

Sugar and Spice



Cheryl Lynn

A "Spectrum Tv" Novel

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Cheryl's Sugar and Spice

By Cheryl Lynn

What are little girls made of? Why sugar and spice of course.

What are little boys made of? Why stiff crinolines and pretty frocks of course.

Taylor Learns About Tradition

Taylor Johnson was seventeen, a senior, looking forward to graduation. He was popular, good looking but not a “Man’s man” in build and had numer-

ous girlfriends. He was an excellent swimmer, spring board diver and participated on the school's team which kept him toned but not muscled. He grew up in middle class America. His father married an Asian girl much against her family's wishes. He had inherited his mother's black eyes and raven black hair. He had no signs of facial and little body hair.

Everything was fine until during the holidays when his parents were brutally murdered during a robbery. They owned a quickie-mart type of gas station and the holidays were both a good and bad time. Good because business was booming but bad as holdups were more frequent and dangerous. His father had no living relatives being and only son of an only son. His mothers were estranged and they hadn't spoken since the marriage. All except for her older sister but that was limited to phone conversations and seldom got together. Her sister Lhan, hated his father and especially the mixed race child she bore but loved her little sister.

The first time Taylor met his Aunt was at the funeral. She looked like his mother only five years older. However her personality was one hundred eighty degrees different. His mother had been loving, kind hearted and outgoing. Lhan was stern, reserved and very cold towards him. She made it very plain that it was only a matter of honor and promise to her sister that made her take him in. If she didn't he would be forced into foster care until he turned eighteen.

He knew enough about the system to know he didn't want to go there. The estate was large due to a hefty insurance settlement and sale of the business. Under state law, since he had assets, those

assets would be held in trust by the State. Any costs associated with being in foster care plus administrative fees would be deducted from that trust. Plus a school friend in the system told him horror stories of his experiences. While he didn't like his Aunt from the limited contact, he agreed to become her ward and administrator of his estate.

He had two hopes as he packed his suitcase, all that Lhan would agree for him to take. Everything else in the house was sold, went to charity or the dump. One was that his Aunt would become nicer as they got to know one another. The other was that she would treat his estate better than the State would have.

Ooo

Lhan, because she kept in contact with her sister, was also estranged from her father and three brothers. She was forced to move out of the family house because of her stubborn refusal to stop talking with her sister. Despite her husband's disapproval her mother, Dhin, wasn't about to lose her only remaining daughter. She was happy to talk and send money but tradition mandated that she not actually see her ostracized child.

Lhan worked at a nail salon and poor enough to qualify for subsidized housing and food stamps. If it hadn't been for her mother's financial assistance she never would have made ends meet. Now with control of Taylor's estate she could end that dependence and do what she wanted. The first thing she did was buy a nice big house; four bedrooms and three baths with a large kitchen and den - in an up-scale subdivision, to be exact. She spent lavishly

on the oriental furnishings and décor but not on Taylor's room: His walls were painted a pinkish-white, with beige carpet - and the only window treatment was some dark pink and white pinstriped drapery. Taylor's room had a simple twin bed with a bedside table and on that table was a ceramic lamp and an alarm clock. A dresser, small vanity and padded stool completed the furnishings.

She did that as Taylor was finishing up his fall semester. He was currently staying with his best friend but once school let out for the New Year break he was moving in with her. He wasn't happy about the move but Lhan was looking forward to it. She had carefully planned how she would rid the world of that mixed race abomination that was her nephew. His birth had brought great sham to her family. Despite her love for her sister couldn't abide even the knowledge he existed. Lhan wasn't going to murder the boy but replace him. Destroying his identity and sense of self would accomplish the same thing. She would bring honor back to the family and get some use out Taylor in the process.

Ooo

She was waiting for him in her new sliver Mercedes, another recent splurge, in the driveway. When he came out the house, she forced a smile for the sake of his friend's family. Earlier she had refused to enter when they asked saying she didn't have the time. She popped the trunk telling him to put his suitcase there and get into the back seat. She kept the smile frozen on her face until she was back out on the street.

“Taylor you live under Lhan’s rules now. You call me Madam Lhan to show proper respect due one older than you. You no speak unless I ask you. You do what I say or I punish. Simple rules, you obey,” she bluntly stated.

