



Reluctant Press presents:

Dominated For Life

Norman Way



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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DOMINATED FOR LIFE

By Norman Way

A lot has been written and much discussion has taken place among professionals about the advantages of being the first-born. The success rate of the first born as opposed to the other siblings is one of the standards that are looked at. Who has the better chance of becoming a success in life and who will wind up in jail or spend a lifetime in mediocrity was the point of the various studies.

It isn't surprising that the first born does have a distinct advantage. Parents dote upon their first child as if no one else had a kid or whose kid had not advanced at every stage faster than theirs did. Of course the grandparents eagerly spend time with the first born and are pleased to be grandparents.

With the arrival of another child things are quite different. The lessons learned with their first child are now applied to the second. Getting into the routine of feedings, diapers, and doctor appointments is much easier now with the experience of one child behind them.

The time between the arrival of the first child and the second does have more of an impact on the first child than the parents. If it is a short period of time it doesn't matter as much. However when the first child is old enough to recognize they now have a sibling there may be some friction. The parents are now doting on the second arrival and the first child is no longer the center of attention. Everything the first child is used to doing either by themselves or with their parents now takes a backseat to the care of the newborn infant. As the children grow older there may be a rift or a bit of jealousy on the part of the older child.

Such was the case with me. My parents had divorced a year after I was born and my mom was left to raise my sister and me alone. My older sister, Billie Jean, was four when I came along. Later when I was older I got the feeling she resented me. Once I was able to dress and feed myself she did not want to have anything to do with me.

Maybe she was angry that I was competition for her when I was a baby. Maybe it was because she had to spend time with me when mom was gone. Mom sold real estate and was doing very well but it was necessary to spend a lot of time away from home.

Billie Jean had been named after a great tennis player. Mom had played tennis in high school and her first two years of college. A knee injury cut short her scholarship and several years later she married my father. He was on the road a lot selling industrial parts and when he was home he spent very little time with either of us. After their divorce he never came around, just sent mom a check once a month.

Billie Jean was a short, stocky girl with masculine facial features. She kept her hair short and hated dresses or anything to do with femininity. Her wardrobe consisted of jeans, sport shirts and sneakers. She was very athletic but shunned sports except for tennis which mom sort of pushed her into. I believe she played only to humor mom.

I followed Billie Jean's orders when mom wasn't around and she seemed to enjoy that. We both had chores but she always had me clean the house wearing mom's pink apron. I once overheard her on the phone say "looks more girly than some of the ones at school." With her aggressive personality she had few female friends at school and most of the male students considered her to be "one of the boys." She took both woodshop and machine shop classes instead of the sewing and cooking classes most of the girls took. She insisted on being called Billie instead of Billie Jean.

I was named Manford after my father. Like him I was called Manny for short. Unlike him I was a small baby and had very feminine features. My body was nearly absent of any hair, my skin was clear, and I had the facial features of my mom with slim eyebrows and long eyelashes. If I had been dressed in pink girls clothes and Billie Jean in blue boys clothes you would have sworn we were of the opposite sex.

I was a good student in school as opposed to Billie Jean who did just enough to skate by. I hated gym class while she loved it. I was awkward and somewhat reserved. My athleticism was nothing compared to hers. Occasionally we would play tennis at a nearby park and she always whipped me good. She kept calling me a "wouse" or "sissy" when I would fail to hit the ball hard enough or miss a shot entirely.

It wasn't exactly abuse I guess but I always was the subservient one and it did not take very long for me to be accustomed to that role. I did the vacuuming, dusting, dishes, laundry and made the beds. She mowed the lawn, edged the sidewalk, and trimmed the shrubs. She liked the feel of machinery in her hands. She maintained the power equipment as well as changed the oil and filter on mom's car. She was very good at it too. I had no interest in mechanical things or anything that involved the use of tools or for that matter getting greasy or dirty. I was not a neat or germ freak but I always wanted to have a presentable appearance and hated to get dirty doing anything.

It was a Sunday afternoon. Mom was at an open house and I, dressed in her pink ruffled apron, was doing the cleaning as usual. I had put a load of clothes in the washer and had just started vacuuming when Billie Jean walked in the house with a friend of hers named Martha Wells. She called her "Marty". They watched me for a few minutes.

"Well, what do you think? Isn't he a doll?"

"In a dress with a little blusher and some lipstick he would be perfect!" Marty remarked as she smiled at me.

I shut off the vacuum cleaner and heard both girls laughing as they left. I didn't know what was so funny. Maybe it was because most boys don't do house cleaning or because I was wearing Mom's pink apron. Whatever it was it was a mystery to me.

