



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Aunt Fanny's Girls

Maureen Glasgow



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A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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# Aunt Fanny's Girls

**By Maureen Glasgow**

I was still in a dream state. The transition from the inner city ghetto where I'd spent the last few months to this quiet, clean, Mid western town with the shaded sidewalks and people who ambled – yes *ambled* as they walked along made me feel as if I was in a different world. Sure, the bright sunlight helped. It's hard for any place to look gloomy and depressing when the sun is shining. But this place emanated *beauty!* An honest-to-god feeling of tranquility and contentment.

I was still too scared to say anything. Did not – wasn't about to – believe my luck. I'd been orphaned some years ago when I was just over fifteen. My parents had always loved me, I guess, in a halfhearted way. Carried that same feeling over when a truck collided with their vehicle. The fact that my mother was drunk as she drove didn't help any with the litigation either. Some distant relatives on my father's side probably saw the chance of me making some *serious* money in lawsuits and became lovingly affectionate towards me.

As time proved this assumption to be totally invalid, it somehow turned out that they could no longer afford to keep me, and I started to travel down and down the tree line – root line - of relatives, until even that petered out and I started living in foster homes that took in homeless waifs like me strictly for the government money. The last had been awful. A fat couple whom had problem remembering my name along with other foster kids who had never suffered discipline. Being as small and delicate as I was, I was rapidly approaching the nadir of a child's life as everyone seemed to be desirous of making my existence as terrible as possible. Even boys much younger than myself were just learning to pick on me. I was so amazed and delighted when, like a magical hand, good fortune descended on me and I had seemingly very distant relatives – well a cousin Fanny – who seemed to want me. And here I was in a different part of the country. Now a ward of this angular woman who was driving beside me.

She took her eyes from the road for a split second. I know you have a tongue," she said kindly. "You used it back at the station when I picked you up if I remember correctly. But now I'm wondering if the cat has it? You haven't said a word in miles."

"I'm very sorry Aunt Fanny" I gulped. Waved weakly at the outside. "It's so different here! So clean!"

"Nice to know that you like it child. But you do know that I'm not your aunt? Not really"

"Oh yes ma'am," I said in a hurry. "It just seemed natural for me to call you that, somehow."

She laughed. "Have to admit that I love the sound of it. But let me say that you better stop sounding so apologetic all the time. My three daughters are young ladies – I make SURE of that. But if you're too apologetic? I think they'll tease the life out of you."

"I'm sorry ma'am," I said.

She gave me a sidelong glance with a lot of humor in it. "That's what I *mean*, Robert!" she said firmly. "Stop being so damned apologetic all the time!"

I started to apologize again, but thought better of it and swallowed my words. She caught me though. "That's better dear! Just remember that practice makes perfect!" she laughed.

"We're almost there," she said, but pulled the car over onto a deserted part of the road. "But there's something I'd like to say. Robert? Something we have to get straight between us. I have to make sure that you get along with my girls. I won't tolerate any nonsense from them about you – but that you'll have to see for yourself. I think that a three-month settling in process is fine – but I want you to enjoy your life. Don't get too apologetic – I don't want that. I think that you've had a bad time this last few years. But I want you to become part of my family. I'll try not to favor my girls – but I won't favor you either. Do you understand?"

"I think so ma'am. I'm very grateful. . " I started, but she interrupted me.

"Thank me after you've settled in and have something to be thankful about? Let's go!" She pulled the car back out onto the road again.

The houses were separated - maybe one hundred and twenty feet – once we got to a sort of small tract and we weren't long in pulling into a well tended driveway. As we pulled up to the house, three young girls – ladies – boiled out and came jostling down towards us. In bright floral dresses they were like a flock of curious butterflies – all eagerly waiting to see me. I looked at Aunt Fanny with a little fear.

She shook her head. "I try to bring them up like young ladies – but you're the first male visitor we've had in a long time. Guess their curiosity got the better of them. Better get out and meet them!" She laughed and shook her head again.

