

# COMPETITION

*By Cheryl Lynn*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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**A NEW WOMANNOVEL**

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## COMPETITION

By CHERYL LYNN

### Chapter I — Remembrances

“Take your mark, set.....,” BANG! The starting pistol rang out.

He felt his toes dig into the matting of the starting platform. He threw out his arms, reaching out, stretching his lithe body ever outward in the air. Springing like an arrow into the water as he had been instructed, feeling the water engulf his body as he hit it chest first. His right arm reached out, the hand cupping and digging into the cool clear water. He brought his right hand back close to his body and then pushed it away. As his right hand reached his hip and began its upward movement, his left was beginning its pull. Turning his head quickly, he gasped his first breath and then back to the stroke. One, two, three, four strokes take a breath. One, two, three, four, breathe were his only thoughts as he kept reaching out in the Free Style stroke he had been taught.

The only break in his concentration came as he neared the wall of the Olympic sized pool. *“I’ve got to do this just right,”* he thought to himself as he made the mental preparations to begin his turn. He saw the wall and flipped over, drawing his legs up tightly against his ass, and then thrust out with all his force. He felt his legs reaching out and instead of contacting the wall as he had visualized, thrust past the point where he should have connected with the wall. Finally, he felt his feet touch solidly with the concrete and pushed off.

As he realized just how badly he had mis-timed his turn and push off, he panicked and began forcing his arms and legs to pump for all they were worth in an attempt to catch up. Instead of taking it easy and maintaining his smooth steady stroke, he was now beating the water and expending too much energy. His panic resulted in losing his coordination and proper breathing rhythm. Needless to say, the more he fought to regain the momentum that he had lost, the further behind he fell.

After an eternity, he touched the wall. It was over, he had lost. The water felt hot around his body. He was sputtering and half choking as he looked up to see that he had finished second—to the last.

“Well at least I’m not the *very* last. As if that made any difference,” he thought. Michael pulled himself out of the water and grabbing a towel walked off to the bench.

“Mike, you did good out there and you’ll do even better next time,” Coach Willard said.

“Yeah! Right!” Mike thought as he walked past the coach. Mike glanced up into the gallery and seeing Frau Hoffman looking back at him only added to his misery.

“Shit, and double Shit! Now I'm really going to catch it,” Mike mumbled silently to himself as he took his seat.

Frau Hoffman and his step—mother Marta had been really getting on his nerves since his father's disability and recent death. The trouble with it all was that he just did not have the slightest clue on how he was going to get out from under their control. His only hope of escape would have to be the meeting with his father's lawyers when they had the reading of the will.

As Mike settled in his seat on the bench and buried his face in the dampness of his towel, he let his thoughts wonder back to the arrival of his new mother. He was young when his mother disappeared from his life. It was just Michael and his dad. While everything was alright and he was basically a happy child, he did miss his mother. Everything was sailing along just fine as far as he was concerned even though he saw very little of his father. His dad was obviously very well off financially but his job required him to be gone most of the time. They lived in a large home with some acreage and had two house servants.

Cora did the general housekeeping and cooking and served as Mike's current governess. Cora was a good cook and cleaning lady, but while kind to the child, was not the best of governesses. She had her own room in the basement and stayed pretty much to herself. The other household employee, Jose did the yard work and general maintenance three days a week. Jose did not live on the grounds, but was friendly and often spent time with Mike. He would let Mike help him in the garden and around the house, but was no real substitute father for the lonesome youth.

Mike went to a private school nearby, but was not boarded like all the other children. His father wanted him home, but he himself just couldn't find enough time to spend with Mike. As a result Mike did not get to know his father all that well, but Mike considered them a team. They were pals and really didn't need anyone else to complicate their relationship. Besides Mike had gotten used to his personal freedom and independence.

True his lifestyle had prevented him from having a lot of friends. He was mostly alone or with Cora, but he had the woods behind the house to play in and his books to read. He really wasn't much different from the kids living at the school, except he was alone most of the time.

He went through a series of governesses and other housekeepers, but Cora had been with them for awhile. It seemed that Mike was just getting used to having Cora around as a mother figure when his father came up to his room one night and sat down beside him on the bed.