I finished the cleaning and laundry. After making supper I put the leftovers in the refrigerator for mom when she got home later and then did up the dishes. Billie Jean was in the living room watching the news. She grinned at me when I joined her but said nothing to me about the phone call.

It was near the end of April when mom announced she would be gone for four days at a Realtor's convention a hundred miles away. As usual each of us would have our chores to do and a menu was made out for the meals we would eat each day. Her travel and convention itinerary was written on a notepad on her desk by the phone if we had to contact her for anything.

She left early Wednesday evening. As soon as the car was out of the driveway Billie Jean was on the phone. Between the laughter I heard her say: "Okay, Friday night at seven, we'll be there."

I didn't know who "we" was but I didn't think it was going to involve me anyway. She was sixteen now and I was twelve. I doubted if she wanted to go anywhere with me tagging along. She had just received her drivers' license. Between earning money mowing lawns and other assorted odd jobs plus a down payment loan from mom she had also purchased a used car and fixed it up.

Thursday was no different than any other day. When we got home from school I fixed supper and afterwards did the dishes. Just before going to bed she stood in my bedroom door.

"I'm taking you to a party tomorrow night," she said with a smirk. "I trust you don't have any plans?"

"Well no, uh what party is that?" I asked innocently.

"Oh it's just a little get together with some friends. It's called a "turnabout party". You are going to love it," she smirked again.

"What is a turnabout party?" I inquired.

"You know, like what you saw on the local TV news last Halloween. The guys are all dolled up like girls and the girls wear suits and ties like men."

"Uh, yeah I remember that but I don't think I want to do that. Can't I just go as I am?"

"That's not a good idea, I already told them we were coming as a turnabout couple and I don't want to disappoint them, do you?" she looked at me with a stern expression on her face.

"Well of course not but I, I mean you could have asked me before this. I really don't want to do anything like that. I mean I..."

She came over to me quickly and I soon found myself discovering the pain of a “head lock” to be quite unbearable. As I struggled to free myself she let me go and I fell to the floor. I quickly learned that a “half Nelson” was not much of an improvement.

“That is no attitude to be taking. I think you should do exactly as I tell you agreed?” she looked at me menacingly as her grip tightened. I managed to mumble “OK” and she released her grip.

“That’s better. Tomorrow after school I will take you to be fitted for your costume.”

With that she went back to her bedroom. I lay awake for a while contemplating what I had just been “talked” into. Well it was only for one night and it was a party so I resigned myself to accept my fate.

After school Billie Jean took me home and had me take a hot bath. I put on a sweat suit and she drove me to a nearby mall. We parked behind a beauty salon and then when inside.

“This is Barbara Wells, Marty’s mom. She will help get you ready.”

Mrs. Wells had a big smile on her face as we walked inside.

Forty minutes later my arms, legs and face had been waxed free of hair. My eyebrows were plucked and my eyelashes had been curled. Pink press on nails graced my fingers. She applied pink blusher to my cheeks and a thick layer of pink lipstick to my lips.

Billie Jean paid her and we walked next door to a formal apparel store. Another forty minutes later and after being measured I was now wearing bright pink satin panties, a pink satin padded bra and a pink garter belt holding up pink seamed stockings. Pink petticoats flared out the pink, puff sleeve chiffon party dress.

The sales clerk and Billie Jean were all smiles as I was fitted with four inch stiletto heeled open toed sandals and a blonde wig. At the top of the wig the sales clerk pinned a large pink satin sissy bow and then clipped a pair of long earrings to my earlobes. After putting on a pair of wrist length chiffon gloves she handed me a pink clutch bag. Both of them stood back to admire the pretty girl I had become.

“I just can’t believe it,” exclaimed the sales clerk. “He looks better than most of the girls who come in here!”

“I have the distinct feeling that we are going to win first prize tonight!” said Billie Jean as she extended her arm to me.

I took her arm and we walked slowly back to the beauty salon so Mrs. Wells could see me. I managed to walk without tripping. The high heel shoes were not difficult once I got the hang of it. Mrs. Wells face brightened as we walked in. Billie Jean grabbed my free hand and twirled me around. The dress flared up revealing my pink lingerie. Both Mrs. Wells and the receptionist broke out into giggles.

We left by the back door and Billie Jean drove home. We parked in the drive way and she jumped out.

“Wait here, I’ll be back in just a few minutes,” she ordered.

