



**"My Mother  
Made Me a TS!"**

**Bèbè Talons**

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# “MY MOTHER MADE ME A TS!”

**By Bèbè Talons**

## **AN EXPLANATION: OF SORTS**

One of the most frequently asked questions that I hear is, “Where do you get your story ideas from?”

And the answer, believe it or not, is this, “I don’t know!”

For this story about Ronda, my inspiration came to me decades ago when I was attending a frat party at my university when one of the guys told a joke about something he had seen on a restroom wall.

According to him, someone had written, “My Mother Made Me A Homosexual.” And right below it, someone

else had written, "If I Give Her The Materials, Would She Make Me One Too?"

Of course, we all laughed uproariously at this, all of us being hetero he-men, and I promptly forgot all about it. Until January of this year when several people were gathered for dinner and one of the guests announced, "I'm going for another drink. Can I get one for anyone else?" To which my companion turned and replied, "Would you make one for me too?"

That stupid joke from so long before jumped into my mind.

It was like an explosion of sorts.

And it all came to me in a rush that I was going to write Ronda's story! I knew in a flash where to start, what would happen to my heroine, when it would happen, and the end result, all in one complete little package in my mind.

Why?

There is absolutely no correlation between that stupid joke and Ronda that I can fathom, and yet, when I sat down at the keyboard later that same night and began to type, the words just seemed to flow from my fingers with a life of their own.

I wrote all the rest of that night and it still took me almost three months to write the story. Then another two months of tweaking and polishing and rewriting until I had, what I thought, was the perfect end product.

That's my story and I'm sticking to it.

Bébé Talons

May, 2012

# I

Ronny Blythe was irritated. No, he was *angry*! He sat with his best friend, Kevin Georgio, on the cold greystone steps of his Mother's restored three storey Victorian manor-house. The feeble, early-Spring sunshine couldn't warm him, nor could the cool air cool his rage.

"Damn women anyway!" he exploded. "How do you figure them? They act like they don't want me around and they find fault with everything I do! Now, when I have the chance to leave, they won't hear a word of it!"

His frustration was unbelievable. Pent-up energy was building like steam in an overheated boiler. Kevin, the older boy, knew better than to intrude on his friend, Ronny's dark mood. He watched as the smaller boy's jaw clenched and the tension brought Ronny's forehead into uncommon lines and furrows under his shaggy light blonde hair. Kevin knew that Ronny's tension, like steam, had to find an escape avenue else he would explode! And he preferred that any such explosion be directed anywhere but at him!

Ronny glared at the greening front yard through tightly-slit eyelids.

Silent now, his only movement was his clenched left fist. Inside the white knuckled, grubby little paw, he tried to grind three stones to powder. He loved the sound and texture of the scraping as they collided and groaned in his grasp.

This solitary movement built to a crescendo of boyish effort, pain reaching from the straining fist, through his

arm, to his shoulder and thence to his clenched teeth. It demanded release!

Suddenly, as though sensing a potential target, he shifted imperceptibly and relaxed, then let fly with a single fluid underhanded motion. With only the loss of a tail feather, the robin rose from the lawn, squawking its indignation.

“Damn!” Ronny snapped his fingers with disgusted exasperation. The spell was broken as his fury vented.

“Great! You missed!” Kevin threw his head back as he slapped his knee. A wide grin fractured his freckled face. “You shouldn’t throw stones at birds anyway. And, especially not at robins!”

“Yeah, I know,” Ronny admitted. “But sometimes I get so damned pissed off that I just have to do something, so I throw things.”

Kevin chuckled sympathetically. “Still fighting with your Mom and Sis, eh?”

“You know it!”

“But, hey, why get so upset? You’ve got to do what they tell you no matter what until you’re old enough to do as you please.” He paused a moment, and then continued, “Do they still insist you come home from your camping trip early so’s you can be in Judy’s wedding on Labor Day?”

“S\*\*t! It’s worse than that now! Now they say I shouldn’t go to California at all! Judy won some dumb State hair-styling contest styling my hair, and now they want me to be her model when she competes in the Goddamn National Perm-Off in Boston! Hell and damnation! Who cares about that? Well, f\*\*k the both of them, I say, no damn woman is going to boss Ronald Robyn Blythe around, no f\*\*ing way!”