“Michael, I haven't been around as much as I wanted to be as you have been growing up. While, heaven knows, I wanted to be here for you, the office just doesn't seem to give me enough hours off. But anyway, uh, I think that I have a solution to your having to be alone so much of the time. I met this woman and well, uh.....son, she's going to be your new mother. Granted, this may seem to be a little rash and maybe unwanted by you, but I think you need better adult supervision. I couldn't think of a better way to provide you with the love and attention that you need.”

His father's words seemed to be coming at him out of nowhere, as if from a deep canyon. They rumbled into his ears and echoed off the walls. “No, no what you are saying just couldn't be true. Dad! I don't need a mother, I need just **you!**” Mike wanted to scream out to his father.

“Now Marta is a little bit reserved and old fashioned. Did I tell you that I met her in Germany? No, well you and I really haven't had much of a chance to talk. I really wanted to tell you all about Marta, but uh, I see it's getting late and I still have that brief to complete before my first morning meeting.”

“ Well anyway, Michael, er Mike, I love you and I hope that you understand. I'm doing what I think is for the best. You know, best for the two of us. I know it hasn't been easy for either of us, but you most of all. I'm really doing this for you son. You need the attention and guidance only a mother can provide. I think Marta will help fill that role for you. I trust that you will do as she says and will give her a chance.”

His father's words just drifted off into his memory. They made his mind ache like when you bite into ice cream with a sensitive tooth. Mike was stunned to say the least. He just sat there beside his father listening but not really comprehending all that was being said.

He felt like crying, he felt like running, he felt like his world was coming to an end. He actually did none of the above, but his world really was changing. Perhaps if he had known just how much he would have fled into the night.

“Marta and I are going to be married in a quiet ceremony in Germany next week,” his father's words came back into focus. “I'll have her here for you to meet week after next. Michael, you know I would love to have you there at the wedding, but Marta wanted just a quick civil ceremony and well, I'll have to be in Stockholm the next day anyway. I hope you understand. You'll have plenty of time to get to know her soon enough. Ok? Any questions?”

“Ok, son I love you. Now try to get some sleep and I'll talk to you later. Goodnight Mike,” his father finished. He stood, brushed at his pants, and with a crooked smile patted his son on the head and left.

“Yeah! Sure Dad you'll talk to me alright. Not any more anyway. You're dead and I'm stuck with the wicked step—mother and her evil witch friend Broom Hilda,” Mike pulled the towel down from his face and looked up as the starting gun sounded, the noise momentarily breaking his train of thought. “Yeah, Dad, you really weren't around that much so it really didn't bother me too much when you had that stroke and my world went all to hell in a hand basket.”

Marta was a tall Nordic beauty. Blonde and green eyed, slim yet rounded in all the right places. High cheek bones and straight nose, carried on a proud neck. Flawless of complexion, very beautiful and graceful, but she was not a beautiful person. Her demeanor was haughty and distant, proud and demanding. Marta or as Mike was told to call her “Ma'am” or “Madam”, demanded obedience from those she considered her inferiors. At first Mike was taken in by her great beauty and the fact that she was his father's new wife and a foreigner at that. So he thought to give her a little leeway and perhaps as she adjusted to the United States she would loosen up in time.

When he first met Marta she had been aloof and distant, but not unkind while his father was around. Mike had even tried to get on her good side. He realized that while he had had no choice in the matter, she was still his father's wife. He didn't even raise too much of a ruckus when she had him take his meals in the kitchen rather than at the table as was his custom.

The distaste Mike felt about his new mother's attitude towards him probably was mutual, but they managed to avoid open hostilities while his father was home. However, as soon as his father had left on another business trip, she called Michael into her room. It did not help matters in their relationship when she kept pronouncing his name as ME—SHELL.

"Michelle, we haven't had a lot of time to talk and get things settled, but I am going to start today. First, as I have told you when we first met, you will refer to me as "Ma'am" or "Madam". I have allowed you some lapses in that regard but no more. You will **never** refer to me as mother or Marta. I am neither your mother nor your equal. You will be neat, clean, and most importantly strictly obedient. Is that clear? If I find that you are disobedient, you will be severely punished. Now do you have any questions? Fine! You may go and remember be quiet, be good, and be neat. Oh! One more thing, When I call you into my presence, you will stand upright, straight with your arms at your side, thumb pointed along your seam, chin up, and a smile on your face. Now shoo."

Mike was stunned at her abrupt manner and her childish treatment of him. He was especially upset with her pronunciation of his name. Michelle indeed! When he mentioned how it was pronounced in America, she told him in no uncertain terms not to correct his elders.

For some time things just went on as they had for Mike. He was left pretty much to himself and when he did see his step—mother he avoided getting on her bad side. He was polite and didn't hang around any longer than was necessary.

It was on one of those rare and infrequent meetings that he found out that she had been an Olympic swimming hopeful. Good enough in her youth to have qualified for the Olympic trials in her own country. As a matter of fact, she had even won a silver medal in the trials, but an injury kept her from the actual competition. She even showed him the medals that she had won during her brief career.

Mike was impressed with the change that came over his step—mother when she showed him her medals and talked about her swimming career. She actually seemed nice! In a moment of longing to be accepted and on her good side, he even asked if he could join a swim team.

"Maybe, if we can do something together, we can get along," he thought. "I'm not so sure that I'll enjoy swimming but if it helps our relationship, why not."

She looked at him. Actually she seemed to examine him. Michael was small for his age, only four foot ten inches tall and soaking wet didn't weigh more than eighty nine pounds. He had light brown, mousey hair, a thin frame but not bony, and somewhat delicate features. His nose was straight with a tendency to bob at the end, the eyes wide and expressive, and his chin was not too prominent. "Well, Maybe," she said. "It

would be good for you and keep you from getting under foot. Ya! We'll see what we can do.”

That was two years ago, now he was sitting on the bench almost in tears at losing yet another meet. Just last week Frau Hoffman teased him that even the girls could easily beat him. She even threatened to remove him from the team and teach him herself if he did not put on a good race by summer's end. He was just too embarrassing to the family.

Frau Hoffman! Now that was another bitter pill to swallow. She came into his life just a year ago, God! If it didn't seem like fifty. His father had come home from what he described as an intense business meeting in Holland. Marta seemed very sympathetic and even offered to create a special meal just for the two of them.

Needless to say, Mike was relegated back into the kitchen to eat as he had been since her arrival. He was not to dine with the adults according to Marta. So he would sit alone in the kitchen eating by himself with only the cook to talk to. He didn't even get a chance to say much more than hello to his father and even the cook had been dismissed early.

Then in the middle of the night, the ambulance came. The next thing Mike knew was that his father was in the intensive care unit with a major coronary infarction. They all thought he would not last into the next night, but to everyone's amazement, he did survive. While an invalid and extremely weak, he was awake and aware of his surroundings.

After spending a month in the hospital, Marta had him brought home. One of the upstairs bedrooms had been converted into a hospital/invalid's room. She also had Frau Hildregard Von Hoffman fly in from Frankfurt to help her care for Mike's father. Since his father would be moved into the refurbished bedroom, Marta would need some extra help.

Mike didn't think his father would do all that much better when he got a quick glimpse of him. He was in a hospital bed with a clear plastic covering over his upper body. An oxygen tent someone had called it. All kinds of beeping and clicking machinery were attached to him and he looked pale and real weak.

Frau Hoffman was a large, big boned, strong jawed woman about fifteen years older than Marta. She had dark brown hair cut short, like a pixie but more severe. Her most prominent feature were her eyes—icy cold slate gray. It was both the first and last thing you noticed about her. She had been Marta's swimming assistant and oldest friend. She was also a nurse or at least claimed to be one. She was perhaps five foot seven, but her body was rounded such that her ample bosom and full hips made her look much shorter. Her body shape could best be described as a condensed “S” or maybe a solid block of granite. There was one thing very apparent about her, she was strong and very used to getting her way. Her deep commanding voice demanded attention and obedience. Immediate obedience, nothing else would do. There was a way about her that one did not ignore.

She appeared on the doorstep carrying two very large suitcases and had one smaller one sitting on the ground by her foot. Mike had answered the door and was

totally stunned by her. He tried to pick up the smaller case, but it required him to use both hands and to strain every muscle to just get it inside the doorway.

Marta rushed into her friend's arms and they kissed in a manner Mike thought more than appropriate. But who could tell—foreigners! He did not see the two women again until late the next evening. They were properly introduced, in that he was directed to keep his mouth shut unless asked a direct question and that he was to always address her as Frau Hoffman. It did not need be said that he would do whatever she told him to do. For now though they pretty much left him alone.

Everything went along just fine, at least for the most part. He avoided them and they avoided him. He went to swim practice and meets during the summer, but stayed mostly to himself. The only reason he kept up with the swim club was for the little companionship he found there. It wasn't much, but at least he did have a few guys to talk to. During school he did his work in a manner just good enough to get by, but nothing more.

His father didn't seem to be getting any better and Marta kept Mike's visits to a bare minimum. The times that he did get to visit with his father didn't provide him with much encouragement. His dad did not look like he was going to get better. He left his father's side feeling lost and helpless.

The night was filled with summer lightning and rolling thunder but no real rain. He had just finished his meal in the kitchen when he overheard Frau Hoffman calling 911. Shortly an ambulance pulled up and what had been his father was carried away. He cried that night, but it was more a crying of loss than anguish.

The night was filled with summer lightning and rolling thunder but no real rain. He had just finished his meal in the kitchen when he overheard Frau Hoffman calling 911. Shortly an ambulance pulled up and what had been his father was carried away. He cried that night, but it was more a crying of loss than anguish.

Now his second season on the swim team was almost over. There was still plenty of time before school started again, and it was the worst time for Mike. Without the excuse of getting out of the house that the swim club gave him, he would be stuck in the house. The house! That was positively the worst possible situation he could be in or so he thought at the time.

Mike paused in his reflections, and watched the last heat of the day hit the water, "Yes, it won't be much longer and I'll turn into a housekeeper," he thought to himself. With his father now dead he was alone.

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Several months before his father passed away, Marta fired Cora and Jose. According to Marta they had to cut back now that his father was bedridden. It was about that same time that Marta and Mike had their second little talk.

"Michelle, with Cora and Jose gone you are going to have to help out. From now on you will assist Frau Hoffman in the kitchen and you will be responsible for keeping this house clean. Frau Hoffman will help you at first, but I expect you to take over that responsibility as soon as possible. Somehow we'll find a way to get the yard work done."



“Oh! Frau Hoffman needs more space and the guest room is entirely too small for her needs. I have decided, now that Cora is gone, that you can have her room. Frau Hoffman will move into your old room first thing tomorrow. Now go move your things out and straighten it up for her.”

Mike was dumbstruck. At first his mind was numb, but as comprehension dawned on him he began sputtering, “Move out of my room! My room! Clean the house! You must be crazy if you think that I'm going to do that stuff! Damn! Where do you get off telling me that I have to be a ...a..a house servant! Move into Cora's room! No way, man, just no damn way!” he yelled. “If you thi...”

He didn't get to finish as Frau Hoffman entering the room quickly reached out with one beefy hand and tightly grabbed his forearm, pulled him to her, bent him over her thigh and immediately began spanking his behind. While he squirmed and wiggled and tried to get away, Mike was soon brought to tears and finally to loud bawling. He was hurting and Frau Hoffman didn't seem to want to stop spanking him. At last he completely gave in, he was hanging limply, being held up by Frau Hoffman's hand, crying for all he was worth and begging for her to stop. She let him go and he sagged to the floor. She didn't say a word during the entire time Mike had been in the room, she didn't have to.

He had quickly removed what little he possessed down to the basement room. He hated leaving the weight machine his father had given him, but he couldn't break it down and move the heavy base to the basement. It did not take long to straighten out his old room and move into the new. His butt hurt like all get out.

Cora had moved out rather hastily and the room did need some straightening, but in a matter of minutes, Mike was settled into his new quarters. It had a single bed, with a bright yellow satin comforter, side table with a white ceramic, yellow shaded, lamp and alarm clock on top, a dresser, and a vanity table with lighted mirror. The vanity was skirted in a yellow and white lace material and had a matching seat. One large walk—in closet and an adjoining bath.

The white tiled bathroom had an old fashioned, footed tub in one corner with a yellow throw rug beside it and a commode on the other side of the room with matching yellow tank, seat, and floor covering. The kind of covering that wouldn't let the toilet seat stay up by itself. A sink and medicine cabinet were against one wall, and a small closet against the other. The storage closet held four shelves that contained towels, linens, and other miscellaneous junk that Cora had apparently left behind. On the floor of the closet was the clothes hamper.

That next day, still chastised from his spanking, Mike followed behind Frau Hoffman as she instructed him in the daily cleaning routine. He made the beds in both of the ladies rooms, picked up their clothing and placed it into the laundry hamper, vacuumed and dusted each of their bedrooms before doing the rest of the living areas. It wasn't fun and wearing the bright yellow and white ruffled full skirted apron didn't improve his spirits. The best part of the day was getting dressed to go to swim practice in the afternoon.

Each succeeding day Mike was taught a different routine. After general cleaning and dusting, he was instructed in the fine art of laundry. Frau Hoffman was espe-

cially intent on his learning the proper way to wash their delicates. Hand wash, rinse fully and pat dry between two towels, then hang over a clothes line.

For his part Mike was embarrassed with such close proximity to a woman's unmentionables. His lack of a mother figure only heightened his awareness of the women's apparel. Doing the whites and colors was not nearly as painstaking but overall still more trouble than he wanted though not as unnerving to his sensibilities.

After learning how to do the laundry, he was instructed in ironing. It was hot, boring, difficult drudgery. Scrubbing the bathrooms was much more pleasant than doing the ironing as far as Mike was concerned. Between the pleats and sheets, Mike thought he was going to go nuts. Ironing them was by far the most arduous task he had to do. Wearing the yellow apron did not improve his demeanor one bit. Each time he was tempted to rebel, Frau Hoffman was right there to glare down at him.

His only relief came when it was time to go to swim practice. Frau Hoffman accompanied him every time and insisted that he come home immediately after practice. Mike wasn't given what little time he used to have visiting with the guys after practice. Her threatening presence also kept the other kids from getting too close. His life was quickly becoming unbearable.

Then last week, his father died leaving him totally alone with those two she—devils.

The next morning after the ambulance took his dad's body away, Frau Hoffman came into his room without so much as a knock on his door and pulled him from his warm bed.

“Come on lazy bones. You must get ready for da funeral,” she said as she dragged him from under the covers. “I must make sure that you are properly cleaned and dressed, Ya!” Mike couldn't help but follow as she literally dragged him into the bathroom.

This was embarrassing! She was bent over filling the tub while he was still there in the bathroom with her. Standing up she turned back around to face him.

“What are you waiting for? Get undressed and do what you have to do before the tub gets filled. I want you clean and nice for the funeral. Now get undressed or do I have to do it for you?” she said as she stood facing him with her hands on her hips.

“Uh, Please Frau Hoffman, I can do this myself, but not with you standing there. I really do not need your help. Please leave. I don't want to take my clothes off while you are in here,” Mike was almost begging and near tears. “How could she!” he thought.

“Agggh, What do you think that you have that I haven't seen before now, huh? Ok, you best hurry up or I'll be back and scrub you myself!” she said as she gave him a smirking smile and left the room.

That was a bad moment, but he quickly did as he had been told. His morning routine over, he stepped into his bedroom wearing his cotton robe to see Frau Hoffman standing there. A pile of clothing lay on his bed and she was holding a pair of white nylon socks in her hand.

“Come, come. It's time to dress. You hurry or I'll do your dressing myself. These clothes Frau Marta wants you to wear today. You will wear them without complaint or you'll get another spanking. Now get dressed or you'll be sorry. You do not want me to dress you do you?” With that final statement she left his room and went back up the stairs.

Mike walked over to the bed and examined the outfit his step—mother wanted him to wear. “OH NO!” he whispered as he could barely get the words out of his suddenly dry mouth. Reaching down he picked up a pair of black velvet shorts. “She cannot be serious. Where in the world did she come up with this outfit anyway? It is positively uck! No way, man!”

Slowly as if the mere touch of the clothing would somehow attach itself to his body, Mike picked up and looked at each garment. The black shorts, a white polyester semi-transparent shirt with a large rounded collar and small white buttons, a white undervest with thin shoulder straps and made of a soft fabric, white briefs that did not have a fly and made of brushed nylon, the thin white nylon socks he had seen Frau Hoffman holding, a thin black velvet tie which was more like a ribbon than a tie, and a black velvet Eton jacket.

On the floor by his bed were a pair of black patent leather shoes with a blocked toe, a one and one half inch heel, but at least it laced up. Mike was about ready to throw the clothing to the floor when he heard Frau Hoffman yelling for him to hurry up or she would be coming down to dress him herself. He still remembered the spanking and wasn't quite ready yet to rebel.

No he had decided to wait for the meeting with the family lawyers that surely was coming. By the time he was finished telling those lawyers how he was being treated by those two dominating bitches they would be out of his life forever. He would be a free man and live the life that he wanted.

He removed his robe and began dressing. He was struggling with the tie when Frau Hoffman entered his room, once again not bothering to knock.

“Good, you are just about finished. Here let me help you do that,” she said. She took the ends of the tie and quickly looped them into a feminine looking bow. Next she helped him over to the vanity table where she began to brush out his rather longish hair.

“Your hair is long for a boy, Ya! Later I will fix it for you. Those split ends need trimming and a good shampoo and rinse wouldn't hurt either. It is very dry and damaged from all that swimming. If you keep your hair long, you must condition it, especially if you swim, ya!”

Finished with his hair, Frau Hoffman helped him into his jacket, pulled the shirt collar out and let it flow over the jacket's collar. Taking his hand she led him upstairs to where Marta was waiting.

She looked positively ravishing even in black. Her blonde hair shown like spun gold through the black veil, and the close fitting dress did nothing to hide her feminine charms. Black calfskin gloves covered her slim hands to her wrists and the four inch spiked pumps made her legs in their black sheer stockings look fabulous.

Marta nodded her acknowledgment of him and reached out to straighten his collar. "Here put these on," she said handing him a pair of white cotton gloves. Then picking up her purse, walked out the door. Mike was followed out by Frau Hoffman. He was more than nervous at being seen in public wearing the ridiculous childish clothing. He thought that he looked like a complete idiot out of some history book. In truth he looked like a pretty though somewhat boyish young girl.

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The service was not at all what he expected. There was no one there that he knew. As a matter of fact, besides the two women, only the funeral director and a preacher were there. The service was short as there was no one to eulogize his father, and the grave site service even shorter. Mike threw the hand full of dirt and said his good-byes with tears in his eyes. He was alone now. There were no other relatives he could think of that he could go to for help. Only the thought of meeting with the lawyers kept his hopes alive.

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"Hey Mike, wake up, it's time to go," his friend David called to him.

Mike looked up and came out of his near trance. "Yeah! Thanks for reminding me David," he replied. Getting up, he reached over to get his duffel bag and tried to forget the swim meet. It was going to be a very long drive back to the house with Broom Hilda giving him holy crap for the way he swam all the way home. Maybe when they met with the lawyers next Monday he would get his chance.

## Chapter II—REAL TIME

“Well you certainly showed everyone what kind of swimmer you were today,” Frau Hoffman said as they got into the car. “I timed your two heats today and guess what? When I compared them to the other boys on your team you are no competition. You were even behind most of the girls. What's the matter with you. You are an embarrassment to your family. I will not stand idly by and let you continue in such a manner. Starting tomorrow I will begin teaching you how to be a competitive swimmer. Ya! There will be no excuses next year.”

Mike was not a happy person as they arrived at the house. “I'm going to make you a swimmer,” Frau Hoffman's words echoed in his mind. *“Hell!”* he thought, *“we don't even have a pool. How is she going to make me a swimmer? Oh well, you can lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink like they say. Doesn't matter anyway. Right now I'm just too tired to argue with her.”*

Mike went to his room to change and rest for a few minutes before he had to make his appearance for kitchen duty. At least Frau Hoffman was still doing most of the cooking. Strange food but he didn't have to cook it, just clean up all her mess and do the dishes afterwards. He was eating a lot of cabbage and sauerkraut with sausages, vinegary beets, wiener this and wiener that to the point he was beginning to get stomach cramps.

Nothing much at first, but lately they were getting worse. To add to his misery, he was beginning to feel bloated all the time. *“Probably was coming down with the flu bug and an ulcer all at the same time,”* he said to himself as he lay down on his bed. The satin comforter felt good against his skin, but his stomach was beginning to rumble and a mild spasm rippled through his belly.

That evening he had to mention his stomach problems to Frau Hoffman. Even the plain boiled potatoes and ham steak didn't sit well on his stomach.

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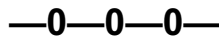
“Cramps! My food! You think that my food is giving you belly aches? Maybe you are just looking to do the cooking huh! Well that can be easily arranged. Imagine, you think that I am poisoning you? Ha! You eat what I give you or you can starve,” Frau Hoffman replied. While she chastised him she could tell from looking at his face that he was not feeling good.

Looking into his eyes while cupping his chin in her big hand, she said, “Ummm, you do look a little pale. I have some pills you can take to ease your belly aches. Ummm, no fever, your brow is not hot. Ya, here you take these little pills. They should fix you right up.” She placed two small pinkish pills into his hand and gave him a glass of water to swallow them down.

Mike took the two small pink pills. Seemed like he was taking a lot of pills in the past few months. Once Broom Hilda started cooking he was given a vitamin in the morning and a different maroon colored one at night. It was the first time that he ever saw bright yellow and maroon vitamin tablets. When he asked about them, he was

asked if he would rather have the children's variety. "Maybe he liked to play with his little cavemen before he ate them," he was teased. He didn't say anything else about them again.

He was sent straight to bed after taking the pills with the caution that she would see him first thing in the morning to begin his training. Mike did not say anything, but gladly went to bed. He was sick and tired. Tomorrow would bring its own worries, but tonight he just wanted to rest. In three days he would be meeting with the lawyers, then things would be better.



"Up, up it is time to start your training!" Frau Hoffman exclaimed as she once again entered his room unannounced. Mike rolled over in his bed and groaned.

"Good Grief! It's only five a.m.," he muttered as he saw the alarm clock.

"Ya, and you had better get use to it because it will become part of your daily routine from now on. Now get out of the bed, make it, then meet me in the bathroom," she ordered.

Mike got out of bed, quickly though sleepily pulled the comforter back into place and smoothed it over the bed.

"Come on Frau Hoffman," he said as he entered the bathroom, "isn't it a bit early for this and I can clean up by myself."

He saw her approaching like a freight train. She had a full head of steam as she plowed into him and grabbing his arm, pulled him over to the commode, pulled down his pajamas and undershorts, and began spanking him with a hair brush she picked up off the sink. It happened in a blur, was impossible to defend against and the impact of the brush on his bare behind left no doubt in his mind of who was in total charge.

It did not take very long for Mike to cry like a scalded baby. With tears streaming down his face he begged Frau Hoffman to stop. "Yes, he would do whatever she told him to do without further complaint. Yes, he would be obedient. Yes, he would take his training seriously, and yes, yes, yes to anything she said if only she would stop."

With him standing before her, tears still running down his face, Frau Hoffman pulled his pajama top off his body. Stood, moved past him and with a hand on each shoulder turned him and sat him on the commode seat after lifting the lid.

"Now, you do your morning necessities while I fill the tub. Hurry up now, we've already wasted a good part of the morning and you still have your chores to do." With that she moved over to the tub and began filling it. She got up once to take some bath beads from the closet and a bar of soap.

Mike just sat there. He was stunned and the pressure on his backside from the commode seat reminded him that this was real. "No," it said to him, "*this is real. It is not a bad nightmare.*"

He tried to do his necessities, as Frau Hoffman called it, but he was just too shaken.

Finally, Frau Hoffman got up after turning off the water and went to the closet. There she pulled out a pouch, a baby blue plastic with white flower designs, and went over to the sink.

Turning on the hot water tap, she opened the pouch and pulled out a bright pink rubber bag with a white hose attached. Holding the mouth of the bag under the water spout, she then grabbed the large white plastic nozzle attached to the end of the white tube. Placing the nozzle over the sink, she pressed on a metal clamp and Mike watched as water sprayed out of several small holes located between the plastic ridges on the nozzle.

The nozzle was about seven inches long, made of white plastic and had four rounded ridges tapering from a one inch wide bulbous end down to the quarter inch connection with the tube. Between the ridges were numerous small holes that let water spray out. He had no idea what—so—ever of the purpose of the apparatus, but he had a sinking feeling that he would soon find out. With the bag bulging with the warm water, Frau Hoffman walked over to where Mike was sitting. She held the bag with its connecting tube and nozzle in front of his face.

