



*Reluctant Press*

# A Stepmother's Revenge

Cheryl Lynn



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS*

---

**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

---

*Copyright © 2002, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved*

## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

## *Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!*

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do *YOUR* part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

# A STEPMOTHER'S REVENGE

By CHERYL LYNN

## The Beginning

He slowly sat up and rubbed the sleep from his eyes. He was tired, bone-weary tired, but it was past time for him to be going. He went into the bathroom and splashed some water on his face, as he didn't have time for a shower. That was better, but didn't refresh. Quickly, he dressed and, bending over the sleeping woman, kissed her on the cheek. Damn, he hated those "red eyes" back to L.A. Picking up the small suitcase, he walked out of the room.

He stopped in the next room to kiss the baby sleeping peacefully in its crib. Gently, he tucked the blanket around the sleeping child. "Bye bye, my darling," he whispered. "Damn, I hate living this way."

He did not notice the beat-up pea green 1994 Toyota coupe or its occupant as he drove out of the driveway. The man in the rumpled herringbone jacket sitting behind the wheel smiled as the other car continued on its way. "Gotcha!" the man mumbled as he reached for the ignition key. As he pulled from the curb, he patted the telephoto camera sitting on the passenger seat.

Archie Bowie walked into his cluttered and litter-strewn office and went directly to his scanner. Stuffing the thick stack of photos and documents into its maw, he downloaded them into a file. Once he was satisfied that all the data had been transferred to a disc, he picked up the telephone.

"Ahhh, Mrs. Lawson, Archie Bowie. I got everything that you wanted. You know, photos and stuff. It's being e-mailed as we speak. Yeah! I got a copy of the license, real estate loan application and all that. Yes, I think that you will be more than satisfied with it....eeerrr.. Yes ma'am! If you want, you can hang the son-a-bitch for bigamy but ya ain't legally required to do nuthin' unless ya want. Uhhun, yeah, I'll send you everything I have as we agreed. Yes ma'am, all the originals and negatives by overnight courier. 'N just let me say it's been a pleasure work'n for ya. Oh, yes ma'am, I promise to send everything I have. I even included my personal notes. No...no I aint gonna keep nuthin' and no one will ever know I worked on this case 'cept you. Yes ma'am and thank you. It's been a pleasure. Let me..." he didn't finish as the line went dead.

*Strange bird* he thought as he put the thick file of originals into a shipping box along with all his copies. *If I were her, I would have that SOB buried under the jail. Oh, well, go figure.*

## Reaction

Hillary Lawson paced her office as she examined the printouts Archie had just sent her. She was absolutely furious. The more she examined the documents and photos, the angrier she became. At last she balled up the sheaf of paper in her hand and threw it forcibly to the carpeted floor.

“That no good conniving SOB!” she almost screamed. “Using my money to support that woman and her little bastard kid! How dare he! Just where in hell does he get off doing that to me! To ME!!!”

At last, Hillary calmed down enough not to set the carpet on fire. She sat heavily at her desk and for a few moments thrummed her fingers on the desktop. Her long bright red nails flashed under the lamplight. She let her mind drift, recalling details of her three-year marriage to Harrison Lawson.

They had met at a cocktail party; he was charming and very handsome. Something had clicked between them, or so she had thought at the time. They dated steadily for six months and Harrison seemed to absolutely dote on Hillary. It wasn't long after that that she decided she would be willing to marry him. He was reluctant at first, claiming that it wasn't right for two reasons. First, he had a son by a previous marriage and he didn't want to burden her with that responsibility. Second, he wasn't in her financial or social class. Oh, he tried to dissuade her, but at the same time he made the insincerity of his objections obvious. Hillary was not a woman to back off decisions once made. Besides, she felt deeply that Harrison was very much in love with her. With her powerful personality, she hadn't received many overtures from other eligible males.

