



Reluctant Press presents:

Boys Will Be Boys

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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BOYS WILL BE BOYS

By Maureen Glasgow

It all started SO innocently – honest! I loved Bill and was simply trying to save our marriage. Okay, he’s smaller than most guys, but he carries himself with such panache that everybody likes him – and that was the problem. Women liked him too much, and I knew he was starting to test the waters in that regard. I was pretty sure that he was doing this. Time and time again, I started trying to explain how he was hurting me and making me feel small.

He was nice enough, promised to do better, although he constantly swore that he was innocent. He’s a nice guy, but he can’t lie worth a stick. Okay, he’s always been one for hanging around with his buddies, shooting pool, watching sports and drinking beer. Just a regular guy, you know? I wasn’t always welcome when he was doing all this and I was damned if I was going to degrade myself by calling him on the phone every ten minutes. I mean, I’m a pretty good-looking broad myself, if I do say so myself. Under these circumstances, he had far too much freedom. But as time went on, his little flings started getting serious. I was seriously contemplating divorce.

His mother, Alice, and young sister, Brenda, dropped in on me one weekend when he was off carousing somewhere. I’d been crying, which Alice caught immediately. She is one of the world’s greatest mothers-in-law, I’ll tell you.

“What’s wrong, Charlotte?” she said after they’d sat down with the soft drinks I’d poured. “C’mon. Tell us.”

“It’s nothing, Alice,” I said, then I started bawling as if my heart was breaking – which it was. Next thing, both of them were beside me on the couch, their arms around my shoulders, consoling me.

In fits and starts, I told them of my suspicions.

Alice was the first to speak out. “Men! I’ll tell you! Bill’s my son, but there’s a young man who needs a damn good spanking! Just a shame he’s not a little boy any more. I know what I’d do with him then!”

I had to laugh. “He’s kinda big for spanking, Mom. Don’t even know if I could, though sometimes I think I could enjoy putting him over my knees and giving him a damned good paddling. Right NOW for example!”

“Oh, I wasn’t meaning to spank him,” she said. “It was something I used to do when he was little and being rambunctious. Worked like a charm!”

“What was that, Mom?” I asked.

She looked a little embarrassed. “Well, it was probably very cruel of me, they’d probably throw me in jail for it today. Psychological abuse. That sort of thing.” Then she faltered to a stop.

Curious now, I pressed her a little. “Come on, Mom. I won’t tell anybody!”

She pursed her lips, but I could tell she was trying to hide a grin. “Well, he’s always been small – even though Brenda was a year younger than him, she quickly passed him in height. Not much mind you, she’s not that big herself.”

I laughed. “I’m sure you’re getting *somewhere* with this, Alice. What are you telling me? You called him a little boy or something?” I know that the impatience was clear in my voice.

She gave me a sheepish grin. “I used to put him into Brenda’s clothes. Dress him like a little girl. Once I did that? He’d become the sweetest, nicest, little kid.”

Brenda laughed. “Used to piss me off something fierce when she’d put him in one of my party dresses but he’d get SO quiet and nice, that I eventually learned that he wasn’t going to get them dirty or tear them...”

“Yes, he took better care of your clothes than you did!” Mom interrupted.

“And? He was such a *nice* playmate! Would play dolls and tea parties with me...” Brenda added.

“Bill? MY Bill?” I laughed. “That must have been something to see! But when was the last time you dressed him up?”

“About when he was ten or so, I think.” Alice replied. “Felt mean doing that to the poor boy, so I stopped it. Not only that, after Frank died, I had to go out to work. I was too busy for anything like that – and as I couldn’t buy Brenda so many nice clothes, I didn’t want to take any chances with him tearing them and that kind of stuff.”

As she answered my question, I saw Brenda’s mouth open as if she was going to say something, but then she flashed me a look and I intuited that it was something she didn’t want her mother to hear. I blinked, just to let her know that I’d got her message and she nodded.

They left, after kissing me and assuring me that everything would be all right. Brenda had a peculiar expression on her face when she said it though.

She came alone about an hour later, just as I was making a pot of tea. She grinned at me as I let her in. "You caught on that I wanted to say something, didn't you?" she said.

"That Alice wasn't supposed to hear?" I said.

"Yeah. Bill was a LOT older than ten, the last time he was dressed up in my clothes," she said.

"*What?* You saying that Alice lied?"

"Nah! She had nothing to do with it. It was me that dressed him up!"

"You, Brenda? But why? Surely he wasn't naughty for you, you're his young sister for heaven's sake!"

She took a sip of her tea, and then looked across the cup at me, grinning. "Well, I guess you could say that he *was* naughty – wouldn't do my housework for me when I asked him to!" Her grin widened. "Even when I asked him *nicely!*"

I could only stare at her, my mouth open.

"Yeah. Once mom started work? All the housework fell into my lap. I complained bitterly but I was the only one that could do it, according to her. Bill was a BOY, after all. He'd tease me about it. Then one day, it was *me* that took out a little party dress and made him put it on. Boy! He was a great little housekeeper after that. Didn't want mom coming home and finding him in a dress so he'd just FLY through all the chores!"

I had to laugh. "You're kidding! How often did you do this?"

She shrugged. "Oh, at least once a week for quite a few years! I didn't mind helping out during the week, but all of the serious housekeeping on Friday, he did."

A thought crossed my mind. "But just a dress, huh?"

It was her turn to blush. "No. Not really. I suppose I was a little bitch but it was so much *fun.*"

"Fun? Fun doing what?"

"Undies, makeup, putting rollers in his hair."

"And he LET you?"

Brenda put her cup down and leaned forward. "Charlotte? He couldn't STOP me! Once I'd get him into anything feminine? It would just make him so...so...*obedient?* Once, just for the hell of it when he was in one of my frillier dresses? I told him to get over my knees – and he did."

"Why? Had he done anything bad?"

She shook her head. "Uh uh, I just felt like spanking him on his panties."

"You spanked your big brother?"

"Nah, I spanked my Princess Doll. That was his name."

I couldn't help myself. I giggled at the picture of my husband over his sister's knees, getting spanked and called 'Princess Doll.' But I managed to pull my thoughts together.

“But Brenda? Surely, if he got that weak when you put him into something feminine, didn’t he fight you, or at least run away before you could get him in something?”

“Fight me? No. Do you think that Bill is strong?”

“Can’t say I’ve ever thought about it. But you know? I just assumed. Him being a guy and all?”

She shook her head. “Trust me. He isn’t. Now, he did try and run away from me a few times, but I’d wait until he was in his bedroom, then simply carry in the dress he was to wear – and when he saw that he couldn’t get past me? He’d just become my little lamb, my Princess Doll.”

“Couldn’t he lock his door?”

“Our house? Didn’t have locks on the bedroom doors.”

“Oh.” I said.

“Other times? I’d sneak up behind him, wrap an apron around his waist, maybe spray him with perfume, or at least pretend I was going to spray him. It was no trouble.”

I shook my head. “To be honest? I’m finding it hard to believe this. But why are you telling me all about this, huh?”

She stared at me, disbelief written all over her face. “You don’t *know*? Can’t figure it out? C’mon!”

I stared at her blankly.

She shook her head. “Charlotte? You’re a great sister-in-law and both mom and I love you, but if Bill IS fooling around? I’ve just told you a way to stop him.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking...” I started, then stared at her. “You mean, dress him up?”

She nodded. “Exactly! Then spank him for being naughty – something like that. Betcha he won’t run around on you again.”

“I couldn’t,” I said, but weakly. But I could feel this strange hilarity growing inside me. “Make him MY Princess Doll?”

Brenda caught my growing interest. “Hey! Pick your own name for him! Princess Doll belongs to me!”

We both laughed. She left shortly after that.

I was in bed when Bill came stumbling in that night, reeking of beer. I was so pissed off at him that I almost started in on him right there and then but I held myself in check. I felt I owed it to him to make one more civilized try to get him to behave himself. After that? If he didn’t? I’d see what I could do.

