



Reluctant Press presents:

HAROLD II



Cheryl Lynn

An 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Harold II

By Cheryl Lynn

Harold paced his room nervously. He had run into Mrs. Gilmore that morning; she said she would be coming over for a visit. She hadn't visited in well over a month but now she was going to show up. His life was just beginning to get back to normal after her previous interference. Billy Thompson was off to college, so what did she want with him now? That was the question gnawing at his innards, twisting them into knots.

When Billy left, Harold figured he was finished with all that feminine crap she imposed upon him. He got rid of all his piercings, changed his hair and clothing style to that of a more normal girl. He would have loved to abandon his feminine persona altogether but all the kids at school knew him as Samantha. He even had his pictures displayed in the high school yearbook

as a member of the Queen's Court. Plus, he had small but well-developed B-cup breasts. If he revealed himself to be a boy now, his life would be forever destroyed. All he had to do was get through his senior year and he would be free to become Harold again. It wouldn't be that easy as he would have to get his permanent makeup and breasts removed but there was hope. Now, with Mrs. Gilmore coming back into his life, he didn't know what to expect. She had much photographic evidence that she could totally ruin him.

As he paced, he looked around his room. Gone were all the girlie posters and nick-knacks she had put there. All the makeup, feminine hygiene products and other accouterments of young girls had been tossed away weeks ago. The pink sheets and ruffles were gone from his bed. The floral-scented oil lamp was long gone as well as the dollies that had decorated his table and bureau. He never wore the dresses, heels and feminine lingerie that had filled his closets and drawers any more. He only wore baggy blue jeans, sweaters and women's Fruit of the Loom underwear.

"Man, I hope she's not going to do anything. Mom's just now beginning to get over her visits and I don't want to go back to wearing all that girlie-girl stuff. With Billy gone, why would she even bother with us anymore? She scares me though. She scares the hell out of me," he thought.

After running into Harold that morning, Mrs. Gilmore was in a rage. All her disappointments and anger over Billy's rejection of Harold and his dangerous homosexual nature were now focused on Harold. When she saw him that morning, she felt a burning hatred build up inside her like nothing ever had before. He was wearing a bulky sweater with the sleeves

pulled up over his elbows and baggy blue jeans. He had even changed his hairstyle to give him a more boyish look. She wouldn't have recognized him if it hadn't been for the elaborate eye makeup.

"How dare he flaunt himself like that to me! That slut ruined all my plans and drove my darling Billy away. The nerve of that boy! I put a year into molding him into the perfect companion for my Billy. So this is how he repays me? Strutting around looking more like a boy than the pretty girl I wanted for my Billy. It's only a matter of time before everyone starts thinking of him as a boy again. I can't have that! If it became known that Harold was a boy, Billy's reputation would be destroyed. Worse yet, my son-in-law's standing on the city council would be questioned. His political career would be over and my daughter ostracized. I can't allow that to happen," she raged.

Karen's day had been a rough one. First, the bus she took to work broke down and she was late. Then one of the other girls didn't show up, so Karen had to take on her workload. To make matters worse, her boss was in a foul mood and took it out on her. After the hard day at work, as she was approaching the steps to her apartment, she broke a heel.

"Shit!" she yelled as the heel gave way. Fortunately she didn't fall.

"Damn! This has to be the worst day of my life. What else can go wrong? Oh, I miss Mrs. Gilmore. She sure made my life much easier. I could confide in her and she always made my troubles disappear. She's been so involved with her family that she hasn't had time for me. I hope she settles her family business soon. I miss her," Karen thought as she hobbled up the steps.

“Samantha, I’m home, dear,” she said as she entered the apartment.

“Damn, Samantha forgot to make dinner again tonight. I was so hoping to come home to a nice meal. The house is a mess too. She’s been slacking off lately but teenagers, who can figure them out? Mrs. Gilmore seemed to know how to handle Samantha but I just don’t have the energy,” Karen thought as she went into her room.

Karen was standing over the stove when Mrs. Gilmore walked in. She was wearing a white ruffled blouse and brown straight skirt. In her hand was the familiar pot of herbal tea.

“Karen darling, what are you doing? You shouldn’t be cooking, that’s Samantha’s job. Put that down, come over here and have some of my herbal tea. You look positively frazzled,” she said sternly.