While I waited for her return I glanced in the side mirror and saw the face of a very pretty girl. I looked down at my pretty pink nails, easily visible thru the pink chiffon

gloves. From my purse I removed the compact. I opened it up. The reflection of my rouged cheeks and lipsticked mouth stared back at me. I replaced the compact in the purse and took out a small bottle of perfume. I took the cap off and smelled it. It was very sweet. I was about to put it back when Billie Jean got in the car. She was wearing a suit and tie. When she leaned over she smelled like Dad's aftershave.

"Oh yeah, I almost forgot, let me see that."

She took it from me and then squirted me liberally with it. She handed it back to me and I replaced the cap and put it back in my purse. I was angry as I didn't mind looking like a girl but I didn't feel I had to smell like one too.

"Why did you do that," I asked.

"Oh shut up and stop complaining. You and I are going to win this thing and I won't have you screwing it up but not being all the girl you can be!" she said with great authority.

She started the car and backed out of the driveway.

We had no conversation as we zipped thru the streets to a large house on the other side of town. Billie Jean parked the car and walked over to my side and helped me out. My high heels sank in the soft grass of the boulevard as I walked with her. Once on the sidewalk I found myself walking effortlessly in the high heels. They made a clicking sound as we walked to the house where the party was being held.

At the door we were greeted by another friend of Billie Jean's. She introduced herself as "Jack", short for Jackie of course. I walked inside on Billie Jean's arm. The lights of the living room were dim and soft, romantic music was playing from the stereo. I smoothed my dress with one hand as I sat down on the couch between two other similarly dressed girls.

As I looked around the room there were a total of four couples. There were four girls like Billie Jean, dressed in suits and ties. They were acting mannish to say the least. The other three girls were dressed like me in very feminine apparel. It seems I was the only boy dressed like a girl contrary to what Billie Jean had said originally.

Billie Jean handed me a cocktail glass. It was filled with a pink colored punch and when I took a sip I found it had a fruity taste. I set my drink down as Billie Jean took my hand and I stood up to dance with her to the soft music. The other couples followed suit.

I had never danced before so Billie Jean took it slow and I followed her lead around the room. It seemed to come naturally to me even though I was cross-dressed and wearing high heels plus taking the feminine position.

I danced several more times with the other mannish dressed girls and enjoyed following their lead. I moved easily with each partner and enjoyed the attention I was getting. I didn't mind it at all when they twirled me around at the end of each dance to reveal my dainty pink lingerie.

We ate small sandwiches with another round of the fruity punch. I tried to eat daintily as I had seen the girls at school do. Afterward I watched two of the other girls touch up their lipstick so of course I had to do mine, much to Billie Jean's delight.

Not surprisingly Billie Jean and I won the first prize of a hundred dollars. Pictures were taken of all of us and then the party broke up.

I took Billie Jean's arm as we walked to the car. Once again she held on to me as my heels sank into the soft boulevard grass. She opened the door for me like a true gentlemen and I smoothed my skirts before sitting down in the car seat and swinging my legs in like I had seen other girls do.

The ride home was without conversation. Back at home Billie Jean helped me out of my girlie clothes and then removed my makeup and press on nails. I put the fifty dollars in my dresser drawer. I felt a bit sad in a way as despite being a male I had enjoyed my brief journey into femininity. Before going to bed she splashed some of my dad's aftershave on me to cover the scent of the perfume she had sprayed me with before leaving for the party.

The next day I slept late. When I got back Billie Jean had taken all the feminine items back to the formal apparel store. I ate breakfast and spent the day at the library catching up on some reading and finishing up some homework I had for the weekend. The party never came up in conversation. Mom got back from her meetings and was not the wiser either.

That summer was pretty uneventful. Billie Jean was busy with odd jobs and I spent most of the time at the library or helping mom around the house. Besides cleaning I learned to bake and did most of the cooking for our meals.

About two weeks before school started in August Mrs. Forest, my next door neighbor came over and asked me for a favor. Mrs. Forest was a widow. To supplement her income from her late husband's pension she had started a sewing business making custom lingerie. A downstairs bedroom had been converted into a sewing room. Over the years she had established a very good reputation for high quality products and workmanship. I couldn't imagine what she would want to talk to me about as Billie Jean did her lawn and occasional fix up jobs around the house.

"I have decided to try to expand my business a little by mailing out some brochures," she began. "I was wondering if you would like to model some of my products and have the pictures printed in the booklets. Barbara, my beautician, showed me a picture of you at your sisters' party. I think you would be perfect for the job. Your mom said she would sign the release for you. I will pay you a hundred dollars."