Hillary Jackson was, if nothing else, very determined and a strong, Type A, personality. Almost 40 and a successful businesswoman, respected and feared by her associates. She stood five foot nine and weighed 230. For all her weight, Hillary was not a fat slob, nor was she a weakling. Even in her twenties she had been overweight, but with her beautiful face and milk white skin, she turned it into an advantage. Professionally modeling clothing for the “mature woman” and the “women of stature” (AKA fat women), she achieved international fame.

She parlayed her modeling career into her own catalog/design business worth millions. She specialized in feminine lingerie and bathing suits for the mature woman. Her own experience while modeling had given her an appreciation for such undergarments, but they lacked both styling and femininity. Over-the-shoulder-boulder-holders were purely functional in design, so she sought to offer stylish and sexy lingerie for the larger woman. There wasn't a source available for such women to purchase pretty feminine lingerie, but even harder to find was a decent bathing suit. It was also difficult to purchase nice outerwear. It wasn't much of a step to get a few of her friends to-

gether and service the niche market. It had been difficult at first, but her design team was a good one and her company took off.

Raven black hair usually tied up in a bun at the top of her head, a strong aquiline nose, piercing gray-green eyes that demanded attention and a flawless complexion were her feminine assets. She usually dressed in conservative business suits—skirt, blouse, and jacket. Underneath, she wore fine patterned hose, lacy panties and bras made of the silkiest fabrics. No longer were large women trapped in simple white cotton bras and pale white panties. Her products were soft, slinky, and feminine.

However, when the need arose, she could dress to the nines and lay devastation in her wake. Her evening wear creations were spectacular. Even her detractors had to admit that when she dressed formally, there were few her equal. She was used to getting her way and usually did.

She met Harry when she was 37 and her biological clock was ticking. While until then she did not have a particular urge to start a family, a combination of hormones, business and peer pressure was forcing her into a corner. Besides, there was a rumor being spread that she was a hardened dyke. Common in this business, but she was not of that inclination. Most importantly, she had decided that she needed a spouse for both personal and business reasons.

Her early experiences with boys were hurtful at worst and being ignored at best. She was big then and the only friends she had were other girls; even then, those relationships were tedious. They only let her hang with them because she had a great fashion sense. If she had to define her sexuality now it would have to be asexual. There just wasn't that desperate ache in her psyche that demanded she have routine intercourse.

During her modeling days she developed several friendly relationships with the gay designers that worked the runway. They were true friends since there were no sexual interactions, but it also did not fulfill her womanly needs. Oh, she would like to experience sex, but that urge was not overpowering. She desired some sexual relationship, of course, but what she really wanted was male companionship. She wanted someone to cuddle with and share her world who wasn't gay or another woman. She knew that there was a void in her life that only a man could fulfill.

Over time she decided it would be so much easier to satisfy herself than to lower her standards to ensure at least a short-term affair. Not only would it have been a hassle for her, but with the advent of AIDS there certainly wasn't a man worth dying over. Besides, she wanted a real man, not some loser who could only get a date with a fat broad or some drunk who was desperate at closing time. No, she wanted something more permanent and meaningful in her life and that decision was reached shortly before meeting Harry.

She believed that by marrying Harry, she could alleviate much of that pressure and his accompanying baggage of a son would save her the trouble of pregnancy. While he seemed a little too preoccupied with his son, using him as an excuse to forgo meeting with her at times she could excuse him. After all, didn't fathers and sons have a special male bond? Fathers are always proud of their male offspring.

Harry had his plusses; he was charming and had a certain submissiveness that intrigued her. Most importantly, he was not sexually demanding but still certainly qualified as a man's man. He was into horse racing and other sports, looked a little like Clark Gable and carried himself well. They had kissed and gone through the initial routine relationships except for actual intercourse and he seemed to really care about her needs.

He had told her that he didn't believe in premarital relations and that sex was something special to be savored after the wedding. True, he wasn't rich, but he did have a job as some manufacturer's representative; it must have paid well judging by the way he dressed and acted. He was also intelligent and non-threatening. Besides, he paid attention to her and did not seem to be concerned that she towered over him in both size and weight.