“Oh, Mrs. Gilmore, I’ve missed you so much. I can’t tell you how much I missed your company. Is everything okay with your family now?” Karen beamed.

“Yes dear, everything is fine now and I have time to visit with my favorite neighbor. I’ve neglected you for too long as it is. Now, sit and join me in a cup,” Mrs. Gilmore replied.

By the time the pot was finished, Karen was completely relaxed. All her cares and worries were taken care of by the doting Mrs. Gilmore. She barely remembered Mrs. Gilmore getting up and bringing a cowering Samantha back to finish cooking. The meal was eaten without thought, followed by another pot of that delicious tea, then off to bed.

Karen's last thought before falling into a deep untroubled sleep was, "Mrs. Gilmore is my guardian angel."

Ooo

Harold was lying on his bed, his hands tucked behind his head, staring at the ceiling when Mrs. Gilmore stormed in. Before he could do more than sit up, she had him by the arm and jerked him out. The force of the pull threw him up against the dresser with a loud thud. He stood dazed for a moment, then was pushed, bent over, back onto the bed. His ass flamed into agonizing pain as Mrs. Gilmore applied her belt vigorously.

"You ungrateful little bastard! I'll teach you to disrespect me," she screamed.

By the time she had exhausted herself pounding Harold's ass, he was a blubbering mess. He had never been as sorry in his life as he was at that moment. He agreed to everything she demanded and promised to do so happily.

On her command, he stripped naked and stood still as she inspected him. "Damn it Samantha, you have stubble on your legs. And what's that thing sticking out between your legs? Where's your gaff?" she demanded.

"I...I didn't like...like wearing it. I...I got rid of them," he stammered.

"So you didn't like wearing your pretty gaffs, did you? I bet you've been playing with that horrible thing between your legs too, haven't you? Don't lie to me. I'll know if you do," she almost yelled.

"Ye...yes," he muttered.

"When you were jerking that thing of yours, were you thinking about other boys or girls?" she asked with a sneer.

"Gir...girls," he said blushing.

"Girls? What are you, a lesbian? You don't have to answer that. I can see by what you are wearing. Cotton underwear, baggy jeans, you should be ashamed of yourself. Your poor mother would be ashamed of a daughter who was that way. Well, that's nothing that we can't fix. What have you done with all your pretty lingerie?" she spat.

"Got rid of it? All your pretty lingerie? Why you ungrateful little shit! We're going to change all that, beginning right now. Did you keep any of your dresses? No, just your prom gown? Well, get into it if that's all you have. We'll go shopping first thing in the morning. I'll get you excused from school," Mrs. Gilmore ordered.

After his mother went to bed, Mrs. Gilmore tied Harold to his bed using several pairs of pantyhose. He was left naked and unable to free himself. It took a long time before he could fall asleep. What sleep he got was troubled and disturbing.

Ooo

Mrs. Gilmore made sure to meet Karen just before she left for work to get her credit card. Then she phoned the school and informed them that Samantha was sick.

“You know how it is with young girls during their time of the month. She should be back tomorrow,” she explained.

She had an evil grin when she entered Harold’s room. “Time to get up, you good-for-nothing lout. Come on, you have a lot to do this morning before we go shopping,” she said.

She quickly untied him, then, grabbing him by the earlobe, dragged him into the bathroom. The tub was already full of floral-scented bubbles. On the counter sat a large red rubber bag with a white hose and thick nozzle, a box of super absorbent tampons and panty liners, pink razor and feminine shave cream. Mrs. Gilmore took great delight watching him perform his douche. She had made him take the entire quart of liquid and apply a tampon to hold it all in.

“I told the school you were having a bad case of the cramps and I wouldn’t want to lie to them. You leave that tampon in until after your bath. Now get into the tub and start scrubbing. I don’t want to see the slightest trace of stubble anywhere on your pathetic body,” she stated as she left.

Harold washed and shaved as quickly as he could. He couldn’t wait to drain the fluids from his body. Finished with his bath, he patted himself dry, applied moisturizer and dusted with lavender-scented powder before he sat to relieve the pressure. When he finished up, Mrs. Gilmore came back into the room.