I gulped at that amount of money. I was not old enough to get a job and that was a lot of money for so little work. I was curious about how many people had seen those photos that were taken at the party but decided not to ask about them.

"Well I guess so. What do I have to do?"

"Come over to my house next Saturday morning about 9am. I will have everything ready for you."

For the rest of the week I didn't give it a thought. Just went about my daily routine. Neither my mother nor Billie Jean had said anything about it to me either.

Saturday morning after breakfast I walked across the alley with my mom and knocked on Mrs. Forest's back door. She smiled as she let us in. We walked to the front of the house and then into the small sewing room off the dining area.

“Undress in here and put on the garments in the box, step out when you are ready,”

I took my shirt off as mom opened the box and held up a white bra. She helped me put it on and then after closing the back hooks she placed a ping pong ball in each cup and adjusted the straps. I took off the rest of my clothes and put on the white short leg panty girdle and a pair of panty hose. It was a tight fit but I liked the way the hose felt on my nearly hairless legs.

We walked out to where Mrs. Forest was standing. She placed a brown wig on my head and then proceeded to apply pink lipstick and blusher to my face. Over the next hour I put on camisoles, half and full slips. Then I stood in front of a white bed sheet she had hung from the archway to be photographed.

The garments were in many pastel colors and the tricot, taffeta and satin felt so good against my skin. It was easy to smile as I posed according to her directions. When we finished I returned to the sewing room to remove the panty girdle and hose.

Next I put on several styles of panties in a variety of colors, some with matching garter belts and stockings. These too were made of the same soft, sensuous fabrics. They made me feel quite feminine as I posed according to Mrs. Forest’s directions.

For some reason I felt perfectly relaxed while in these feminine garments. It was almost as if I should be wearing them instead of my boys’ clothes. I wondered if girls felt the same way.

My mother had looked at me approvingly as I posed, was photographed, and then changed into the next garment. She said nothing as we worked but she did have a wistful look on her face. Maybe she wished I had been her daughter instead of Billie Jean who was more “butch”.

When we were done Mrs. Forest removed my make up with some face cream and placed the wig on its’ stand. I returned to the sewing room to get dressed while mom signed the release. When I came back out Mrs. Forest placed a hundred dollar bill in my hand.

“Thank you so much Manny, I am glad you could come today,”

“You’re welcome Mrs. Forest,” I said as we left the house.

The hundred dollar bill felt good in my pants pocket. I went upstairs and put it in the drawer with the fifty I had won at the party with Billie Jean. Mom said nothing the rest of the day about my modeling. If she knew, Billie Jean didn’t say anything to me either.

School began and I found Junior High to be a much different place. Classes were larger and the place was more crowded. I made the tennis team that spring and though we were not championship caliber by any means we did better than anyone expected. Billie Jean was on the high school team and they placed third in the state championships.

All in all it had been a very good year. Real Estate sales had started to dip but we were still doing ok. I passed my finals and was looking forward to the summer off. Billie Jean was making good money with her lawn care, odd jobs, and working on the cars of her friends.

One night a week she took me to a martial arts class. Mom had decided to enroll me because of my small stature. After I finished Junior High I would be in a much larger high school where she was afraid the larger kids would take advantage of me.

The martial arts school was located on the top floor of a two story building near the shopping mall where Billie Jean had taken me to be dressed for her turnabout party. The first floor was a dance studio. When Billie Jean had first dropped me off she had cracked that I should remember to go to the second floor not the first as I might have to be fitted for a pink tutu.

Over the next two years, except for several jobs for Mrs. Forest, I did not wear girls' clothes. It was hard to understand but I missed it. I felt so calm and peaceful while standing in front of Mrs. Forest wearing her latest creation. Whether it was a pair of satin panties or a lacy taffeta slip it just seemed to feel so right.

I continued to make good grades and passed my exams. The next year I would be a freshman and Billie Jean would be a senior. I excelled in my martial arts classes and was much better at those competitions than I was at tennis. I was going to ask mom if I could drop tennis but because she had loved the game so much I decided not to.

At the start of high school I found it to be a much noisier and an even more overcrowded place than Junior High. I got along well with my fellow students and had managed to stay out of trouble. There were certain kids I just didn't want to associate with so I kept my distance from them.

Even at a very young age there was plenty of access to drugs or alcohol and I didn't want any part of either. Mom had given both of us a taste of beer and liquor at home so we would not try to get it illegally. I didn't care for any of that stuff but of course Billie Jean liked everything.