Thoughtful things like roses and cards with affectionate notes appeared on her desk at regular intervals. He seemed to enjoy the same things that she did. Relaxing on the couch, easy conversations and an occasional outing. Importantly, he did not seem to mind her long hours and frequent trips. He was there when she needed companionship most of the time. She had to admit that he charmed the socks off her. When she proposed that first time, his refusal on the basis that his son could be a hindrance made him even more endearing.

She pooh-poohed his objections, telling him that she would take his son in as her own and she didn't mind if he spent some quality time with him. The boy wasn't a threat to her. Carol was small for his age with blond hair and blue eyes to die for. Like his dad in many respects, but named after his late wife. It was obvious that Carol did not like his name and preferred to be called CH. While he did appear to have a chip on his shoulder, probably due to his androgynous name, his behavior wasn't all that bad. It wasn't until after they were married and CH's adoption was legalized that his slovenly and spoiled nature showed itself.

*Oh he did a good one on me* she fumed to herself as she stared at the pile of documents before her. The picture of a very pretty thirty-something woman stared back at her from the pile of photos on her desk. Seems like he never divorced his second wife.

*Second wife! Damn! He never told me about being married twice! That little worm!* she fumed as she continued to pace.

While she had been tied up in her business dealings, he was off visiting her and continuing his old relationship. Not only that, but got the bitch pregnant.

*Hell, if his first wife hadn't died on him giving birth to that worthless son, he'd probably still be married to her as well,* she continued to fume.

Hillary picked up her telephone and punched in a number. "Hello Robert, could you come to my office? I need to talk to you about a personal matter. I could really use a shoulder to cry on right now. Thanks, bye."

Robert was her chief designer and best friend. They had known each other for almost a decade and over that time had developed a true friendship. They had shared many an emotional turmoil together. She could easily picture herself married to Rob-

ert, but he was a full-fledged homosexual as was most of her design staff. She needed his advice and knew that she could trust his judgment.

## Robbie

Robert entered Hillary's office and immediately noticed how distraught she was. They shared a quick embrace and, true to Hillary's nature, got right down to business. She showed him the evidence and explained all that Archie had discovered. The private bank account Harry had set up for his other family. How she had been giving Harry \$10,000 every nine weeks to provide home schooling for Carol. Money supposedly used to hire private tutors and counseling specialists for Harry's wayward son. How Carol had been kicked out of two private schools within two years and the trouble he had caused. Now it seemed that Harry had diverted that money in addition to other significant funds from their joint accounts to fund his other family. She had been taken badly and needed Robert's advice on what to do now.

"Oh, you poor dear," Robert consoled her. "Look sweetie, you sure you don't want to send that creep to prison. I can assure you that it wouldn't be a very pleasant vacation for him. I have friends, you know, that could take care of him either on the inside or...well, you know...here and now and save all that publicity."

"Robbie, prison, no matter how hard that would be on him, or, for that matter, the publicity, wouldn't begin to go far enough to adequately punish him for what he has done to me. And your alternative is, well, totally unthinkable besides being too damn good for that rotten bastard!

"I...I feel so...so violated and humiliated. I want that bastard to really suffer and I am at a loss as to how to go about it. Help me come up with a plan that would totally humiliate and devastate him. A plan that would punish him for the rest of his rotten no good life!"

"Well sweetie, give me a while and I am sure that we can come up with something. What about Carol? From the times I have met him, he is a cutie, but not very friendly. What are you going to do with him once we decide on daddy? You did adopt him, didn't you? That makes you legally responsible for him, especially if daddy goes to jail or you just kick him out. Not only that, but you would have to pay child support and probably alimony as well. Have you given any thought to that?"

"Oh, that little bastard is a chip off the old blockhead. He is slovenly, disrespectful and doesn't listen to me. All he does is sit in his room and play computer games, look at his porno books or spends all night out with his friends. Since it is obvious that his father isn't providing the education that I have paid for, no telling *what* he does when I am not there. I have suspicions that he is having girls over, but nothing concrete. His father covers for him quite well, but I suspect something is going on when I am not around that I probably would not approve of."

"I guess that if Carol treated me differently, he would make a lovely child, but no...he is just like his father, a user and abuser of my generosity. You know Robbie, when I first got married, I was so happy. Finally, I had a man who I thought really loved me and a pretty child that I could call my own without having to actually have one. I thought that that void in my life was finally filled and...now this! That SOB! They have ruined everything! AND I am most certainly am *not* going to give either one of those assholes another dime!"

"I understand fully, sweetie," Robbie replied. "I recently read somewhere in one of those Chinese something-or-other philosophy books that punishment directed at someone other than the guilty can be the worst possible punishment. Sometimes it is much more painful if the punishment is not directed at the offender. The offender's pain can be heightened even more if he was forced to participate in the dealing out of that punishment. Anyway, it went something kinda like that. Look sweetie, if that's the case, maybe we can get to your husband through his kid."

"Robbie, that's it!" Hillary exclaimed, "You are a genius, absolute genius!"

"Oh, I do surprise myself occasionally, don't I?"

"But...but, what kind of punishment? I can't send his kid to prison or...or just beat the shit out of him. What good would that do?"

"Just bear with me, Hillary baby," Robbie said. "Just bear with me for a moment while I think this through. You said your husband simply adores his son and that he is his pride and joy, right? What if we could change all that? Make Carol into something that would not only embarrass the hell out of him, but also change that adoration into something else altogether?"

"Oh! Oh! How diabolic!" Hillary exclaimed, suddenly very interested in what Robbie was proposing. "But how could we accomplish that?"

"Look sweetie, let me think about it tonight and I'll get back to you in the morning. I have a germ of an idea, but let me make some contacts and think about it some more. I'm not sure if you will want to go along with it. It's soooo extreme, but I can promise you it will be diabolical."

## Decision Time

Hillary put off going home as long as she could, but eventually she had to. It was a very stressful night for her, but she held her temper for the most part and sleep was sporadic at best. Having to sleep next to a man she now hated was next to impossible. Fortunately, once he put on his pajamas, he went right to sleep and did not even kiss her good night. If he had done that, she probably would have puked in his face but their love life hadn't been much to brag about for the past year and a half. Even when they were first married, it wasn't much more than a kiss and "thank you, ma'am" af-



fair. Now that she looked back on it, there had been very little true sex in their lives. What little there was, was perfunctory at best.

In the morning, she spent as little time as possible in the house before going to her office. Harry was still in bed asleep and Carol was in the kitchen wolfing down a bowl of corn flakes. The kitchen table was such a mess that she passed on getting her cup of coffee. Neither mumbled good-byes or said anything as she picked up her keys and left.

When she got to her office, Robbie was there sipping on a cup of apricot tea. He air-kissed her on the cheek as he got up to serve her a cup and refill his own.

“Well?” was all she said.

“Ooooh, you poor baby. You look like you didn’t get any sleep last night, sweetie. You know some cucumber slices would do wonders getting rid of those bags.”

“Don’t start, Robbie. How would you like sleeping with a disgusting SOB of a man?”

“Well, it would depend on the man, hehehe. Oh, settle your hackles, woman. I have a plan that you will like. It’s just like those wild and crazy television sports shows so popular now—EXTREME. As a matter of fact, it may be *more* extreme than you are willing to accept. Want to hear it or just sit there and be bitchy?”

“You know I do! Just stop with the jokes already. As you can see, I am not in the mood!”

“Alright. Harry has never been comfortable around the gays and especially me and he believes that the sun rises and sets on his son. Soooo, what if Carol...” Robert sat back and sipped at his tea while Hillary leaned forward, anxious to hear what he had planned.

“Put that damn tea down and tell me!” she almost yelled. “And wipe that smirk off your face! You’ve really got a plan?”

“Sure do, sweetie,” he continued. “Why not use your husband’s distaste for the gay community and his adoration of his son against him?”

“You mean turning Carol into...into a homosexual? But what’s to stop him from just leaving or...or... Can that even be done?”

“No, we can’t change his basic instincts, but that doesn’t really matter. You said that Carol doesn’t respect you and that he is a typical unruly boy, right? You are also afraid that once the punishment starts, he will just run away. What if my plan would stop all that?”

“Well, as far as I am concerned, nothing is too harsh for either one of those those...assholes. Come on, spill it. Give me the details.”

“Okay, listen up, sweetie.” Robbie was smiling from ear to ear now. “First, you confront your husband...”

“Robbie, do not refer to that pig as my husband. He is nothing to me. Not even worth any consideration in the least. The same goes for his brat. Nothing you can do to them will be too much. Understand?”

“Certainly, my precious.” Robert folded his arms across his chest and continued.” What I propose is this. Like I was saying, first you make sure you are some place where Carol cannot possibly overhear what you say. Then confront Harry with what you have discovered. Threaten him with exposure and prison. Let him see copies of all the evidence. Be mean, bitchy and hostile when you do it. It is very important that you convince him that you are serious, otherwise he just might not go along with what I plan.”

After hearing Robbie’s detailed plan, including the friends he had lined up to assure success, Hillary was elated. For the first time since her suspicions were aroused, she was actually looking forward to the future. She stood and walked around her desk to literally pluck Robbie from his chair and gave him a big hug. “Oh, you delightful man, you...you wonderful friend. This is so perfect I can’t believe it.”

“Hillary, put me down! What if someone should walk in and see us? Why, my reputation would be totally ruined, ruined I say. Put me down, hahaha.”

## Confrontation

As soon as Robert left her office, Hillary telephoned Harry and told him to meet her there at 5:00 p.m. Harry was supposed to be in his office, working as a manufacturer’s representative for a Midwestern fabricator. She now knew that it was a small office in a pool hall where he spent his idle hours doing nothing other than playing pool and smoking a little dope. Archie had evidence that Harry was never employed to be a sales rep for anyone. Hillary also had some incriminating photos of his dealings at the pool hall and a couple of him with the bitchy little waitress that worked there from another private eye.

“Are you sure that it cannot wait until we get home? I’m waiting to see if the boss wants me back in the Midwest again this weekend and I need to make the reservations now in order to get the best rates.”

When he inquired further about what was going on, she just told him that it was very important and that it could possibly change their lives. “Just be here!” she finished, a little louder than she had intended.

At four-thirty, Hillary told her secretary to go home, then sat back behind her large desk going over one last time in her mind what she intended to say and do. A simple straight-backed chair that had had its legs shortened replaced the large comfortable leather chair that normally sat in front of her big teak wood desk.

Psychologically, this put whoever sat in it at a major disadvantage. Having to look up to see who was behind the desk made whoever sat in it seem smaller and unimportant. Hillary had used it very effectively in some of her business dealings. And Hillary wanted Harry to feel just like a small kid in the principal’s office facing punishment.

The chair had been another one of Robbie's ideas that she had used in the past when she really wanted to impress or dominate someone.

Just shortly after five, Harry walked into her office and was told to shut the door. She was happy to see a look of concern and worry on his miserable face. "Sit," she said, pointing to the chair. "I have something to say to you and I want your full attention."

Harry sat and found to his discomfort that his knees were slightly above his waist and he had to strain his neck to see his wife. A brief look of fear crossed his face as he caught a glimpse of her face. *Oh oh*, he thought to himself, *she doesn't look like a very happy camper. Maybe she's just on the rag or something. Better put on my happy face for her.*

Hillary sat behind the desk, her face masking the distaste she was feeling for this man. She let the silence last for a minute or two while she fiddled with some papers on her desk. She could almost feel the tension building in the room. Finally, she gathered the papers together and handed them to him. He had to stand and reach out to get them. All he had to do was see the pictures and he knew that the jig was up.

His face went white and his hands began to tremble as they haphazardly sifted through the papers. Beads of perspiration gathered on his forehead and he fell more than sat back into the chair with an audible *thump*.

Hillary waited a moment more, then began talking in a firm steady voice. "Harry, you are no longer my husband. Once the police see this evidence and how you have been bilking me out of thousands and thousands of dollars over the past three years, you will be judged a common felon and bigamist. You will most assuredly spend the rest of your years behind bars with a boyfriend named Bubba!" Her tone was icy cold and had the force of a tornado minus the noise. Actually, she was a little surprised at herself for being able to keep her voice at a normal level.

"Honey...er..Hillary...I...I...please, let me explain."

"No, don't even try, you bigamist! You thief! If I hear one more word from you, I will call the cops! So, you just sit there while I tell you what I am going to do and what you will do! Understand? Good! Now, you just sit there and listen to me. After I have finished, you will have a choice to make."

"First of all, I have decided not to divorce you. You will, however, immediately obtain a divorce from that bitch you are keeping out west. You will have no further contact with her at any time or by any means. I have arranged for the legal documents to be presented to her tomorrow, if you agree to my terms. Further, she can keep that little secret bank account you have and will be told that if she ever tries to contact you, you will go directly to jail and she will face charges of stealing, grand larceny and whatever else my lawyers can think of. You might also want to consider that that precious baby of yours will wind up in some foster home as well. Understood?"

Harry nodded his head in defeat as Hillary continued. "Second, you will submit to me in every way that I demand. Any crawfishing on your part will result in going directly to jail. My word is law! Understood? Good. Also, from this moment on, you will

back me in my every decision regarding Carol and our family life. Third, my decisions regarding your son are absolute and irrefutable. Understood?”

Harry was a bit confused by this last part and started to say something but was silenced by his wife's angry stare. So he simply nodded his head.

“Good!” Hillary exclaimed. “Carol is following in his father's footsteps and we can see what kind of father he has for a shining example. There are going to be some major changes in his current worthless life and I am going to oversee his every moment of existence. I not only expect your support, but encouragement as well in the changes I have decided are long overdue. You know what will happen to you if you fail me in any way from this moment on! Well, do you?”

Again, all Harry could do was nod his head. He didn't have the faintest idea of what Hillary had in mind, but she had him by the balls.

“Finally, you will sign this document confessing your guilt to everything and giving me sole custody and legal guardianship over Carol until he is twenty-one. Oh, you are also admitting that you purchased and distributed illegal drugs at that little pool hall you call an office. Don't look so shocked! You've got the photographic evidence right there in front of you! That's my little insurance clause guaranteeing you a very stiff jail sentence should you decide to renege on our little agreement. Now, you have five minutes to rebuke my evidence and arguments, then I call the cops or you can simply sign our agreement.”

Harry was dumbfounded to say the least. For a few moments, he just sat there with his hands tucked between his legs and head bowed. Thoughts flashed through his mind, but nothing came to him that could possibly get him out of this mess. His alternatives were few and all negative.

He certainly couldn't face jail time; she did have him dead to rights on his bigamy and maybe on misappropriation of funds, but if he signed, what was he doing to Carol and himself? The confession to distribution of illegal drugs would certainly put him away for a very long time. Shaking his head, knowing better than to try to argue against the evidence before him, he reached for the pen and signed the document. It was the only alternative acceptable. If only he had known.

## **It Begins**

The ride home was silent. Harry was still very pale and shaken, but Hillary had the air of supremacy about her. They made one brief stop at the mall and Harry was told to wait in the car. The remainder of the ride was carried on in continued silence.

Carol quickly noted that something was different about them as they entered the living room where he was spread out on the couch. He let the bag of chips fall to the

floor as he looked into Hillary's eyes. "What's up?" he asked. He didn't like the way she was looking at him.

"Nothing but your attitude! From now on, there will be changes and you will abide by my demands or face the consequences. Your father has agreed to back me one hundred percent, so you can forget about appealing to him. You have been a slob and lazy good-for-nothing until now and this situation is going to change. Now, get your butt off that couch and after you clean up the mess you made, go take a bath and get ready for bed. I will see you later to explain your future in terms you can better understand. Now get busy!"