“Fuck! What a way to start! So much for her liking me any better. Mom told me her family was very conservative and traditional but I never knew what she meant. Guess I can put up with her shit for a while. I’ll be eighteen in less than a year and free to do what I want. At least when I go, I should have most of my money. That lawyer said her expenses from the trust had to be submitted for review, so she shouldn’t be able to squander it away,” he thought as he settled down for the long six hour drive.

He was tired when the car finally pulled up into the driveway. He hopped out, happy to stretch his legs. Grabbing his trunk followed his aunt into the house.

“New car, new house and furniture from the looks of it. I hope that lawyer knew what he was talking about how the trust would check all the expenses,” he thought seeing the elaborately decorated and furnished inside.

Entering what was to be his room he was surprised seeing how Spartan it was compared to the rest of the house. It was a bit on the feminine side for his tastes and he wondered why a vanity table was there but not overly upset. As far as he was concerned a room was a room. He’d get new posters of his favorite athletes on the walls and make it look manlier. The vanity could be moved to another room. The curtains changed so he didn’t complain.

“You unpack, I make dinner,” Lhan said breaking him from his thoughts.

It was early evening and he was hungry. The beef jerky and chips he picked up when she stopped for gas weren't very filling. A good dinner certainly sounded great. It didn't take him more than a few minutes to unpack and go to the kitchen.

Ooo

Lhan poured the brown liquid into Taylor's tea and fish soup. She had gotten the mixtures in Chinatown from a wizened old medicine man. He didn't question what she wanted it for but did charge her a large sum of money. She just finished putting the food on the kitchen table when Taylor walked in. He stared at the bowl of soup, cup of white gummy rice and tea cup.

“That's not all, is it?” he questioned.

“That plenty, you sit, eat and no talking.”

He didn't like the fishy taste of the soup but he ate all of it and the tasteless rice. If nothing else it took the edge off his hunger. As he finished Lhan told him to clear the table and wash the dishes.

“What? I'm no friggin maid,” he thought but he rose and gathered up the plates.

As he filled the sink with hot water, she handed him a pair of pink rubber gloves. “When do wash, wear these,” she said then put a bibbed pink apron with an oriental floral design over his head.

“The respectful response when I do something for you is, ‘Thank you Madam Lhan’ and bow slightly from the waist. Now, what you say?”

“What? This is carrying the respect thing too far and I’m not wearing this damn apron,” he thought but couldn’t stop from complying with her demand.

After he had washed, dried and put away the dishes, she had him wipe down the counter top and kitchen table. When he finished she dismissed him to his room. Happily he removed the gloves and apron and started to leave but she stopped him.

“When you leave or come into my presences you show respect. You bow to me,” she demanded.

Again he was both upset and surprised when he complied. “What’s gotten into me? I wasn’t about to do that but I did. Fuck it! I’m just tired and need to go to bed. I’ll set things straight in the morning,” he thought going to his room.

Stripping down to his boxers and a tee, Taylor pulled back the black quilted comforter to reveal pink with white floral imprinted sheets. “Another damn thing I have to change,” he thought crawling into bed.

Ooo

The irritating buzzing of the alarm clock awakened him. He reached out and slammed his palm down on the clock hoping to hit the snooze button. It continued buzzing and he opened one eye to look at the clock. Both eyes opened when he saw that it was five o’clock in the morning. He never got up that early unless it was to go fishing with his father.

“Crap! Who the fuck set the alarm? I should have checked it before I went to bed. Now where is the stupid off button?” he thought coming fully awake.

Just as he shut off the alarm his Aunt entered his room. She was wearing a silk robe with a bright oriental floral design on a black background and carrying a cup of tea. She placed the cup on his bedside table and gave him a look.

Seeing only a blank stare in returned, said, "What you say."

"Huh? Errr....yeah....thanks but I want to go back to sleep."

"That not how I told you to show respect! You lazy boy! Drink tea, now. Then get out of bed. Much to do," she replied with a deep frown.

She had hoped that the drug would still be working but obviously it wasn't. The old medicine man had told her the effects were cumulative and to be patient. She could wait but now she needed him to drink the tea. Taking the cup she pushed it into his hands.

