



Reluctant Press

Married Into Money

Cheryl Lynn



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Married Into Money

By Cheryl Lynn

Chapter 1

Emma Scott was born into the worst possible situation. Her mother was a part-time waitress and hooker. Her father, a drunk and abusive husband, deserted them when Emma was five years old. They lived in a dilapidated tenement building until she turned eighteen. Emma left home to go to a community college that offered dormitory residence on a “hardship scholarship”, vowing never to be poor again.

Despite this background of multiple disadvantages, Emma was lucky. She was smart and had inherited her mother’s good looks. At fourteen she looked twenty and at twenty she looked eighteen. She went to the University of Hard Knocks and overcame all obstacles thrown up in her path. Somehow she managed to avoid the drugs and other temptations so rampant in her neighborhood. Innately intelligent and street smart, she grew into adulthood with a strong will and even greater determination.

Her only slip was getting pregnant and having a son, Allen, when she was twenty. Fortunately the father was middle class and provided child support but little else. Bill was an up and coming lawyer. Emma thought that this was the Easy Street she had been looking for, but in the end, family influence and her background forced them to separate. Unmarried, Emma was forced to live on minimal child support and what little she could earn. These factors increased her tendencies toward greed.

She learned a lot from that experience and determined not to let it happen again. Her next relationship, her family would never know about. She was now legally Emma Davenport and her address was far from where she grew up. To her,

her family was as good as dead. Her life now revolved around her son Allen and her plan to get them listed in the social register.

At the age of twenty-nine she met and married Stan Odem, a wealthy industrialist who came from a back ground of privilege. Stan was unassuming and naive when it came to the ways of the world. He grew up in an upper-income family, went to all the right schools, graduated from Harvard Business School, got his masters from Wharton and married into old money. His marriage was what was expected of him and his first-born was a son, Lynn. Not everything went his way as disaster struck; his precious wife and second child died during childbirth.

Devastated by the loss of his wife, Stan dedicated his life to his business, neglecting not only his social life but Lynn as well. He hired the best nanny and governess that money could buy and tried to forget his loss. Every time he saw his son, it reminded him of his lost wife, as Lynn resembled her to an alarming degree. To his shame, he found himself almost hating his only son.

The first time he recognized his feelings, Stan knew that he was wrong and did his best to bury those deep-seated emotions. As the years passed, Lynn grew up to be an awkward, smallish young man almost devoid of a father's influence. He attended Deermont, an exclusive boy's boarding school and, while liked, he was never a part of the "in crowd". He did not play competitive sports and was on the shy side. He didn't throw the ball like a girl but certainly not with the zip or finesse of his fellows who had been playing games for most of their lives. Growing up amid a bunch of women who tended to be overprotective had cost him that edge; in any case he was happy and handled himself well.

A few years after Stan's wife died, he interviewed Emma for the position of administrative assistant and hired her on the spot. She was professional-looking and very capable. Her resume was clean and impressive. Six months later, Stan and Emma started to see each other in a different light and they began dating on the side. At first, Stan felt very uncomfortable dating his assistant; fear of sexual harassment suits and violation of the cardinal rule of "not messing around in your backyard" kept him from doing anything remotely sexual in nature.

He wasn't sure just how they began going out with each other. Maybe it was that dinner that required him to be accompanied. Emma just seemed to be standing there at exactly the right moment. Perhaps it was the way she showered attention upon him, bringing him his morning coffee just the way he liked it, without being asked. When he told her that wasn't in her job description, she would just smile that sweet gentle smile of hers and walk away. *She does have a walk, though*, Stan thought on more than one occasion. Not a bump and grind but a swaying smooth runway model stride. It got his attention.

As the months flew by, Emma became even more caring and interested in everything that he did. On more than one occasion, she caught his mistakes, saving his company from losing thousands of dollars. They began having after hour talks, idle chitchat to start off with, then more probing and in-depth discussions. It was during one of these chats that Stan broke down and talked about his wife. He even let her draw out his deepest feelings, including how he resented his son

for looking so much like her. Lynn was a constant reminder of his loss. After that, things just seemed to fall into place: that initial dinner, a show, more dinners. Stan was remembering what it was like not to be alone.

