

# Summer With Step-Mother



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A "New Woman" Novel



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# Summer with Step-Mother

**By Cheryl Lynn**

Ever since the divorce David had a chip on his shoulder. He missed his father. David looked up to him and he wasn't around anymore. It's not like his father was around a lot when they were a family. He worked as a security specialist with an Army contract and often gone for a year at a time. David looked forward to when he'd get an infrequent letter. In an act of rebellion, David adopted a tough Gansta look.

The last letter his father sent was postmarked in Iraq and he said he wanted to see David over the summer and celebrate his graduation. David sure was happy to read that and couldn't wait. Graduation was only a month away. He wasn't that keen on visiting his stepmother or her bratty daughter but spending time with his Dad made it worthwhile.

His father had married Daphne soon after the divorce and moved in with his new family. David met his new stepmother and stepsister when he attended their wedding. He had been proud to stand as his father's best man. He spent a week and he didn't get along with his new family. Daphne was always on his ass about one thing or another. Stephanie, he thought at first, was a hot chick. She had a nice round cupable ass, long legs, a bit small on top with wavy blonde hair. He decided that she was probably a lesbian when she rudely brushed him off. His stepmother was a bossy domineering bitch in his humble opinion. Her daughter, Stephanie, was just like her he decided.

"Hell, she was two years younger than me and should have been impressed that I would even like her," David thought at the time.

The best thing about the visit was that he and his Dad spent a lot of time together. They went to a ball game, on a fishing trip and did other guy stuff. His stepmother didn't mind that they spent so much time together. What upset her were his attitude and the pranks he played on her daughter. Stephanie had come to her on more than one occasion crying her eyes out over something humiliating David had done to her. That visit was over two years ago before he decided on the Gangsta look.

David is a typical boy. He liked to play sports, especially baseball, even if he was not that good. He got into the occasional fight. He wasn't dating but not because he didn't try. All the pretty girls seemed to go for the better built guys. He was smaller and skinner than the other boys in his senior class. He looked forward to graduation at the end of the term. His attitude kept most of the bullies at bay but inside, he was very insecure. He wasn't smart enough to be a nerd nor was he tough enough to be with a gang. The other Gangsta's at school would have

nothing to do with David but put up with him. They believed he was too much of a wimp to be in their gang. The few friends he had were like him, outcasts from the school's general population. Misfits and oddballs the other students didn't want in their clicks.

David liked wearing his cargo pants low so his boxers were displayed. He developed this ambling shuffle when he walked and wore his hair long. Over time he became a real smart ass. He didn't listen to his mother or teachers. His attitude and slovenly appearance further isolated him.

His Mom didn't approve and was forever ragging him about everything he did. She didn't like how he dressed, walked and especially when he got into trouble. He just ignored her and kept on doing his thing. He figured his Dad wouldn't approve of his new look but he was older now and could be his own man. Maybe, to mollify his Dad, he would pull his pants up when he visited but he didn't plan on changing more than that.

## Ooo

The day after graduation, David had his bags packed and Mom drove him to the bus station. It was six in the morning and he never ever got up this early but the bus ride would take ten hours. He forced himself to get up early so he could see his Dad. He had never been as bored in his life riding on that stupid bus. Fortunately the bus wasn't crowded and he had room to spread out.

"They could have at least bought me an airline ticket," he fumed.

The bus made a number of stops and he occasionally got off to use the restroom. He did that only when he had too as some of the men hanging around in there gave him

the creeps. He heard rumors at school of what happened in bus stop restrooms. When he used the urinals, he made sure not to look anyone in the eye and got out as soon as he could.

He was tired and all he wanted to do was go to sleep as the bus entered the terminal. Collecting his luggage, David started looking around for his Dad. He was disappointed when he saw Daphne and some older woman waiting.

“Augh crap! Where’s my Dad,” he thought as they approached.

“Hello David, this is my Aunt Mary she’s staying with us for the summer. Is this all your luggage?” she asked frostily.

“Yeah, where’s my Dad? I thought he’d be here?” he sneered back.

“Your father got held up overseas and we didn’t find out until it was too late to stop you. If we had known, you wouldn’t have had to make this trip. He said he would try to join us later but I’m stuck with you now. I see that you are still the rude ruffian that you were before. Show some manners and say hello to Aunt Mary,” she replied coldly.

“Yeah, sure, hi, you wanna get one of these bags for me,” he replied reaching down to pick up the smallest bag.

“David, show some respect and pick up your own damn bags. We’re not your servants,” she snapped.

“This is getting off to a swell start,” he thought as he followed them to the car. The bags were heavy and he was huffing and puffing by the time they reached the car.

They reached the car and David dropped his suit cases by the trunk and wiped the sweat off his brow with his forearm, “Man you could have found a closer place to

part this thing," he mumbled as Daphne opened the trunk.