The two women sitting on the edge of the sofa exchanged glances while they sipped their tea on this early Spring Sunday afternoon. They could not help but overhear Ronny's angry outburst. Only the partially open window and the screen separated them from the lounging boys.

Judy scowled and glared at the coffee table as though it had offended her in some way. "Mother! That boy is impossible! What are we going to do? How long are we to tolerate that insufferable little bas\*\*?"

"Judy, please don't speak ill of your brother!" Dr. Katherine Blythe rose gracefully from the sofa and walked to the fireplace. She picked up the black framed photo of a distinguished looking gentleman from the mantle and stared at it beseechingly, as though seeking the answer to her problems with her son.

Judy thought for the first time that her Mother was looking much older than her forty-three years. Dr. Katherine Kathleen King Blythe, sleek and elegantly beautiful, usually looked ten years younger, but Ronny's behavior was beginning to take its toll on her.

Dr. Blythe sighed. Slowly, reluctantly, she replaced the precious photo on the mantle. Pale and drawn, she faced her daughter. "Judy, you know that your Father's death was much harder on Ronny than on either of us. When he died seven years ago, we were both adults. We were more able to understand and to cope with our loss. But, at almost eight, Ronny only felt deserted. He acts the way that he does now because he still feels betrayed and alone in the world. I'm afraid I haven't been much comfort to him either!"

"I understand all that, Mom, and I am really worried about him. His grades at school have fallen off. He's barely passing now and he used to be an Honors Student.

He's impolite, sassy, argumentative and he gets in fights. He's angry all the time. . . and his language! Pure filth! High blood pressure and a stroke killed Daddy when he was only sixty-two, and now just look at Ronny! If we don't calm him down, and soon, he'll have a heart attack too in just a few years!"

"You're right, of course, Judy. We must do something before he. . ."

"To hell with them!" came another outburst from the porch. "I'm the man of this damned family and I'll do as I damned well please! I'm going to California whether my f\*\*\*ing Mother and sister like it or not!"

"There he goes again, Mother," Judy exclaimed. "How long must we. . ."

"How long must we put up with him? Why, at least until he's twenty-one, his majority, I should imagine."

"Ugh, three more years of that? And he gets worse every day? I am getting so sick and tired of hearing what a man he is and how I should be glad to obey him just because I am only a lowly woman. . ." she complained.

"Yes, he does seem to take a dim view of femininity, Judy. I have heard him make some very thoughtless remarks to girls. He is exceptionally rude and more chauvinistic than your Father ever was, and Ronald Sr. was a male-chauvinist-pig of the first order!"

"Well, he's not *my* Father and he's not *your* husband, so why should we put up with his insolence and disrespect? Mom, he's become a real little ba\*\*\*\*\*!" Judy exploded in pent-up anger.

"Judy! It's not very lady-like to call names!" Dr. Blythe warned. "I have taught you better than that!"

"Ha! Better you had taught my self-important little brother to be lady-like and soft-spoken!" Judy retorted hotly.

Dr. Blythe stared at her daughter in wonderment. "What did you say, Judy?"

"I said Ronny should have been taught better manners."

"No, you said something about teaching him to be lady-like and soft-spoken. . ."

"Oh, I said, 'Better you had taught my self-important little brother to be lady-like and soft-spoken too,'" Judy repeated mechanically.

"That's it!" Dr. Blythe exclaimed.

"What's *it*?" Judy asked, puzzled.

"Oh, nothing. . ." Dr. Blythe thought for a minute. "Yes. . . well, of course, it's possible. . . hmmm, Judy, I have an idea. . . but it is rather bizarre and quite extreme. . . No! I'm sure it would improve his behavior, but I should only do it *in extremis*, so to speak. . ." she mused.

"Mother, are you thinking what I think you're thinking? Could we do it and get away with it?"

"Yes, Judy, that's exactly what I'm thinking! Anyway, we have several weeks to think about it before school vacation starts. If things do not improve, we'll have to discuss it anew because I shall need your help," Dr. Blythe confided.