After the holidays the drama students were putting on their midwinter play. I spent an hour with the guys in my beginning woodshop class building the sets they would need. As we were setting them up the girls were going thru a can-can routine.

One of the guys mentioned what a great tragedy it would be if one or more of the girls slipped as they were flashing their skirts up and the whole chorus line came falling down.

The afternoon of the evening's performance a classmate handed me a small plastic vial of clear fluid. We finished setting up the scenery on the stage and while the instructor was busy elsewhere we went to the front of the stage where a wide metal re-enforcing strip had been secured to the floor.

The metal strip was a temporary replacement for the deteriorated wood section that had been removed. He instructed me to spread the clear fluid over a section on the left side of the stage while he did the right. The fluid was synthetic oil, clear, odorless and invisible once we had applied it.

That night as the girls came out to do the can-can several of them stepped on the strip simultaneously. Their feet went out from under them and most of them fell to the floor. After a few minutes the play resumed but pictures of the girls sprawled on the stage had

been uploaded to a popular internet site called "Our Town" so the whole world could watch the girls flopping over each other.

Monday morning the principal made the announcement that an investigation had begun and the persons responsible would be caught and severely punished. My woodshop classmate just winked at me and put a single finger up to his mouth as if to shush me.

Over the next several months nothing more was said about the incident though the website had thousands of hits. I figured that would be the end of it but of course it was not to be.

The cops busted a beer and marijuana party one weekend and a classmate, in exchange for leniency, gave us up. At a meeting with the principal, Ms. Hall, I learned that we were not going to be suspended from school but would have disciplinary action taken at a later date. Mom was disappointed in my behavior but tossed it off as a "boys will be boys" sort of thing. As we left Ms. Halls' office I wondered just exactly what the "disciplinary action" would consist of.

A month later my classmate and I found our selves dressed in girls' pink, short skirted, tennis outfits complete with a pink bow in our hair and of course pink panties. After an hour or so of practice and enough taunts and catcalls to last a lifetime we were allowed back into our male clothing and warned about getting into trouble again.

Our punishment was technically over but that didn't stop our classmates from asking if we were going to wear skirts or dresses to class. Several of the girls offered to help us with makeup and of course Billie Jean said she would be happy to buy me a French Maid costume and stiletto heels so I could be "properly uniformed" while I did the house work.

My classmate was relieved to be out of the girls' uniform but of course I had enjoyed it, especially the feel of those pink, ruffled, tricot panties. I was actually pleased to wear something feminine again. It had been sometime since Mrs. Forest had needed me and I had longed for the delicious feel of feminine garments though I was at a loss to explain why.

By the time graduation was close the taunts had ceased. Billie Jean and I both passed our exams and I was looking forward to another summer off. Maybe Mrs. Forest would need me again. I envied the women who left her house with those pink boxes and began thinking more and more about why a boy like me should enjoy femininity so much.

A week after school closed for the summer Billie Jean was driving Marty home from a party. She was traveling very fast and failed to negotiate a curve. The car rolled over several times and exploded into flames. They were both dead at the scene.

Following the funeral I helped mom dispose of Billie Jean's stuff. I was back into my regular routine of martial arts once a week as well as doing my household chores. By this time I had become a good cook and was keeping the house spotless.

One night I was on the computer and Googled "French Maid Uniforms". I found several of the websites blocked by parental controls but many others showed a variety of satin and taffeta dresses. They also offered accessories like panties, petticoats, garter belts, fishnet stockings, stiletto pumps, maid caps, chokers and wristlets. I was amazed at this

and found looking at the pictures very stimulating. I printed out several of the pictures I liked and kept them upstairs in an old notebook.

Sometimes at night I fantasized about wearing the complete uniform while I walked girlishly about the house in those black stiletto pumps. I experienced my first erection and soon afterwards climaxed in some tissues. I had never experienced such an erotic high before. After climax however my feminine feelings disappeared and I felt strongly masculine.

There had to be something wrong with me. Was I what the boys called "Queer" or a "Faggot"? I never found myself attracted to any boy. I liked several of the girls in my classes and though they were always polite to me it was like they didn't want to be with me, at least not socially. I was still without a drivers' license and a car so I couldn't ask any of them out.

I guess it was more accurate to say they felt a little "uncomfortable" around me. Maybe because of my size and features they thought I was not masculine enough for them. As a result I was alone much of the time.

I did find a lot of solace on the internet. I continued to find and enjoy the many bridal-bridesmaid-prom and other formal apparel sites. I printed a few of my favorite pictures and kept them in my notebook. I was still at a loss trying to figure out why I felt the way I did.