I got out, as did she, and there was strained moment before the girls all crowded around me. They were all very good looking in a bright blonde confident way. Twins a bare year or so younger than me and Frances being almost two years older though still at high school. I discovered later that she'd been held back by a childhood illness though

there wasn't there, or any other time, any evidence of this. The twins – Dorothy and Margaret weren't shy about kissing me hello – but Frances shook my hand in greeting. Yes, she did kiss me, but very lightly. Not the exuberant buss of the other two.

Fanny had undone the trunk of the car. Spoke directly to the girls. “He's our guest for today. Time you gals did something. You know where his luggage has to go. Why don't you get to it?”

The two twins made faces but smiled pleasantly and headed for the trunk while I objected mildly. I was taken aback a little when I saw the ease with which they hauled my cases from the trunk. I didn't have that many clothes, but I could remember struggling a little when I'd put them in there. But I just shrugged mentally. I was used to being the weakest in just about any bunch, but these girls just looked so soft and feminine. Surely they couldn't be stronger than me? Best to ignore it though, and I did.

A lunch had been prepared for our arrival. Fanny asked if I wanted to clean up and finding that I just wanted to freshen my face sent me to the downstairs bathroom while the twins moved my luggage upstairs and she and Frances took a few minutes to bring the final essentials to the table for lunch. When I came out, I was directed to a dining room table with places set for five. With smiles from Frances, I was shown my place, next to Fanny. With a smile at me she joined us, then seconds later, Dorothy and Margaret did too. Informally, we all sat down. I wasn't sure if grace was to be said, but seemingly, there wasn't.

There were two types of quiches – already cut into portions - and a large salad bowl of different veggies. A vase of iced tea was on the table, as was a large carafe of milk. Their didn't seem to be much formality – just some chatter as to what was in each quiche, but it didn't take long before we all had our plates full.

“Oh Lordie!” Fanny said with a grin – and that seemed to be the signal for everyone to dig in. I was quite hungry by this time, so wasn't overly surprised to see that my plate getting well filled. From what I could see around me? Appetites weren't too inhibited either! Wasn't too long before we were all busily engaged in eating.

We had all just about finished apart from general clean up when Fanny tapped her glass with a spoon to get our attention. Once she had it, she addressed us. “Now listen up you four. I've already spoken some of this to Robert, but I think it best if we clear the air right now.” She looked at each one of us as if waiting for any comment. When she didn't get one, she continued.

“Now boys are different than girls. The only man I ever had anything much to do with was my husband and I didn't really know him except as a young man. So? All I can go on is some preconceived ideas. Maybe some are wrong – I don't know. But to my mind, a girl is put on this earth to satisfy her husband. There's no guarantee that she will, but if she can take care of her house and womanly things like cooking and taking care of him? She's kept her share of the bargain. Now, like I said? I've had no truck with males. But the way I see it – they have to produce the money for the family to live on. They're rougher and tougher than girls, so should be respected for what they do. They're different, I think. You'll have to put up with my preconceived ideas Robert, but I'll try to treat you the way a man should.”

She eyed each of us in turn. "Then, speaking to you girls primarily. I'll have a tendency to spoil you – but at the same time, because I don't quite know what to do with Robert here, I may LOOK like I'm spoiling him. That I *don't* want to happen – so as soon as I see I'm doing anything wrong? I'll try to fix it. Okay?"

She looked challengingly around the table then looked directly at me. "Now, let me get some facts across to you. This is not a big house. I had a wall broken down and created one big room for the three girls. The only other room for you is what was our guest room and you'll share a bathroom with the three girls." She smiled. "I know what men say about women and bathrooms – and I have the notion that they're not far wrong. But you'll have to grin and bear it dear. Think you can do that?"

I nodded.

"Good!" she continued. "Now the room you'll have was our guest room. I hate to say this dear, but with all of our guests being women? It's a little on the feminine side. Not a man's room at all."

I shrugged, indicating that this didn't matter.

She grinned. "Well we'll see what you say when you see it! But at the same time, I have to add that there's damn little spare money around here. In all honesty, I'd change that room for you tomorrow – but I can't afford a change when you may not like it here – or may not fit in. I'll have to look at how we get on – in say three months? Then we can do something about it if it looks like you'll stay. Okay?"

I looked over at her. "I'm not used to an adult asking for my opinion Aunt, but it sounds fine to me. Anything you say."

She laughed, pleased. "Sounds just fine. But if you're anything like these monsters of mine? You'll be howling to have your opinion heard in no time." She didn't take a breath. "But chores? *That* may be a problem. I demand that the girls do various chores around here – but it's as much teaching them to be good housewives as much as anything else." She looked at me shrewdly. "I doubt if you can do plumbing, and I don't have any wood working tools. Right now I do some of the gardening. I can maybe find something for you there – but it's therapy for me, so I don't know. I let Frances do my mowing for me, so will probably swing that."

"But Mom? If you give that to him? You'll probably want me to help in the house and." Frances burst out.

Fanny snorted through her nose at me. Jerked her thumb to point at Frances. "She can do housework as well as anybody. Just *hates* it!" Then she spoke to Frances. "Look. Be practical. With Robert being here, there's an extra room, more laundry, more cooking. It wouldn't be fair to foist all of that extra work onto the twins. All I'm asking is that we try things out for a while. That too much to ask?"

Frances looked abashed. "I'm sorry mom. Didn't mean to make things difficult for you."

I broke in. "Look? I don't want to create any disturbance. ."

Fanny gave me a look. "Lots of time to get things worked out. Let's you and I tour the house – show you what you're in amongst. In the meantime? Frances, if you'll clear off the

lunch things? Dorothy, if you'll make some room and hang his stuff up in the closet. Margaret? He's been traveling some time now. Just take anything that needs a wash and get it started – okay?"

"Aunt Fanny? You can't ask those young ladies to do my laundry!" I complained.

"Oh yes I can!" she shot back. "Trust me – we'll find plenty for you to do around here." Then she stood up and said to me. "Let's look at the house!"

Make no mistake about it. Here is me, a creature of meekness and docility walking around like the lord of the manor while three beautiful young women are to do mundane chores associated with me! I was not used to this whatsoever and felt extremely guilty. Nice, but guilty. The house wasn't big. Most of the working areas were downstairs. I saw that a bedroom had been converted into a sewing room. Quite extensive too. "Light's lovely down here. I make a lot of the girls' clothes – and they're quite accomplished dress-makers themselves. I even make some money from dressmaking and repairs from the local women now and then. I guess I really don't need the girls working around the house but who knows if a husband is going to be employed all the time? Not only that, I guess I'm a freak about girls looking as good as they can," Fanny elbowed me lightly. "How else we gonna catch you flighty males, huh?" Laughed at my face getting red.

There was a good size kitchen that had a small table big enough for five and which adjoined to the garage – a fairly small one I gathered, but plenty of room for the one car they had. Again, very clean and neat. Then there was the dining room where we'd eaten our lunch. Frances passed us a few times, busy with cleaning up and gave us nice smiles.

Upstairs was primarily bedrooms and bathrooms. Fanny's bedroom was quite small but had her own bathroom. The girls all slept in a large room where a wall had been taken out between two rooms. It had a bathroom attached.

The room that was mine was smaller again – and attached on the other side to the same bathroom as the girls. Dorothy was just coming out. Margaret was nowhere to be seen. "I'm finished mom. He didn't have a lot of stuff to hang up." Dorothy said. "Margaret has taken his stuff that needs freshening up to the utility room. "Thanks Dorothy," Fanny said, leading me into the bathroom.

"I'm sorry!" she laughed. "My girls are tidy – but they do have a tendency to fill out a bathroom. You'll just have to squeeze your stuff in here in any space you can find."

"How does it work Aunt Fanny?" I asked. "Don't think I want to be barging in on your girls."

"Serve them right if you did – though I have the feeling it would be YOU that would be embarrassed. I bring these girls up as ladies – but have the strangest feeling that they're just hussies inside!" She grinned. "But the idea is this. Both sides keep your bathroom doors closed. When you need to go? You knock on the door. Nobody there? You lock the other door when you go in. That way nobody else can come in. When you're finished? You MUST remember to unlock the other door again. There'll be a few errors, but I wouldn't worry about it too much."

