

PAROCHIAL SCHOOL SCHOLAR

By Cheryl Lynn



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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PAROCHIAL SCHOOL SCHOLAR

By Cheryl Lynn

Pat stood in front of the door frame dripping a pool of water down his legs and onto the cement floor. He slowly raised his fist then lowered it, hesitating for a few moments. A gust of wind blew through the open carport and sent a chill up his spine as thunder rolled overhead. Deciding that it would be much better to be inside than standing out in the open, he gathered his courage and rapped on the door sill.

He quickly knocked several times before stopping to see if anyone was responding. He leaned his head closer toward the door trying to hear if anyone was coming. He could hear Roy Orbison's "*Candy Man*" playing on the radio, but nothing else. His fist raised to knock once again.

He jumped back with a start as the door knob turned and the sound of a latch being opened scared him. Looking into the screen door, he saw a pretty young blonde standing in the doorway. She wore a starched white, short sleeved shirt with a blue silk neckerchief tied into a small bow under the pointed collar. Petticoats flared out her blue full skirt just above the knee. She had a pair of brown and white saddle oxfords on her feet.

"Yes, may I help you?" her sweet but firm voice asked.

"Er, yeah," Pat managed to say. "I...er...I..I'm your new neighbor 'n...er..and...I..er..locked myself out. Wo...would you mind if I stayed here until the st...storm..er..until the rain stops?" Pat was taken aback by the pretty neighbor. Girls scared him and that was doubly true for pretty girls.

"Well, I don't know," he heard her reply. "My Mom's not here and I don't think she would approve of me letting a strange boy come into our home without her being here. Oh!..." She was startled by an exceptionally loud and bright lightening blast.

Pat for his part almost jumped right out of his socks. "Look, I'm already pretty wet. If it's too much trouble, then, would you mind if I just stayed out here on your carport. Just until my Mom gets home that is. I...I"

"Oh! You are soaked aren't you," she said. "What is your name by the way. I'm Sharon....Sharon White," she said as she cracked open the screen door.

"Oh, yeah, I...I'm Pat...Pat Roberts. We just moved in next door. We're from Houston...Houston, Texas."

"Well Pat...Pat Roberts from Houston, Texas! Since we now know each other, I don't suppose my Mom will be too upset with me letting you in out of this storm. Come on in!"

Pat just stood there as the vivacious blond seemed to bounce in front of his eyes. He barely noticed it when she took his hand and began pulling him into the house. He was almost mesmerized by her bouncing ponytail and did his absolute best not to ogle her taut pointed blouse.

The carport door opened into the kitchen. It was like most of the houses in the neighborhood, white linoleum flooring and yellow Formica counter tops with all the built-in appliances in a matching yellow. An informal dining area with a table and four chairs was on his right as they entered the kitchen. "*Will You Love Me Tomorrow*," by The Shirelles was playing loudly on the radio sitting on the counter.

"Want something to drink?" she asked as he entered the house. "I'm fixing some iced tea. It'll be ready in a minute or two."

She went over to the radio and turned it down before checking the pan containing the tea bags that sat on the stove top. Turning back to face him, she looked down at his feet and exclaimed, "Here, how thoughtless of me! Let me get you a towel to dry yourself with."

Pat looked into her pretty face, noticing her full red lips and green eyes. Sharon was a very pretty girl and Pat was dumfounded. Pat felt like a fool just standing there, but there wasn't much else that he could do except gratefully accept the offered towel.

He dried his head, face, arms and legs while standing in the kitchen. Sharon was busy filling two glasses with the tea as he finished toweling off. Fortunately his shorts weren't too wet, but his shirt was soaked pretty much through and through. He removed it at Sharon's request and she put it in the dryer. Wrapping the towel around his shoulders, he sat at the kitchen table.

They sat sipping their iced tea. Pat did his best to act calm and cool, but he knew that he was being a complete dope. With his old gang, he had been animated and competent, but here in a new town, he was very shy and felt clumsy. He had a difficult time and felt self-conscious, but Sharon was doing her best to make him feel comfortable.