Carol knew that tone of voice. He looked to his father, but his head was downcast and he wouldn't meet his son's eyes. Carol quickly started to gather up the mess he had made. It wasn't until he was halfway to his room that he remembered that it was only 8 o'clock and way too early for bed, much less a bath. Hell, he never took baths. He hated baths. *Naw*, he thought, *she probably meant a shower*. While he didn't take one every day it certainly beat taking a bath.

As Carol stepped out of the shower, he froze in his tracks. There standing right in front of the door was his stepmother. His body blushed from head to toe as embarrassment set in followed by anger. It took him a few moments to register his anger over the breach to his privacy, "What the fuck are you doing here?" he spat.

The words had barely left his mouth when Hillary quickly reached out, slapping him hard across the face. She then grabbed hold of his ear and began pulling him over to the commode. Keeping a tight grip on his ear, she sat on the commode seat and forced him over her lap. Locking her legs around his, she trapped him in her lap. Releasing her hold on his ear, she used the now-freed hand to hold down the back of his head.

Before Carol could register any resistance, Hillary brought the wooden surface of a hair brush firmly down on his up-turned cheeks. The loud *whack* resounded throughout the bathroom. The whipping continued fast and furious until Carol was bawling his eyes out and his butt was a nice overall cherry red. Finished, she pushed him off her lap and onto the cold tile flooring.

"Now let this be a lesson to you. When I tell you to do something, I don't care what it is, you will jump and do exactly as I demand. Is that understood or do I need to paddle your behind some more?"

"Father will hear about this, you bitch! No one beats me and gets away with it, no one! My Dad will tear your fuckin' heart out for..." Carol said from the bathroom floor until he looked up and saw his father standing off to the side.

Before Carol could do or say anything, Hillary grabbed his arm and easily pulled him back over her lap. The hairbrush descended quickly to smack his reddened cheeks once more. This time she did not stop until his rear end and upper thighs were cherry red.

"Do I have to warn you again? If you don't understand that I am in total and complete charge by now, you really are dense. Harry, you can leave now, I don't think that Carol will give me any further problems."

Turning her attention back to Carol as Harry followed her order, she continued, "Very well, I am going to demonstrate how to appropriately prepare your bath, then I expect you to do so every night from now on. Again, are you getting all this or do I...? No. Good! You may be capable of learning something yet. You will fill the tub with warm water not hot, as it will dry out the skin. Then when it is nearly full, you will add a capful of these bath beads and a capful of this moisturizing oil. You are paying attention, aren't you? Good. When the tub is full, I expect you to use this natural sponge to thoroughly clean yourself.

"Oh, I shouldn't have to tell you what will happen if you fail in any aspect of what I am showing you to do. Now, get busy and I will be back."

Carol just stood there standing at this strange woman. She certainly wasn't the woman that had left that morning. Maybe she was some kind of Mr. Hyde or something. He had never in his life been treated in such a manner. He was too shocked to even grab a towel to cover his nudity. He simply had stood nodding his head as she rambled on about how to take a fuckin' bath. Well, she was gone now, but his stinging bottom made him do as he had been instructed. The bath was not as bad as he first thought. While the smell of flowers saturating the air wrinkled his nose in disgust, the soothing oily water eased his hurting buns. Soon, he picked up the large rough sponge and began scrubbing. He did not like the pink floral scented bath bar his stepmother had left for him, but the better part of valor made him go ahead and use it. *Man, I hope this shit blows over soon, he thought. I don't know what happened, but something blew her gasket but good! I think she's lost her friggin mind!*

He was still in the tub when Hillary returned. Again he blushed and wanted to sink under the blanket of bubbles, but he looked up at her towering form.

"Alright! Time for you to get out of there. I want to inspect you to see if you got all the dirt off. Come on, stand up and let me look."

At first he could not believe his ears and again his anger got the better of him. "Hey, I'm old enough to bathe myself. I don't need you to check me out. What are you, some kind of fuckin' pervert?"

Hillary backhanded him so hard he almost came out of the tub. He grabbed his face again with disbelief and shock in his eyes. The look on his face was worth the stinging hand. "Seems you haven't learned your lesson yet. Perhaps I ought to...yes, maybe this will teach you," she said as she grabbed the soap from its dish. Before Carol could put up any defense, the bar of soap was crushed into his mouth by Hillary's large hand. As she moved it around, bubbles began foaming out of both his mouth and nose. Within seconds, he was gagging and struggling for all he was worth, but the combination of the slippery tub and Hillary's strength made struggling useless. If Hillary wasn't as strong as she was, he would have fallen down hard into the tub, but she eased him back into the water.

Finally, she removed her hand and allowed him to spit out the sudsy bar. As he sat there in the tub, coughing and hacking, she continued her lecture. "Carol, I do not like doing this to you, but until you have satisfied me that you will behave in accordance to my wishes, I will do this and worse as often as necessary. Understand? From now on, there will be no cursing and no hesitancy in abeyance to my orders. I do hope that you

understand because I will punish you until you do submit. Now, get out of that tub. I have an inspection to make.”

Carol got out of the tub, still spitting out the foul taste in his mouth. He stood compliant to her orders, feet spread two feet apart, hands hanging at his sides palms facing outward. He was blushing a beet red and humiliated beyond his youthful experience. She checked him all over. Satisfied with her inspection, she handed him a large, fluffy, pale aqua-colored towel. “When you dry yourself, just pat along the surface. Do not rub or scrub at it, it will only hurt the skin. Now, when you have finished patting yourself dry, I want you to dust yourself with this powder.” She paused to hand him a round container with a large white feathery applicator sitting on its top.

He took it and made a grimace as he caught scent of its floral aroma. “Er...this...this stuff stinks. Only girls would use something like this sh...er, I mean *stuff*.” He tried to move further away from her, but his heels bumped against the bathtub.

“I don’t care what you think of it! All I care about is that you use it like I have told you to. I am sick and tired of your puppy dog smell in this house and I will not have it. Do you understand? Get busy and make sure you cover every single inch. And get used to it! You will be doing this every day from now on, or else!”

Carol did as he was told, as he was afraid of what she would do to him if he failed to obey. For the first time in his life, he was actually scared of something. Well not something, his stepmother. She had become a force to be reckoned with and from his recent experience, he certainly did not want to provoke her any more than necessary.

With floral scents floating all around him, he stood still while Hillary wrapped the towel around his chest and tucked the ends into his boyish cleavage. “From now on, I expect to see you show some modesty around me. You will wear proper sleeping attire, no more of this sleeping in the nude. You will wear a robe outside of the privacy of your room and you will wrap a towel around yourself when in the bath unless I tell you otherwise. Understood? Yes? Good. Now, go brush your teeth and use that deodorant. When you have done that, clean up the mess you made around the tub and rinse it out as well. I will see you in your bedroom when you are finished. You have thirty minutes, so you better get busy.”

Carol went to do her bidding. Upon seeing the pink plastic deodorant container, he started to complain that it wasn’t his brand when he thought better of it. Hillary was holding the hairbrush once again. He could see her reflection in the mirror. Reluctantly, he did as he had been instructed. As he reached for the toothpaste, he saw her leave the room.

Finished, he reluctantly went back to his bedroom where once again his jaw dropped in disbelief. There, on his bed, was a pair of aqua-colored satin pajama tops and a pair of matching flare-legged briefs. The shirt-styled top had a pointed collar in a brighter forest green color and three large white buttons. Beside the pajamas was a shortie robe in the same material with bright forest green trim and sash. On the floor was a pair of forest green satin slippers. They all looked brand new. If he didn’t know better, he would have thought that they were woman’s wear. *But she wouldn’t do that to him would she?* he thought as he slowly made his way over to the bed.