I gulped at the thought of disturbing those young women – prayed that I'd never forget to lock their door – the idea of them barging in and catching me? Oh grief!

"Don't worry," Fanny said, seeing the look on my face. "Your room is kind of dainty, but it was the only one I had."

Frankly, I didn't care. Didn't pay too much attention as a matter of fact. Yes it was feminine, but compared to some of the dumps I'd been in it was paradise. Lots of white and frilled bedclothes. That kind of thing. But I didn't pay too much attention being more scared of the bathroom than anything else and it was that was taking up my mind. I sensed Fanny's surprise at my lack of concern over the feminine room, but wasn't overly concerned. Just then, we heard the phone ring downstairs.

"I've only got the one phone," Fanny explained. "If I gave my girls cell phones, they'd talk me out of house and home."

Just then, Frances's voice wafted up. "Mom? Think it's a real estate call for you?"

"Sheesh!" Fanny said. "Excuse me," and headed downstairs. As I headed down there I heard her mumble on the phone. Then as I got there, she looked at me apologetically. "I wasn't expecting this, but it's a potential customer. You don't mind if I run off, I hope?"

"Can I be of any help?" I asked.

"No. But thanks for the offer. Maybe it'll be a good chance for you to get to know the girls better without an old frump like me hanging around."

"Yeah mom! Bug off!" Margaret said. "Go make some money. I need a new dress!"

"You girls!" Fanny said, then she said. "Gotta go Robert. Shouldn't be more than an hour or two. Bye!" And she grabbed up a jacket and was gone. A few minutes later I heard the garage door go up, heard her car engine and I was left with the three girls.

I think they were just as discomfited as I was – but Frances was the first to recover. "Glad she's gone Robert. Want to come up to our room and we'll have a chat? Get to know each other. Get some things ironed out."

"Serious?" I asked, though not really expecting a positive answer.

"Nah. But I think we all had ideas of what you'd be like. You know? Frankly I know that mom had some too – and maybe she hides hers better than we do. ."

"Concerns?" I asked.

"Of course we do. We'd be lying otherwise. Don't tell me that you don't have any?"

I had to laugh. "Amongst four good looking women? I'd be crazy not to!"

Margaret laughed. "This has all got so serious. It's not. Not to my mind anyway. C'mon!" With that, she linked arms with me and started to lead me upstairs to their room.

It was a good size room and comfortable. Feminine on the twins side– about the same level as my own and I felt that the same person had designed both rooms, although the side that held Frances's furniture was a lot more plain and masculine. We all plopped down on comfy seats. The twins on a sofa, me and Frances on easy chairs. She looked around. "I'm the oldest, should I start?" The other girls nodded. Frances turned towards me.



"First of all? We think our mom is the greatest. We were shocked out of our minds when she told us about you. We were NOT keen, but she has terrific sense of family and we finally agreed."

"Please don't think I'm not grateful!" I started, but she smiled and waved me quiet.

"I think the biggest concern we all had was that you were going to meet mom's picture of a rambunctious male. All hair and testosterone. But you're NOT really that way at all, are you?"

"Me?" I had to laugh. "Heaven's **no!**"

She held a hand up. "I'm the oldest here though, and have held a sort of authority after mom. Scared that I'd lose it – that sort of thing. I'm just trying to be honest."

I snorted and giggled a little. "Now you can see that you don't have a problem, right?"

"Almost. But would you mind if I proved it to myself?" She smiled apologetically at me.

"Not at all. I just don't see how you. ."

She interrupted me by patting her chair. "It's silly, I know. But would you come and sit here? Just for a moment?"

I shrugged and got up. "No problem. But where over there? There's no room?"

She patted her lap and opened her legs a bit. "Here. On my lap."

"I don't think you'd be comfy. Couldn't I? ."

"Go ON silly!" Dorothy giggled. "You're not THAT big you know!"

"You sure?" I asked Frances helplessly.

"Come and sit," was her answer.

Blushing like a fool I went over and carefully sat on her lap.