"Sorry to inconvenience you but this was the best I could do. Now get in the back and try to let us enjoy the trip back," she replied stiffly.

The ride to the house was done in silence. He sat in the back and just for the fun of it, kept kicking the back of the seat where Aunt Mary was sitting. She turned her head to stare and glare at him a couple of times but that was it.

"Damn, I hate to be stuck here without my Dad. I hope he can get here soon." he thought.

It took almost two hours to get to the house. It was out in the woods in the middle of nowhere. The last half hour was on a narrow two lane black top with nothing but trees. No houses, no towns and not even a gas station.

As they pulled into the garage, he had to ask, "Where the fuck are we? You weren't living here the last time I visited?"

"Watch you tongue or you will get it washed out with soap David. We're at your new home for the summer. That other place was my winter condo in the city. We come out here every summer to get away from the chaos and smog," Daphne answered.

"Oh is this just great or what? I'll be stuck out here in the middle of fuckin' nowhere with three bitches," he thought stepping out of the car.

It was a fairly large house with four bedrooms and three baths. The den was large and had a big screen television and hooked up for surround sound. One entire side of the room was glassed in overlooking a nice swimming pool and the forest beyond.

“Maybe my stay here won’t be so bad after all,” he thought. All he had back home was a thirty-two inch color set and no swimming pool.

Stephanie was in the room looking fantastic. She was wearing a pink leotard and white tights dancing to a Wii game on the TV. David got an instant boner watching her bounce up and down to the motions on the set. He would have watched her longer but Daphne told him to keep moving. He hoped she didn’t see his boner as they continued to his room.

“Wow! That Stephanie was a hot chick before but she has filled out on top. Got a real nice rack there instead of those little bumps. Maybe this time she’ll realized just how wonderful I am,” he thought following the two older women.

When they got to his room he lost it. It was decorated like a little girls room. It even had a big dollhouse sitting in the corner with a white box filled with toy furniture and dolls. The bed, if you could call it that, was a pink chiffon canopied twin with a white satin pillow comforter covering pink sheets with a white daisy print. The pillows even had pink ruffled covers. There was a white bedside table with a Cinderella lamp and pink clock alarm. The rest of the room contained a large white vanity with lighted mirror, pink satin covered bench seat and a large dresser. The walls were a soft pink and covered with boy band posters, ballerinas, ponies and other girly nick knacks.

“I can’t fuckin’ sleep in here! This is a damn girl’s room!” he shouted.

No sooner than the words left his mouth, he felt his upper arm grabbed in a vice grip and was dragged into the bathroom next door. There Aunt Mary thoroughly washed out his mouth with a horrible tasting soap. He



did his best to break her hold and get away from that soap but she was too strong. His mouth was foaming and spilling out over his chin. It was even coming out of his nose by the time she finished.

“This had better be the very last time I hear you say a cuss word in this house. If I even catch you thinking a cuss word, I’ll wash your mouth out until it is squeaky-clean. Do we understand one another?” she hissed.

David had had more than enough. His nose and throat were stinging from the soap. He was nauseous and his stomach churned in agony. She was holding him by the scruff of his neck with the soapy washcloth not far from his face. He swallowed his pride and told her he would not say or think such words ever again. She released her grip and told him to wash his face and drink some water from the tap then get his sorry ass back to his room.

“My fuc....my room, I think I would rather sleep out in the woods than have to sleep there,” he thought as he gathered up what pride he had left and walked out the bath. The front of his shirt was soaked.

“Alright, it is time for some ground rules while you stay with us. First, you will do what you are told by either me or Aunt Mary. You will be expected to carry your share of the chores around the house and keep this room neat and clean at all times. You will respect us and our privacy at all times. Any disobedience, any sass and you will be punished. Is that clearly understood?” his step-mother stated.

“Ye....yeah....sure....whatever,” he sullenly replied. The hard slap across the face was hardly expected and he reeled back, tears filling his eyes.

“You call that respect? Now stop crying like a little girl and apologize,” she demanded.

“Yes ma’am, I...I understand,” he contritely replied.

“That’s better. This will be your room while you stay here. It was Aunt Mary’s granddaughter’s room. Mary Beth and her family moved to the coast last year. There are still some things of hers in here. Just move them out of the way and put your clothing away. Change that wet shirt after you finish and meet me in the kitchen,” she stated and they both left the room.

He stood fuming in the middle of the room for a few minutes before he put his bags on the bed and began unloading them. There were more than just a few things of Mary Beth’s in the dresser. Almost all the drawers had pieces of lingerie and other girly stuff in them. He removed the neatly folded and stacked lingerie and stuffed them haphazardly into the bottom two drawers before putting his stuff into the top three. His fingers did linger a bit longer than necessary when he picked up her panties, bras, slips and other lingerie.