The following afternoon I closed the office up early and gave the girls a few hours off. They were surprised, I think, but as I don’t give out too many bonuses of this nature, they grabbed the chance. When I got home, I took no chances. I wanted to look as attractive as possible for my husband so I took a nice long soak in a scented bubble bath, put on my sexiest Victoria’s Secret lingerie and then a nice blouse and skirt. I mean, he’d have been suspicious if I’d tarted myself up too much – it was the middle of the week after all. Also?

To tell the truth? I'm not that good at *femininity*! I made myself up, then added a touch of perfume. I practiced what I was going to say to him as I made his favorite dinner.

He came bursting in, obviously in a hurry. "Get over your hangover, darling?" I asked, ever so sweetly as I went and kissed him.

"Oh Yeah. I'd forgotten about that," he muttered cheerfully. "But I'm gonna go and have a quick shower, Charl. I'm meeting the guys at seven."

My intentions of acting out the sweet, loving, wife dipped a little, but I managed to hold on to my temper.

"That's all right darling. You just go ahead. I've got scampi for dinner tonight," I said, sweetly.

"Oh Boy! Scampi! You're a doll! A real doll!" he said, giving me an enthusiastic kiss.

I had to bite my tongue to keep from asking, "Is that better then being a *Princess Doll*?" But I managed to keep my mouth shut.

He came in, spotless and gleaming in less than half an hour. Couldn't help myself. "You shaved to go out with the guys? I thought you shaved last Friday?"

He got a guilty look. "Yeah, I know. But I felt kinda grungy. Thought this would freshen me up."

I clenched my teeth, but again said nothing. I just dished up dinner, glad I'd put extra garlic in the scampi – if he was meeting his new girlfriend that night, he was gonna reek, but he didn't seem too worried, so that sort of allayed my suspicions. It was over dessert that I started. "Bill? We have to talk. I'm sorry. I just can't shake the idea that you're two-timing me. Am I being silly?"

He took a sip of wine. "Yes babe. You're being silly. Can't I get going out with the guys without you suspecting me all the time? I shave and you automatically think I've got a date with some floozy?"

I couldn't help it. He sounded so reasonable that I blushed. "I'm sorry about that, Bill, but you must admit it. You don't shave for *me* but once a week and now you shave to go out with your friends? What am I *supposed* to think?"

He gave me his hurt look, so I knew I'd hit a nerve and my level of suspicion went back up a notch. At the same time, he is very sensitive about the fact that although he has a nice head of hair, he has very little growth on his face or body, so that might have been the cause, though I doubted it.

"Ah Charl! Knock it off, would you?" he pleaded. Looked at his watch. "Look? Are you done? I really don't have all night."

"Well, if you don't want to spend a few minutes talking to me, to your wife? Yes, I guess you could say I'm done," I said, feeling the tears start to well up in my eyes.

He didn't even have the grace to pretend not to see this, but just looked at his watch again. "Look honey. I'm sorry. Maybe we can talk about this later?" he said.

"Sure!" I snuffled. "Just come home stinking of beer like you did last night. We can have a *really* nice conversation then!"

“Aw, well,” he stammered. “See yah!” And off he went.

I’d hated to be so suspicious earlier on that day, but I had parked my car where it wouldn’t be noticed fairly close to the exit from the apartment parking lot. I literally flew down the stairs, fairly sure I’d be sitting in my car by the time he exited the lot – and I was right. He just tooted out of there, never looking behind him – and there I was following about three cars back. I knew if he was meeting his buddies, it would be at the Log Jam, their favorite pub. At first he headed towards there to the extent I almost believed him again. But no, about two blocks short of the pub, he made a right, then slowed to a stop.

A blonde was waiting for him at the curb. He leaned across and opened the passenger door. She jumped into the car and I saw her slobbering a kiss on him. She looked familiar somehow. Then it dawned on me, she had been a cocktail waitress at the Log Jam some time before. There was a chance that his buddies – and therefore their wives and girlfriends – didn’t know he was running around on me.