Sharon was talking about school and things in general. Pat was surprised to hear that she went to the local parochial school. That was why she was wearing her school uniform when he knocked on her door. She was just trying it on to see how it looked.

It was obvious that she was looking for him to say something for she stopped talking and looked right at him.

Pat managed to get out a, "fine, yeah, you look real..*cough*..real pre..er..nice."

Accepting his stumbled compliment, she went on about the differences between going to a church school versus the public system. The Nun's were much sterner in their discipline than the public teachers and she felt that their courses were much harder. That, and the boys were kept in separate classes which was a real bummer according to Sharon. Also, her school started two weeks before the public schools and that was another disappointing difference. She hastened to add that she really enjoyed her school though.

Pat agreed that having to start two weeks before everybody else was a real bummer. He continued talking feeling much more at ease. He told her that he expected to go to the public school as soon as his Mother could get him registered. His Father had recently passed away leaving them with no insurance or much money having drunk and gambled it all away.

Fortunately, his Mom worked for the telephone company in Houston and they were not completely destitute. It wasn't until she was offered a senior operator's position that they could become self sufficient. The only problem with her promotion was that they would have to relocate. Given her choices of staying put among friends and living off of their charity or making it on their own, they moved. It meant that his Mom could support the both of them and maintain an independent lifestyle which she cherished above all else now. She never wanted to be beholding to another man ever again.

When Sharon sympathized, he quickly told her it was of no consequence. There had been no love lost between him and his father and what few friends he had didn't matter. What was important was that his Mother was happy. An embarrassed silence followed for a while, but soon Sharon was talking about her friends.

Her best friend lived right behind Pat she told him. Her name was Belinda and, "she was simply her bestest friend in the whole world." She couldn't wait for them to meet because Sharon knew that they would become real good friends as well. With that, Sharon got up from the couch and went over to the phone. Soon she had Belinda on the line and was telling her to come over.

Like most summer storms this one was short lived and Belinda was soon standing in the kitchen removing her clear plastic rain hood. Belinda was something else. Totally unexpected from the way Sharon had described her. She was tall, a good four inches taller than Pat, with a rich olive complexion, dark black hair cut in a ducktail style, smallish but ample breasts, and legs that reached all the way up to her firm round ass. She was wearing a pair of black pedal pusher stirrup pants, white peasant blouse with ruffled collar and full bulbous sleeves, and had on a pair of black ballet slippers.

Her lips were very full and ripe looking while her nose was a little too large, but cute in its own way. Her oval face was smooth and soft looking, but her large expressive black eyes had a stern commanding glint. She smiled at them, and walked over to Sharon and gave her a girlish peck on the cheek. She slid past Sharon to stand in front of Pat.

"So! Who's the new kid?" she asked in a husky voice looking him right in the eyes.

Pat blushed and averted his eyes unable to maintain eye contact with Belinda. He opened his mouth to introduce himself, but Sharon beat him to it.

"Oh, say hi to your new backyard neighbor, Pat, Pat Roberts," Sharon said. "He and his Mom just moved in. They're from Houston."

Pat blushed brick red as Belinda continued to stare at his naked chest. "I didn't interrupt anything did I?" she asked before turning back to face Sharon.

"What? Oh no, he was all wet," Sharon started before seeing the amusement in Belinda's eyes.

“All wet, huh?” Belinda observed raising her eyebrows. “If he was that wet don't you think that you should have offered him something else to put on. I'm sure he'd appreciate it if you gave him one of your robes. I don't think your mother would approve of a half naked man roaming around in her house.”

“Well, I guess I could, but...no..you're right. Here let me go and get him an old robe,” Sharon agreed as she left the room.

“Aw, shucks!” Pat protested as Sharon returned carrying a faded blue satin robe over her arm. “I...I can't wear that. It's a girl's robe. Don't you have one of your father's?”

“No, I don't. This is the only old robe lying around the house. I can't give you my Daddy's, its brand new.”

“Go ahead and put this one on, it ain't gonna bite.” Belinda suggested as she took it from Sharon and placed it over Pat's shoulders.

He reluctantly slid his arms into the sleeves and pulled it closed at the waist. The robe was faded and had of the lace trim was hanging loose from the edges. It covered him down to just above the knees. The lace at his wrists tickled and he almost pulled it off, but Belinda's stern look stopped him.

“Now, if your Mother should come home suddenly, you won't get into trouble Sharon.” Belinda said before turning to face Pat once again. “You should have had more consideration for Sharon than to run around half naked. Oh! By the way, I'm Belinda”

Pat smiled weakly in response to the introduction. Belinda was certainly a strong willed woman. She had completely dominated the setting ever since her arrival and Pat didn't quite know what to make of it. Something about her commanded his attention. She was more than pretty enough in her own way, but that wasn't what drew him to her. He just shook his head and pulled the satin robe tighter around his waist.

They resumed their seats and soon Pat was wrapped up in the general banter and chatter. The girls were sensitive enough to keep him involved in the conversation and he did hold his own. That is until they started discussing make up. He tried to pretend that he was interested in their discussion, but he quickly began to let his mind wander.

The sound of far off thunder and the resumption of the pitter—patter of raindrops on the roof were more interesting to him than cosmetics. He absently heard, “Oh, that shade would look lovely on him! Pat, put your hand here for a sec.”

Without thinking, he did as he was asked.

For a time he didn't focus his mind on what the girls were doing. Instead, he let the antics of a mocking bird standing on the kitchen window sill occupy him. Looking down after the bird had flown off, he noticed his hand splayed out on the table top, its nails painted a bright red—purple.

Belinda's hand was just moving out of focus off to the side.

“It's called Red Plum,” Belinda said.

“Hey! What the heck! Come on, you guys. What do ya think you're doing here!” he sputtered out. His lips kept working, but it was obvious that Pat had been taken totally by surprise. Both of the girls were looking at him, broad smiles on their faces.

He certainly had been letting his mind wander if he hadn't noticed what they had been doing. *Just because I did not realize what they were doing is no reason to do that*, he reflected.

“Darn it, now what am I gonna do? Come on, get this stuff off me, please!” he protested aloud.

“Look as long as we have gotten this far, let's just finish up and see what the results will look like,” Belinda suggested enthusiastically. “Come on Pat, be a sport. We'll remove all the polish when we have finished, but if you don't let us....then...er...you'll just have to find a way to get it off yourself.”

“Hey, that's not fair! Come on, get it off me. Now!”

“Nope! Not unless you let us finish.”

“Aw, come on, please? I'm a guy...n guys don't wear this shit.”

“Well, if you're going to cuss and be mean, you can just leave now and get it off all by yourself!” Sharon replied to his whining.

“Oh, all right!” he capitulated. “But only if you swear to get it off me as soon as you're done. Promise!”

“Yes, you ninny, we promise,” Belinda countered. “Now let me have your other hand.”

Soon all his nails were sparkling in their coating of red plum glossy enamel. While he sat motionless, staring at his nails, Belinda stood over him. Before he could do or say anything, she bent down and kissed him full on the lips. Startled he pulled away and sat back in his chair. The strange expression on his face set Sharon and Belinda both to laughing.

“Here, I've smeared my lipstick all over your mouth. Let me fix it? Purse your lips like this,” Belinda ordered showing him what she wanted him to do. She moved back over to his side and instead of wiping away the remnants of their kiss, rubbed something over them.

“Hey, hey!” Pat sputtered as Belinda moved back. “Now what are you doing to me? Come on you guys, enough is enough already!”

He started to rub his arm across his mouth, but Belinda stopped him by grabbing his hand and telling him to hold still.

“I just put a little lipstick on you,” she said by way of explanation. “It won't kill you! Besides, it matches the polish and we just wanted to see the effect. That's all! Look, if you'll just let us put a little eye shadow on you to see what the total effect will look like, we'll stop pestering you. Promise! Come on, be a good sport. There's no one else here and since you already have the polish on, let us see what you look like.”

Pat was upset that they had fooled him like they had, but Belinda's kiss had felt rather nice. *"No, he was being foolish and the kiss hadn't meant anything,"* he thought, *"but they've gone this far."*

Shaking his head, he reluctantly agreed, but only if they would promptly remove any vestige of it just as soon as they finished. Pat sat with his head raised and eyes closed. He did not want to witness his humiliation.

Before she dusted his lids with dark blue eye shadow, Belinda let Sharon apply a coating of mascara to his long lashes.

He tried to stop that, but he was outnumbered. Soon, he was staring into a hand mirror looking at a surprisingly feminine face. The brows, while much too bushy for beauty framed a set of expressive eyes, and the lips looked entirely too inviting for a man.

Pat shakily put the mirror down on the table and squeezed his eyes shut as a flash blinded him. He did not have to see, to know what the girls had just done. Feeling totally helpless, he just sighed and accepted his awful fate.

Opening his eyes, he asked them to please do what they had promised.

"Look, you've had your fun," he managed to say near tears. "So please....get it off me...sniffle You..you didn't need to go and take any pictures!"

"Oh, quit being a little snit," Belinda said coming back over to him and giving him a hug around his neck. "Look, we were just having a little fun cause you were ignoring us earlier. Besides, you look real cute. Like, I mean, those colors look good on you. Why, you're almost as pretty as Sharon and that's a compliment."

Pat did not know what to say to that. He felt upset that they had used him, but Belinda sounded so sorry and was being down right friendly. The touch of her breasts on his ear and cheek as she hugged him certainly went a long way in taking his mind off his anger. Her perfume cloyed with his senses as well.

"So what if they had put a little make up on me, it's not like it wouldn't come off," he rationalized.

"Here, let me take the polish off," he heard Sharon say as he sat with his head up against Belinda. Pat's hand was lifted and the scent of acetone wafted up to his nose. Soon, Pat was sitting finishing off another glass of iced tea, sans fingernail polish. Only a slight staining of one or two cuticles told of his recent experience.

A little while after finishing his tea, Pat asked to use the restroom. While he was away, the girls chatted about just how feminine Pat had looked.

"I just can't believe that a boy could have such a pretty face," Belinda confided to Sharon. "I just bet with a little work, he'd be a natural."

"What do you mean by that," Sharon responded. "Like, he has a very pretty face, but honestly Belinda sometimes you're just plain wacko, you know. Pat's a guy. Besides, he'd never let you find out."

“Oh, I don't know about that,” she retorted. “Did you see just how easy it was to get him to agree to let us put make up on him. Now what kind of man would let any one of us do half of what we did today? Oh, here he comes, we'll finish this later.”

Pat saw the two girls sit back and turn their heads his way. He guessed that they had been talking about him, but at least they weren't laughing at him. He was still upset with himself at letting them get the better of him. Seeing them just sitting there staring made him decide that he had had enough for one day. He smiled a kind of half smile and asked if his shirt was dry as he thought it was about time for him to be getting on home.

Sharon got up and retrieved his shirt for him. It was nice and hot from the dryer and felt good falling over his chest. At least he could get rid of that feminine robe. Standing at the carport door, he thanked Sharon for letting him in out of the storm and said good—bye.

Both girls followed him out and to the edge of the carport eave before waving and turning back to the house. Belinda said it was getting late and she had to be home in time to fix dinner. So with a quick hug, they parted and Sharon went alone back into the house. In the kitchen, she turned up the radio as Elvis' “*Treat Me Nice*” was entering its last refrain.

Pat was thankful that his Mother was home when he got there. Opening the screen door he went into almost the very same house that he had recently left. On his left was the white linoleum floor and built—in appliances, but instead of yellow the formica was blue. His Mom was standing by the sink washing lettuce for the evening meal.

“Oh, hi honey,” she called cheerily as he came in. “Dinner will be ready in a little bit. You weren't caught out in that storm were you?”

“No Mom. I was over visiting with the neighbors,” he said as he walked swiftly down the hallway and into his room. He ignored his Mother's questions as if he didn't hear her and disappeared into his room. Shutting the door, he flung himself onto his bed. He did not get up until much later when his Mother insisted that he come out for dinner.

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Two days later, Pat was walking down the sidewalk heading towards the park at the end of their street. It was a nice place he discovered shortly after moving into the neighborhood. It had four lighted tennis courts, a play area, and lots of trees and picnic nick tables. He would amble around, just looking at the people playing tennis or would sit under one of the mesquite trees enjoying the outdoors.

As he walked by Sharon's driveway, he heard Paul Anka's “*You Are My Destiny*” playing on the radio in the kitchen. Looking up, he couldn't avoid seeing Sharon standing by the window waving out at him. Figuring what the heck, he turned down the drive and walked up to the carport door.

“Hey, where you been hiding,” Sharon asked him when she opened the door. “Come on in, Belinda is on her way over and I'm sure she'll be glad to see you.”

“Er...ah...nowhere's,” he stammered. “I...I've been busy,” He finished lamely.

Sharon had on a simple shift dress with round collar high on her neck. It was so short that it barely covered her pretty round butt. The dress had large blue and gold tulips printed on a white background and long sleeves with tight fitting cuffs fastened with four cloth covered buttons. Her hair was done in a pony tail and she had a pair of open toed strapless sandals with two inch heels on her feet.

As the DJ announced back to back hits and “*Puppy Love*” filled the airwaves, Pat smiled as Sharon moved to the side so he could come in. “*Her breasts tented the shapeless dress quite nicely,*” he thought as he walked past her.

“Go ahead and sit on the couch,” she told him. “I'll get us some iced tea and join you in a sec.”

He barely had time to let his butt hit the couch when Belinda waltzed into the house. She walked over to Sharon and gave her a quick peck on the cheek girl style. She took what was to have been his glass of tea and walked over to the recliner opposite the couch.

“What d'ya say there Pat,” she said casually as she took her seat.

Soon, they were chatting away like they had been long time friends. At first, Pat held his own as he enjoyed talking about music and rock 'n roll tunes, but once the conversation turned to clothing he found himself out in left field. As before, he kind of tuned himself out and let his mind drift. Unconsciously, he began tapping his hands and bobbing his head in time to The Ventures playing “*Wipe Out*” on the radio.

A flash of movement caught his eye and he found himself looking at Sharon holding a gray full skirt with a large pink poodle embroidered on it in front of her waist. A white long sleeved cashmere sweater with small pearl buttons was draped over her arm.

Belinda was nodding and saying something, but Pat let his mind go back to listening to the music. “*That radio station knew how to pick them,*” he thought.

Jim Reeves' “*Is It Really Over?*” was playing as Belinda ordered, “Turn that radio down would you Sharon!” She rose from the lounge and walking over to Pat, pulled him up. “Pat if you're going to visit, the least you could do is pay attention to us. Now will you help, or not?”

“Huh? I...er...I was..was..listening, honest. It's just that I like that..er..song, that's all.”

“Yeah, right! Well are you going to help Sharon or not?”

“Yeah, sure I'll help. Er..what do you want me to do?”

“I thought you said that you were listening to us? Well, it doesn't matter. Here take this and go into the bathroom and put it on. Come on! We don't have all day or would you rather wait until her Mom get's home?”

Pat was confused as Belinda shoved the gray skirt and sweater into his hands.

“What's this? You...You want me to put this on?”

“Of course! Weren't you listening when we explained that Sharon needs to hem her skirt? We have to have someone to put it on so she can get it just right. I am entirely too tall and besides it wouldn't fit me, but you are about her same size. So, are you going to just stand there like an idiot or what?”

Pat did not know what to do. He just stood there fiddling with the clothing bundled in his hands. He found it hard to believe that he had just agreed to put on Sharon's dress and stuff. “*Man, how do I let myself get into these situations?*” he asked himself.

Belinda walked over and started shoving him toward the hallway and bathroom. She wouldn't let him give her back the clothing.

“Come on you promised!” she urged. “Go on, no one will see you but us girls. If you hurry it won't be so bad, but if you fiddle around...well...no telling who might stop by. Now ! Go on, get a move on!”

Reluctantly, Pat let himself be pushed into the bathroom and shut the door. Feeling like an idiot, he removed his trousers and shirt. He stood holding the white sweater up before his eyes, before sighing and pulling it around his chest. It was soft and luxurious feeling, but the small pearl buttons were almost impossible for his fingers to push through the holes. It was very tight across his stomach and across the upper arms, but was loose in the chest. The sleeves were a bit tight but not overly so.

Next, he stepped into the gray wool skirt and pulled it up to his waist. It fit very tightly and he barely got the button fastened and the zipper pulled up at the side. To get it on he had to suck in his stomach and hold it in, but the skirt was on. It wasn't until he walked out of the bathroom that Belinda noticed that he had put it on wrong. The poodle was in the back.

“Oh, dear!” she exclaimed upon seeing him. “Wait a sec, you've got it on wrong and it's entirely too tight. You are going to stretch it all out of shape.”

She walked down the hall and turned into a room off to the right. She re—emerged carrying a pale yellow piece of cloth in her hand. “Here! Go and put this on first and make sure that you have the poodle facing the front when you come out. Now scoot!”

Back in the bathroom, Pat removed the skirt and placed it on the yellow ceramic tile counter top. Picking up the yellow panties, he sucked in his breath. It was entirely too small looking and it was definitely a very feminine bit of clothing.

“Hey! I can't wear this!” he shouted through the door.

“Oh, yes you will, or else!” he heard Belinda shout right back at him. “Don't be such a fuddy duddy! It'll hold your stomach in and make the skirt fit better. Now hurry up! Sharon's waiting and her Mom will be home soon. You want me to come in there and help you?”

“No! No, just stay where you are. I'll be right out,” Pat responded resignedly. Without much choice, he stepped into the elastic garment. He tugged and squirmed until it snapped securely around his upper waist. The crotch flattened his scrotum against his pelvic bones causing a feeling of nausea, but it soon passed. It was very tight and held his stomach in very nicely.

A bright bit of yellow satin bow with a little pink rose bud fastened to it centered the garment's waist band well above his navel. It had a diamond pattern stitched into the front panel and pulled up noticeably at his posterior.

Looking into the mirror fastened to the door, Pat could see that the garment had pulled his fanny up and out. It gave him a definite shape and contour that he found somewhat disturbing to say the least. He quickly pulled the skirt back on, making sure that the poodle was on the front side and stepped out the door.

As soon as he walked back into the den, a bright flash popped blinding him. While he rubbed his eyes, he could hear both Sharon and Belinda talking about him. At least they were not laughing at him, but he still felt very embarrassed. The flash popped two more times.

“Come on! No pictures! If you take any more, I'm leaving and...and I want every one of those you've taken. If anyone sees me like this...well I want those pictures, you hear!”

“Oh stop your complaining!” Belinda teased. “You don't have to worry, only we'll see them anyway. Now, get over here so we can pin the hem.”

Pat stood on the chair while Belinda and Sharon pinned the hem. Sharon had a bunch of straight pins sticking out of her mouth and concentrated on getting the hem just right. Belinda mostly stood off to one side or the other looking at them.

Saying, “Oh this is just too cute,” she took another picture. This one would show Sharon lifting up the skirt and apparently looking up under it at Pat's unmentionables.

“One more picture and I'm history,” Pat almost screamed. “Belinda if you don't stop that I'm....I'm...”

“You're going to do what?” Belinda coolly responded to his threat. “What are you going to do? Beat me up! Ha ha ha. Look if you don't behave, I just might start passing these around. Don't you think the kids will get a kick out of these, Sharon? Especially, the ones we took the other day with him all prettified and wearing our make up?”

“Oh come on....pleeeeeeassssee..,” Pat begged. The simple fact that he was completely powerless to carry forward any kind of threat to either of the girls made him resort to begging. At the moment standing on the chair with Sharon holding pins next to his skin, he couldn't very well do much of anything.

As he pleaded, both girls began to laugh at his discomfort. In this day and age, it wasn't often that the female of the species got a man under their power. While Sharon vaguely realized her position of authority, she really did not have the disposition to take undo advantage of the situation. Besides, she was like the vast majority of women, only wanting to get married and have children of her own.

Belinda on the other hand, was not your typical modern day woman. She was independent, strong willed, and most of all liberated. As far as she knew, she was the only one reading and heeding the radical feminists literature that was just now beginning to come out. If she didn't need the support, she would have burned her bra months ago.

At least that is what she told herself, but actually her Mother would have hit the ceiling if she had. Her Mother, while more than tolerant of her daughter's strange ways, drew the line at some things. Her Mother almost went into orbit when she had cut her long hair off and styled it into the ducktail, but she had gotten over it. Burning a bra was one of those cases where she would not have gotten over it. Oh, she had no problem with her daughter's desire to lord over the males, she did herself, but society did demand certain rules be followed.

So it was as she observed Pat standing on the chair docile and tamed, that she began to have ideas. Ideas of how to exploit her advantage and have a lot of fun in the process. For some strange reasons, she felt herself being physically drawn to this feminized male. He was a nerdish snob, but that would all work in her favor. Besides, he did look cute in Sharon's outfit, if only his hair were longer. A picture began to develop in her mind as she watched, causing a broad smile to spread it's way across her face.

Pat was greatly relieved when he finally stepped down from the chair. The skirt hemmed, he made a beeline to the bath to get out of the sweater and skirt. He still did not know why he had allowed himself to be talked into doing this, but he vowed never to do it again. No matter how much they begged or pleaded. He had his fill of appeasing them and from now on he would be the master of his own fate.

Carefully undoing the buttons on the sweater, he pulled it off and wondered why he had had to wear it in the first place. Sharon did not have to hem it or anything like that, but Belinda had insisted. Some nonsense about the dress hanging just right. Sounded more like she just wanted to humiliate him all the more.

Mumbling to himself, he quickly pulled on his jeans, pullover shirt, socks and tennis shoes. Carelessly, he tossed the yellow pantygirdle over on top of the commode lid along with the skirt and sweater. Opening the door, he walked back into the den where the others were waiting. He placed the pile of clothing in Sharon's outstretched hands.

"Oh, what's this. My new pantygirdle! You wore it?" Sharon asked. "Why, you don't expect me to take it back now, do you? Why this is just too personal. No, I can't wear it now!"

"Yeah, you keep it Pat!" Belinda chimed in. "I'm sorry Sharon, but I told him to wear it. He was too fat otherwise for the skirt to fit right. Look, I'll buy you a new one, and...and well, Pat here will be more than happy to wear it. Won't you Pat? Pat?"

"Ha! You've got to be kidding! Ain't no way I'm gonna be wearing that ever again," Pat curtly replied. What did they think he was anyway. The very idea! "I don't care what you do with it, but I don't want it."

"Oh, really!" Belinda came back at him. "What makes you think that you can just throw away a perfectly good piece of clothing like that? As a matter of fact, I think that you should go and put it back on! Or...or maybe you'd like us to put these up on the bulletin board when school starts."

Belinda tossed several three by five glossy photos his way. Pat bent to pick them up and froze as he saw what they were. The pictures they had taken of him when he had

on all that gunky make up. There was no doubting who the pictures were taken of and if they circulated, he would be done for.

“Hey, come on! I didn't do nuthin' to you. I...I..er..I

Hell! I've gone out of my way to help you guys! Damn it! You can't do this to me. I want all those pictures you've taken of me including today and I want them all NOW!" Pat was livid and it showed, but while Sharon backed away Belinda stood her ground.

“Maybe we...er...we..should give him back the pictures, Belinda,” Sharon started. “He has been kinda nice about it an... 'n all.”

“No way, Jose!” Belinda announced firmly. “Look you, you don't scare me and while I was just teasing awhile ago, I'm not now!”

Pat felt threatened like never before and instinctively made a fist and raised his hand. He was both scared and angry, mostly just angry that they would take advantage of his good nature like they had. As he started forward with mayhem on his mind, Belinda did not back off. Sharon had a surprised expression on her face and did step back behind Belinda.

Not only was his male pride on the line here, but his self—confidence and standing in the community. If he let Belinda get the better of him, he would be forever at her mercy. Those photos were too incriminating for him to trust her with their safe keeping. At the moment, Pat could think of no worse disaster for a new kid than to have those photos circulate in public.

Before he could do anything, a car noisily pulled up into the carport. He heard the honk of the horn and turned to face the door. Both girls rushed past him before he could do anything to stop them. Belinda shoved something at him in passing which he automatically grabbed. It was the pantygirdle. Standing stupidly looking down at the offending garment, he shook his head, opened his hand and let it fall to the floor.

The girls ran laughing to the back door and opening it, greeted Sharon's Mother. The rustle of bags being taken from the car and general chatter told him it was time to leave.

He paused briefly to say hello to Sharon's Mom, whispered angrily to Belinda that he wanted those pictures and stomped off. The yellow pantygirdle was left lying on the floor where it had fallen.

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Several days later, Pat was sitting in his favorite bean bag chair with his nose almost pressed to the television screen. A bowl of popcorn and a coke sat beside him on the floor. As, “Here he comes to save the day,” blared over the speaker, the doorbell rang. Getting up, he went to the front door and opened it. There on the porch sat a box wrapped in white shiny paper with a pretty bright yellow ribbon tied around it.

A small card was stuck under the floppy bow.

He picked it up, looked around, but did not see anyone. After checking to see if anyone was in the carport, he backed into the house. Closing the door, he pulled out

the card, seeing that it had his name written on it. Sitting on the sofa, he held the box up to his ear and shook it, then, turned it over examining it from all sides.

Deciding that there was nothing he could discover from this examination he went ahead and opened it. Pat like all boys quickly tore it open. Pulling the lid off, separating the white tissue paper, he found the yellow pantygirdle nestled within.

“Damn!” He swore. “What are those no good girls up to now? Why can't they just leave me alone! Why did we ever move here in the first place?”

Disgusted, he threw the box with its contents across the room where it bounced off the opposite wall. Where the pantygirdle, as well as other items, began floating down to the floor. Pat went over and saw that the box had contained copies of all the pictures that had been taken as well as a note.

He picked up the note and read.

“Pat Darling: I hope you like our present. It was very mean of you to threaten us like you did the other day. We believe that if Sharon's Mom hadn't come home when she did, there's no telling what harm you might have done to us little girls. We were going to give you all the photos and negatives after we had a little fun with you, but now, we think you need to learn a lesson. So, unless you want copies of these pictures appearing all over town, be at my house Saturday morning no later than 8:00 a.m.!!!!”

It was signed with just a big “B” and followed by a P.S. that read,

“Be sure that you are wearing our little gift when you come over or else!!! P.P.S. Don't tell anyone where you are going and plan to be away all day!!!”

Pat's hands were shaking by the time he had finished reading the note. Muttering all the obscenities that came to mind, he bent over and picked up the hated garment. He turned it over in his hands, wadded it up and started to toss it in the trash with the remains of the package, but stopped. Twisting it in frustration, he finally just stuffed it in his pocket. He fully realized just how helpless he was at that moment.

He had absolutely no choice, but to do as he was told.

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Saturday morning came and Pat went into the bathroom after his Mother left for work. