

BROKEN HOME

By Cheryl Lynn



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A NEW WOMAN" NOVEL

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BROKEN HOME

BY CHERYL LYNN

Dale sat on his bed slowly packing away his junk into another cardboard box. It was time for another move, but this time he was doing it on his own without following his mother around. This was going to be a very different life he would be moving into as well. It was a life he did not ask for, but now had to live with it. A strange tale in the making it was; and, if he had known how things were going to turn out, well the ending would have been much different.

Dale paused in his packing and began reminiscing.

First, his parents got divorced and he and his mother moved away. She needed a fresh start and she did not want to be within five hundred miles of her ex. His mother had remarried quickly after she split from his father, but the marriage did not work out. Now he was having to move yet again. This time, his Mom had found a guy he could, given some time, accept.

While Dale had missed his father, their relationship was never close. His father was a tri-athlete, and Dale, well to be kind, was the kid everyone liked to kick sand on at the beach. Dale was a skinny little kid without much of a physique. He tended to be bookish and shy while his father was deep into all sports and very extroverted. Dale was too young for his father to build much of a relationship by the time of the divorce and now Dale barely remembered his real Dad.

Not long after moving to Scotsdale, his mother fell in love and married Benny. Benny moved in and cared enough about Dale to adopt him. Everything settled down into a typical family routine until three years later. Suddenly, his mother developed cancer and after a short illness passed away. Her passing left Dale alone with Benny, as his real father had long since washed his hands of them. Dale did not care anyway as he had long since accepted Benny as someone to look up to and emulate. Benny had become the father he never had.

So for four years it was just Dale and Benny.

Benny's business was surging forward by leaps and bounds, but it was taking more and more of his time.

Dale was growing up fast for an eighteen year old, but it was obvious that he took after his mother. He was now almost five foot four and weighed eighty two pounds soaking wet. Barely bigger than a twelve year old boy, despite his eighteen years. At his age he should be at least three inches taller and twenty pounds heavier, but he was small framed. So small that he was often mistaken by busy body matrons, who reported him as a child playing hooky, even though he had already a senior in high school.

Dale had few friends and no one close enough to call a “best” friend. Their Latino maid was probably his closest friend, if he was forced to name one. They couldn't even converse as she spoke only Spanish and Dale only knew a few words. His was a lonely existence. Private school, home, Lydia the maid and Benny the step-dad and that was pretty much it.

Then, that spring, Benny met Grace. Grace was thin and all angles but she did have breasts. Great big, full figured garbanzos, if you know what I mean. How such a thin frame could support such big breasts was a wonder to both Benny and Dale. Dale did not find out until much later that Grace's figure wasn't all natural.

Dale had the feeling that something just wasn't quite right about Grace, but it did not matter as Benny loved her. It wasn't anything that he could put his finger on, but he felt it nonetheless. Perhaps, it really radiated out of Grace's sister, Aunt Ellen, and her daughter Beverly. Aunt Ellen was three years older than Grace, as thin and bony, but without the boobs. Beverly was homely at best, a bratty fifteen year old, flat as an ironing board and temperamental. Dale did not initially like either one, but maybe he was wrong. He'd give them a chance, and in any case, he would have little say in the matter anyway.

During his courtship, Benny sought Dale's approval and while Dale had misgivings offered his encouragement to Benny. Benny was working entirely too hard; and well, so what if Grace had shifty eyes and looked like she was hiding something. Dale had decided that Benny needed his support and was old enough to decide for himself if Grace was the kind of woman he wanted.

Not long after, Benny and Grace decided upon a June first wedding. Dale served as Best man and Grace's sister Ellen served as Matron of Honor. Beverly was the Maid of Honor. The women all wore bright pink satin and the two men wore gray tuxedos. It was a modest civil ceremony with the Justice of the Peace presiding. Neither Benny or Dale had any other family to call on. It was just the two of them standing in the groom's corner. The ceremony was short and to the point with the newlyweds leaving immediately after for Mexico. Just before Benny left he instructed Dale to make sure that his new Aunt and sister were comfortably settled in the house.

“I'm counting on you to see that everything goes well while I'm not here. If you have any real problems, just contact my office. They will know how to get hold of me, but only in an emergency Dale, understand?” Benny had told him.