"Comfy? She asked.

"Yes" I said, though I was surprised by the feel of steel like thighs under the soft chiffon of her dress.

"Why don't you just lie back then!" she said. "You've had a long day!"

"A , ,But . .But . ." I started to say, but a spring like arm was around my shoulders and I found myself being pulled back onto her soft shoulders. "Isn't that better?" she asked me soothingly, patting my cheek with her free hand.

"Yes. Thank you. But I'd rather sit up if I may?" I asked weakly.

"Now let's not get silly about all this! You just got here! Now just relax! We have a lot to talk about." Patted me softly again.

She was speaking so soothingly that I found myself smiling up at her. Inwardly, I felt like a fool. Almost like the little child she was treating me as. Either Dorothy or Margaret made it worse. I heard, but couldn't see who said.

"Maybe you should have him say goo-goo?"

Then a pair of sniggers told me that I wasn't the only one who saw how childishly Frances was treating me.

"Stop being silly you two!" Frances said, but with a laugh in her voice. "Robert and I have a LOT to talk about – don't we Bobbi?"

I tried to make light of what she said. "I'm not really sure?"

"Well I hope you understand that I was – still am – threatened by you! Silly I know, but I'd like to get rid of it." She was speaking firmly now.

I had to giggle a little bit in disbelief. "You – feeling threatened – by ME?"

"Yes. But are you saying you won't be going around telling me what to do?"

"Course not!" I replied, almost laughing.

There was a pause then she changed the subject. "Flex your arm for me Bobbi. I want to feel your muscle."

"Ha! Don't have one!" I retorted.

"Just DO it – please?"

There was a little command in her voice now. A lot more confidence and some teasing. Ashamedly, I flexed my arm.

"Bobbi! You can do better than that!" she scolded. "Now do it properly!"

"It won't make much difference," I said weakly, but tried harder.

She used a thumb and forefinger to size up my muscle.

"My My!" she said, almost laughing. "It doesn't look like you'll be telling me to do much of anything! Maybe I'll be telling you?"

"I've been trying to get that across to you that all along!" I mumbled.

"Lovely! I can see we're going to get along famously!" Frances said this seriously, then simply pulled me into her some more and kissed me. Not a chaste sisterly kiss, but a sexy kiss – with her tongue probing a little ways into my mouth – but don't get me wrong. She was letting me know that SHE was the dominant one between us. It was ME that was the receiver between us, I don't know if she felt my erection, but I surely did. Looked up at her with dazed eyes. Then she kissed me softly again. "That's my Bobbi!" she laughed, and patted my cheek very possessively.

"Hey! No fair!" I heard the twins yelp. "All very well for *you* Frank to make arrangements with Bobbi. But what about US?"

It took me a few seconds to understand that they were referring to Frances as Frank. Made her seem very mannish I thought, but didn't get a chance to pursue that thought as the twins were now directly in front of us – and one of them took each arm, and were tugging on me gently. "Come on over here to the couch Bobbi! *Our* turn to talk with you!" I felt Frances let go of me and I couldn't help but squall a little as I was led over to the sofa where the girls had sat. This time, I wasn't put onto a lap, but was plunked down, then had a twin sit on either side of me. A sort of helpless feeling overcame me as they gently rearranged their dresses and, as space was tight now, I was practically submerged in a

cloud of floral chiffon. Then each of them put an arm around me and hugged. Once again, I was a prisoner in a cloud of femininity.

"Now flex those arms nicely for us Bobbi!" Margaret coaxed. "Nice and STRONG now!" But both of them giggled as she said this, making it very clear what she really meant. Hopelessly and helplessly, I did as they told me.

"Ooooh! Is there anything there?" Dorothy cooed.

"Of course! Probably bigger than Tiffany Mellis down the street!" Margaret said.

"Tiffany Mellis? I don't know her?" Frances said from across the room.

"The little blonde girl. The second grader?" Margaret said.

"Aah" said Frances.

"So soft and white. Lovely!" Dorothy cackled.

"Please ladies?" I said meekly, thoroughly cowed.