“Good, you’re finished. Stand up, turn around and let me see if you missed anything. At least you remembered how to shave properly. I don’t see any nicks or missed spots. Come on, we have to get you dressed,” she said.

On his bed were a black pair of nylon panties and matching bra, a green wrap skirt and white poly man-cut long-sleeved blouse, a package of ecru panty hose and a pair of his black flats. The bra and panties were a bit big on him but would do. He was told later that they were his mother's. Dressed, he grabbed his purse and followed reluctantly her out the door.

He expected her to go directly to the thrift store but she took a turn. When she stopped, they were in front of La Petite salon. Mrs. Jefferson was waiting as they entered.

"My my, is that the gal that worked here this summer? What did ya do to yourself, girl? Ya look a mess. Go on back to Miss Yolanda's station, she's waitin' on ya," Mrs. Jefferson said in greeting.

Harold groaned as he walked back to where Yolanda was waiting. She was tall and thin but had an impressive DD rack and well-rounded behind. She was also one of the technicians who went out of her way to humiliate him.

"Well well, if it ain't the sissy faggot, of all people. Mrs. Jefferson told me you was coming for a work-over but she didn't tell me it'd be a major reconstruction. Come on, get ya white ass over here and into my chair," she caustically ordered.

It was almost noon by the time Harold left the salon. His hair was once again a bright, very brassy blond, shellacked into tight rows of flat horizontal curls. His ears were again pierced four times and held gold hoops. The bottom earring was at least six inches, the next four inches, the third two inches and the final piercing contained a large blue rhinestone stud. His left nostril was pierced and a smaller blue stone stud had been inserted. Yolanda took great delight in piercing

his navel and inserting a one-inch bright pink phallus pin. Of course his salon visit wasn't complete until he sported one and a half-inch acrylic extensions on his fingers. They were varnished a bright blue with small white daisy decals. As a finishing touch, she had painted his lips a luscious wet-looking fuchsia.

The next stop was the shoe store. There, Mrs. Gilmore insisted that he buy five pairs of stilt-heeled shoes. The heels were three pair of strappy sandals and two pair of open-toed pumps, none with less than a five-inch heel. He was allowed two pair of school shoes. They were black with a three-inch heel. One pair were ankle boots, the other pointed-toe pumps. He left the shop wearing a pair of silver strappy sandals with five-inch stiletto heels. Instead of going to the thrift store, Mrs. Gilmore led him to the bus stop.

"Where are we going?" he timidly asked.

"I found this lovely vintage clothing store downtown and I thought we'd give it a look over," she smugly replied.

"Vintage Fashions" was a large store with racks and racks of old dresses, pants suits, colorful net crinolines, and blouses along with tables of lingerie items. Mrs. Gilmore immediately headed for the lingerie section. Harold followed timidly behind, staring wide-eyed at all the old-fashioned clothing. Most of it looked brand new or barely used. As he passed a mannequin, he paused as he recognized the dress. It was the horrid orange polyester dress with the rectangular designs from that magazine his mother had showed him. In the lingerie section he saw the same matched set of heavily frilled undergarments.

"That was a catalog, not a magazine we were looking through," he thought as his eyes focused on the lin-

gerie set. A chill ran up his spine at that realization. While the lingerie was beautiful, he knew that it would be very uncomfortable to wear.

“Here, go put this on now,” Mrs. Gilmore, said thrusting some clothing into his hands.

Looking down, he groaned as he recognized a long-line girdle and a matching bullet bra. Not wanting to get her any more agitated than she already was, Harold went to the changing cubicles. There he stripped down to his panties, stepped into the girdle and began working it up his legs and hips. It was a very tight fit and while it might have been older than he was, had lost none of its elasticity. The girdle grasped him painfully in the groin. With some difficulty, he managed to get his hand down to his crotch and maneuvered his testicles and penis into a less painful position. The bullet bra’s four hook and eye closure gave him a brief struggle. The wide band of the bra came down almost to the top of the girdle and cut into his chest.

He looked at his reflection and noticed that the girdle took at least two inches off his waist. The pointed cones of the bra stood straight out from his chest.

“I look just like the model from the neck down,” he mumbled.