Several years passed and as I got closer to graduation I was in a quandary wondering what to do with my life. I worked for Mrs. Forest only two more times as a model. I did pick up extra money doing house work for her and some of her friends. I could make more in a day cleaning houses than in a week at a burger or pizza joint. I continued to save my money. I didn't need a car as the homes were within walking distance. I did get my drivers' license and used my mom's car only sparingly.

My senior year started and I was still clueless as to what to do with my life. I had not spoken to anyone about my love for femininity. I knew this was outside the realm of "normal behavior" so I kept it to myself.

The martial arts club was just above average in the local competitions and only two members had gone on to the state finals. I was still not a tennis player of my mom or sisters caliber. This would be my last year and as much as I had hoped our team would do well in the spring we were just not very talented.

In late January I was at the mall early on a Saturday morning. I was just killing some time and enjoying a brisk walk. When I passed the beauty salon Barbara Wells saw me and gave me a smile and a wave. The manager of the formal apparel store next door was adjusting a sale flyer for their new selection of prom dresses when I passed and she too smiled. I kept walking though I would have dearly loved to stop and ask her if I could come in after hours and try on some of those gorgeous gowns.

I finished my walk and then took in a movie. Afterwards I stopped in the bookstore to browse a little. As I was walking out I spied four magazines prominently displayed in the front of the magazine rack.

These magazines were the prom guides that were published once a year. On the spur of the moment I grabbed a copy of each one and stacked them up at the checkout. The grey haired woman at the register rang up my purchase without a word and placed them in a bag. I walked hurriedly out of the store and went home.

Mom was not there when I arrived so I took the magazines upstairs and laid them on the bed. For the next hour or so I browsed thru each one making a list of the websites for the manufacturers. I was very envious of those girls. They looked beyond fabulous in their beautiful dresses, perfect hair, makeup, nails and of course those high heel shoes. I became very stimulated and masturbated several times as I imagined myself to be one of them. The slamming of the back door announced my mom's arrival so I gathered up the magazines and placed them under the mattress.

"Is there anything wrong?" she asked as I entered the kitchen.

"No. Why do you ask?" I replied.

She just shrugged as she took the chicken and potatoes out of the bucket. I was afraid I must have looked guilty about something as she had never asked me that before. We finished our fast food supper with no further comment from her.

I did up the dishes as she finished some paperwork. She had made two sales in the last four days even though overall sales had begun to decline sharply.

That night after I showered I wished I could have put on one of the pink peignoirs Mrs. Forest had made for one of her clients. Instead I wore my white cotton briefs. They didn't feel right on me. I missed the cool softness of the tricot and satin panties I had worn for Mrs. Forest's brochure. I got into bed and closed my eyes.

When I opened them again I was in the back of the formal apparel store. There were two women looking at me. One was the manager and the other was a sales clerk. Both of them had broad grins on their faces. I turned to look at my reflection in the full length mirror to my left.

I was wearing a white strapless body briefer and a blonde wig. The spandex foundation garment compressed my male body into a more feminine form. There were breast forms in the cups. A single strand of pearls graced my neck and a pair of long earrings hung from my earlobes. My cheeks had been brushed with red rouge and my lips had a thick layer of fire engine red lipstick.

The sales clerk handed me a pair of panty hose. When I took them from her I noticed my nails were long and had been painted red. I put the hose on and then the manager slipped a red satin strapless dress over my head and zipped me up. The dress fit snugly from the bust line to the waist and then flared out. At the hem it was tucked up underneath. She called it a "bubble dress."

I stepped into a pair of four inch stiletto heel dye able shoes. After putting on the matching mid length gloves the manager pinned a large red satin sissy bow to the top of my wig and handed me a red clutch purse. I turned to the mirror once again and saw a very pretty girl all decked out for the prom.

"Ok girly boy now let's see you walk," said the manager.

I began walking away from them to the front of the store. I stopped, turned around and walked back to where they were standing. I felt so pretty. I knew I looked good and I had the most exhilarating feeling. I had never felt like this before. I was ecstatic and felt like I wanted to live forever but only if I could wear lingerie, dresses, heels, and makeup.

"That's very good sissy boy. Now do it again, only smile this time and when you come back smooth your dress as you sit in this chair, cross your legs and then take the lipstick and compact out of your purse,"

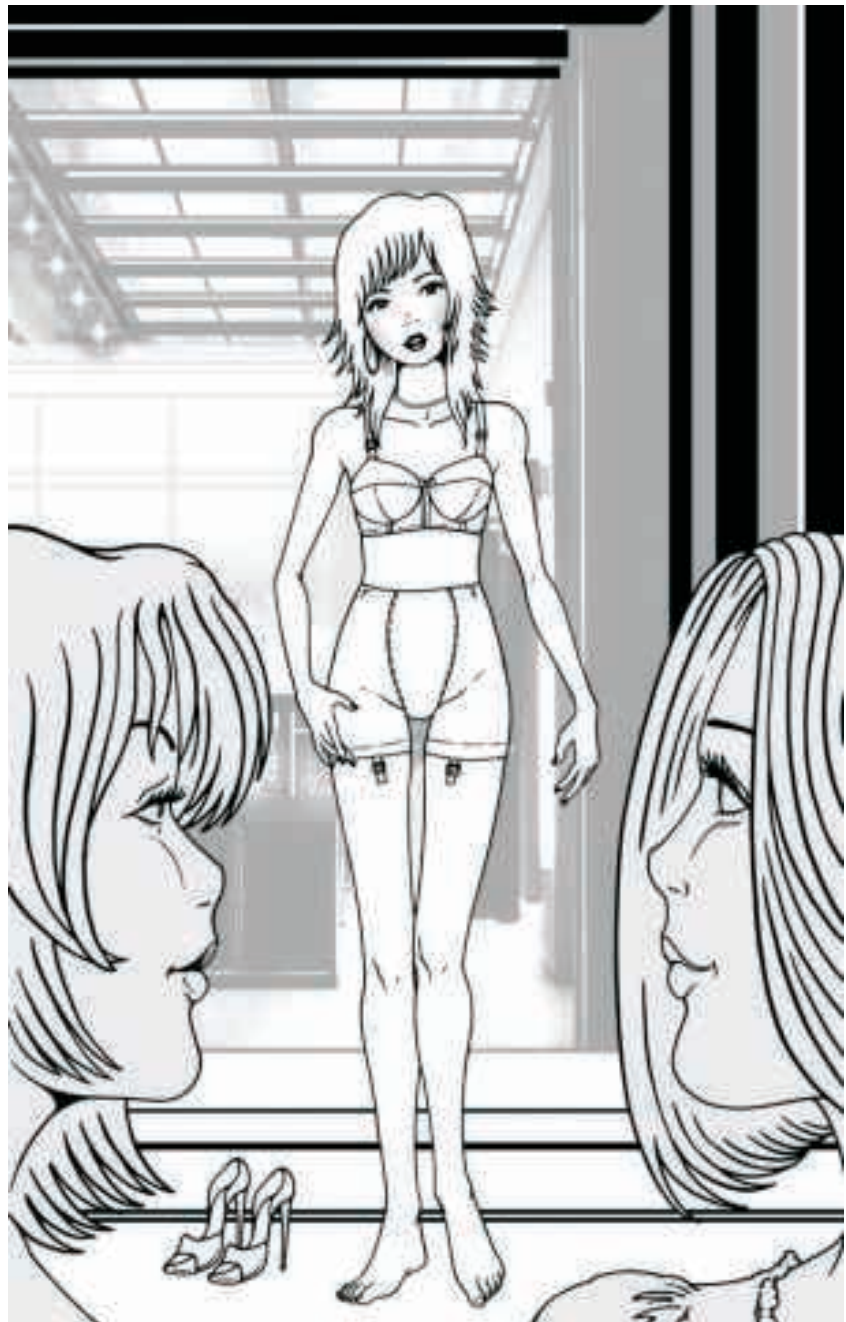
I followed her directions to the letter. I loved the sensuous feel of the dress and the nylons on my legs as I crossed them in girlish fashion as I sat down and took out the makeup items.

"Brush some blusher on your cheeks and then touch up your lipstick," said the manager.

I ran the pad over my cheeks and then pressed the tube of creamy red lipstick to my mouth and applied some more of the make up. When I finished I placed the items back in my purse and looked up at the two women with a smile on my face.

"Very good sissy boy, you are behaving in a most delightful and feminine manner. You followed my instructions to the letter and I am certain that you will enjoy spending the rest of eternity here as our perfect model. Now come over here and I will help you into the next dress,"

I uncrossed my legs, stood up and walked over to where she was standing. She unzipped me and slipped the red bubble dress over my head. The sales clerk was holding a similar dress but in black taffeta. She unzipped it and held it up by the hem. Looking right at me she said:



"Isn't it about time you got up sleepy head, it is almost nine o'clock!"

The salesclerks face turned into my mothers.

"You must have had a wonderful dream to stay in bed this long," she said.