He was holding a pair of what he later learned was called rumba panties to his nose when he heard a sound from behind. It was Aunt Mary. She stood in the doorway with her fists against her hips staring at him. Shocked, he dropped the violet colored nylon panties with rows and rows of frilly white lace on the back to the floor. He turned four kinds of red as she looked at him then the panties lying on the floor.

“Pick those up and neatly fold them before you put them back into the drawer,” she said with a strange smile. He bent down and picked up the garment. Not knowing what else to do, folded the panties in half and turned to put it into the bottom drawer.

“Not so fast. Don’t you know anything? Bring those to me and I’ll show you how to properly fold them,” she said walking over to him.

She took the panties, flapped them out then folded them over once then once again. "There that is the proper way to fold panties. Now I want you to take everything out of that draw and fold each piece of lingerie properly," she demanded.

He was thoroughly embarrassed as he sat on the bed amid a pile of feminine lingerie. Picking up lingerie and folding it neatly as she instructed before placing them carefully back into their original drawers. There had to be at least twenty pairs of panties in various styles, cuts and colors. A dozen bras and other items he was unfamiliar with were folded and placed neatly into their drawers.

When he asked about where he was going to put his stuff, she informed him to neatly fold his underwear and place it in the bottom two drawers. He never had to do that before but complied. There were little silk pillows reeking of floral perfume in each of the drawers.

"I don't want my boxers and undershirts to smell like this," he said pointing to the little pads. When he went to pull them out, he was told to leave them. He wanted to protest but seeing the look on her face didn't dare. She was much bigger and stronger than he was.

The closet was like the dresser, more than amply full of her things. Dresses, everyday and special occasion dresses, blouses, skirts even nighties were hung in neat array. He barely had room to hang his few pairs of slacks and jeans but was too afraid of Aunt Mary to complain. Besides, he was stuck in the middle of nowhere with no place to run.

Aunt Mary had him take his empty suitcases down to the basement and then led him into the kitchen. There she tied an apron on him and told him to help fix dinner. The apron was a frilly almost transparent rose color bib apron

with floral embroidered bodice and lace frilled straps. It reached down to knee level and had a ruffled hem.

Seeing the ultra feminine apron he forgot himself and shouted, "Damn it! I'm not some sissy girl and I'm not wearing this piece of shit!"

She not only washed his mouth out with soap, liquid soap this time, but bent him over her knees and gave me the spanking of a life time. When she finished, he was dumped unceremoniously to the floor where he cried like a baby. His ass was on fire and his pride washed away in his tears. It was going to be a very long summer unless his Dad showed up soon.

"What's going on in here?" Daphne asked walking into the kitchen.

"It seems David has an attention deficit disorder darling. He's already forgotten about cursing in this house. I washed his mouth with soap and gave him a spanking. Maybe now he will remember to keep his tongue under control," Aunt Mary replied.

"David, get up and stop that sniveling. You're acting like a little girl. Go to the bathroom and wash your face then get back here. We need to get dinner on the table," his stepmother snapped.

About that same time Stephanie walked into the room. She had changed into a pair of skin tight white Capri pants with a floral print and a pink nylon camisole top. As soon as she saw him, she started giggling. Her entrance made David blush even harder. It was bad enough having two older women see him like this but a hot teen girl made it much worse.

As he stumbled from the room wiping his arm across his eyes, she quipped, "He looks more like a little step-sister than my step-brother. Maybe we should keep him in dresses while he's here."

"It's not a fucking dress. It's a damn apron," he said as he hurriedly walked past.

Hearing what her niece said, Aunt Mary got this funny look on her face. "I think my little Stephanie might have something there. I remember my Mother telling me how Granny would do that to her brother when he misbehaved. Maybe that's just what the doctor ordered. It's obvious he hasn't learned a thing from getting his mouth washed out with soap or a spanking," she thought.

As punishment for his behavior, David not only had to help prepare dinner but serve and clean up afterwards. To add to his shame, Aunt Mary had him put on a pair of pink rubber gloves to wash the dishes then clean the counter tops. The apron didn't come off until the kitchen was spotless. He was more than happy to be told to go to bed. He was exhausted and his nerves shot. Stephanie didn't let him forget for a second that he was wearing a frilly girlie apron.

He was stepping into his worn but comfortable pajamas as Aunt Mary walked into the room without knocking. "Wha....what? I'm half naked. What are you doing in here?" he said surprised.

"You're not going to bed without taking a proper bath. You stink to high heaven. This is not a sty and I will not allow you to make it one," she said walking over to him and grabbing him by his earlobe.

"Ahhhhhh, that hurts. Let me the fuck alone!" he yelled in shock.