All their meetings had been chaste and above board, until one night when Emma showed up in very revealing attire. That particular night she wore a silky silver gray off-the-shoulder dress that clung to her curvaceous body like a second skin as she moved, her makeup was flawless, and she had that look of pure *joie de vivre*. It was more than he could bear and after a few bottles of wine, he let himself be talked into a compromising position. The next morning he awoke to see the beautiful Emma asleep by his side in the hotel suite. She was naked and absolutely beautiful. Stan was totally swept away and could only do what proper manners demanded: he proposed that very morning.

To his utmost surprise, Emma refused to accept his offer. She needed time to think about it. She said she had to consider what was best for her son, Allen. Stan was confused and taken aback by her initial refusal, but accepted her judgment.

The next couple of months saw them together more and more and the rumor mill at the office broiled with innuendo and gossip. While the office talked about their relationship, Emma was adamant with Stan. No more sex until Stan first asked her to marry him without any strings. There could be no prenuptial agreement and he would have to guarantee the welfare of Allen. Until Stan could prove to her satisfaction that he would love, honor and cherish her and her son, Emma was not about to let him have a relationship with her.

During those months Emma dressed immaculately and while she remained very professional-looking, managed to hint at the seductive sexuality underlying her façade. A brush of the hip here and lingering passage of delicate fingertips across his cheek, a look of promise in bright green eyes drove Stan frantic. *So damn close yet so damn far away*, he thought at those times.

Stan met Allen when he picked Emma up for their date one night. Allen was a little older than Lynn and very much the man of the house. Stan and Allen hit it off and they would spend time discussing sports and other masculine activities while they waited for Emma to make her appearance.

Despite Emma's refusal to marry, they continued to date. The dates were always in very public places, business-related, always ending it in a quick good-night kiss. During those dates, though, Stan would be the subject of all of Emma's ability at manipulation. She kept extending the time it took her to get ready in order for Stan to get to know Allen better. She was very pleased as it seemed that Stan was forming a bond with her son. She also used every opportunity to insert a wedge between Stan and his son, Lynn. Emma was not obvious in her barbs about Lynn whom she had met on several occasions. She had been surprised at how much he resembled his mother. Her barbs were designed to work on Stan's innermost thoughts about his own son. Knowing that Stan resented Lynn for constantly reminding him of his wife's death made it so much easier to manipulate him.

Each night after one of their dinner dates, Stan would go home and immediately masturbate. After three months of this, he could no longer take it and on bended knee he begged Emma to marry him. He was worried when she did not respond immediately. After a pause that seemed to last a lifetime, she asked him if his proposal included a prenuptial agreement and what would he do to ensure Allen's future. He happily responded that there were no strings attached. Totally against the legal advice he had received, he set up a trust fund for Allen. Other than setting the family estate aside for his son, nothing he did limited Emma in any way. She wasn't happy with the amount of Allen's trust fund, but figuring that she could change that later, she accepted. They set a June 1st wedding date as both children would be out of school and Europe would be nice in early June.

After Stan left, Emma refilled her glass of Merlot and sat down with pad and pen. Several hours later, she had a plan sketched out. *We'll see just how much my Allen will get after I work this out. That Lynn is such a sissy that I shouldn't have any problems. Now I hope this number for Maria is still good.*

Chapter 2: A New Beginning

Lynn looked up from his computer as his dad entered the room. "Son," his dad started, "I...I have asked Emma to marry me and...she has accepted. I hope that you two can get along and become close friends. I know that this is kind of sudden but, well, you do need a mother and I need someone, too. Lynn, it would be really great if I can have your blessing in this. If you...you feel different about this, then please tell me now. I need your support, Lynn. What do you say, pal?"