“Ya, now we do it my way,” she stated. “Lesson number one, before you begin a practice session or go to a meet, your body should be as clean and fit as possible. This will become very familiar to you in the years ahead. As a matter of fact, you will begin now by calling it 'Your Friend',” she commanded.

“It is commonly referred to as a douche bag should you need to order another one in future. Now raise up a little, here take the nozzle. Ya, do I have to get the brush? Nien, ok. You should know where to put the end, ya! That's it, now push it all the way in, slowly, slowly, you do not want to hurt yourself do you? Ya, now work it slowly in and out as you release the clamp. No don't pull it all the way out, just work it back and forth, ya, ya.”

Mike was so ashamed that he was brought back into tears by her cruel taunting and by what she forced him to do. He did as he was told because he did not have any recourse. Either he did as instructed or he would be spanked. Even as he cried she made him keep repeating over and over, “This is my Friend. I need my Friend. I love my Friend.”

As the bag emptied and his body absorbed the warm water, a strange thing happened. His penis became very hard and stood out like a telephone pole.

Frau Hoffman just grinned at his embarrassment. She did not have to say a single word. She turned away and went back over to the closet.

“*What other torture was she going to find in there*” Mike thought as he repeated 'My Friend'.

She walked back over to him carrying a small tube in her hand. She held it up so that he could see it; then, unwrapped it to expose a pink plastic double cylinder with a string hanging out of the bottom.

“Now since you proved difficult this morning I'm going to give you a special treat. This is a tampon, you will remove your friend now and insert this into your rectum. What? You have to do your necessity now? I'm so sorry but it is too late for that now.

It is time for your bath now. It is getting cold waiting for you. Now do as I say. Hurry up, Ya! Place the rounded end against your butt, shove the bottom tube up and when it is in, pull the plastic tube away. Ya, now wrap the tube in some tissue and dispose of it in the trash can. Pull the string down a bit to settle it against your butt.”

“Come! It is time for your bath, but it is cold now, so you can drain it and we'll start over. Remember, use these bath salts and your bath should be warm, not hot! Hot water is very bad for the skin, but you do not want it too cold either.”

She had him unplug the stopper and as the tub drained, he watched her go over to the closet once again.

*“Damn,”* he thought, *“no more please. I can't take any more of this. Where was all that stuff when I moved in here. I don't remember seeing any of it. Oh, please let this be the last of it.”*

This time she returned with several items.

Frau Hoffman had him sit on the closed commode lid, and placed a pale pink plastic shower cap over his hair. Next she pulled on a pair of rubber gloves and began spreading an icky paste all over the rest of his body. When he tried to keep his knees together to cover his privates to some degree, she roughly pushed them apart and told him to cooperate or else. The fact that his penis was stiff and erect did not phase her in the least, but at her touch brought a bright red flush to his cheeks.

Finally she had him covered in the foul smelling stinging paste from his cheeks to his toes. It was really beginning to burn in his more sensitive areas like his face and groin.

While he stood there by the commode in pain from the pent up water and irritation of the paste, Frau Hoffman began refilling the tub using plenty of the fragrant flowery bath beads. As the tub filled and the foamy suds reached the top, he was led over to it and told to get in. His body was sticky with the paste and it's smell was more overpowering in its sulfite stench than the sweet oily smell of roses coming from the bath.

As he sat in the tub being scrubbed with a harsh scouring— like pad by Broom Hilda, Mike's stomach was growling and churning. The cramps were lessening a little, but the pressure inside him did not abate. If any good could have been said about his condition, it's distraction kept him from reflecting on the very personal scrubbing he was getting at the hands of Broom Hilda.

After what seemed like hours, Broom Hilda reached down and pulled the plug. Helping him out of the tub, she quickly began patting him dry. As she dried him, she kept up her on going instructions.

“Every time you get in the tub, you will use the sponge to clean your skin. It will get off the deep dirt and remove the scaly skin from your elbows and heels. You make sure that you rub hard, Ya. When you get out, pat the towel to dry the skin do not rub it as it is not good, ya. Now you go finish up your necessities. Wait, wait, before you do that while you are sitting, remove the tampon and wrap it in tissue and place it in the trash. You finish quick so we can get your morning toilet finished.”