While Benny and Grace were on their honeymoon, Dale helped Ellen move all their things into the house. Both Ellen and Beverly were going to move into the spacious house. The idea did not please Dale, but there was little he could do about it. Benny wanted to please his new wife and since the house was so big he did not think there would be any problem with her relatives moving in with them. After all, the house had six bedrooms and four baths; which should have left plenty of room for everyone.

Right from the minute his step-dad and Grace left for Cancun, Ellen and Beverly started ordering and bossing Dale just like he was their servant. By the time he had finished moving all their stuff into the master bedroom and his old room he was exhausted. His worst fears were coming true all too soon. Unfortunately Dale did not have the faintest idea of just how bad things could be.

The first thing that his Aunt did was fire the maid, Lydia. The plane had barely left and his Aunt was making major changes already. This did not bode well for Dale, but he shook it off as just one of those “Woman” things that happened when a new hen entered the roost.

“Well I’ll give her the benefit of the doubt,” he thought as he watched Lydia drive off. He was going to miss her, but he wasn’t given much time to dwell on Lydia’s leaving.

He promptly forgot all about Lydia once he found out what Beverly was doing to him. Beverly took one look at the size of her bedroom and decided it was entirely too small for her needs and demanded to move into Dale’s. Not only did Beverly decide that she did not like the guest room, she did not like the “fru-fru” canopied bed, frilly vanity, or matching dresser that Benny had purchased for her arrival. Nothing about this house pleased her one little bit, but she could learn to live there if she had Dale’s more spacious room. The other guest bedroom had been fixed up for Ellen, and of the remaining rooms, one was for the maid and the other was bare to the carpet.

Dale raised his voice to protest and demand that Beverly move into the guest room, but she just did not pay him any mind whatsoever. Beverly simply walked past him into his room, tossed her overnight bag onto the bed, walked over to the dresser, and swept his model cars and airplanes onto the floor with one sweep of her arm. Instead of knocking her on her pompous ass like most bigger brothers would, Dale just bent down on his knees and started picking up the pieces.

Beverly walked over to where he knelt and deliberately stomped her foot down, crushing his P-38 model plane!

It had been his favorite. His real dad had helped him put it together. The shock of seeing it crushed plus all the stress of the past few days was more than this gentle boy could handle and he started to cry. Great big tears poured down his face as he got madder and madder. Standing up, he raised his fist in the air, finally having all he was going to take from this teen bitch when Ellen walked in.

She reached out and grabbed his hand in mid-downswing, throwing him off balance.

He was forced to follow his momentum around and wound up facing Ellen. His arm now behind his back in a half-nelson. If looks could kill, Ellen’s eyes would have had him six feet under.

“What is the meaning of this?” she almost screamed in his face. “How dare you! How dare you even to think that you could strike my baby! I can see right now that we are going to have to set some matters straight. Right this minute before anything else gets done! It is time to make very sure that you fully understand your new place in this household and what will and will not be acceptable conduct! You, you shameful child!”

He was still crying and the pressure Ellen was applying to his imprisoned arm was making it worse. He stood there as if petrified. His new aunt had a very firm grip on him and using her other hand on his shoulder she kept him her prisoner. When he had tried to squirm away from her grip, she just jerked his arm up a bit higher.

“Bev, dearest,” She said. “Come over here and undo his pants. We're going to see just how much it is going to take to tame this juvenile delinquent.”

Then turning her attention back to Dale. “All right you bully, march over to the bed. Come on! I'm not letting go of you. Oh, no! Not yet at any rate. Now stand still or I'll be forced to really hurt you and I do not want to do that!” she said tugging his arm up even higher.

Dale had to stand there almost on tip toe and let Beverly unbuckle his belt, unfasten his jeans, and pull them down his legs. He turned bright red as she bent down in front of him to pull his jeans to his feet. His embarrassment became all the more humbling when to his amazement she did not stop there, but pulled his jockey shorts down around his ankles as well!

She was kneeling on the floor in front of him with his jeans and drawers piled around his ankles. With a grin as big as Wyoming on her face, she stared at his manhood.

“Ooooooh, Mamma!” she exclaimed with amused delight. “Look how small it is. I would never believe that one could be this little. He's like a little baby with a wee wee. Hehehehehehe.”