I said nothing as I flipped back the blanket and sat up. I went into the bathroom and looked at my reflection in the mirror. The blusher and lipstick were gone and I was wearing only my white cotton briefs. I had never had a dream so real or so erotic. It had only been a dream but what a wonderful one it had been. That night I tried to re-create that dream again but failed to do so.

Graduation neared as did the date of the senior prom. A new girl, Sue Mansfield, had transferred in at the holiday break. I asked her to the prom and she accepted. She was taller than I was and this prompted a number of remarks about who was going to wear the dress and heels and who would be in a tuxedo.

A number of girls had mentioned to Sue how good I had looked in my pink tennis outfit as punishment for my part in the mid winter play debacle. A friend of Billie Jean's took Sue aside and showed her the picture from the turnabout party. She was unfazed by it all.

I borrowed mom's car for the prom and we both had a good time. Even with only three inch heels she still towered over me prompting a number of giggles from some of the other couples. She was wearing a conservatively styled, light green chiffon, mid length gown and I liked the way it swirled around her legs when she danced.

I took her home and walked her to the door. As I stretched up to kiss her she wrapped her arms around me tightly and kissed me hard. Her aggressiveness startled me initially but I relaxed and let her push her tongue into my mouth. When we broke apart she smiled down at me.

"Let's go inside, my folks are gone for the weekend,"

I hadn't anticipated this but after she unlocked the door I walked ahead of her not sure of what to expect next. I had enjoyed her kiss. What I enjoyed even more I guess was the fact that she had taken the initiative. It felt good to be in her strong arms.

"Have a seat," she said pointed at the expansive couch as she walked to the bar on the opposite side of the room.

"What is your poison?" she inquired.

"Uh, just a soft drink for me, I'm driving remember?" I answered.

She smiled a coy smile and then filled a glass with some cola. She handed me the drink as she sat close to me. I was almost pinned between her and the large side arm of the sofa. I took of the drink and it had a medicinal taste to it. She placed her arm around my neck and got closer.

"Since I'm the new girl in town tell me about the area,"

I told her what little I did know about this small suburb as I took small sips from my drink. She had a way of looking at you that was almost as if she was looking thru you. It was like she already knew what you were going to say before you said it and if you tried to say anything different she knew you were lying.

She seemed to be an entirely different girl than the quiet, reserved one I had known at school and had just spent the last several hours dancing with. When I finished she took another sip from her glass and then took mine from my hand.

“Let me freshen that up for you,” she said with a smile.

My heart was beating faster as she returned from the bar and sat down. Once again she had positioned herself very close to me and wrapped her arm around my shoulder. I took another mouthful of my drink to find it tasted somewhat stronger than before. I had stayed away from alcohol altogether but now did not seem like a good time to refuse my hostess’s drink. I was beginning to feel a little bit giddy.

“Tell me about you,” I said nervously.

“Oh not much there I’m afraid. Corporate daughter, moves around a lot, just begins to make friends and then has to re-locate.”

I nodded and took another sip of my drink as she leaned in closer.

“I see. Well there is not much to tell about me either. I was born and raised here and...”

She placed her mouth over mine and kissed me hard again, this time forcing her tongue inside of my mouth as she pushed me back against the sofa. I closed my eyes and was enjoying the kiss when she broke it off.

“I already know enough about you. That’s why I’m glad you asked me to the prom. Finish your drink and come with me,”

I gulped the last of the drink and set the glass on the end table. She stood up, grabbed my left hand, and pulled me with her down the hallway to her bedroom. My heart was pounding furiously as I didn’t know what to do next. I was still a virgin and was ashamed that most all my classmates were experienced and I wasn’t. I was afraid I wouldn’t know what to do or be unable to please her.

She stood in the middle of the bedroom floor and turned around.

“Unzip me please,” she said.

As I pulled the zipper down she stepped out of her heels. She still towered over me as I helped her take the dress off. She put the dress on a hanger, then standing in front of me in her lingerie she began loosening my bowtie and unbuttoning my shirt. I was too nervous to say anything. Once I was naked she took off her lingerie. She put her arm around me and led me over to the vanity.

“Close your eyes and open your mouth,” she ordered in a stern voice.

The tone of her voice surprised me. She had not spoken sharply to me all evening but I did so. Then she pressed a lipstick tube to my lips and smoothed the make up on. I opened my eyes as she pressed the tube once in each cheek and smoothed the makeup around for a blush look.

“Don’t say a word, I know exactly what you like sissy boy,” she said as her arm tightened around my neck.