Taylor looked at it then up at his Aunt. "Don't you have any coffee?"

"Tea much better. You drink now!" she crisply answered.

Taylor was in the bathroom shaving the few sparse hairs on his chin and upper lip. He really didn't need too but he hoped that shaving would stimulate hair growth. He almost cut his chin when his aunt walked in carrying a basket filled with all sorts of bottles and jars.

"What...," he started but was stopped.

"Show respect when I enter!" she demanded.

His arms immediately went down to his sides and he gave a slight bow saying, "Madam Lhan how may this lowly one be of service?"

“Where the fuck did that come from?” his mind screamed.

“You know nothing. Today I teach you how to prepare for the day.”

Again he surprised himself by bowing and saying, “Yes Madam Lhan, this lowly one knows nothing. This lowly one is honored to get your instruction.”

Slightly over an hour later, Taylor left the bathroom. His body except for the hair on his head was gone even the brows. His testicles had been pushed back up inside his body and penis tucked and taped back between his legs. To hide the tape, a triangular mat of hair cut from a wig was glued between his legs. His body glistened with a floral scented moisturizer. His collar length black hair had been cut into a wedge style and bangs hung just above where his brows use to be. Two sections of hair fell to the jaw line framing his face, exposing his ears and tapered at the ends.

At the vanity his nails were filed into neat ovals and varnished a vivid red. Earth toned shadows were blended into his eyelids and black eyeliner and mascara highlighted the eyes. A rose blush added to his cheeks. Ebony black liquid eyeliner was used to draw delicate feminine arches where his brows use to be. Wet looking lipstick that matched his nail polish completed his look. A spicy perfume was dabbed on his neck, wrists, chest and between his legs.

Lhan stepped back and was very pleased with what she saw. Before her stood a naked flat chested Asian girl. Beside the lack of boobs the waist was too thick both problems easily solved. She had Tay-

lor lay down on the bed and glued a pair of pert B-cup realistic looking breasts to his chest. One deficiency solved one to go. With his hands gripping the top of the door frame, she laced a black satin steel boned corset as tightly as she could. When she finished his normal thirty-two waist had been narrowed by six inches.

The final step was to get him dressed. She showed him how to roll a pair of ecru support hose up his legs and fasten them to the corset garter tabs. He struggled to roll the stockings up his legs as the corset cut into his waist and just breathing took effort. A simple grey with blue floral imprinted wrap dress and pair of black leather strapped sandals completed his dressing. The shoes were a tight fit but like the dress would do for now.

In the kitchen she gave him breakfast and another cup of her special tea. It wasn't much of a breakfast consisting of half grapefruit and three rice cakes. As he ate she kept giving him instructions to reinforce what she told him after that first morning cup. When he finished the first thing she had him do was repair his lipstick then do the dishes and mop the kitchen floor. When he finished it was time to go shopping.

Lhan had gotten everything she could prior to his arrival but clothing. Until she had him under her influence, his new wardrobe had to wait. Luckily she had guessed right about the corset and dress both being somewhat adjustable to size. Now with him feminized and in tow she could have him measured and try on all the clothing she planned on getting.

She took him to a nearby outlet mall and entered the Bali store. There she purchased seven bras and

panty girdles. The color choices were only white, beige and black but she preferred something more colorful. Deciding the white could be dyed any color she wanted, purchased six white and one black set. The same with the panty selection and again she purchased mostly white soft nylon ones in a full brief style. She did the same with the seven full slips with lacy bodices and hems. Two dozen pairs of Hanes support hose in black, ecru and white were added to the cart before they left.

The next stop was in China Town at Lu's Uniforms. There Taylor was fitted with six below the knee traditional maid's grey uniforms with winged mid-arm white cuffs and stiff Mandarin collar. A more formal uniform in black with long sleeves, white cuffs and high chin touching collar of tight pleated white nylon was also purchased. Stiff maid's caps very similar to those worn by waitresses and one white lace cap to go with the formal uniform. Six white cotton waitress styled aprons and one ruffled lace frilled organza apron completed her transactions.