Beverly reached out a finger and twanged his penis right on its head. It twitched and started to engorge despite his humiliation and embarrassment of being so exposed before Beverly and her mother.

“Get up from there Bev, dear. It is not nice to taunt and tease those who have a deformity. You really should know better darling. Now be a good child and bring me your hair brush.

“And you, young man, and I am using that term very loosely, bend yourself across my knees right now!” she ordered as she tugged him into position across her lap.

Dale was crying for real now. He was totally embarrassed and was going to be spanked besides. In all his years, nothing like this had ever happened to him. He did not have the faintest idea of how to either protect himself or what to do. Obviously there was little he could do with his pants pulled down and his arm locked behind his back by a much stronger and older woman, he was helpless and he knew it. The worst part was knowing just how helpless, these two women could do anything they wanted.

Beverly was back. She was smiling down at him enjoying his torment.

He felt the cool touch of the hair brush on his bottom. Ellen rubbed it around and over his exposed cheeks for a few agonizing seconds before she let the first blow land.

Dale yelped out in both surprise and pain. It had really stung.

“Careful Mamma,” Beverly protested. “Don't break my brush on his backside. I don't think you have to hit him very hard to make him cry. After all he's only a LITTLE man, hahahahaha.”

Beverly's wise cracks about his male equipment were beginning to annoy him. Yes, he was a scrawny kid and he knew that.

“Hell” he often thought, *“I’ll have to gain weight just to become a ninety-eight pound weakling.”*

However, it wasn't until now that he doubted his masculinity. If it had been just Beverly, he might have been able to blow it off, but Ellen seemed to agree. *Did she say that he was deformed?* The seeds of self doubt were sown and planted. Yet, it began to grow as he felt it press against his Aunt's thighs.

The brush came down in steady but paced blows. Ellen seemed to enjoy letting the brush rest on his cheeks for a few moments between swats. While the brush rested on his backside, she teased him about the “Little Fella” trying to grow up.

“Pity it can't even act normal, the little pervert,” she chided him. “You like it when you're spanked like a little baby, don't you. Maybe you'd like it if I treated you like one, huh? Its probably the only enjoyment you will ever get out of something so small and otherwise useless.”

Dale was bawling his eyes out and great sobs escaped from his trembling lips.

Ellen was quite efficient in her work.

“Well,” she said at last letting the bristle side of the brush rest on his flaming cheeks. “Do you think that you can apologize to Beverly now? Come on! I want to hear you, nice and loud, say how sorry you are. Understand? Or do I need the brush some more? Come on, stand up! My, my just look at you. Pity it's so small. Genital defect, I suppose. Are you sure that you are not really a girl? No, well we'll see. Now apologize to my baby!”

Dale could only stutter out a sob filled, “I...I...I'm sss..sob..ssssoo...sob..sorry..sob! Pl...pplleesss..sob sob...please...sob...don't span..sob...spank me...sob..an...sob..any more! I'll be...sob..good! I....I..sob..pr...promise!”

“Humph! Sorry indeed! You don't sound that sorry to me,” Beverly countered.

“Dear, maybe we ought to give the little baby another chance,” Ellen suggested. “Well, Dale what do you have to say for yourself? Are you going to do what Bev and I tell you from now on without question or complaint? You do want to let my daughter have your old room, now don't you? Come, come, child! What do you have to say for yourself? Speak up, I do not have all day to wait for you.”

Dale looked up into his new Aunt's face. “Y...e..yes! She...she can have my...my...room. Now leave me alone!”

“Oh Dear! I was afraid of that!” Ellen said as she reached out from the bed and pulled Dale over onto the bed and let the brush fly one more time. SMACK!

It hit his sore tail and he was crying even harder.

“Dale I thought that you were smarter than that, but obviously I was wrong. You are just a child it seems. I guess I am just going to have to treat you like one. I guess it can't be helped though, all THINGS considered.”

Her reference to his manhood poked at his ego once again as he lay on the bed. It was another stab at his self-esteem that would persist like a thorn digging its way into

his very soul. By the time these two vicious women were finished with him, Dale's soul would be riddled through and through.

They left him crying with his pants hanging around his ankles. It was some time later when he arose, wiping at his nose with his forearm.