"Mother, you can depend on me!" Judy vowed vehemently.

"I know I can, Darling, thank you!" She bent and kissed Judy's parted lips affectionately. Her cool fingertips caressed her daughter's cheek gently. Judy touched

her mother's hand softly and turned her head, her lips kissing the soft, smooth palm quickly.

"I'll be damned if they can order me around!" came the boy's defiant voice. "I'm going to California, and I'm going to do just as I damned well please, and they can go straight to Hell if they don't like it!"



"Hey, man," Kevin interrupted, "do you think it'll work?"

"It damn well better because I have no intention of letting them run me any more. I'm the man of the family, 'bout time I acted like it!" he shouted.

"Hey, good luck, Bro, you'll need all you can get! Personally, I think that you have got it made, but you have to do what you have to do!"

"Better believe it!" Ronny affirmed.

"Why, that insufferable little snip!" Dr. Blythe gasped. "Man of the house, indeed! I think he's got another think coming!" She kissed at Judy's soft lips tenderly. "Well, Dear, are you still game to try?"

"I'll do anything you say, Mother. . ." Judy whispered and slipped her arms around her Mother's neck as her breath quickened. . .

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Over the next few weeks, the arguments grew hotter and much more personal in nature. Then, after one particularly violent altercation, Ronny was sent to his room in shame. He had been determined that he was going to some week-end blast, some beer party with several graduating Senior boys, and Dr. Blythe was equally determined that he was *not!* "You are only fifteen years old, and as long as you live under this roof, young man, you will do as I say and like it, or else. . ." Katherine had threatened.

"Look, you damn f\*\*\*ing old bitch. . ."

Katherine's palm exploded across her son's mouth, back-handing him viciously. "Shut up, damn you! Just shut the f\*\*k up!" she warned quietly.

Ronny was too surprised to protest, and watched her warily.

Realizing that she now had the upper hand, at least temporarily, she issued her ultimatum. "Go to your room and stay there, Ronald," she ordered. "You may come out for meals only. And, if you try to sneak out to go to the party, I'll have you arrested for drinking alcohol! You are still under-age, whether you realize it or not!"

Ronny stumbled up the stairs to his room. He resented missing the party, but he knew his Mother would do exactly as she had promised! And how *that* state of affairs would look to all his friends? He punched his pillow furiously. "Just you wait and see!" he swore. "I'll teach you that you can't order me around, no how no way, no siree!"

Except that she could! Worse, she would! And, even worse, she *did*!

That evening, Dr. Blythe visited Judy at her apartment. Judy could see that her Mother was greatly upset and listened in amazed shock as the sordid story of Ronny's vituperative tirade unfolded. The woman was crying openly at the end of her summarization and Judy's heart ached for the woman's grief.

"That tears it, Mom," she exploded. "This time he's gone too far! I think it's time we had that little chat we discussed some time ago. Something must be done about that boy, and soon, before it's too late! He's headed for big, big trouble at the rate he's going!" she exclaimed angrily.

"Oh, Judy, I'm so ashamed!" Fresh tears rolled unchecked down Dr. Blythe's cheeks as Judy patted her shoulder in consolation.

"It's not your fault, Mom," Judy soothed.

"Oh, I can't help how I feel," Katherine cried.

"It's not your fault, Mom," Judy repeated. "Now, about that idea of yours. . ."

"We have to retrain him, Judy," Dr. Blythe explained. "We must change his whole outlook. I believe we can best effect this change by bringing him up again, this time as a girl. We must take away all of his masculine aggressiveness and animosity, and replace them with feminine tranquility and acquiescence.

"This can be done partly," she continued, "through the use of a certain drug and hormonal treatment. I have researched the problem and I will be able to get everything of a medical nature through my practice.

"However, that's only a start. Physical change must be reinforced by mental reconditioning. In other words, he must learn to think and react like any other female does. So, what's better than dressing him in skirts and making him learn from scratch?" She watched Judy closely for signs of disapproval.

"Mother! That's great!" Judy enthused. "It's the perfect solution! We can eliminate all his male clothing because I can get everything he'll need to wear through my Boutique. And, we can change him cosmetically at my Salon on State! There is a Charm School scheduled for June and July by Mrs. Baylor, and I am sure we could get him enrolled in a class easily. That will give us three weeks from the end of the high school term and the beginning of Charm School to get him feminized enough to pass. . . as a girl, I mean."

"Yes, I thought that you and I could give him a basic indoctrination as soon as school is out and then continue his instruction mornings and evenings when we aren't working. That would leave him days to practice his lessons. The drugs and hormones will help keep him under control and I'm sure he wouldn't want any of his friends to see him in skirts, heels and make-up, especially his close friend Kevin!"

"That's a fantastic idea, Mom!" Judy chortled, hugging her Mother lovingly, fleetingly. "If he does rebel, we could always threaten him with exposure! I am sure he'd do anything we'd tell him to do to avoid that!"

"It may very well do to sound Kevin out about that very possibility," she mused aloud. "That boy's not as straight as he'd like everyone to think!"

"Mother, what are you saying? Is Kevin a queer?" Judy blushed. "Er. . . I mean, does he like boys that way as well as girls?"

"Let's just say that Kevin has had doubts about his masculinity and let it go at that." Dr. Blythe concluded. "I'm sure if it were presented to him at the right time and in the right manner, Kevin would prove to be a God-send!"

"Great! And because he's already Ronny's best friend, they should adjust to the change readily once they get over the shock. Kevin's a cute boy and Ronny will be a pretty girl, and what boy can resist being friends with a pretty girl?"

"And when Ronny adjusts, he'll find it pays to have a cute boy-friend for all those things like escorts and dates and all those other things. . ." Judy giggled.

"I'm so relieved that you agree with me, Dear," Dr. Blythe whispered as she softly caressed Judy's neck, down to her swelling breast, cupping gently.

"But, Mother," Judy objected with some surprise, "I thought you knew I'd do anything to help you with him! You're my only Mother!"

"Do you think it would be safe to leave him alone during the day?" Katherine mused. "Would he do anything rash, like try to run away or something?"

"Well, the drugs and hormones will keep him off balance, and to make sure he wears his dresses, we could dispose of all his male clothing and then we would transfer him to my old bedroom next to yours, dresses, undies, make-up, and all!" Judy suggested eagerly.

"Then that's exactly what we'll do, Dear. Thank you so much," Dr. Blythe whispered and kissed her daughter's parted lips tenderly, her hand squeezing and kneading maddeningly. Judy's arms slipped about her Mother's neck.

"Oh, Mother. . . Katherine!" After a moment, she added, "After all, we women have got to stick together, or else. . ."

"Or else what, Dear?" the woman asked, kissing Judy's nose teasingly.

"Or else you're going to have to do something about that. . ."

"This?" Katherine squeezed. "Or this?" Her hand slid around Judy's waist and patted her bottom. "Or this?" Her hand slipped around and dove between the younger woman's jeaned thighs. She cupped Judy's swollen mound and squeezed it possessively. Her tongue stabbed deep.

"Oh, Katherine! Yes! Yes!" Judy squealed excitedly as the woman unzipped her jeans.

"Mother knows best," Katherine crooned and slid her hand inside. . .

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III

Katherine didn't leave until after midnight! She couldn't. She wouldn't!

Driving home afterwards, Dr. Blythe cried softly when she thought of all the mean, rotten things Ronny had said to her. She resolved that nothing could ever prove to be too extreme, too drastic, if it would only turn her son around.

Once home, she went straight up to Ronny's room and found him in bed sound asleep. She sat on the edge of his bed and watched him sleep awhile. He looked so small and vulnerable, and her heart went out to him. She smoothed the light blonde wisps from his eyes and, on impulse, leaned over and kissed the bee-stung lips, her tongue licking lightly at the soft fullnesses.

Ronny stirred restlessly in his sleep, then raised his arms and slipped them around her neck, responding instinctively to her caress. His lips parted eagerly, invitingly.

"Mmmmm. . . Who. . . What? Debbie? How did you get up here? My mom'll have kittens if she catches you and. . . and. . ." He came awake with a start. "Oh, Mom, it's you. . ." he murmured sleepily. "What's up? Is anything wrong?"

"No, Ronny," she admitted, kissing him sweetly. "I just wanted to make sure you were here like I told you to be and I guess I must have awakened you while I was tucking you in," Katherine explained.

This sounded reasonable to Ronny because she was always doing silly things like that. "Oh. . ." he yawned. He kissed her automatically. "I'm so tired. . ."

"Well, as long as you're awake, Ronald, we must talk things over."

"Sure, Mom," Ronny agreed. When Katherine called him *Ronald*, she was being very serious. "Er, about earlier, I'm sorry I called you all those filthy names. I don't know what comes over me sometimes. I just want to apologize to you, and ask for your forgiveness."

"You must learn to control your outbursts, Ronald," she replied, "for if you have any hopes at all of still going on that California trip, you must listen to me closely and do exactly as Judy or I say, otherwise, no trip. Is that clear? Do you understand me?"

"I think so," he admitted sheepishly. "What do you have in mind?"

"Well, first of all, except for some very basic rules that you must obey as neither Judy nor I are going to scold you any more. Nor shall we say one single word to you about your behavior. You're completely on your own, and may come and go and do exactly as you wish within the limitations we shall set, for we will no longer interfere with you. But, you must bear the consequences of any, and all, misbehavior and/or mischief you do.

"That does not mean that we will not be watching you and judging, however."

"Great, Mom!" he enthused. "I can do it, you'll see. I just want a chance to prove to you and Judy that I'm not a kid any more! Thanks, Mom!" He hugged her tightly and kissed her fiercely.

"There's more. . ."

'Figures. . . she never lets up!' he grouched to himself. Aloud, "Yes?"

"Your studies. You will buckle down, apply yourself, bring home some extra school work to make up for what you have missed in the past. I will speak to all of your teachers and I am sure they will cooperate."

"That's easy," he laughed.

"I'm sure," she replied sarcastically. "Thirdly, you may go anywhere and do anything you wish, but you must tell us where you are and what you are doing. I ask merely that you are always where you say you will be and that you always keep us apprised of any deviation from your schedule."

"Piece of cake, Mom," he enthused.

She held up her hand.

'Damn!' he thought, 'How I hate that!'

"Not so fast, young man! If you wish to go anywhere that is not school related, such as your band practice or baseball practice or to the Salon or the Boutique or to my office or the hospital where I work or to run your daily paper route, either I or Judy must accompany you. You may *not* go anywhere alone!"

"I don't need a baby-sitter, Mom!" he objected.

"Maybe not, but until you have earned our trust again, we must insist that one of us accompany you everywhere. Is that understood? And I do mean *everywhere!*"

"I don't have much choice," he grouched unhappily. "OK, Mom, anything else?"

"Fourth, your attitude must change. You must learn to be more polite and to be agreeable and understanding of others, and you must be mannerly to everyone. To help you keep calm, I shall prescribe some mild tranquilizers.

Nothing serious, but they will help you control those terrible temper tantrums.”

‘I just bet!’ he thought maliciously. ‘Probably thorozone! Damn, I’ll be a f\*\*\*in’ zombie!’

“Fifth, you will stop cursing immediately. If I or Judy hear any cursing at all, we will wash your mouth out with a bar of Fels Naphtha laundry soap.”

“Sixth, you must bathe every single day. You must change clothing daily and your underwear more often if needed. You must brush your teeth after every meal, or snack and oftener, if called for. You must keep your hair neatly combed and you must shampoo daily.

“We don’t care how long you grow it but it must be kept neat and clean, and, you must wash your hands and face before *and* after every meal or after using the bathroom.”

“Seventh, you will adhere to a strict curfew of 7:00 P.M. on school nights. You will have all your school homework done and be in bed no later than 10:00 P.M. and we will tolerate no excuses nor any exceptions. On Fridays and Saturdays, your curfew can be extended to 11:30 P.M., provided your chores and homework are done to our satisfaction, and neither Judy nor I have anything else planned. Bedtime on Friday and Saturday nights is no later than midnight.

“Eighth, you will clear all playmates with me or Judy. Except for Kevin, you may have none of your friends in this house without my express permission, and that includes Debrah Baylor!

“Ninth, you will be neat. That means no more clothing, books, coats nor any other personal items just dropped and forgotten. And, you will keep your room neat and clean and presentable always. Anything Judy or

I find that is not where it belongs, will be thrown out with no further warning. Do you understand?"

He stared at her, eyes rounded in shock. 'More rules than you could shake a stick at!' he thought dejectedly. "Yes, Mom, I understand." 'Well at least I'll be allowed to do what I want. All I have to do is tell her and go,' he thought. Then, he remembered something. "Er, Mom, I . . . I have a . . . a . . . da . . . date this Saturday to take Deb. . . er, Debrah Ba. . . Baylor to the movies. . . and. . . and," he stammered.

"Yes, you have my permission for Debrah to take you the movies, Dear," Katherine agreed, "and you will not need a chaperone for that. We can trust Debrah to keep an eye on you and keep you out of trouble. I'll just have a little chat with her before you go and I'm sure she'll understand what is expected of her."

"Oh, Mom!" Ronny wailed. "I'm taking *her*!" he insisted weakly.

"Whatever." Katherine waved her hand in dismissal. "Do you understand me?"

"Oh, Mom, do you have to do that?"

"Oh, yes, I'm sure of it!" she insisted. "Unless you would rather stay home with Judy and me to watch a good movie on television. . ."

"You win, Mom," he capitulated. 'Well, at least I'll be alone with Debs, and I won't have to have a baby-sitter for the movie,' he thought, 'that's something, I guess. . .'

"Just remember you'll have to be home by 11:30. That should give you plenty of time to see the movie, spend a few minutes having a milk-shake and hamburger with her, then walk her home and get home yourself. Otherwise, you may not go, unless Judy can make it. I am not

free this Saturday." Her voice was quiet and adamant.  
"Anything else?"

"I . . . I was going to the Junior Prom tomorrow night with Kevin. . ."

"Fine, just make sure he has you home by 11:30 P.M.," she smiled gently.

"What do you mean, make sure *he* has me home by 11:30?" he demanded.

"Well, I assumed that since you were going to the Prom with him that he had asked you to accompany him, that you had accepted his invitation, and that he was your escort for the dance. . ."

"Escort?"

"Yes, Dear, you know, dating you, as it were. . ."

"Mother!" Ronny exclaimed disgustedly. "A boy doesn't take another boy to a dance as his date! Boy's date girls, they don't date other boys, and Kevin is not dating me in any case!"

"Why not? You're a nice boy and I'm sure he'd enjoy. . ."

"No, I mean he didn't ask me to go to the dance with him, he just asked if I wanted to go to the dance with him and. . . and. . ."

"There, you see?" she crowed triumphantly.

"We were just going together," he began.

"Dating," she insisted.

"No, Mom, Kevin is *not* dating me, we're just going together."

"That's dating, Dear," she insisted.

"Not when it's with another boy," Ronny pointed out doggedly. "Boys always go stag or in pairs, they don't 'date' other boys."

"Such a pity," Katherine answered wistfully. "I used to have so much fun at dances with my boy friends. . ."

"But, Mom!" Ronny protested. "You're a girl, or were. . ."

"Still was last time I looked!" she insisted giggling.

"Well, I'm *not* a girl. . ."

"Pity," she smiled. "In any case, I'm sure you will enjoy yourself with him and I'm sure he will enjoy taking you. Just make sure you thank him nicely when he brings you back home. It will be all right to spend a few minutes with him on the porch too. I always enjoyed that part most of all!"

"Spend time on the front porch? What for?"

"I usually kissed my dates good night and. . ."

"Kiss? Another boy?" He shivered, closed his eyes and leaned back against his pillow. How could she possibly know about what was hidden deep in his heart, hidden so deeply that he couldn't even admit it to himself! "'Sides, it doesn't start until 9:00 and they don't crown the Prom Queen until midnight, and I sorta wanted to see Barb get crowned Queen. Kevin says it's in the bag!"

"Very well, I shall make arrangements to come by the gym at 11:30."

"Now why would you want to come there?" Ronny was amazed.

"Why, to chaperone you, Dear, of course. You may not be out after curfew, unless either Judy or I accompany you. And you did state rather strongly that Kevin is *not*

your date, so you would be alone. Of course, if you'd rather not go at all. . ."

"But I promised Kevin I would go with him, so I hafta."

"So, Kevin *is* your date, after all?" She arched her eyebrows.

"I'm just going *with* him, that's all." he insisted.

"Good! I'll talk with him tomorrow after school to make sure he understands the rules and what he can and can not do with you. Dancing is all right, and so is a glass of fruit punch, but no alcohol and for sure no funny stuff!"

"Fu-funny stuff? What funny stuff?"

"You know, no hanky-panky in the dark, no taking liberties with your person, like that. He must be a gentleman with you, taking your arm when you walk along, and holding your hand when you cross the street. He will be in charge of you and you have to mind him or else. Do you understand?" she demanded.

He nodded dejectedly. "Yes, Mom," he whispered shamefully. "But he's *not* my date!"

"Pity! Well then, it's all settled." She bent, kissed his trembling lips, and whispered sweetly in his ear. "Good night, Darling," she cooed softly.

"G'Night, Mom."

Ronny tossed and turned for a long time. Katherine could hear how restless he was and she took pity on him after awhile. She returned with a glass of warm milk and two pills. "Here, Dear," she murmured, handing him three pills and a glass of water.

"What's that?" he asked suspiciously.

“They will help you sleep, Dear,” she replied, but did not mention that while one was a mild sedative, the other two were b.c. (birth control) pills, loaded with estrogen!

He swallowed them obediently and lay back. It was still several hours before he fell asleep and his dreams were weird. He was dancing with Debbie, and she kept changing into Kevin. . . then back. . .

As promised, Katherine talked with both Kevin and Debrah, and both agreed to her terms. Kevin came for Ronny the next night and she watched approvingly as they walked down the street, hand in hand! Ronny’s heart beat wildly. What else would Kevin want from him? Katherine wasn’t the only one who suspected that Kevin had a deep, dark secret in his heart.

When Kevin’s sister, Barbara, was named as Queen of the Prom, the boy held his hand tightly for a long moment before hugging Ronny affectionately.

The boy blushed with pleasure and hugged Kevin back.

A few minutes later, he had pulled Ronny outside, and as the Queen’s Waltz began to play inside, he bowed. “May I have this dance?” he asked Ronny softly.

The poor boy could only nod automatically.

And as the band played inside, Kevin held Ronny close in his arms, dancing with him on the quiet veranda. Ronny greatly enjoyed being so close to Kevin, and he sighed happily. As the strains of the waltz drifted away and stopped, the two of them rested on a bench in a secluded nook of the garden. When Kevin turned to Ronny and slipped his arm about his shoulders, Ronny snuggled close and laid his head against Kevin’s shoulder.

His heart thumped wildly as gentle hands caressed his hair tenderly.

"I had a great time, Ronny," Kevin whispered softly.

"Me too," Ronny admitted. "But I think it's time for me to go home now."

"I suppose," Kevin agreed, "but I'd rather stay right here with you!"

"Really?" Ronny was surprised.

"Yes." After a moment, Kevin added, "I like you a lot, Ronny."

"I kind of like you too, Kevin."

"No, I mean, I really *like* you. Oh, it's hard to explain. . ."

"I think I know what you mean. . ."

"Come on and I'll take you home."

Slowly, the two boys walked along the quiet streets. When Kevin held his hand at the first street corner and then did not let go once they had crossed to the other side, Ronny did not object. And when they came up onto Ronny's porch, Ronny wanted the night to go on forever.

"Thanks for a great evening, Ronny," Kevin murmured.

"Mom said to be nice to you and it was so easy. . ."

Ronny whispered. Slowly, he swayed toward the taller boy, closed his eyes, and waited expectantly with his heart thumping loudly in his ears.

Then Ronny was being held tightly in the larger boy's eager embrace. One of Kevin's hands slid around the boy's waist, the other touched his chin, fingers tipping his head up. Startled, even though he had been half-expecting it, Ronny turned his face up obediently, and with his lips parted slightly, he slipped his arms around Kevin's neck. Then, pressing his body hard against the other boy, he waited for something to happen.