Around the corner from Lu's was the corsetiere where she purchased the black satin one he was now wearing. There she purchased six more but better fitted to his body. They were all stiffly boned and could be laced down to twenty-one inches. All were made of powder pink satin with a soft brushed cotton lining except one. It was a burgundy and raspberry satin with black floral lace frills. It also had an underwire push-up bra feature which the others didn't have.

A few more stops and they were finished. Added to his new wardrobe were three pairs of shoes. All patent leather three inch stiletto heeled pointed toed

pumps two in black and one white. One set of nylon black flare legged pajama bottoms and a scarlet Mandarin styled top with flaring three quarter inch sleeves and black embroidered rope trimming. The final purchase was several different dyes. Once Taylor had removed all the tags from his new clothing, she intended to have him dye the white lingerie into more suitable and brighter colors.

Ooo

The first thing upon arriving home, Lhan had Taylor strip down to his corset and hosiery. She handed him a pair of black semi-sheer full cut panties with a small lace applique at each hip. The black panty girdle went on next. He had a difficult time pulling them into place as she purposely bought them one size smaller. The Chinese medicine man had told her that the estrogen concentrate would work quicker if the testicles were pushed back up into the body and the groin retained heat. Heat, she was informed, would kill the development of sperm and over time the testicles would atrophy. The tight nylon crotch of the girdle would assure that his groin stayed hot.

She showed him how to adjust the small metal slides on the black full slip then had him step into one of the grey uniforms. She placed his hands behind his back so he could pull the zipper up himself.

Finally he stepped into a pair of black patent leather pointed toed pumps. He wobbled uncertainly, his ankles threatening to collapse at any movement. He had just put them on and his toes were protesting already. Lhan spent the next

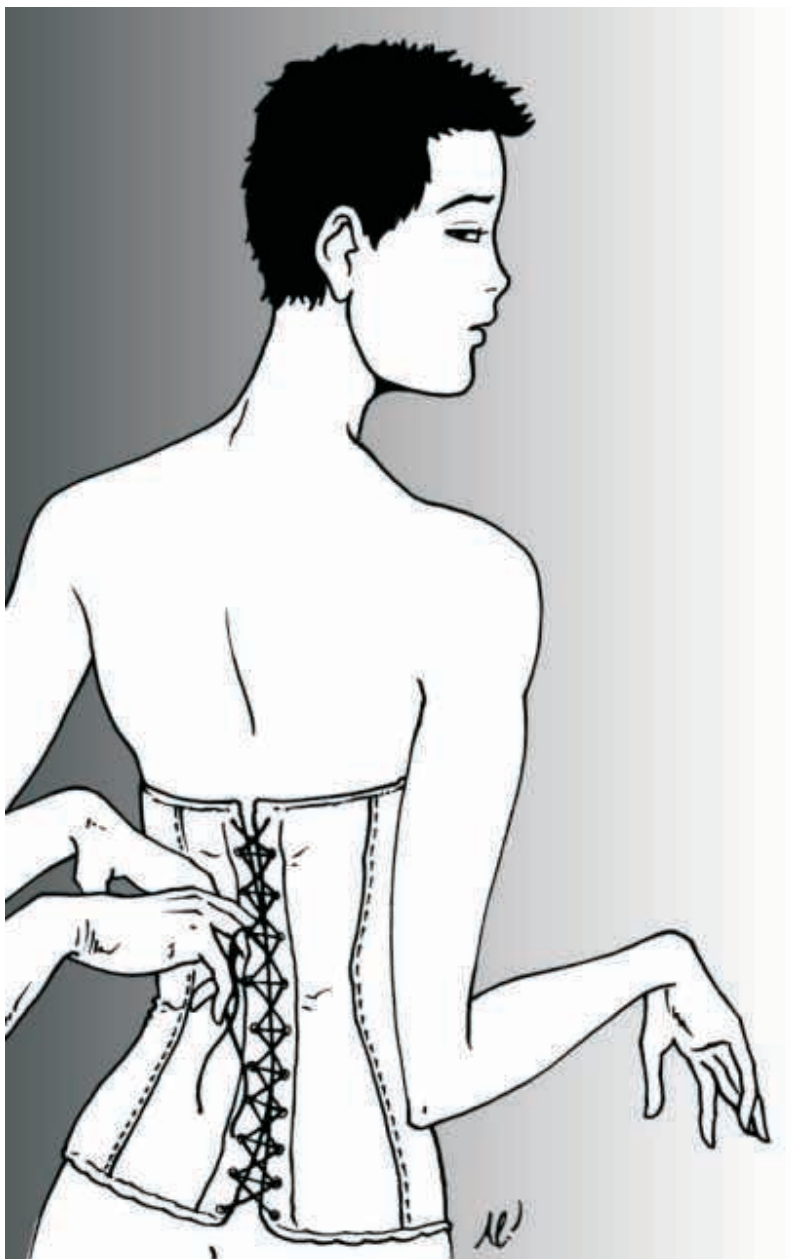
forty-five minutes teaching him how to walk in the high heels. He could manage after the lesson but would need a lot of practice to be graceful. She gave him a pair of pinking shears and showed him how to remove labels and tags without damaging the material.