“Darn them,” he mumbled. “Just wait until Benny gets back home.”

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That night after he had put his things away in the guest bedroom, he slid between the pink satin sheets covering the canopied bed.

This was a girls room, but it was his room now. He was not happy with all the white and pink colors, but he could learn to live with the satin sheets. They were cool and slippery to the touch and he did not know that sleeping in them would feel so good. He might not have put up such a fight if he had known how comfortable the sheets would feel.

As he lay enjoying the softness of his new bed, looking up into the overhanging pink and white lace frilled canopy, he couldn't help but rehash the events leading up to this night.

He had heard, much louder than he wanted, Beverly and Ellen's comments about the size of his manhood. It preyed on his mind for most of the night. He even had a crazy dream in which his secret girl friend at school, Darla, caught him with his pants down and laughed. How he got his pants down in the dream he couldn't remember. All he remembered was Darla's laugh at his expense.

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He was already awake when Ellen came into his room without even knocking.

“Come on, Lazy Bones!” she announced as she entered. “Its time you were out of bed and making us breakfast. Bev and I wore ourselves out with the wedding and all. Now it is your turn to earn your keep.”

He was about to say something, but at the last moment remembered why he was where he was. He could only sit up in bed with his mouth working with nothing coming out.

“Out of bed this instant!” she ordered as she pulled the covers all the way to the foot of the bed.

Dale tried to grasp the sheet, but it slipped right through his hands. Instead he found himself trying to cover his groin. He was only wearing his tee shirt and jockey shorts.

“Modest are we? I can't for the life of me think of a reason for that. After all, you barely have anything worth hiding anyway! Hahahaha. Oh dear! Have I embarrassed the poor little thing? Hehehehe! Enough of this! Come on out with you. You have fifteen minutes in the bath. If you aren't in the kitchen by then you will be sorry.”

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Dale was stacking the breakfast dishes on the counter. After he cooked and served the two women their food, he was allowed to eat the leftovers which weren't much. Two slices of toast, half an egg yoke, and a cup and a half of black coffee.

When he started to protest, Beverly patted her palm with her fingers while looking at his butt.

He did not need any additional hints.

They even made him wear a pale peach colored, nylon apron with great big ruffles along the upper edges and down the front hem. It tied in the back with a big fluffy bow.

Beverly had tied it in a knot.

Since he couldn't get it off, he may as well do the house cleaning as his Aunt had said. So while Beverly followed him around the house telling him how to clean and do the other household chores, his Aunt was finishing the unpacking.

It was soon lunch time and Dale was set to work fixing them a Chef's salad. He piled on the lettuce and tomato, chopped some diet lite ham, and tossed in some chopped carrots, cucumber, and celery. Placing five saltines on each plate as instructed he served the two women their lunch. His meal consisted of the leftovers once again.

Lunch over and the dishes washed and stacked, Dale was given a pair of bright pink rubber gloves.

"OK, the bath is an intolerable mess," his Aunt told him. "This afternoon, I want the master bath thoroughly cleaned. I want it so clean that you could eat off the commode. Is that understood, Dale. When you have finished in there, you can do the guest bath. Bev, do me a favor and keep an eye on our little darling. Now scoot, you all have things to do."

Dale scrubbed and cleaned until his knees were almost rubbed raw and his hands hurt from the effort. Both bathrooms sparkled and even the grout in the tile at the base of the commodes shined. He was exhausted by five o'clock, but he was not allowed to rest.

It was supper time and he had to get it prepared.

Crisp garden salad, tomato soup, fresh trout, sautéed mushrooms, and new potatoes. All this was followed by freshly brewed coffee and cheese cake. The only thing Dale did not have to make from scratch was the cheese cake.

After Ellen and Beverly had been fed, he was allowed to fill his plate. As he thankfully headed to the table with his plate in hand, Ellen blocked his path.

"And just where do you think you are going, little one?" she admonished him. "I believe I promised you a different table to dine at this evening. Perhaps you forgot, but come along. I want to make sure that you eat your entire meal. Well, maybe not the cheese cake after all, you should watch your weight, hahaha."

Ellen made him turn off the water leading into the commode basin and then flush it until it was empty. Very deliberately she emptied his plate into the bowl.

