! Oh, I'm sorry, Mrs. Brewster!" he corrected himself hastily.

"That's better. If you forget again, I'll... I'll... I'll... I will yank this little person right out of its socket!" she threatened., grasping his stiff little penis and squeezing and pulling on it as hard as she could!

"OUCH!" he screamed. "Oh, no! No! Don't do that to me, please!" he begged. "I'll do anything you say, just don't pull it off! Please don't do that to me!"

"Oh, very well," she agreed, and giving his stiff little penis one last, viciously hard yank, dumped him bodily back into the tub with a splash! Of course, water sloshed all over the floor and he found himself pulled right back over her lap while she whaled his sore ass once again!

**CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! CRACK!  
CRACK!**

"You just will never learn, will you?" she snarled. After several more smacks, she slid him back into the water, picked up the soapy wash cloth and began to scrub him thoroughly. She scrubbed him roughly, taking every intimate liberty with his person that she wished, making his skin glow. She noted that some



spots would not come clean, so she went downstairs, leaving him to soak, while she got a small scrub brush and a can of scouring powder. Back in the bathroom, she sprinkled some powder onto the stubborn dirt-encrusted spots and scrubbed them vigorously. Connie yelped in pain, but a couple of smart slaps to his sensitive inner thighs brought him up short. He lay passively and let her clean his body as she willed.

Then she washed his hair with her personal shampoo, rinsed it and shampooed it again. She was surprised at the depth of his thick auburn hair with all the dirt removed. 'Why, he's almost beautiful!' she thought and her heart leaped with joy. 'He's one in a million, at least, just like Jesmaine predicted!' she added silently.

Eventually, she pulled him from the tub, wrapped him in a huge terry-cloth towel and dried him thoroughly. Then she lifted him into her strong, cradling arms and easily carried him down the hall to her bedroom where she dropped him atop her canopy bed, right on his still throbbing bottom!

"Hey!" he yelped. "Watch it, will you? That hurts!"

"Shut up, if you know what's good for you!" she threatened softly. He watched as she rummaged in her dresser drawers and brought out several frilly looking garments. She came back to stand before him menacingly. "Am I going to have any further trouble with you, little girl?" she hissed, glaring angrily at him.

Connie looked up at Mrs. Brewster fearfully. She seemed to tower over his slight form. After all, he was just four foot eight inches tall and weighed just seventy-seven pounds, and he was a very frightened little boy at that moment! He shook his head back and forth. "No, Mrs. Brewster," he promised without hesitation. "I'll be just as good as gold, you'll see!"