An icy fury descended. I’d actually been *crying* over the sleaze bucket I was married to just a short while before. I made the decision there and then. Any more tears? They’d be *his!*

I’d intended to face the two of them there and then. I actually put my foot on the gas to follow them and cause a confrontation. I wanted to tear strips out of that bimbo! Then it dawned on me: What an ego boost he’d get from having two women fight over him! And, it wasn’t her fault. If anyone needed a sound thrashing, it was him – and if what Brenda had said about his lack of strength, maybe I could? But it was too chancy. Suppose I couldn’t beat him up, then where would I be? I wanted something more. I wanted to *humiliate* this guy! I’d teach him! Run around on me, would he? I cut the car engine and sat and thought a minute.

She’d been standing on the curb. Not a bus stop anywhere near. But there was a sign over the house she’d been standing in front of. “Mrs. Landon’s Boarding House for Young Ladies.” I got out of the car and walked up to the door and knocked. A rather pleasant faced woman answered.

“Yes, Can I help you?”

“I’m sorry to disturb you,” I said in an excited tone. “But I just saw what looked like a very old friend of mine, Lisa Hughes, standing out front here. She was picked up by a man in a car. Don’t think she heard me call out. Blonde hair. Blue dress?”

“Blonde? Blue dress? Oh, I’m sorry, you must have seen Susan Shields. She had a date tonight and was expecting her young man to pick her up here. Couldn’t wait, I guess, and went down to the curb.”

“Aw!” I said in a disappointed tone. “I could have sworn ... well, I’m truly sorry to have bothered you.”

“No bother at all, young lady. Just sorry it wasn’t your friend,” she said, then added “Goodnight.”

“Thank you. Goodnight,” I said.

I hadn’t had any kind of a plan when I’d gone to that door, but something was starting to wriggle around in my mind. I actually felt a smile forming on my lips.

I had to find out if Bill was still the way Brenda described him. Frankly, I had a hard job believing it but the first phase of my attack plan started on the following Friday night.

He was taking me out to dinner. He was late getting home that night and the hardest thing I had to do was keep my hands off him and pretend that nothing was amiss for the next few days. I'd got all dressed up in a nice coral dress; it was form-fitting and showed off my contours. I kept him waiting as I fussed with my lipstick. He was starting to get impatient.

"Hey! Come on Char! I want to have time for a nice romantic drink before dinner!"

"Can't make up my mind about my lipstick!" I groaned. "Just can't tell in this light."

As I figured he would, he sauntered into the bedroom where I sat in front of the mirror. "Looks okay to me," he said.

"What do YOU know about it, huh? MEN!" I snorted. As I'd hoped, he sat down on the bed and looked impatiently at his watch. I stood up and said, "Let me show you up close". I walked over to him, lipstick in my hand, the tip showing out of the tube. "Does this match my dress?" I said demandingly.

He shrugged. "Looks perfect to me. Can't you tell by looking at the lipstick and holding it up against the dress."

"Stupid! Lipstick shade gets changed by the person wearing it!"

"Oh? I didn't know that. Something like perfume?"

"Exactly! And *something* just feels wrong!" I wailed.

"Sorry. Can't help you," he said starting to get up. "I'll wait for..."

"Yes you can!" I said, gently shoving him back down. "Pout a little for me. Let me see how this looks on someone." I went and stood over him now. It was the moment of truth and I knew it.

"Huh? I can't..."

"Yes you can! POUT!"

Something shifted behind his eyes and I knew I had him. I knew what Brenda had told me was absolutely correct. I smiled lovingly at him as I pushed him onto his back, then straddled him.

"That's a good little Billiekins. Now pout for me." I cooed. And he did.

Lovingly and tenderly, I slowly applied the lipstick to his mouth. "Mmm!" I teased. "Taste good?"

Helplessly, he shook his head, his eyes large and soft, looking up into mine.

"But it looks good on you!" I whispered. "Just needs a little something. Now just stay there! I'll be back in a minute!"

I knew this was a gamble. If he made a break for it, it would be difficult but he simply lay there.

"We're going to be late!" he objected weakly. "What's that?"

"Oh, just a little lip liner and some gloss," I said as I went and straddled him again.

“You know?” I said after I’d applied the gloss to his lips, then carefully outlined them. “You really have a pretty mouth! Tell, you what. Come on over to the dressing table. I want to experiment on you, just a little bit.”

“Just a little bit?” he repeated, pleading now.

“Well? We’ll see,” I said, taking his hand and leading him across the room.

He complained at first, but gradually learned that I was in command and he was going to do what I wanted to him do. It took a while, probably because I was enjoying myself the pleasure that subjugating my husband gave me. But by the time I’d finished making him up? He had become nothing more than a pretty looking male – lots of feminine characteristics of course – but who was to say? I seriously thought of dressing him up but rejected it. It was too early, by far.

I will admit that I was regretful when I finally felt that I had to say. “Well? Don’t you want to go eat?”

His docile look of gratitude was devastating to me. *THIS* was the guy I’d married? Pretty in makeup. Sultry eyes, mysterious with eye shadow? Pretty blushed cheeks? Pouting, glossed (cocksucking?) lips? A man?

“Yeah! I’m starving!” he whispered.

“Well then? Let’s go! Right now!” I said, enjoying the look of fear that crossed his face.

“I’ll have to take this makeup off,” he said but with a lot of questioning in his voice.

“Of course you will! If I take you out like this? People will think that *you’re* the pretty one instead of me!” I told him. “C’mon and I’ll teach you how to take makeup off properly.”

He didn’t understand why I took so long in explaining how improper removal of makeup can actually harm a girl’s complexion, but he sat there docile and obedient as I made him cream it off – with perfumed cream of course. I watched him gradually return to a semblance of manhood and his normally cocky attitude. But I was happy. What I’d just done was sent up a trial balloon and now, all systems were ‘GO’!

It took me until the following weekend to get everything I wanted. As I spent the money, I actually wondered what possessed me. After all, this was going to be a one-time deal, and I assuredly was spending more than I should. I consoled myself, however, with the idea that it was going to be the most humiliating experience of his life and, as it would save our marriage, was worth every penny.

Yes, I underwent some aggravation during the week that followed as the meekness and docility gradually disappeared and his masculinity started coming to the fore again. I mean he’d been the soul of courtesy and consideration that night at dinner. I couldn’t help but grin to myself. Must have scared the hell out of him, I thought. He actually carried this behavior over to the Monday before he started with his normal masculine bullshit. I followed him on the Tuesday again. This time, he actually went to the Log Jam. On Wednesday, I followed him again and Lover Boy was back with his girlfriend Susan again. To tell the truth, I was sort of disappointed. I’d have had more fun if he’d been playing the field in earnest and had a couple of girlfriends going at the same time but I consoled myself. One steady was plenty.

Late Saturday afternoon was when I started. I'd taken care of what I had to do with Susan, then turned off his cell phone so that she couldn't contact him. I was SO loving and sweet! I draped myself all over him lovingly. I kissed him, nibbled on his ears. I could tell that the poor dear was starting to get his hopes up as far as sex was concerned.

Maybe I should explain. Bill was okay in the sex department, but wasn't very good at initiating it. Over the years we'd been married, I'd discovered that if I *really* wanted a good lay, I had to get the ball rolling.

So, the way I was acting was a little bit over the top, but not entirely without precedent. The poor dear thought he was going out to meet his buddies at the Log Jam later on that evening, but I had other plans. I started in on him about four-thirty in the afternoon. I finally got him on the couch beside me and proceeded to get involved in some heavy necking. I made sure I was wearing lots of bright red lipstick and I smeared it all over his mouth. I had him almost laying down, with my right leg over his thighs. I looked down on him. I took the forefinger of my right hand and slowly used it to smooth out the lipstick residue on his lips.