“There now, all in its proper place. I want you to finish every last bit or I will see to it that you lick your plate. Now here's your spoon. Don't dawdle, you still have the dishes to finish and other chores before bed time.”

While Dale knew that the bowl was sparkling clean, the very idea made him nauseous. He managed to swallow his bile, and began slowly at first; then faster, digging his spoon into the mixed heap that was his supper. His hunger temporarily over riding his sensitivities.

He was one tired puppy by the time they let him go to bed. There wasn't a bone or muscle in his body that did not hurt or ache. He made his way slowly to his room, opened the door and stood open mouthed in the entry.

Oh the room was still the same ultra-feminine place it had been, but now every open space contained a doll or stuffed animal. On his bed, covering the pillows, were several large dolls dressed in elaborate clothing. One wore Victorian regalia, another a bridal outfit, and yet another was dressed like an Indian Princess. In the middle of the dolls was a great big stuffed Teddy bear. At the foot of the bed and covering it cross ways was a huge stuffed lion with a brown mane.

“Isn't it lovely,” he heard from behind his right shoulder. “I really did not have a place for them in my room. Besides, they are just too precious to allow to go to waste. So, even though I am much too old for them, I just can't seem to let them go, if you know what I mean. I thought that you would enjoy them as much, maybe even more, than me. Mom put them in here while we were cleaning the living room tonight. Don't you think it's just too neat. Teddy is my favorite. You take real good care of Teddy or, or, well you just better!”

Dale turned to face her and tell her exactly where she could put her damn dolls. Almost as soon as the idea entered his mind, it dropped out of thought. The punishment to his rear end last night was still too recent to forget easily. He just shrugged his shoulders, turned back, and entered the room leaving her standing in the hall.

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Dale woke the next morning finding himself hugging the Teddy. The smell of sweet perfume and floral powders filled his nose as he hugged it close. In his sleep encumbered mind, Dale vaguely remembered dreaming of hugging his mother.

Whatever the reasons, he woke with Ellen shaking his shoulder, smiling down into his face and that damn Teddy in his arms.

“*Shit!*” Dale thought as he shoved the Teddy away. “*That's all I need for her to see me hugging this stupid bear.*”

If Dale thought that yesterday had been bad, he had more to learn today.

Ellen was on his case like bees on honey all day. Her verbal attacks on his abilities and manhood were almost as painful and sharp as bee stings. His only reprieve during the day was an hour in front of the TV looking at Beverly's favorite soap. By the time he had been told to sit and keep quiet, he was only too glad to oblige. He watched, but did not pay too much attention.

Later that afternoon, when he and Beverly were supposed to be doing the ironing while Ellen folded, the girls made a game of the show. Needless to say, Dale was forced to play along. They each got to ask a question about what had happened or something about one of the characters in the soap they had all watched. The loser had to finish the chores of the winner.

Within a few minutes, Dale was doing both the ironing and folding. He vowed to watch and pay much closer attention in the future as he had not only lost out on the chores for the day but the entire week.

As Dale was doing the folding, he noticed that all his jockey underwear, tees and undershorts, were pale pink. A red pair of cotton shorts seemed to be the culprit. Dale did not remember owning a pair of red shorts and when he held them up in the air, he could see the flair legs, pleated cut, and back zipper.

“Now how in the HE__ did these get into my wash?” he asked himself.

The wash, all folded and ironed, was carefully put away. Dale had been given that chore as well. Beverly watched him to make sure that he put each piece away neatly and in its proper place. He was given very careful instructions as to where each type of feminine lingerie was to be placed in which drawer. It was very important that the lingerie be put in its proper place, “because, well just because!” Beverly stated when he asked her what difference did it make if panties went in the top drawer instead of bras.

Once again, he was forced to eat the leavings on the women's plates. When he complained that he was still hungry, Ellen called him an ingrate and wouldn't let him have any dinner. He went to bed much hungrier than the night before and to add insult to injury, she forced him to suck on a pacifier that she tied around his neck with a purple ribbon.

When he complained as she tucked him in and placed the Teddy under his arm, she threatened to put him in diapers. She kissed him on the forehead. Before moving off, she plopped the pacifier into his mouth and tied the ribbon tight so he couldn't remove it.