"YES you two! Bobbi's our guest! Behave!" Frances called from across the room.

"We just want to make sure that he doesn't bully US!" Margaret called. Then she stroked my face. "You won't be mean to us, huh? All nasty and macho?"

"Honest Margaret!" I started, then groaned. She had laid a hand on my crotch! Seconds later, another warm soft hand was there – this time Dorothy's.

"Something down here Frances!" She called out happily. I've often wondered what a guy's penis felt like. It's a lot smaller than I'd thought – but it's not all soft and weak like his arms!"

"Bobbi? You wouldn't mind if I saw?" Frances called arising from her chair and starting to come over.

I was now making incoherent noises and pleas as she got right in front of me, totally surrounded by femininity now and feeling my zipper on my pants being pulled down.

"Please Ladies?" I said, almost weeping with shame as I could feel myself prepare to unload – and then I was shooting into my boxer shorts.

"Oh Bobbi! Silly little thing! Just look what you've done!" Frances scolded humorously. "Don't let him get it on his pants girls! I'll go and get a wet cloth."

With that she disappeared from my sight and I was now lying there as two giggling girls started to take my shoes off, then pull my pants down. Now I could see that there was no sense in struggling, I just lay there meek and docile. Seeing this, they started to coo over me as if I were a little baby. Then I suffered the indignity of having my pants off and my sopping boxer shorts taken down and off then Frances washing and drying me, and applying some scented powder to me. "Didn't have any baby powder. But you don't mind, do you Bobbi?" She asked.

Then as I simply lay there, staring up at my three tormentors, she leaned over and repeated. "I asked you a question, little Bobbi? Doesn't your powder smell nicely? Or would you rather I got something else?"

"No Frances. I'm sorry! It's nice!" I responded, realizing she meant every word..

"That's better!" she said. "Nice and pretty?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Pretty!"

"Better! Now Margaret? Where did you put his underpants. He'll need fresh ones."

"Oooh! Tee hee!" Margaret giggled. "I put them in the wash to freshen them up after his long journey. Just like mom said.. He'll just have to do without!"

"Can't have that!" Frances said firmly. "Poor darling would be all sore. Just hold on a minute!" With that she disappeared for a second or two. I heard a drawer open then close.

The girls were nice and solicitous, assuring me that no one would EVER know as I cried when they put yellow lacy panties of Frances's onto me, then my pants – and dressed me again. Frances wasn't like the other two. "Probably the best thing that could have happened. He swore blind he wouldn't get all bossy or macho on us ever – but now? We **all** know that he's just been a boy in lacy girl's panties. C'mon Bobbi. Up you get and stop your crying. Don't want mom to see that when she gets home, do you? She might think that you're miserable and we'd have to tell her why – wouldn't we?"

I got up and dressed. Stopped crying immediately.

To be honest, any embarrassment I felt from onwards that related to my underwear was strictly created by myself. The girls never mentioned it and I was taken outside and showed the various areas where the kids collected to shoot hoops or chat. It turned out that there wasn't a mall for a long ways and the kids, not being many in quantity, tended to meet close by, where they could talk and do what kids do. There was only one kid there that afternoon, so I didn't meet anyone of importance. Once Aunt Fanny got home it was different though. Again, the girls never said a thing, but every so often I'd be the recipient of a sidelong glance – a raised eyebrow – or a secretive smile. Nothing that my aunt could come close to seeing – but something that made me extremely nervous anyway.

I was SO nervous, but managed to get through the rest of that day. Fanny was amazed when I offered to help do the dishes after our meal, but stopped short saying "But real boys . ." before she shut up. Of course I knew what she was about to say but, at the same time? I was well trained in helping to do the dishes at the foster homes. There was no gender discrimination there – especially none that was ever brought into question – not when I was there anyway.

That night, I hand washed the panties in the bathroom sink, then hung them in our shower to dry. I figured that even if Aunt Fanny found them, she'd figure they were Frances's. Not even think about them. As it so happened, she didn't even show there, so any worries I had were unfounded. The panties were gone the next day, and I breathed a huge sigh of relief.