"You know something, Bill? I like that shade on you much better."

"Huh? Shade? What are you talking about?" He was puzzled, no doubt about it.

"Your lipstick, silly." I purred. "This looks even better on you. Got me all horny. Want to go into the bedroom?"

I could tell that he was confused. Was I saying that I was horny because he was wearing lipstick or what? But what red-blooded American male could turn down an invitation like that? So, taking his hand, I helped him up, and then led my little lamb to the slaughter.

It was SO easy. I got him onto the bed, then kissed and fondled him. I managed to get his pants down about his ankles. I still wasn't so sure of myself and I didn't want to hamper his movement if he tried to run away. Then I straddled him, just as I'd done the previous time.

"But know what, Billie?" I said.

"What?" (He hates being called Billie. He says it's a name for a chorus girl!).

I giggled girlishly. "Oh, I know it *sounds* silly but I just can't get an idea out of my mind!"

"What idea, Charl? Look, I thought we were in here to make love?"

"Oh, we are, we ARE, Billie. It's just that since last week, I can't get an idea out of my head. You looked so pretty – that I can't help wondering how you'd look as a girl."

"Aw come ON, Charl! Knock it off!" he interrupted nervously.

"And silly me? I even went and bought you the most *darling* dress and sexy undies too! Want to see the dress?"

"NO!"

"Aw, you do *too!*" I giggled. "Just stay there a minute!"

With that, I got up and went to the closet, keeping an eye on his reflection. I was very glad I'd hobbled him with his pants and made sure that the dress was easy to reach, because by the time I was back, he'd gotten to his feet and was fumbling with his belt.

"Billie? Stop that!" I said firmly and gave his hands a slap. "Let go of that belt!"

His eyes grew big and round, just like before, but he did as he was told.

"Now let's go to the mirror and you can see how your dress would look on," I said. "But first, hold it up against yourself. Properly now! You've seen ladies looking at dresses. Use both hands!"

Let's face it. I'd taken the time and spent the money to find the most feminine dress I possibly could and as I looked at Bill's growing horror as he hobbled across the bedroom floor, seeing his reflection come into view in the mirror, I was delighted that I had.

The basic dress was some sort of silk taffeta – pale yellow with pink satin hems at the rounded, feminine collars, the short, puffy, sleeves. The skirts had three layers, nice and flouncy and it wasn't quite long enough to cover his knees. Over the bodice was a gauzy pink over blouse, with large polka dots in pale yellow.

I stood at his side, fussing a little with the dress material. "Don't you just *love* the sound that your dress made as you came over to the mirror? When I was a little girl, we used to call it 'telltale taffeta.' Just wait until you have it on! Any time you walk anywhere or even just move? You'll be the center of attraction!" Then I giggled. "Only one thing wrong with it that I can see."

"What's that, Charl?" he asked, some hope in his voice.

"Well, silly me! I'd forgotten that you'd be unused to fastening a dress in at the back. With these tiny little fasteners? I'll probably have to fasten you in. Not only that, but you'll probably need me to help you get out of it – but I don't mind!"

"Please Charl?" he whispered.

"Oh, don't be silly! I *can't* let you put it on right now! I need to get you bathed and smelling nice. Then, you'll want to put on the nice undies I've bought just for you. THEN I'll let you put your pretty dress on!"

"But you don't understand, Charl! I don't *want* to put this dress on!" he wailed.

"Don't be a silly Billie and stop being a spoilsport! Don't you want to please me? Anyway, it'll just be for a little while."

"Just for a few minutes?"

"Well, maybe a little longer than that but if you keep on whining about putting it on..." I left the threat unsaid.

"Okay. Just for a little while," he said, trying to sound positive.

While he soaked in his bubble bath, I tweezed some of his eyebrows. He complained that it hurt, naturally, but I accused him of being a sissy and tweezed some more. After he washed himself, I had him drape his legs up on the tub sides, put cotton balls in between his toes, then applied nice red polish to his toenails.