“You untie that ribbon and let that pacifier fall out of your mouth and I WILL put you in diapers, Understand!”

He understood. It was another very uncomfortable night for him. One plagued with dreams of his inadequacies and failures. What coulda and shoulda been filled his mind, intermixed with nightmares of his masculine shortcomings.

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During that entire week, Dale worked his butt off. He was doing all the household chores, plus now he was having to pamper the girls.

What started off as a simple, “Please rub my aching feet for me, Dale,” from Ellen, soon escalated to “Massage my neck,” “Ooooh, rub my back like that,” to “run my bath” and “Get my robe after you dry me off.”

He was so tired from all the chores and so upset with the two women that he did not have any sexual thoughts whatsoever. Well, other than hostile intents of course, he really did not have any feelings for either woman. He would be more than happy

just to see them off. Any where but here in his house. So why should it be surprising if he did not have any sexual inclinations towards them?

The major problem with not exhibiting a physical interest was when the women brought it to his attention. The fact that he should have a hard on after drying their naked bodies...

“Well that is, unless of course, you were one of those kinda guys!” Ellen and Beverly both hinted to him.

His frail male ego was shot down in flames as he had to ask himself the same questions, and he was left wondering.

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In a matter of days, Dale had lost all self-confidence and his male ego was left in shreds. Both his Auntie and Miss Beverly, as they now demanded to be addressed, used every opportunity to humiliate and badger the poor lad.

At weeks end, he was doing all the household chores and acting as their personal maid. Some of the chores. because he did not get the soap questions right, and most of them because he was ordered to do so by either of the women.

As his Auntie told him, “Why Dale sweetie, you're just too precious for words and besides!” She emphasized the word “besides,” and paused to let him dwell on it for a second before continuing. “You are so safe! I mean,” here she paused hiding a giggle behind her hand as she did so, “your little thingie, well you know what I mean, dear.”

He blushed beet red and tried to sink into the flooring of the bathroom. He stood wearing a bright white ruffled nylon apron holding up a large fluffy towel for his dripping Aunt to step into. Her nudity displayed before his eyes in unashamed splendor.

The fact that she was skinny, angular, and lacking much of a bosom was not even a consideration in her mind at all. Unfortunately, Dale did not think to mention or notice it either, so disturbed was his mental condition. Heck, he hadn't ever seen a naked woman before his new Auntie and Miss Beverly moved into his life.

He gently patted her down as he had been instructed; then, draped it around her upper body tucking it in at her breasts.

She dismissed him as she walked over to the sink. “Go on now dear,” she instructed, “I'm sure that you have other chores that need to be finished. Maybe, if you're a real good little boy, I'll teach you how to wash and take care of my hair. Come to think of it, be a darling and tell Bev to come here. Now scoot.”

He found Bev watching the evening news and went to sit beside her on the sofa. “Your Mom wants to see you in the bathroom. What's happening on the news? I haven't had a chance to see or hear what's been going on lately?”

Beverly shut the set off and turned to face him.

“You're not supposed to have time for watching television or listening to the news. It will only upset or hurt your brain! Didn't my Mom tell you that? By the way, what did you call my Mother? Dale you know better than that! Do you need Mom to give you another spanking? She's my Mom and I am the only one who can call her that. You were

told to always call her Auntie! Now say you are sorry. I want to hear an apology or I'll tell!"

Dale quickly apologized and trying to hide his embarrassment at succumbing to Beverly's authority, got up and went into the kitchen to finish cleaning. Small tears of frustration and helplessness began filling the corners of his eyes. He grabbed the hem of his apron and blotted at them.

"Darn their hides!" he thought as he occupied his hands with stacking the dishes. *"Uncle Benny when are you getting back? I can't take much more of this?"*

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While Dale was finishing in the kitchen, Bev and her mother were discussing other ways to take advantage of the situation.

"So Bev, my darling, what do you think? Dale is so gullible and pliable that we really should take advantage of every opportunity. Grace's idea that we use our time alone to establish full control and permanently dominate him was good. We don't have to lift a solitary finger if we don't want to."

"Oh, yes," Beverly answered. "You can't possibly think that I would want to do any house work do you? So far he's been pretty good about doing like we tell him. That hair brush threat has kept him obedient and I like having him rub my back and hand me a towel so I don't have to get out of the tub first. The only misgivings I have are that he is a male after all. What if he starts really fighting. Mom, do you think that those hormones will really keep him tame?"