"It seems that you do have an attention problem after all, now doesn't it? Well, you will learn not to use foul language much less think it. I have plenty of soap," Aunt Mary stated.

David sat on the commode, naked, his hands covering his genitals and crying. The soapy washcloth stuck firmly

into his mouth, as she filled the bathtub. She had added bath beads and oils to the water and the tub was filling with millions of tiny multicolored bubbles. The heady aroma of flowers didn't overcome the smell of soap filling his nose.

In the tub, Aunt Mary scrubbed his body with a vengeance. She was determined to get every particle of dirt and grime off. Once she had his body a nice rosy pink, she shampooed and conditioned his hair. With his hair done, she wrapped it in a lavender towel turban style and had him step out. She handed him another towel and told him to pat himself dry. His rosy glow only deepened as she began patting floral scented talc all over his body. His cheeks flushed red as she applied the talc to his groin.

"There's nothing to be ashamed of. I've seen more than my share of little boy's wieners and your little tadpole aint no different," she stated blandly.

She had him wrap the towel around his chest and tuck it in under his arm before leading him back to his room. She marched him over to the vanity stool and removed the turban and placed it across his shoulders. Using a rattail comb, she parted it down the middle and across the forehead.

"When was the last time you had your hair trimmed? It's a positive mess and nothing but split ends," she said more to herself than to him.

She picked up a pair of scissors and began trimming the split ends evenly across the back. Then, more out of whimsy than anything else, decided to cut the hair across the front just above the eyebrows. Putting the scissors down, she picked up a boar bristle wooden brush and began stoking it through his thick brown hair.

David saw what she was doing in the mirror but couldn't react in time to stop her from giving him bangs.

With the way she had trimmed the back, he now had a cute girlish pageboy hairstyle.

“OMG! What have you done to my hair!” he exclaimed.



“Nothing but trimmed off the split ends. Do I have to remind you again about your choice of words? For that outburst, I think I can find a suitable punishment,” she replied as she began brushing one side gathering the ends into her hand. She efficiently braided them and tied them off with a narrow pink satin ribbon. When she had finished, David had two pigtails sprouting from the sides of his head.

Aunt Mary was very pleased with herself as she put the brush down on the vanity top. As David sat staring into the mirror with disbelief filling his eyes, she walked over and picked up his pajamas where he had left them on the floor.

“These are disgusting. They smell and have holes in them. I can’t let you wear these. Guess I’ll just have to find you something else until you can get some new ones,” she said walking into the closet.

“What the fu...,” he almost said “fuck” but stopped himself in time. Seeing the pigtails wiggling every which way as he moved his head, reminded him not to cuss. “What? You can’t expect me to wear that,” he finished.

“Well, I am certainly not going to allow you to sleep in the nude. Your pajamas belong in the dumpster, so this will have to do for now,” she stated.

She was holding a peignoir set by its pink satin padded hanger. The tricot nylon robe was pale chocolate with ornate balloon sleeves trimmed lavishly in scalloped ivory floral lace. The delicate lace also hemmed the robe which tied off with a wide chocolate satin sash. The matching spaghetti strapped gown was a rich dark chocolate with round ivory colored lace frilled bust. The very full skirt was nylon with tricot over skirting in pale chocolate. In her other hand, she held a pair of three inch spiked heeled mules with a tuff of white feathers at the toe.



She saw his wild eyed stare first at the peignoir then at the shoes. "Well, you can't possibly walk around in your bare feet. Let's see if these mules will fit but first, you need to get dressed," she said in explanation.

She handed him the matching panties. They were full cut dark chocolate nylon tricot with four rows of ivory colored floral lace across the back. The nylon was cool and sensual as it touched his skin. It was a very new feeling and not a bad one. As the gown went over his head and flowed between his legs. David was sporting a raging erection to his great embarrassment. The shoes were another thing altogether. They were tight and totally disrupted his sense of balance. Aunt Mary took him by the arm, steadying him as he swayed on the high heels.

"Come along David, you'll get use to them soon enough. Take small steps. Keep your elbows in close to your sides. It's alright to swing your lower arms but keep your wrists limp and try to move from the hips. You'll find it easier to walk in heels if you do that. Don't forget to keep your back straight, it will help you keep your balance," she instructed as she guided him around the room.

David got the strangest sensation as the soft nylon flowed between his legs and rubbed across his thighs with each step. It was both disconcerting and sensual at the same time. As the fabric rubbed against his body, his erection became even stronger. He glanced down several times trying to see if it was obvious only to be told to keep his head up.

He was totally spent by the time she tucked him under the covers. His last thoughts before falling into a sound sleep were of the smell of the sweet talc and sensuous touch of the soft nylon. His sleep was slightly disturbed when he moaned loudly and ejaculated into the nightie. He had no idea of that event or what caused it, his sleep was so deep.