With the clothing folded, hung and put away it was time for him to have another cup of tea. As he sipped Lhan told him that he was a lowly maid and would never be anything else. As a lowly maid he could never associate with those of a higher station only other maids or janitors. Everyone else had to be held in the highest respect and always obeyed. As a lowly maid he needed a proper maid's name and his name was Ki Ki. Being a lowly maid was what he had always longed to be. It was his deepest fantasy brought to life. He would act and do as Lhan said happily as she fulfilled his desires. She would repeat this once every day to make sure it was firmly implanted.

After his brief lunch and tea break, Taylor dyed his white lingerie into matching more colorful colors. One set of panties, bra and girdle was dyed a bright lavender, one aqua green, one scarlet and one set grape. Since he was already in the laundry room had him do her dirty lingerie. She instructed him on how to hand wash then iron her delicate intimates.

At suppertime, she taught him the basics of cooking. While she had roasted chicken with all the trimmings, Taylor was given a bowl of fish soup, gummy rice and tea. The tea she had spiked with his psychotropic drug and the soup with his daily dose of concentrated estrogen. Of course he served and didn't eat until his mistress had left the table.

Even then he ate at the counter top as befitting a lowly maid.



Ooo

His first day living with Lhan had been the most traumatic and humiliating day of his entire life. It started in the bathroom that morning with her marching in without even knocking. Unable to stop himself he bowed but mortifying were the words that came out of his mouth, unbelievable words. “How may this lowly one be of service?” Words completely foreign to his very nature yet they flowed smoothly from his lips. The words were horrifying to begin with but what happened next was mind numbing, terrifying beyond imagination.

The events that followed were shocking and harrowing but not quite to the degree of what happened in the bath. It wasn't until she started lacing him into the corset that he fully understood this was no nightmare. This was all real and it was happening to him. What he couldn't fathom was why he was so compliant. His mind screamed defiance at every step yet his body and voice refused to act.

Another thing that shocked his system was how quickly he caught on to what Lhan was telling him. Whether it was how to mop and clean or how to apply makeup he was good. He was not perfect by a long shot but good at what he tried for the first time. There were more times than he could count that he wanted to bash his aunt's head in but his body refused to act.

Worst of all he believed that he had always wanted to be a lowly maid and have the name Ki Ki. When he stood before the mirror in his bathroom that night, he tried to say otherwise. No matter how hard he tried to say that he was Taylor Johnson, a

male and wanted to go to college it didn't happen. Instead he heard a soft higher pitched voice say that he was Ki Ki a lowly maid.

Giving up at the mirror went back into the bedroom. There he put his new pajamas on over his corset then slipped his feet into the pointed toed pumps. Lhan had told him that constantly wearing the corset and heels would help his body quickly adapt to them. He was totally exhausted but sleep refused to take over giving him some relief. Between his racing thoughts and the pain from corset and shoes it was very late by the time sleep let him escape.

Ooo

By the end of six months of being Ki Ki to all outward appearances, Taylor was a very demur and shy pretty Asian girl. He was very efficient in applying makeup and doing the household chores. From the strict diet of fish soup and gummy rice his waist could be narrowed down to twenty-one inches easily. Lhan had worked hard on his voice and vocabulary giving him a decidedly Asian accented sing-song pitch. He pronounced "R's" as "L's" and "V's" like "B's" among other mispronunciations. Whenever coming into or leaving the presences of Madam Lhan or any other adult, he automatically clasped his hands in the prayer position and bowed his head.