Lynn was taken aback by his father's request, but while he didn't like Emma, he didn't harbor any hostility towards her either. He had heard about Allen but had never met him so he didn't have any opinion. *Heck, he thought, if it will make him happy, I won't stand in his way.* "Sure, Dad," he said, "whatever you want is fine by me. You have been alone too long and I will be happy for you."

As his father left the room, Lynn sat back from his computer and frowned. Emma was pretty but there was something about her that made the hairs on the back of his neck stand up. She wasn't like most of the women in his dad's circle of friends. Yes she was beautiful and all that, but there was something...something *intangible* about her that defied definition. Something that Lynn feared, yet could not define. *Oh well, if it will make him happy, he thought, what the hell, let him have his fun. I can live with it. I guess, besides having a brother might be fun.*

Lynn was five foot five and weighed one hundred ten pounds; he was small for his age, but smart. He was studious and intelligent, honest and fair in all his dealings, a bit of a bookworm, yet he had an active social life. All in all, he was very proper.

Allen, on the other hand, was big for his age and mean-spirited. At five nine and one-eighty-five—all muscle—he towered over Lynn. He was a star linebacker and lady-killer. He was brought up in the public school system. He did not enjoy

the benefits of the private education afforded Lynn but he relished in the fame his sporting activities gave him. Allen was known for being a bully and jock and was experienced in sexual encounters from an early age.

While just about the same age, the boys were totally different in every other aspect of their lives. Lynn was not sure how life would be when his dad and Emma married. He guessed that it would be a trying time for him, but he did not know just how bad it would be until he met his new stepbrother, Allen.

Chapter 3: The Wedding

Two weeks before the wedding, Emma convinced Stan to retire his long-standing housekeeper, Hazel, and the rest of the staff. "It's a woman thing," she explained to him. She wanted someone new that she could get along with. *Not that Hazel was a bad housekeeper and had served him well for twenty years, but Hazel was set in her ways and not used to another woman's influence*, she justified. It was just that she would feel more comfortable with a person she picked.

Stan reluctantly agreed and hired Maria del Fuego on Emma's request. Maria, a Latin American, was pretty, but portly. She had excellent references and Stan, while not overly enthusiastic about her, did as his darling Emma suggested. Maria seemed overly assertive and domineering. Even so, he hired her on the spot. Hazel left in a huff with the other staff, but their retirement was assured by Stan's generous severance package. Lynn was seriously upset as he had grown up with Hazel and did not want her to go. Their parting was tearful and emotional, but part they did.

With all the activities surrounding the upcoming wedding, the change in household staff went unnoticed. The wedding paid for by Stan was simple yet expensive and required a lot of attention. It was held in the back yard under the gazebos with the lawn covered in white fold-up chairs. A big tent and a band for the reception were set up in the back yard as well. The weather cooperated and the crowd of spectators and well-wishers filled the lawn. Emma wore a beautiful cream-colored silk dress, a pillbox hat with veil, pearl necklace and earrings and looked absolutely wonderful.

Allen was designated head usher and Lynn acted as ring bearer. Allen wore a standard black tuxedo with a plain white shirt and black bow tie and cummerbund. Lynn wore a crème-colored velvet tux with a frilly pale blue shirt and matching cream nylon tie that looked more like a scarf than a tie. Emma had thought the difference appropriate as Allen's tux matched his new father's. Lynn's outfit would match his new mother's and provide a nice contrast as it would be only the three of them standing at the alter.

"The point being," Emma said to Stan after Lynn complained loudly, "is that everyone including the children will know that they are now a family."

Emma made the point every chance she had to tell her new husband or someone standing nearby during the reception how Lynn was being "very delicate"

while proudly boasting of her son's masculinity. Needless to say, Lynn hated every minute of the ceremony. He certainly did not like having to dress so nerdy while his stepbrother was allowed to look so masculine.

Maria had followed Emma's orders to the letter and Lynn did look like a little pansy. His blonde hair was styled in a pageboy and his velvet tux and ruffled shirt made him look very delicate. Oh, he had fought the fight with his father, stepmother-to-be and Maria, but he had lost that battle.

Maria woke him at 7:00 a.m. the morning of the wedding and had him take a scented bath. Another first for him and he hated it. It positively reeked of lavender. He tried to draw a line in the sand when she and the hairstylist marched into his bathroom. At least they knocked first and asked if he was decent before they walked in. Lynn was standing in just his bathrobe as they intruded on his privacy. He turned red in embarrassment, then became mad, but his protests and verbal threats were quickly quashed as Maria grabbed his arm, pulled him over to the commode, and across her lap.

It was his very first spanking and it quickly stopped any further protests. Soon his hair was being washed, rinsed, and doused in something from a dark brown bottle. His hair cleaned, he was led back into his bedroom where he was forced to sit in a chair with a towel draped across his shoulders. The stylist trimmed the back of his neck and, combing hair down over his eyes, cut straight across, just above the eyebrows. Then she took a razor and removed his sideburns. In a final humiliation, she put large steam rollers around the back and some smaller ones in the front. When the stylist was finished, Lynn's hair was several shades lighter, fuller, and curled under in a feminine pageboy.

When the stylist left, Maria handed Lynn a pair of white nylon briefs and a scoop-necked matching undershirt to put on. When he protested again, Maria picked up a hairbrush from the nearby dresser and tapped it in her hand. Lynn quickly stepped into the briefs and undershirt. White almost transparent socks that reached his upper calf and had a wide band of elastic across their tops came next. He was confused and when he questioned her, she told him, "So you underwear no show through you clothing. Now hurry up." Once dressed, she took him to his stepmother's room so he could help her if needed. It was very embarrassing to be seen by her like this and even worse when, as they were leaving for the ceremony, she pinched him hard on the cheeks and, surprising the hell out of him, kissed him full on the lips. As he followed behind the two women, he failed to notice the pink tinge to his cheeks and pink lipstick coating his lips.

Lynn's attire was a sharp contrast to Allen's masculine dress and buzz cut. This was an important difference that Emma wanted to emphasize, not only for Stan's benefit, but for all the guests as well. It was important to make Lynn look like a sissy before the whole world for her plan to work.

They were to honeymoon for the next month in Europe and during that time, Maria was to have full control of the children. Allen would move in that very night and hopefully the children would become good friends. All Stan could think about was the upcoming honeymoon night and he agreed to anything Emma suggested

regarding Maria's authority. He even signed a temporary Power of Attorney for Maria should an emergency arise while they were away. Emma smiled in pleasure as he signed the papers just before they left.

Chapter 4: Allen Moves In

Once all the guests had gone, Stan and Emma left for their honeymoon. Lynn found himself in a totally different world. Maria escorted both of the boys back into the house after seeing their parents off and instructed them to change. Upon reaching his room, Lynn discovered that all his underwear had been changed. Instead of his regular boxer shorts, he found nothing but the same white nylon briefs Maria had given him for the wedding. They appeared to be men's jockeys except that they had no fly and were made of nylon. His cotton undershirts had been replaced with white nylon ones. Even his socks were made of sheer nylon, had wide elastic bands, and would reach to mid-calf. He was confused and when he broached the subject to Maria, he was told that his stepmother thought that they would be more appropriate than his old dingy-looking cotton undergarments. Lynn decided not to argue, at least until his father returned. He just assumed that Allen wore the same attire.

That next morning at breakfast, Lynn arrived in the kitchen to see Allen eating a plate of eggs, breakfast steak, and hash browns. His mouth watering at the prospect of a similar meal, Lynn sat and was given a half grapefruit and slice of whole wheat toast without butter or jam. A steaming cup of some strange tasting tea sat beside his plate.

"What...Maria, I don't want this! I'll have what Allen is eating, please," he protested.

"You eat what is in front of you," Maria told him. "Senora Emma says that you are getting too fat for you britches. So you eat what I give you or you can eat nada! You understand? Senor Allen is a growing boy and athlete. He needs his food. You just sit at your computer while he has to work out every day. Now you eat or else."

Lynn was about to protest further, but thought better of it. *This crazy Latin just might leave me with nothing to eat*, he thought. *Just wait until Dad gets home.*

Allen wolfed down his breakfast and with a loud burp, left the room, not even acknowledging his new stepbrother. Lynn ate silently and, when he had finished, rose to leave. He did not get three paces from his seat when Maria demanded that he clear the table and help her wash the dishes. He started to protest, but the look he got from Maria made him agree. As he started to remove his plate, Maria stepped behind him and placed a bib apron over his head. Before he could protest, she tied it securely around his waist.

"You don't want to dirty your nice clothes, do you?" was all she said as she turned back to the kitchen sink. "Now you hurry up and clean off the table, okay?"

Lynn stood a moment in stunned silence, and then letting his anger get the best of him, almost yelled, "What do you think you are doing! You are the hired help! Not me! This is my house and I will not do domestic duties! Do you hear? I am not going to do this!" He paused a moment to try and untie the apron's strings without success. Frustrated, he demanded, "And...and...take this...this *thing* off me this minute, you crazy maid!"

To his utter shock, Maria grabbed his earlobe and, pinching it, forced him over to the nearest chair where she pulled him across her ample lap. Taking her right arm, she leveraged it across the back of his neck, holding him down securely on her lap and began spanking his upthrust behind with rapid hard blows.

She spanked him until her hand stung and her arm was tired. Lynn was bawling his eyes out and in considerable pain. She let him slide from her lap and let him lay curled on the floor for a few minutes while she caught her breath. Standing, she nudged him with her shoe and told him to quit his sissy blubbering and get up. Walking over to the kitchen counter, she picked up a large wooden spoon and swung it twice at his thighs. The stinging pain made Lynn jump to his feet and fresh tears overflowed.

"Now my little nina," she said, "get those sissy tears dried up and clear the table like I told you. I need the help around here. Since you were so disrespectful to me, you will help me in all the household chores, comprende! Or would you like me to spank you some more?"

Despite his pain, Lynn in a last attempt at bravado, told her that he was going to contact his father's lawyers and have her removed. At that, she laughed and told him about having complete power of attorney and that if he said one more word he would earn himself another beating. "Go ahead, you little sissy, call your papa's lawyers. When they told you you can do nada, then I will spank you again just like a little child," she told him.

The month went by very slowly for Lynn. Each day he had to help Maria with the dishes and cleaning up while Allen was allowed to do just about anything he pleased. In Lynn's view, he was a bona fide pig. Their relationship was indifferent at best, a compliment to Lynn's resolve. For his father's sake, he wanted to make this relationship work, but it was becoming more difficult by the day. Allen did not help the situation by making snide comments like, "Mommy's little helper", "Little sister" or "fag." Usually Allen would just sneer at him and say nothing. Lynn was not sure what was worse, the name-calling or being totally ignored by Allen.

Most people in their situation would have been fighting like cats and dogs. The fact that Allen could probably beat the living tar out of Lynn was a factor in Lynn's decision not to upset the applecart. In hindsight, Lynn probably would have been a lot better off if he had attempted to stand up for himself. If he had taken his beating like a man, at least he would have gained a measure of respect. Instead, Lynn earned Allen's contempt and was referred to as "that sissy" from then on. Wearing an apron every day did not improve Lynn's standing with his new brother, either.

Chapter 5: Getting Settled

On the day of their parents' return, Maria ushered both boys into the foyer to greet their parents. As she pushed them into position, she told Lynn with a light pat to his behind, "Now you greet your Padre and new Madre with a hug and kiss on the cheek to show proper respect. Understand?"

Allen stood beside him wearing jeans and a tee shirt while Lynn was dressed in a pair of bright white flared shorts and pale pink polo shirt. Maria had insisted that he look his best. Lynn couldn't believe that his stepbrother would show up so disheveled, yet Maria did not say a word to him. Lynn was so glad to see his father that he did exactly as instructed. Allen strode up and grasped Stan's hand in a very masculine hand shake and kissed his mother on the cheek. The obvious differences in the two boys stood out in sharp contrast and the effect was not lost on his father.

Later that night, Emma could not brag enough on how her son seemed so manly while poor Lynn seemed so much more delicate than when they had left. She praised them both, but underlying her praise was an undercurrent of derogatory insinuation of his son's basic character.

"They are such fine gentlemen. My Allen so...so manly and strong. Lynn's such a cutie that I could just hug him to death. Lynn's such a sweet child, don't you think? He really does take after his mother, doesn't he? Lynn is *such* a sweet little boy. It's a shame that he hasn't had a mother around for so long. Oh, I'm sorry darling, am I upsetting you by talking about his mother? No? Well, I don't want to bring up unwanted memories. I can be Lynn's mother now and will give him all the attention he needs."

She paused to kiss him gently on the cheek before continuing, "Now Allen, he is a handful! Must be all those sports, you know. I'm so glad that he has you now to look up to and use as a role model. I was getting worried that he would eventually get into trouble without a strong father figure to curb his aggressiveness. You two have so much in common and get along so well. I want you two to really get to know one another, so darling, please promise me that you will take time out of your schedule to do things with Allen. While you do that, I'll spend time with little Lynn, getting to know him better. Oh, I am going to enjoy being your wife, darling."

A week later she mentioned to Stan that she was disturbed that she found her undergarment drawers in dishevel. "If I didn't know better, I would think someone has been digging through my underwear, darling. It isn't you by chance, is it? You naughty devil, you! Oh, don't look like that! I know you didn't do it, I'm just kidding, darling, but someone has been rifling my frillies. I don't think it was Maria we don't wear the same size, but well...forget it. It is probably just my imagination."

The next week, Emma mentioned that she had accompanied Lynn on a shopping trip to help him buy some new clothes. She wanted some things for herself

as well and when they were in the lingerie department, Lynn was fascinated with all the dainty fabrics. While Lynn didn't say anything, she could tell that he liked them. So, when they were in the boy's department, she bought him some nylon briefs.

"Can you believe that, darling?" she said, "Your son wanting to wear nylon? You don't think that he's...well, never mind. I love him like my own son. He is such a precious darling and there is nothing wrong in liking nylon. Lynn is so...so polite and unassuming. He is a good boy. Sometimes I wish Allen were as well-mannered but he IS," she emphasized the word, "a rough and tumble football player. I guess that makes him a little rougher around the edges. All boy, you know."

Stan absorbed all of Emma's innuendoes and, combined with his own feelings for Lynn, he began to see his own son in a different light. Now that he began thinking about it, his son *was* somewhat of a pansy. Lynn was soft-spoken, shy, and not at all masculine. Not only that, but he was still wearing that fairy hairdo and looked like he has lost weight. Lynn was his son, though, and he would have to take responsibility for him. He might not be a Charles Atlas, but he was his son nonetheless.

As each day passed, Emma used her wiles to further improve her son's image while demeaning Lynn's. Over time, this had a profound effect on Stan. He found himself despising his own son. When Emma confronted him over the continued disarray of her intimate apparel and closets, Stan was at a loss.

"If it is not you, my darling, then, who could it be? Well, no matter. I'll get to the bottom of it sooner or later," she said.

Two days later, Emma approached her husband with two pairs of dainty lace-frilled panties dangling from her hand. "Stan darling, I don't mean to interrupt what you are doing, but I need to talk to you." She handed him the panties and, as he looked down at them confused, she continued. "Maria found these under Lynn's mattress when she changed the sheets this morning. Now we know who has been rifling through my things."

Stan went livid. "I'll teach that little sissy," he started to say, but was stopped by Emma.

"Darling, now don't do anything harsh. I am sure that Lynn is just a very confused little boy. Let me handle it. I have had some courses in psychiatry."

"No," Stan replied, "I'm going to have a talk with him and get this straight."

"Listen to me dear, Lynn will be embarrassed and probably deny the whole thing despite the evidence. If you must talk to him, be gentle. I assure you that I am better able to handle it."

Stan called Lynn into his study to accuse the lad. Of course Lynn denied everything, including the part about asking to buy nylon underwear. He was so shaken by the accusations that he couldn't look his father in the eye and appeared to be telling a lie. "If you can't look someone directly in the eye then you are lying," was Stan's motto, therefore Stan was not convinced by Lynn's denials. After his con-

frontation with his son, he decided to wait and see what would happen next. He did demand that his son become manlier and act his age.

Over the next month, Lynn found himself getting in deeper and deeper. He had complained bitterly to his father about Maria's demand that he help around the house and Stan agreed to look into it. Emma said Lynn wasn't doing anything. "Just remember what happened to my underwear drawer."

"Besides," she continued after giving him a kiss on the cheek, "the exercise may do him some good. He is so delicate I don't believe that he could use Allen's exercise equipment. If Lynn helps Maria, then we will not have to hire a full-time maid. The part-time help will be enough. Anyway, I think he enjoys being around Maria and helping her. It won't hurt him to help out. Allen used to do those same chores when we didn't have you, you know, and look how *he* turned out."

With his fate sealed, Maria had Lynn helping around the house once again, dusting, vacuuming, and preparing the meals while wearing the frilliest of aprons. This did not go unnoticed by Stan. When he questioned his son about it, he was told that Maria made him do it and that he hated doing housework. However, when he confronted Maria, she told him that Lynn had practically begged her to let him wear the pretty aprons. What was a father supposed to do? He took the easy way out and told Emma to handle it.

Chapter 6: The Plot Thickens

Emma looked her husband directly in the eyes and said, "If I take responsibility for Lynn, then whatever I decide must be law. I don't want you coming behind me and challenging what I do for the boy. You know how delicate he is and I just can't have you questioning my intentions. I may have to do something drastic about his situation; you know how he likes my panties. That will have to stop." She paused for a moment, then with a giggle, continued, "I don't mind you getting into my panties, but Lynn *is* another matter. Okay, my darling, I'll do it, but on my terms, is that clear? It is? Well fine then, don't worry your head about it any more, my love.

"While we are talking about the children, why don't you and Allen spend the weekend out on the lake fishing? It would be a good chance for you two to get to know one another better before you have to go back to work Monday. You have spent very little time with him and school will be starting in a couple of weeks. You two might not get another chance to do something together for quite some time. Okay, fine. Now, why don't you go tell Allen the good news?"

Lynn had been kept on a restricted diet consisting mostly of fruits and grains with little protein and even less sugar and starch for almost two months. He couldn't remember the last time that he had sat down to a hearty steak and potatoes dinner. Boneless, skinless chicken breasts were the closest he got to meat and even then, such meals were few and far between. Maria also had him take vitamin supplements and twice-daily foul tasting herbal teas to keep up his

strength. By this time, he had lost what upper body strength he had and muscle tone. The strange part was that his butt and hips seemed to grow and his chest itched. He was feeling weak and emotional. The weakness he knew was from his restricted diet but the emotional part he couldn't understand.

On this particular Friday morning, he sat eating his grapefruit and toast with tears running down his face. His father and Allen had just left for a weekend of fishing, leaving him miserably behind. When he literally begged his father to go with them, he was gruffly turned down.

"Look Lynn," his father said in a commanding voice, "this is my chance to get to know my son better. Besides, you don't even like to fish. So you stay here and get to know your new mother. Now, we've got to be going. You be good and listen to your mother! Understand?"

"She's not my mother and he is not your son, I am!" Lynn said to the closing door and the tears started flowing. Despite his hunger, he couldn't eat so he sat sobbing into his napkin until Emma came in.

"Oh, my dear, what is the matter?" Emma asked with concern in her voice. "You're upset because your father didn't take you on the fishing trip? Well dear, I'm sure that he loves you, but you can't blame him for wanting to spend some time with Allen. After all, they just met. You can understand that, can't you, dear? Now, dry those eyes and go get dressed I have an outing planned for just the two of us."

Lynn fled the kitchen, still crying. He could not take another minute with that woman. Reaching his bedroom, he threw himself on the bed and continued crying. He mumbled in his tears, "I hate them...I hate them...I hate them," over and over. He didn't stop until he felt a hand on the small of his back.

"Lynn, you will stop this crying immediately!" Emma commanded. "I thought I told you to get dressed. We have places to go and people to meet. Now, for the last time, dry those tears and get dressed...or do I have to help you?"

Lynn slowly got up off the bed, drying his tears on the sleeve of his pajamas. "I...I can do it myself," he sniffled.

"Well, see that you do. While you are in the bathroom, I'll pick something appropriate for you to wear. Now get along and put on the clothing on your bed. We have a lot to do today. I will brook no nonsense out of you unless you want me to send Maria up here. No? Alright then, get to it."

When Lynn got back from the bathroom, he found clean nylon underwear, a pair of white nylon socks, flare-legged khaki shorts with the cuffs rolled up, starched white cotton short-sleeved shirt and tan deck shoes. He wasn't pleased with the selection and wondered where the clothes had come from. They weren't his selection; they had simply appeared in his room. He put them on anyway. The shirt was strange as it buttoned funny, but managed to get it on.

Just as he was slipping his foot into the second deck shoe, Emma entered his room without even bothering to knock. "Good, I see you are just about ready," she

said. "Look at that hair. You're not planning on going out looking like that, are you? Turn around and let me brush it out for you."

"Ouch! That hurts! Quit pulling so hard," he demanded as Emma stroked the brush through his collar-length golden blonde hair.

"If you would learn to take better care of your hair and use some cr me rinse in it, it wouldn't hurt so much. I think the first thing we are going to do is go to my salon and get it fixed. When was the last time that you got a haircut, anyway? Almost four months? Why, that is entirely too long. Do you want to get it cut or just let it grow scruffy and wild? If you are going to insist on wearing it this length, you are going to have to learn how to care for it. You do want a haircut? All right, I am finished. Let's go."

Sure as her word, Emma's first stop was her exclusive salon. Lynn was not easily talked into going in, but the threat of taking him home to see Maria silenced further objections. Thrusting his hands into the pocket of his shorts, with bowed head, he followed her into her feminine lair. As he put his hands into his pockets, he felt something cylindrical. Pulling it out, he discovered that it was a tube of lipstick. He was holding it in his open palm and looking down at it as they walked through the doors of the salon.

"Lynn, where on earth did you find that? I've been looking for that lipstick for days," Emma said loud enough for all to hear. Taking it from his hand, she quickly opened it and held it up for all to see. "This is one of my favorite shades, Pink Opalescent Pearl. I wondered what had happen to it. If you wanted it, you should have asked, darling. Well, this color *would* look good on you...but you can't have it. I will get you some of your own. Oh, hi Maryland!" she greeted the approaching young lady before Lynn could say anything in his defense. He just stood there, blushing a bright red and staring at his empty palm.

"Maryland, it was so thoughtful of you to make room for us on your schedule. Lynn here hasn't had a thing done with his hair in over four months. Do you think that you could perform one of your miracles on such a mess? Great. Lynn have a seat while I discuss some things with Maryland here."

Lynn did not have long to wait before the two women returned. Both were smiling warmly as Maryland told Lynn to follow her. The first stop was the shampoo section. After that, with his hair wrapped in a pink satin turban, he was taken into a back room where he was told to undress down to his underwear. At first, he thought that he hadn't heard her right and stood there with a dumb look on his face. "*What the fuck does having a haircut have to do with stripping?*" he thought as he looked dumbly at the stylist.

Maryland looked sternly at the youth, and said more firmly, "Get undressed now...or would you like me to do it for you? We have a tremendous amount of work to do and I do not have the time to dawdle. Hurry up and get on that table."

Blushing once again, he did as ordered. He lay there slightly chilled as Maryland moved a work tray over to the table. He couldn't see all that was on it or what she was preparing to do to him and it made him scared.