"Hahaha, yes, Bev dear, those vitamins I have been giving him contain enough female hormones to neuter a raging bull elephant. That is the key you know. Keep his testosterone levels in the nil range and he's guaranteed not to have the least little urge. As a matter of fact, they are so potent that he may develop bigger breasts than you have, my darling."

"Mamma!" Bev cried in dismay.

"Oh hush dear, I did not mean anything mean. Your bosom is just fine like it is. At least you should be happy that you have very little chance of getting breast cancer. Big breasted women have a much greater incidence you know. Wouldn't that be something if your new cousin got breast cancer and you didn't.

"In any case, darling, I personally do not mind having him see me naked or at my worst. After all, I am not trying to impress him or lure him and neither are you. Right?"

Seeing her nod in confirmation, Ellen continued, "We still have a few weeks before Grace returns home and I want to make sure that little Dale fully knows his place in our new home. We have an awful lot riding on this, you know."

"Grace had a few thoughts that may help us. She believes that we should continue following her six point plan as she outlined it before she left. First, we destroy his self-confidence; second, we make him doubt his masculinity; third, we humiliate and embarrass him; fourth, we physically weaken and exhaust him; fifth, we chemically neu-

ter him; and, sixth, we take control and dominate him. Remembering, at all times, to never let up on any of the six points.”

“I just received a letter from Grace telling me that everything is going according to plan. She also suggests that we ought to consider making Dale laxative dependent. Then, all we have to do is stop giving him his laxative and Viola! He soon does everything that we want. So, tonight we start making little Dale dependent. It shouldn't take more than a week and another two or three days to teach him just how dependent he is. By then, he will do and say whatever we tell him to. Judicious use of the hair brush should be more than enough to convince him to cooperate fully, don't you think?”

“As a matter of fact, we had better start developing our story to explain what's happening. After all, the changes in Dale and his attitude will be very pronounced. If my guess is correct, Dale should be sporting some very unmasculine bulges soon.

“We are going to have to come up with a believable story and it is going to have to sound like it was all Dale's idea. Now, baby what do you think if we...”

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Dale groaned in misery while clutching at his abdomen. His guts were cramping and churning and still he couldn't go. When he complained to Auntie Ellen, she had recommended a cleansing douche. When he asked if that was anything like an enema, she laughed.

“But of course, silly! Only, it is a much more personal function for women. Perhaps, it would be better if you learned to refer to it in the same manner then, maybe we could help you.”

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It was bad enough that all his underwear was now pink and he had to do all the housework plus help them to bathe and dress. Now they wanted him to start doing feminine things to himself.

“*Douche, of all the cock-a-maimme BS,*” he thought as he lay curled on his side.

That and bleaching out his hair. They had gone around-and-around on that issue for several days. It was part of his training they had said. Imagine all this abuse just because he had asked to get his long hair cut.

If he was going to be responsible for shampooing, rinsing and taking care of their hair, he should know what it was like, they had insisted when they denied him his request.

“How can you possibly know what it is like if you cut your hair off, stupid!” he had been scolded.

It was bad enough having to shampoo and use a flowery smelling conditioner on his head, but bleaching it out was too much.

He had tried to talk them into giving him some money so that he could get a hair-cut anyway, but Auntie said she could do it just as good as any barber. As a result of that request, he now sported bangs that hung just below his brows and bugged the heck out of him. A part also ran down the middle of his scalp. He looked like Prince Valiant, except his hair was much longer **and soon to be very much blonder.**

“Ooooooh,” he let another groan escape as a spasm worked its way in his gut. It had been three days since he was able to go and during that time he did not skip any meals. Maybe that was his problem, he considered briefly, too much food. It seemed like the girls had left him unusually large portions of it on their plates lately.

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He couldn't take it any longer and going to his Aunt begged her to give him a cleansing douche.

She acted like she did not know what he was talking about, and made him describe what he wanted.