The girdle and bra were a pale wine color with intricate burgundy-colored lace detailing. Scalloped lace hemmed the legs of the girdle which reached down to about three inches above the knee. From the crotch of the girdle up the middle, almost to his navel, floral embroidery formed a fluer de lei pattern. The top of the girdle was trimmed in the scalloped lace. The bra straps and band were burgundy-colored and the stiff cups a pale wine with floral lace overlay. From the

tight restrictiveness of the girdle, Harold figured that it was at least one size too small.

He wasn't surprised when Mrs. Gilmore entered the cubicle with the matching half and full slips. She smiled when he complained that the girdle was too small and handed him the full slip to put on. With the slip on, she took his hand and led him out onto the main floor.

"Mrs. Gilmore, I can't be out here in just these undies," he gasped.

"Nonsense dear, it's just us girls. Besides, I need to get the price tags off so you can wear your new lingerie home. You stand here while I get you a nice dress to wear with that lovely lingerie," she replied with a sneer.

To his utter horror, she quickly returned with that ugly and totally out-of-style orange dress, a pair of ecru seamed hose, the white satin pill box hat with a frill of white netting, white cotton gloves and two strands of block shaped white plastic beads for his neck and wrist.

"Here you go, darling, let me help you get these on. I can't wait to see just how precious you are going to look in this outfit," she ordered.

As Mrs. Gilmore zippered the back of the dress, a sales clerk came over to them, carrying a white patent leather letter purse. It was about a foot long, eight inches wide and three inches thick, with a gold clasp fastener.

"Hello ladies, my name is Carol. I couldn't help but notice your wonderful selections. That style is just so Jackie Kennedy, don't you think? I took the liberty to get this letter purse which I think would go perfectly

with it. Unfortunately, I don't think I have the matching shoes in white but those silver sandals will be okay," she said, offering the purse to Harold.

Carol was about Mrs. Gilmore's age with white hair pinned into a chignon style. Her face was round and rosy-looking and a pair of black rimmed half-glasses sat perched at the end of her nose. She was wearing a rayon shirt waist full-skirted dress with at least four white net petticoats.

"Carol, I'm Mrs. Gilmore and we certainly appreciate the offer. I haven't seen a letter purse like that in ages. Of course we will take it. Oh, this is my granddaughter Samantha," she replied with a bright smile.

Without thinking about it, Harold took the offered purse and held it clumsily in his hands. All his other purses had straps and he didn't know what to do with this rectangular purse.

Carol saw his fumbling and instructed, "Samantha, you need to put that style purse under your upper arm and use your hand to hold the bottom corner. You'll find that a comfortable and controllable position."

As Mrs. Gilmore and Carol chatted, Harold was becoming more and more uncomfortable. His undergarments were very confining and warm. His impossibly high heels were making his ankles and calves pulse. Seeing his reflection made him want to gag. No matter where he went dressed like this, he would be the focus of everyone's attention, something he most certainly didn't want. He wished that he had the guts to rip everything off and tell these women just where he thought they should go. Instead, he stood mutely waiting for them to finish their conversation.

“My darling Samantha would just love to have all your darling dresses and lingerie but...they are expensive. Carol, we will be back in the near future to purchase more of your wonderful clothing but I think we have enough for now,” Mrs. Gilmore, said bringing the conversation to a close.

“I admit they are a bit pricey but as you can imagine, they are very hard to come by nowadays. However, I am running a special on peignoir sets this week. I have some really darling selections. It will only take a moment,” Carol replied.

It took Mrs. Gilmore a couple of seconds to choose a peignoir set for Harold. It was the most feminine of all on display. The semi-transparent nylon robe was very full-skirted with large puff sleeves fastening just above the elbow in a chocolate color with very elaborate white lace detailing and thin satin bows. The matching negligee made of Antron nylon had a rounded collar and was full skirted, reaching to the ankle. It had an abundance of white lace detailing on the straps, bodice and hem. It positively screamed girlie-girl.

A blushing Harold left that store with a little more wiggle in his walk. The tight ass-hugging skirt and the way he had to hold his purse gave an enchanting swish to his stride. As he feared, his wiggle and mode of dress drew every eye they passed and the occasional wolf whistle. His ordeal still wasn't over as Mrs. Gilmore said he was in need of some everyday clothing.

