



*Reluctant Press*

# Behind Closet Doors

Jean Hollis



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS*

**AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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## BEHIND CLOSET DOORS

**Jean Hollis**

Francis was 14 years old, but looked 12. He was small of stature, slender, and he had a shy but winning smile. His parents had shielded him from the world somewhat, but Francis had a curious mind and learned all he could. He and his parents lived in a small town close to a large city. His father worked in the city. One morning as his father was backing the car out of the garage, he suffered a heart attack. By the time his mother looked out the window, he was dead.

After it was all over, and his mother had taken care of everything, Francis and his mom were just exhausted. That Friday night his mom told him they needed to talk. She took him to the living room, and begin to talk about money matters. His father had insurance, but had borrowed against it, so there was not a lot of money left for them. Francis's mother had run a small beauty shop in their walk out basement and had developed a good but small following of customers. "I've got to increase my business, Francis. I need to make more money for us. I 'm going to get some flyers printed and I want you to take them door-to-door around here." "I'll do whatever you say, Mom." Rita, his mother, loved her son, he was so much like his father. Quiet, shy, and always very passive. Rita knew who wore the pants in their home. Rita was the boss lady and everyone knew it. With her husband having passed away, it was not a problem for Rita to take charge of everything, after all she had *always* been in charge.

As they talked more, Rita noticed that Francis was looking down at the floor. She got up and went over to him, put her arm around him and said "What's wrong, Sweetie?" "Oh mom, I'm just so sad. I miss my daddy. She patted him. Ed was a good do-what-he-was-told-to-do husband, but he was not much of a father for Francis. They had gone to maybe one or two baseball games together, but Francis was not the least bit interested in sports. In fact when he was a little boy, she had gotten him paper dolls to cut out and play with; he liked them so much she got him a Barbie doll and clothes for it for Christmas. His father almost choked as he watched his only son play with his new doll and all her clothes. Rita looked at her husband. "Don't say a word, Ed, or it will be Fido time for you again." Ed's mouth stayed closed. He had never forgotten the time he said something wrong, and she said, "You're going in the dog house right now." They were eating dinner. She got up and came back to the table with two bowls. One had water in it. She scraped his dinner into the other bowl and put them on the floor by her feet. "The only way you get out of the dog house, Ed, is to get down there on the floor and eat your dinner. You may use your fingers." Rita ruled

their marriage with a iron hand. Ed knew what to do; he had his dinner out of the bowls. Francis still had his Barbie doll on his dresser.

As far as spending time with his father who came home late and worked most Saturdays, Francis never really had. He much preferred going down to his mother's beauty shop. He would put things away for her, sweep the floor, and help as he could. The women all thought he was so sweet and they would hold him on their laps as they waited their turns. Many times, Francis found coins in his pocket they had slipped there. The lady who put the most coins in his pocket often left her hand in his pocket a wee bit longer than necessary. He could feel her fingers touching him "down there". It felt good and he loved the money, often using it to buy a little present for his mother. Francis used to daydream and wish he could grow up and be just like his mother, have a beauty shop like she did. He had no idea what his father's work was, but he loved the smells in the beauty shop. There was just kind of a magic about it. The way the women came in, looking tired and frazzled, but after the beauty treatment, they looked wonderful and left in high spirits. *How nice to be a woman*, he thought, *to be able to change like that*. When his father came home late, looking tired he just went to bed and was gone again the next morning.

## Strangers In Our Midst

Rita had one customer who always came after the regular beauty shop hours. His mane was Mar Stevens. When Francis asked about him, his mom said he came at that late hour because he didn't want people seeing him there. "But what do you do for him, mom?" "I do his hair, Francis, just like I do for all my customers." "Well, does he have long hair, like the other ladies?" "It's sort of long, Francis, but this is not any of your business, young man. You are never to talk to anyone about him coming here, do you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"You don't want to get an extra Monday night, do you?"

"Oh, no ma'am, I don't." Monday nights had special meaning for Francis, with many mixed feelings.

Rita had started Monday nights for Francis when he was little. He couldn't remember for sure, maybe when he was 6 or 7 years old. Monday nights were always the same. After Francis had finished cleaning the kitchen, he went to the living room where his mother would be reading the paper and having a cigarette. Usually his father was not home from the city yet; if he was, his mother would tell her husband to go to his room. Francis always said the same thing when he entered the living room. "My kitchen chores are finished now, mother. You may inspect the kitchen now." Then he stood in the hallway while she inspected his work. Back in the hallway, she'd say to Francis, "Go to your room now, get my things out and put them on the bed."

"Yes, ma'am."

Even at a young age, he did a good job of getting it all ready. In his room, Francis took a wooden chest from the bottom of his closet. He opened it and took out a mid-sized wooden paddle, a black leather belt and one of his mother's floral colored scarves. He arranged them on his bed as he had been taught to do. One next to the other at one end of the bed. He closed the chest but left it out to put the things away in later. Then he went to the corner as he had been trained to do and stood with his face the corner, while he waited for her to come to his room. Sometimes she came up just after he was in the corner, but other times she made him wait there a long time. He never knew what to expect that way, but he *did* know what to expect when she came into the room. She would sit on the bed and all would be very quiet in the room. She'd turn on a small lamp with a rose-colored bulb in it. You could, Francis thought, hear a pin drop, a saying his mother had taught him. She was his teacher, he learned so much from her. He loved her so deeply, she always knew what was best for him. His father hardly knew him at all, or so it seemed.

After a while she would speak. He loved her voice, stern, but to Francis, also loving. "Turn around and come to me, Francis." He would turn from the corner and walk across the room to her, standing just in front of her, arms to his side, head bowed as he had been taught to do. *He minds me so well*, Rita thought, *the training has been so worth while. He is my precious one.* Rita was aware she once had this same kind of power over his father, but this was different. After all, his father was twenty-four years old before Rita had started training him. The training had worked with his father, but it was not the same as it was with Francis, where it had been started at such a young age. The training had gone deeper and was complete.

"Were you a good boy this week, Francis, or did you do anything bad I need to know about?" Francis knew what the "bad things" were, he was well instructed in what they were. He also knew he must tell his mother only the truth. Past experience had taught him if he fibbed, even a little, she would know. Then the punishment was doubled. It was not worth it, and he knew it.

"Tuesday night I stayed up late and read a book under the covers. Twice this week I forgot to put the toilet seat lid down and had to go back to do so. Thursday at school, some boys started talking about girls and things, and I listened, but only just for a minute. Then I walked away as you have told me to do." As Francis recited the list of his sins to his mother, she thought to herself again, *With him in public school I don't know how long I can have my way with him. There is so much temptation for him. Will he keep obeying me, or give in to the gang? Or, even worse, will some girl get her hooks into him? Perhaps I should homeschool him. I wish he were a girl. God, I wish he were a girl. It would be so much better if he were.*

When he was finished telling her his sins for the week, his mother took his face in her hand and raised his head up to look at her. "How much do you love me, Francis?" "More than I can ever say, mother, more than anything." "Do you wish to be my good boy and obey my rules?" "Yes ma'am, I do, I do." "Very well then, Francis, go to your dresser and get ready for the discipline you have coming." He walked to his dresser and took out of a drawer a ruffled silk night gown. It was rose-colored and with it were matching panties. He laid them on top of his dresser. Then he turned to the wall and undressed. She watched him closely, looking for any age changes. Francis had little

body hair and lately had begun to shave his young legs with her permission. Long ago she had gotten a doctor's note to excuse him from gym, and all sports. No showers with other boys. She didn't want anyone to take advantage of him.

He laid all his clothes neatly on the chair, then he slipped the gown over his head, pulled it down and put the panties on. They felt so sweet to him, as though they were hugging him. Something always happened to him when he pulled the panties on. They were like his passport to another world, his special world. He turned and faced his mother. "You look so sweet, darling," she said. "Now, come here to me."

Standing in front of her, he watched as she picked the paddle up from the bed. She held it up to him, he bent over and kissed the end of it, his end. She took the scarf and folded it, then she tied it loose around his neck. She pulled his head down with the scarf. "You're mine now. Get ready, Francis." He stood closer to her and turned sideways. He felt her hands under his gown. In his mind Francis was transported somewhere else. A magic place, all warm and rose-colored. A place he had been going to ever since he was a little boy. His mommy had told him stories back then about this special place. His breathing was a little faster, the trip was beginning.

He knew in a minute it would begin to hurt and sting, but he also knew it would be a good hurt. He longed for it. He needed the completeness it would bring him. He knew when she took him there he would be so safe, so loved, so complete. Please, his heart pleads. Take me now. He felt her hands slide his panties down to his thighs. She snapped the elastic waistband there.

Then she gently pulled him over her lap. She had raised her skirt, so he lay on her bare legs. He felt her lay the paddle on his warm bottom, the starting sign. He heard her take a deep breath; he took one too.

She raised her arm, there was a shadow on the wall behind her, a looming black outline of what was coming. A special smile was on her lips, a deep knowing look in her eyes. She was there now, in full control, his panties were down, she had the power. A swish in the air, the paddle came down hard. They both were aware of the sound as it landed on his bare skin. "One," he said. "Thank you, maam." There were eleven more this night. Each was counted and she was thanked for each one. His cheeks glowed in their redness, the marks were dark red.

Afterwards, she pulled his panties up. They were both aware of the effect the spanking had on his sex. Later, he would be allowed to do what she had given him approval to do. Now, she reached out and hugged him. She held him close, it pushed against her.

"Mommy loves you, Francis. You are my special one, but remember, you must always mind me." "Yes mommy, I promise I will, always."

Later, after he had put the training things back in their chest in the closet, he took a special light pink hand towel out of his dresser. He had six that she bought for him. They both understood what these were for. The towel has roses stitched on it. He held it to his cheek, it was so soft and reassuring. He lay under the silk-covered comforter on his bed.

He put his hands down between his legs, they touched what was nestling there, covered by the silkiness of the panties and the gown wound around it. There was a shy smile on his lips. He lay there, the rose-colored towel on the pillow by his face. He could feel his special inner glow, feel and taste it even. The small lamp kept the room cradled in its soft rose color.

Through the open window he could smell the early spring. night , there was the sound of crickets and the early budded branches of the trees dipped and rose slightly in the night's cool air. *I am so loved*, he thought and deep in his young heart he knew this truth. Now his thoughts turned again to the magic place where she took him earlier that night. There are no words for it, only the feelings that come from having been there. He could feel it now, as it stirred between his hands. It was ready, so ready. He reached up for the rose stitched towel and pulled it down into the bed. With one hand, he pulled his panties aside. His other began to touch it, just with his finger tips at first, then curling around it, his strokes growing fuller. They began to take him to the special place again. Moon light spilled into his window, mixing with the rose glow. Francis dropped deeper into the magic now. In a while, his hips arched forward, towards the pink towel.

### **So That's Where Mar Stevens Goes When His Hair Has Been Done.**

As his mother finished the beauty treatment for her male customer, Stevens, Francis had an idea. He left a note for his mother. "Had to go to Bill's house for a school book, back soon." He waited in the shadows, then followed Stevens on his bike. He lost the car, but spotted it again downtown. *Oh! I'm going to get it so badly when I confess this. Maybe I won't confess. Of course I will.* Francis could no more lie to his mother than he could stop breathing. But his teenage impulsiveness pushed him on.

Downtown, he observed the car, but where was he? Then Francis noticed a person walking quickly across the street. There seemed to be something out of place about her. She was wearing a party dress, heels and a purse, but no coat or jacket and she was walking fast. Then she ducked into an open doorway. Francis couldn't help himself; he had to see where she went. Across the street, he looked in the door way. It was a stairway. He slowly walked up it. He was so caught up in it, he didn't think, "What am I doing here?" He went up the stairs slowly. He could hear people talking and laughing upstairs. Then at the top of the stairs, he looked down a hallway. People were standing on a deck smoking and talking.. He moved back to the busy room. The door was ajar. He looked in, then someone opened the door and there he was. " Well, hi, sweetie. You sure are pretty." The lady saying this to him was at least six feet tall. She had broad shoulders and a low voice. She was wearing a lovely blue gown. Francis glanced around the room. There were only a few men. Everyone else was in dresses, beautiful party dresses. He was confused, it just seemed so different. He couldn't figure it out. Then a beautiful blond woman came over to him. She bent over to talk to him above all the noise. "Hi honey, are you looking for someone? " "No," he said. "What's your name?" He told her. "How old are you, Francis?" "I'm fourteen" "Francis, you must be at least 18 to be here. You need to leave." She guided him to the door.

“I’m sorry sweetheart, but please come back when you are older, you look like you belong here.”

Francis rode his bike home as fast as he could. “Did you get your book, dear?” “Yes maam,” he said as he bounded up the stairs. One more lie for Monday night, he thought. I won’t be able to sit down for a week after she’s done with me.

Lying in his bed, Francis kept thinking about it. What was it that seemed so strange? Then he remembered that, as he looked around the room, many of the woman were dancing together. Several couples, and some of the woman just looked, well, different. He was tired; for Francis, this was one big night. He went to sleep. Outside there was a breeze blowing, Francis slept through it. He awoke about three AM and sit up in his bed. His sleeping mind had figured it out. Those woman were *men*. *That’s why Stevens went there. He came to mom’s shop and had his hair done, and I bet, make up, too.* Then he went there. The tall woman at the door was a *man*. But Francis had trouble believing the nice blond woman who had talked to him was a man. She was so beautiful, but she must have been a man, too. *Wow, Francis thought, that’s really something. I guess when I confess what I did tonight, mom will explain it all to me. But oh! my bottom is going to be so sore. She will use the belt on me; these were major sins I did tonight. Gosh, that blond woman, or man, was so pretty, and I loved the way she took my arm. I wonder what she meant when she said ‘come back when you’re older, you look like you belong here.’ I wonder if I do?*

On Monday night he confessed to everything, and he was right, she used the black belt, a lot. Afterwards, he sat on the floor at her feet and wept. He hurt from his punishment, but more than that, he hurt because he had lied to his mother. *I’m so ashamed of myself*, he thought. His mother had told him he was to write lines for her: *I am a bad boy, I lied to my mother. She is the best mother in the world. I am truly sorry. I will never lie like that again.* He was told to write this 100 times, then bring it to her. On the night of his whipping, she did not explain any thing to him about those people. But later when he took his lines to her, she held him on her lap and talked to him about people who crossdress. He leaned a lot as he listened. Crossdressers are special people, God made them this way. They never harm anyone, but people often harm them. “But mom, I wear a female gown and panties when you punish me. Does that mean I’m a crossdresser?” “Well, not really, dear. I want you to wear those things when I spank you, so you will understand that what I do with you is special. Besides, I’m your mother, so what we do is all right.”

She held him in her arms then. He loved to be held so close by her, up against her breasts like that.

Pretty soon she spoke to him again, in a low voice. “Francis, you are so pretty for a boy. I always wanted a girl, but now I’m very happy with you. Maybe I’ve sort of made you girlish, but I thought the way I’ve been raising you has been best. You are not using drugs and doing dirty sex things with girls the way so many boys are. I’m so glad of that. Maybe with your father gone now, we can do some things we didn’t do when he was here. I want you to stay home with me, love and worship me, and of course, always obey me. Will you do that for me?” “Oh mom, of course I will,” he said and kissed her on the cheek. “Come on baby, mommy’s going to tuck you in now.” They went up the stairs hand-in-hand.



“Do you want to wear your gown and panties to bed tonight?” Oh yes, mommy, but it’s not Monday.“

“I know dear, but this is a special treat for you for confessing all your sins to me so quickly.“ “Now, go get them out and I’ll stay and tuck you in.“ Francis went to his dresser. *This is so special, he thought, I am so loved.* Rita watched him get undressed and put his gown and panties on. He was so lovely, so small and so pretty. *I think I’ll let his hair grow out even longer, it’s so blond, like mine.* She held the blankets back as he crawled into bed’ Then she reached under the sheet and rubbed his legs as she pulled his gown down over his them. It felt so special as she did this. “Mommy, may I ask a question please? “You have my permission, dear.” He was nervous. He had never asked this before. It was something she granted him the right to do only on Mondays, and only after they were done with the spanking.

“Well, I was wondering if you would allow me to have a pink towel in bed tonight, please?“ She looked into his deep blue eyes. She thought, *I don’t want to lose him.* “Francis, as a special reward for being so truthful with me, and just for tonight, yes, I’ll let you have your pink towel. But you are to wait until the lights are all out before you use it.“ “Yes, maam.“ Rita went to his dresser and took a pink towel out. *Most boys his age would never ask their mother for permission to do this. I still have complete control over my Francis, and I intend to keep it as long as I can.* She sat on the edge of his bed and stroked his face and his hair. She had turned the rose light on. “I’ll leave your door open a little so you can see when I turn my light off. Then you can do it, darling.” She laid the pink towel on the pillow next to his cheek. She bent over and said, “Mommy loves you, darling.“ Then she kissed him goodnight. A full kiss on his lips. *I don’t want to lose him,* she thought.

She turned his lamp off as she went out. *I wonder how I would look in a dress, Francis thought, and heels and a purse, make up too, of course.* As he moved the towel down into the bed, he closed his eyes and thought of all the people he had seen in the room that night. *Could I ever look as beautiful as the blond woman/man who talked to me???*

Soon her light was off and it was dark in the room. He went slow to start. It felt so good tonight, thinking of those people, and how some were holding each other in their arms as they danced together.

After he had finished, he fell asleep as only a fourteen-year-old can. He was dreaming of being held in someone’s arms as they danced the night away, he in a pretty dress.

## **Francis Is Given A Date!!**

The school was having a dance, it was all anyone can talk about. Francis couldn’t decide whether to stay home that night and read a book, or show up and watch the others dance. Then, as he was opening his locker one day, he heard his name spoken. “Francis.“ He turned and almost pushed against her. She stood right in back of him. It

was Karen, one of the best-looking girls in school. Karen was a jock, a wining runner and tennis player. She stood half a head taller than Francis and could, if needed, put him on the floor and sit on him. "I need to talk to you, Francis. Come with me." She walked him outside under a tree. "I want you to do something for me, but first, do you have a date for the dance?" "Uh, well, no." "Just as I thought," she said. "Well, guess what Francis. You do now. You're going to be my date!" He couldn't speak, much less believe her; he just looked up at her. "Here's the deal, baby, you will be my date. I'll pick you up; I'm 16 and can use our car that night. We'll go to the dance, but most of the time I'll be with my girl friend Pam, my *real* girl friend, if you understand what I mean. You, Francis, will be my cover. Don't worry, I'll dance with you a time or two; you'll enjoy being with a hot girl like me, but don't get any ideas 'cause I don't dig boys. Do you understand?" He really didn't, but nodded yes. Then he said, "But Karen, I don't know how to dance." "Shit!" she said. "O.K., we have a week. I'll teach you enough to get by. Remember, I'm going to dance with Pam as much as I think it's ok too. Girls do dance together in high school. And Francis, don't worry, the only person I'll be feeling up will be Pam, not you." Francis wasn't real sure what "feeling up" meant, but he knew it had to do with sex. Francis started to say something, but she stopped him. "Francis, I have to go, this is all set. I'll call your mom to see when we can do dance lessons. You're a lucky boy, all the guys in school will envy you being with me. Little do they know!"

Going home on his bike, Francis didn't believe for one minute that his mom would let him do this. A day later, to his surprise, Rita said she had had a long talk with Karen and Karen had explained some things to her, so yes, it was ok, he could go. Francis didn't know if this was good news or not; the truth was he was frightened. Rita assured him it would be all right and he needed to have the dance experience. "Karen explained some things to me honey and I promise you she won't hurt you, or take advantage of you. That's why I agreed to let you go. It will be good for you to be part of your school.

"Now come here darling, mommy has a present for you." She took him to the kitchen; there on the table was a gift-wrapped package. "It's for you baby, for being such a good boy for me." He opened it and found inside a very pretty new apron. It was pale yellow, with a flower print. There were ruffles all over and she had put scent on it. He held it to his nose, it smelled so good. "Oh! mommy, thank you so much." She saw there were tears in his eyes. She took him in her arms and held him close. "Who's your best and only girl friend, Francis?" "Oh, you are mommy, always." "Now sweetheart, you can wear your new apron tonight and cook a special dinner for me, a surprise. Then you can serve it to me in the dining room. Would you like that?" "Oh yes mom, thank you!" She reached around and squeezed his cheek. *I bet Karen won't be doing that, since she has no interest in that.*

Karen got a call from Rita. "I'll teach Francis to dance, Karen. Don't worry he'll do ok." "Oh great, thanks Rita." "And Karen, remember your promise to me, you'll keep my boy safe at the dance. Don't let any girls fool around with him, or boys either, for that matter." "Don't worry, Rita, I'll protect him. Someone gets too close and I'll pop them one." "Ok, but be sure he has a little fun." "I will." When Karen hung up, she thought, *Well, no one is going to get in little Francis' pants, or panties, for a long time.*

## Everyone Wants A Piece — Of Francis

Francis was in the bike shop one Saturday morning getting a tire fixed. He loved to come in here and visit with Roger who worked there. Roger was twenty something and liked Francis more than Francis knew. As he fixed the tire, he asked Francis if he had a girl friend. "Not really, I did go to the school dance with an older girl. I was what she called a cover, because she has a real girl friend, if you know what I mean." *Wow*, Roger thought, *this kid is more hip than I thought. Maybe I can do something with him. But then he's fourteen and that's jail bait. Still, I would love to just spend a little time with him, maybe just hold hands.* So Roger said, "Hey Francis, maybe some time we could go for a bike ride together." "Oh! That would be great, Roger, I would love that." All of this was said as Francis looked up at Roger, with his big blue trusting eyes. Roger could feel the effect of that all the way down in his jeans. As he left the shop, Francis looked over his shoulder at Roger and gave him a big special smile. "I'll see you, Roger." "OK, yes Francis."

Then Roger went out back for a smoke. *God these pretty little boys drive me crazy! Especially this one, those big blue eyes, that long golden hair, that walk he has. He swings those hips just like a girl. Oh Francis, I wish you were older!*

School went well, Francis was voter best boy in his home economics class. Wasn't hard to do as there were only three boys in the cooking class. He also did very well in materials and sewing classes. Soon he would be 15 years old. *I'm still a virgin*, he thought, *but I'm glad, I'm sure mom wants me to save myself for someone special.*

As part of her plan of keeping her boy as long as she could, Rita was trying some new things. She had decided to let Francis have another special night besides Mondays and the paddle. So his new night was Friday (when most kids went out).

Friday now became special to him. It was his new dress-up night. He and mom spent hours looking at catalogs. Then she placed the order. Francis got panties, a training bra, hose and garter belt and two lovely dresses. He almost couldn't believe it. When it all came, he realized he had always wanted to dress up in girl's clothes. When he told mommy this, she was pleased. *I knew it*, she thought, *and now he won't be going out and running around with all those rough kids when he can be at home with me, and all that I can give him.* Rita loved her boy and only wanted the best for him. If he wanted to be a girl at times, well, good, she always wanted a girl anyway.

Nancy was in many of the same classes as Francis. Nancy was plain and had never had a boy friend, but she sure did want one. Then one day she had a great idea. After class, she passed a note to Francis, his first one ever. The note asked him to meet her on the corner after school.

He was there at the appointed time when Nancy came up to him. "Francis, tomorrow there is a pep rally after school. I have something very important to give to you then. Don't ask what, just meet me at the green gate by the field house." Then she was

gone. *I guess I'll go*, he thought. *I'll tell mom, but should I tell her everything? Better not*, he thought, *Oh God*.

Francis went home and fixed dinner for himself and his mother. Business had picked up in her beauty shop and Francis was now doing most all of the house work and cooking. Rita knew it was too much for him and she planned to hire a house cleaner soon. In the meantime, she called him her "little wife" and told him often what a good job he was doing. She also had gotten him some more things. She asked her customer Stevens where he bought his dresses and things; he told her of a dress shop in town that catered to crossdressers.

She told Francis she planned to take him there so he could have the thrill of picking a dress and having a saleslady help him get fitted in it. Of course she would watch closely. She knew from past experience that some of the older ladies liked to get their hands on Francis' young body.

He met Nancy at the green gate. She took his hand and said, "Just come with me." She led him to the field house to a unlocked door. They went in; Francis had no idea what this was all about. He also had little experience with girls or kids his age, so he just went along. She took him into a sort of storage room and locked the door from the inside. She got him to sit on a bench and sat by him. "Francis, I've noticed that you don't have a girl friend and you may have noticed I don't have a boy friend. I think we need to do something about this. I talked to Esther and she told me what to do. So Francis, I want you to just lean back and close your eyes while I fix this." "Wait a minute Nancy, you're not going to hurt me, are you?" "No, silly, this won't hurt, it will feel good. Esther said boys like this." Francis, who almost never said no to anyone, didn't know what to think. So he leaned back and closed his eyes. Nancy put her hand on his leg; it felt good sort of, but it also worried him. "Now Francis, when I start, you have to hold still and don't try to stop me or anything, so you won't get hurt." He began to feel fearful, but was so afraid he didn't say anything.

It happened very quickly. Almost before he knew it, she had unzipped his fly, reached in and pulled it out. *Oh God no!* he thought, but now she was stroking it with her hand. Despite his fears, it did feel good; no one else had ever done that to him, but himself. Then he felt it, but it took a minute for him to figure out what she was doing. She had it in her mouth and was moving her mouth up and down over it. Francis was moaning now and holding his hands up over his cheeks as a girl might do. He was lost, fully in her power, helpless to save himself from Sexual Wild Girl. *But I must*, he thought, *I'm a virgin, I must save it, mommy said so*. With all his might, he began to push up from the bench, Nancy kept trying to keep it in her mouth as Esther had told her to do. "Keep it in your mouth, girl, 'til his milk comes out, then swallow hard." But she couldn't. As Francis pushed up, it kept coming out of her mouth and she was trying to push it back in. At last, he was standing; she looked up at him from down on her knees. "Francis, what's wrong with you? Don't you want me to do this?" Francis was breathing hard, as he tried to put it back in his pants. "No Nancy, I don't want you to. I'm a virgin. Can't you tell that? My mother will die when I tell her about this." "My God, Francis, don't tell your mother I was giving you a blow job." "A what?" he said. Francis did not know what that meant, but he figured it out. "Nancy, I'm going

home, you should too. I won't tell anyone about today except my mother...and I do tell my mother everything." "Oh, my God!" Nancy said.

Francis stopped on the bike ride home and sat under a tree, *I must tell mommy, I have to. Then what ever happens will happen.* As he sat there, he started crying, soft tears that coasted down his young cheeks. He closed his eyes and thought, *I wish I was at home now with mommy, in my new dress, with my hair done up and wearing my new heels.* He could feel almost the security and safe feeling it would give him if he was doing that now. *Why did that girl try to do that to me? I never wanted that from her!* He wiped his eyes. *I must go home now.*

He told his mother that night; he knew he could not wait till Monday, his regular night to confess, he had to tell her this now. Rita was shocked and angry. *That little bitch, putting her mouth on her son. She will hear from me.* But Rita was really very proud of Francis. Not many teenage boys would get up and walk off from that. *My training has paid off with him, I am proud of him.* "I will take care of this, Francis. I see no reason to spank you for this. This was not your fault. That girl tried to rape you with her mouth. I am proud of you darling for walking away. Now, go put your new things on along with your new dress. You and I will fix dinner together." He went to his room; as he put his new nylons on, he cried a little more. *Why would that girl do that to me?* He had taken a shower before putting his girl's clothes on. In the shower, he had washed his De De real good. He loved this new name he had thought of for it. Out of the shower, when he had his new panties on and was putting his training bra on, he was feeling better. At last as he stood and admired himself in the full-length mirror she had gotten him, he smiled a little. He said to himself, *You are so pretty, Francis, and yes, I do love my new dress.* Then before going downstairs, he did the new thing he had learned; he squeezed his upper thighs together tightly and got that sweet little buzz in his panties. *I think I'm really beginning to love being dressed like this.* Then he blushed and with that, he walked off to go fix dinner with mommy. The two of them loved being together like this in the kitchen, both in their dresses and frilly aprons. It was just so right for them.

## Getting Ready For The Big Dance

True to her word Rita taught Francis to dance in the living room. They both had fun and laughed a lot.

Francis had natural rhythm, and learned quickly. One night when they both stayed up late reading, as they rose to go the bed, Rita turned on some dance music and took Francis in her arms. "One dance before we go to bed, sweetheart." There, in the dim light, she danced with her Francis and held him very close to her. Francis could feel her breasts against him, as her arm encircled him. Rita had taken the male position, and Francis the female's. When the music stopped, Rita took his face in her hands and kissed him on the lips. "Go to bed now, honey. It's late and you have school tomorrow." As she watched him walk up the stairs, she thought, *I really shouldn't kiss him like that, but he's so sweet, and I'm so alone now except for my Francis.*

As he got into his new sleep outfit she had got him, nylon briefs and a pullover top with lace around the neck, he could still taste her lipstick.

Rita called Francis's dance date Karen, and informed her that Francis could dance well enough to be on the dance floor with her. Karen was glad to hear this and reassured Rita again that the only romance interest in her life was her girl friend Pam.

Later that evening, Rita called the slut, Nancy and told her to meet her at the park in one hour. "I know what you did, Nancy and if you are not there to meet me, your mother will soon also know what you did."

Nancy was waiting when Rita got out of her call. They walked into the trees, then Rita let her have it. "You're nothing but a slut, Nancy, trying to suck poor little Francis' sex. Francis is a virgin, he does not do things like that. I don't allow him to have relationships with girls, just because of things like this. Now Nancy, if you ever speak to Francis again or even go near him, I will go to your mother and tell her what you did, then I will come looking for you and I will kick your butt so hard, you won't sit for a week! Any questions?" "No ma'am." "Then get out of here."

As Rita drove home, she thought of the up coming dance. *I hope he has a good time, and that nothing goes wrong. Here he is, a boy getting ready for his first high school dance and his date is a gay girl who is almost a head taller and a year older than him. Well, thank God for that. At least Karen is not another Nancy, that slut, with her dirty lips on my sweet boy.*

As she drove down the street, she daydreamed that Francis really was the girl she had wanted. Now she helps him pick out her prom dress, the shoes, the purse. *That would be so much fun to do with her, I mean him, I mean...oh well!*

Back home, Francis was still cleaning up the kitchen. Rita thought, *I'll hire a cleaning woman next week. Business has improved a lot at the shop.* Rita now had four male customers who came for their appointments after normal shop hours. Stevens had send them to her. She gave him a free facial. With the extra money, Rita felt better. The new men all wanted a lot: hair, nails, often makeup before a party at the CD club. Rita loved this new business, plus the fact that her male customers were easy and good to work with, never bossy like some of her female clients. *Men who like to wear dresses are just a delight to be with,* Rita thought. *I could move to the city and have a saloon just for cross dressers. But I want Francis to finish school here.*

## Dance Night

Karen picked him up at 7:00 sharp. He wore a new suit and tie. Mom had made him soak in the tub to help him calm down. She had come in and poured some bath oil in the tub. Francis tired to cover himself with a wash cloth while she looked down on him. The bath oil was a mistake; as Rita helped him get dressed, she said, "Francis, you smell so good Oh no darling, you smell like a girl." There was nothing in the house

to cover it up. "Well, I guess Karen won't mind, unless of course you smell better than her girl friend Pam."

By the time he was dressed, most of the oil smell was gone. "Francis, tell Karen to bring you home no later than 11 PM. If she wants to keep Pam out 'til later, as I'm sure she will, that's fine, but I want you home by 11 at the latest. Do you understand, young man?" "Yes maam."

In the car Karen, handed Francis flowers. "Oh, are these for me?" "No silly, but you can hold them for now. The flowers are for me, Francis. I'm the girl date, not you. The flowers are from you to me, but I thought I had better get them, in case you forgot. However the truth is, they are really for my hot date and true love, Pam. But I'll have to wait till later to give them to her." Pam was going to the dance without a boy date. She would arrive with another girl as they drove together. The other girl was like Francis, a cover for Pam. As Karen explained all this to Francis, he thought, *Wow! This gay life is exciting.*

The dance was fun, noisy, full of hormone-driven teen age bodies. Karen danced twice with Francis; he had to look up to her when she spoke to him. A few teachers were glad to see Karen with a boy, even if it was sweet little Francis. They ended up in a corner table, sort of out of sight. Pam sat very close to Karen; they held hands under the table cloth. Francis talked to the girl who had come with Pam. The girl said Karen and Pam had paid her to come with Pam. She needed the money. Later Karen danced with Pam, as other girls without a date danced together. After one dance, Francis noticed out of the corner of his eye that Karen kissed Pam on the mouth. *Hmmm, just like mom kissed me the other night*, he thought. Unknown to Francis, Karen was doing more than just kissing Pam. Under the table, Karen had her hand all the way up Pam's dress. Karen had told Pam to not wear any panties. Karen was the butch and Pam always did as she was told. As Karen caressed her there, Pam became very wet. *Oh baby!* Karen thought, *you are going to taste so good to me tonight.*

There was one fist fight that broke out between two boys over a girl. *How foolish*, Francis thought. Karen said to their table, "If anyone ever messes with my girl, I'll bust them on their ass." Francis looked at Karen: he didn't really understand her, but he thought, *if I ever do have a girl friend, I hope she will be like Karen, big and strong, and take care of me, and protect me like Karen does with Pam.*

They left at 10:30, time for Karen to buy a Coke for Francis before she took him home. Pam and the other girl went with them. As they were having their Coke, Karen thanked Francis for being her date. "I'm glad I was, I admire you so much, Karen." "Well thank you, sweetie." Then she leaned over and whispered in his ear, "Francis, if you want some sex, I'll tell this other girl to do you, and she will. Do you want that?" "Oh no, I don't, I'm still a virgin and my mom wants me to keep it that way 'til I'm twenty-one anyway. But thanks just the same." Karen had to bite her lip to keep from saying the wrong thing. Then she reached her hand down and squeezed Francis on his leg. "OK Francis, that's cool. You're a good boy, and I like you.

"I might have you on a date again sometime when I'm going to be with Pam. You can be my cover again."