“Yes, Auntie,” he begged, “I want my very own douche kit, please! Yes, I will use it on a regular basis like a good girl should. And, Yes Auntie, I will tell anyone who asks that I begged you to let me have my very own kit. Please, Auntie can't we get it now? I'll do anything you say, please? Yes, even let you bleach my hair. I promise. No, Auntie I want you to bleach my hair. No, Auntie I'm not saying that just to please you. I really, really want you to bleach it for me. I...I swear!”

How totally humiliating!

She made him get dressed in his thin cotton stone washed jeans, pink T-shirt, and pink cotton sport socks and go down to the drug store with her. With a shove of her hand, she made him go ask the druggist where he could find what he needed. He did not realize at the time that you could see the pinkish outline of his underwear through the jeans or the small but noticeable bumps on his chest poking up through the T-shirt!

While he blushed to the roots of his hair, he asked the druggist where the douche kits were kept.

When the pharmacist said in what seemed to be an unusually loud voice, “Miss, if you mean the feminine syringes, they are in aisle three, along with our other feminine hygiene products such as: sanitary panties, pads and tampons; PMS relief pills; and, feminine hygiene sprays,” poor Dale turned even redder.

To make matters worse, his Aunt decided that she needed some sanitary napkins, PMS pills, and a hygiene spray along with his douche kit. Picking out the biggest, brightest packages she could find, she handed them to him along with some money telling him to go check out while she was next door.

He was petrified with fear and shame that the clerk would make a public display of his purchases. The feeling that this was somehow a major offense, kept nagging at the back of his mind.

All his fears were for naught as the clerk smilingly took his purchases, rang them up, packaged them so that the pink top of the sanitary napkin package clearly identifying it showed from the top of the plastic shopping bag which was so translucent that he could easily identify the other all too feminine hygiene products that it contained, and handed it to him.

The sales clerk's only comment was, “Is that all you need, Honey?” embarrassed him even more than he expected.

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Dale sat on the commode still blushing for all he was worth.

Auntie Ellen had watched as he opened the box and removed its contents; The bright pink, soft rubber, open mouthed bag, the rubber tubing, and the large, flaring white plastic bulbous headed nozzle spilling out in his hands. She told him how to put it together and had him fill it with warm sudsy water.

Now, he was seated on the commode with the nozzle shoved all the way up his rectum. At her instruction, he was slowly working the nozzle back and forth with one hand while the other held the bag aloft. Uncomfortably he felt the long fat nozzle as it eased its way past his anal sphincter to pass his tender prostate until it entered his bowels, bringing to his mind the shameful thought of a similar penetration by something equally degrading to his mind as his little penis began to throb in response to the hard rubbery thrustings. Then, when it could penetrate no deeper he released the clamp that held back the fluid of the soap like sudsy hot water and feminine douche. He wasn't supposed to stop until all the fluid had been injected inside of him and allowed to expand until he couldn't stand its pressure any longer.

While he was occupied doing that, Beverly entered the bathroom carrying a brown paper bag. She went over to the basin and pulled out several items and placed them on the counter. Walking over to where her mother stood, she smiled down at him.

"Mom, I got everything. My doesn't he look just so feminine sitting there like that. I bet he's really going to grow attached to that thing judging by his little thingie down there, hehehehe."

Beverly was right about one thing, his penis was, for the first time in a very long time getting hard. He tried to cover his immodesty up with his arm as his other was holding the bag above his head. Blushing furiously, he only managed to further embarrass himself.

"Tsk, tsk, Dale, you don't have to be so modest in front of us. We've seen everything and it is perfectly natural for a child of...er...of your...er..leanings to enjoy...er..how should I put this..ah yes.. artificial stimulation of the anal area. You shouldn't feel embarrassed around us. At least we understand as I am sure Benny would. We're all family now, anyway!"

"What, Uncle Benny! You wouldn't tell him would you? Please promise me you won't tell him about this, please!" Dale begged from his sitting position feeling the ever growing pressure.

"Well, I don't see anything wrong with what you are doing even though others may think it a bit unconventional, but if you insist. Ahhh, Dale, since **you** brought it up! Teehee.... So to speak, teehee...I won't tell Benny **provided** you do keep yourself **clean** from now on," Aunt Ellen emphasized. "I do not think that it is healthy for you to hold back on your desires because you may think others would not approve. So, if you promise me that you will use your douche kit at least weekly without anyone having to tell you, I won't tell Benny. Agreed?"