He thought his butt was pinched more than a few times while riding the bus back to the thrift store. He couldn't tell for sure due to the thick girdle he wore. Getting off the bus was no easier. He had to lift his skirt a bit so he could take the steep step down. When

he did, it exposed a bit of the fancy lace on his slip. He received more than one wolf whistle as he began walking off. Harold's face was beaming bright red by then.

They didn't get back to the apartment until almost four that afternoon. Harold was completely exhausted, his feet and legs were killing him and the heat at his groin was noticeable. While his new undergarments were beautiful, they were the most uncomfortable clothing he had worn so far.

The stop at the thrift store had yielded more lingerie, dresses, skirts, blouses and Capri's. Fortunately, Mrs. Gilmore couldn't find any more of the old fashioned rayon dresses or bullet bras. She did find one panty-girdle that was rubber lined in a bright pink.

As soon as the clothing was folded or hung and put away, Harold had to make supper for his mother. Mrs. Gilmore didn't care how tired or exhausted he was.

"Samantha, a good daughter will make her poor mother supper and happily do the cleaning. It doesn't matter how tired you are. It is a responsibility and you *will* do it. If you have any complaints, you can only blame yourself. If you hadn't reverted to your old slovenly and lazy ways, you wouldn't be complaining now," she stated.

"Bu...but Mrs. Gilmore, this girdle and bra are killing me. They are hot and really uncomfortable. My feet are on fire too. Plea..." he started to protest.

"Samantha, that is enough! You only have yourself to blame. For that outburst, you can wear your new girdle, bra and shoes to bed tonight. As a matter of fact, you will wear them for the rest of the week. You will have them on when you go to school and when you go to bed at night. Maybe by then you will have learned to

do what I say, when I say it, without complaint and a happy smile on your face," Mrs. Gilmore yelled.

The smell of beef stew greeted Karen as she walked into the kitchen. "That smells just divine and I'm starving. Oh my Samantha, you...you've changed. Take off that apron and turn around for me. That's the outfit we saw in the catalog. It looks great especially with that hairstyle. You even got that cute hat. Did you get the lingerie we looked at too? OMG! You did! Come on; lift that dress so I can see. Oh darling, it is lovely. From the way you have been behaving lately, I thought I had lost my girlie-girl. You look really nice, much better than that tom boy. I guess I have Mrs. Gilmore to thank for this change. I'm going to get these heels off and into something more comfortable while you finish up. You look *so* sophisticated in that outfit," she said.

"Darn it, I have to stand over a hot stove wearing full foundation garments in five-inch spiked heels while she gets to get into something comfortable. This is just so unfair," Harold signed as she left the room.

As Harold stood at the sink wearing pink rubber gloves washing the dishes, Mrs. Gilmore came in with her pot of tea and a large brown bottle.

"Karen darling, I noticed earlier that Samantha didn't have any more of her multi-vitamins so I brought her a refill," she said as she put the pot down.

"We had such a wonderful day together. I'm sure you regret not being able to help your daughter get a proper wardrobe but we understand. I'm happy to step in. Samantha, as soon as you have washed the dishes, come take your vitamin. Here, let's have a spot of tea and you can tell me all about your day," she said with a bright smile.

Finished with the dishes, Harold had no choice but to take the large purple pill. Deep down he suspected that the pill was something other than a vitamin but was too afraid to confront Mrs. Gilmore. As they drank their tea and chatted softly, Harold began cleaning off the counter tops before sweeping the floor.

"Life is so unfair," he thought as he glanced over at his mother who was wearing flats and a ratty old house dress. He couldn't hear what they were saying but his mother had a contented smile on her face.

After his mother was safely tucked away for the night, Mrs. Gilmore came into his bedroom. The pill-box hat, purse, gloves and costume jewelry were sitting on his bureau. He was stiffly stepping out of the dress.

Taking the dress from him to hang in the closet, she told him to start his nightly toilet. He sat on the vanity stool, crossed his ankles, keeping his back straight and reached for the cold cream. As he performed his nightly routine, she began removing clothing from his bureau and closet.

"I picked out your clothing for school tomorrow. It should save time in the morning. Since you are being punished for your behavior, you will be wearing your girdle, bra and heels to bed until next Monday. In the morning you will douche but not drain it. Use a super absorbent tampon and maxi pad. If you have leakage...well, that is to be expected for a young girl during her time of the month. That way you will have a bit of cramps and that bloated feeling. That's a good explanation for your absence today and I won't be totally lying about your illness. Now put on your new negligee, then get into bed on top of your comforter so I can tie you in for the night," she ordered.

“Please Mrs. Gilmore, don’t do that. I’m not going to run away,” he plead.

“It’s not to keep you from running away, dear. It’s part of your punishment. Besides, I don’t want you tossing and turning while wearing those heels in bed. Speaking of your bed, what happened to the pretty comforter and other nice things in your room? Did you throw them away as well? Tsk, tsk you really shouldn’t have done that. We’ll take care of that tomorrow after school,” she stated.

Ooo

Mary and Jeannie were the first of his friends to see him at school. “OMG! Samantha, you decided to go back to being a girlie-girl again. That is a way cool outfit. Where did you get it?” Mary exclaimed.

Harold was wearing a black woolen hobble skirt, white ruffled poly blouse with lacy jabot and small pearl buttons. He was wearing a black wool Eton-style jacket over the blouse. A wide black patent leather belt with gold buckle emphasized his narrowed waist. He was also wearing his three-inch black pumps with almost black hose.

“Hi Mary, Jeannie. Thanks. Yeah, I’m so over the tom boy phase. This is just something I had in the closet. Do you really like it?” Samantha responded. He wanted to tell them how much he hated dressing this way but dared not. Mrs. Gilmore still had friends working in the school and would find out if he acted any way but enthusiastic.

While Mary and Jeannie were friends, he still wasn’t positive that he could trust them with what was re-

ally happening in his life. Jeannie had Mrs. Gilmore's cell number and he knew that they sometimes talked. Even if Jeannie wouldn't deliberately say anything to hurt him, she could innocently reveal something when they talked. He couldn't take that chance.

"Yeah, girlfriend, that's a rad outfit and it look good but the hair, girl. That is so outdated. Is it as stiff as it looks? How do you sleep at night? Jeannie added.

"Oh the hair, right, it's like what I wore during the summer. It's an old style that Mrs. Jefferson though I would look good in. It is way cooler than when it hung around my neck and it doesn't take much care. I just can't get it wet or anything like that. To keep the curls, I have to sleep with a neck pillow but that's about all. Why? Don't you like it?" Harold replied.

"Errr... yeah, sure we like it. It's just so different than what we were used to. That's all," Mary agreed.

Harold feared that he would be getting more attention than he wanted dressed like he was. He was not disappointed. The girls looked at him with disdain and the guys with lust. Without thinking about it, his ass swayed very provocatively in the tight skirt as his heels clicked down the hallway.

At lunch he was catching a lot of positive and negative comments about his look. He got a lot of "I love butts" from his friends. Some were "nice butts" like "that dress is nice but I think it would look better on my grandmother" from the other girls. If guys were into making comments about his clothing and hair, it would have been more straight forward. "Downright ugly," "insane," or "you've got to be kidding me" would have been their way. Harold took all their comments with a smile on the outside but was crying on

the inside. His life had taken such a huge turn and he had no control over where it was headed.

The last bell of the day was about to ring when Harold got called into the office. He hadn't been tardy or disruptive as far as he knew, so he wondered why he was being called. His questions were answered when he arrived and saw Mrs. Gilmore standing by the secretary's desk.

"Hello dear, come over here we just need your signature to confirm your schedule change." Harold read the sheet of paper that was handed to him.

"What? No, this can't be real. I didn't request to be put in any job training program. It's bad enough learning to be an administrative assistant much less become a hair stylist. As a secretary I could at least get off my feet and have a chance at a decent job. This way, I don't have a prayer," he thought as he re-read the authorization.

"Go ahead and sign it, Samantha. I know this is what you really wanted. Mrs. Jefferson at La Petite was more than happy to have you back," Mrs. Gilmore said stiffly.

From her tone, Harold knew that he had absolutely no choice in the matter. With shaking fingers, he signed the authorization. All his afternoon classes were done away with and now he would spend time under Mrs. Jefferson's instruction. With minor exceptions he would have little or no contact with the few friends he had at school or participate in school activities. To make matters worse, Mrs. Jefferson would have to give him a good recommendation if he wanted to graduate. He was doomed and there was nothing he could do about it.