His artificial breasts and taped groin were freed and cleaned once a month. Lhan was very pleased at his last cleaning to see that Taylor's nipples had popped out and about the size of half a pencil eraser. His areolas were larger and had small

bumps and the underlying tissue firm sticking out from the chest a full inch. She was more than pleased to see that his penis was smaller and his balls felt spongy. A sure sign he was impotent just like the old Chinaman had told her.

By now Taylor had let his Ki Ki mind set take control letting his own sense of self hide in the background. It was so much easier that way. The only time he let himself take control was at night but even then it was hard. Each night he desperately tried to rid his mind of the control Lhan had over him. Each night left him frustrated and dispirited. All his aspirations of a good future were dashed and splintered. There was one bit left, a very small glow of hope. He would be eighteen in two months. That meant his freedom and a required meeting with the lawyer overseeing his trust. There was no way his Aunt could send him to that meeting as he was now. Once he told the lawyer what she had done, he would get his revenge.

Stoically he endured the next two months, keeping the house clean, making simple meals and behaving as a lowly servant must. For her part Lhan was more than pleased. When she cleaned his chest and groin this last time his nipples were eraser size and the breasts a full B-cup. His butt had developed a nice round inverted heart shape. When she measured him she smiled from ear to ear. He was a natural 34-B, 20, 36 weighing one hundred five pounds. Best of all his penis was smaller and his testicles none existent. He had become everything the medicine man had promised and more.

Ooo

For his meeting with the lawyer, he wore his black formal uniform. He didn't have anything else to wear but uniforms and this would be a formal occasion. He was use to wearing uniforms out in public as Madam Lhan took him out often. Usually grocery shopping always with him walking three paces behind. Once a month she took him to her old nail salon to have his done with one inch ceramic extensions. She took him there more to gloat and rub her former fellow workers nose's in her success.

So wearing the uniform to meet with the lawyer was no big concern for Ki Ki but it did bother Taylor. Today he would be free and his Aunt in prison. He couldn't wait to get back his boy identity and clothing. It didn't surprise him when they entered the lawyer's ornate office when the lawyer asked where Taylor was.

"Oh man am I ready to tell you a story and get this bitch sent away for good," he thought.

What hit him like a lightning bolt was what he actually did. He stepped forward ahead of his Aunt which gave him a funny feeling and bowed. "My name now Ki Ki. Taylor no longer exists."

"What the hell! Miss. Wu tell me what's the meaning of this!" came the lawyer's shocked reply.

"I think best if Taylor, rather Ki Ki tell you herself. Go ahead tell him."

"Is this some kind of trick? How do I know this....this woman is really Taylor? There had better

be a good explanation,” the lawyer fumed obviously shocked and upset.

“No trick. I have photos that prove what Ki Ki will tell you.”

“And I thought I had seen everything. Go ahead and sit. This better be good.”

As Taylor sat carefully draping the hem of his skirt over his knees, he was more than ready to spill his guts. Instead with eyes lowered began telling the lawyer how much he had always wanted to be a maid, a female maid. His wonderful understanding Aunt had reluctantly agreed to help him become the best maid he could possibly be. It had always been his greatest fantasy and now he was proud to say that he was very happy with his life. He loved being a maid and serving his gracious Aunt.

As Ki Ki was telling her story, the lawyer, open mouthed, looked through the small photo album. Picture after picture showed an ever increasing transition of an obvious boy into a girl. There was no disputing what Taylor was saying. Photos could be photo-shopped but combined with the verbal and visual evidence there could be no doubt. It was weird, strange and unsettling but the lawyer accepted what he was seeing and told. With him convinced, it was only a matter of time to get him to fill out a legal name change from Taylor to Ki Ki Wu Sung. At Ki Ki’s insistence and against the lawyer’s advice, Lhan was to remain administrator of his funds.

Taylor was screaming, “No, no, no!” over and over in his mind but could do nothing. As he was leaving, he knew that he was well and truly fucked. No will of his own, no money and no way to get out.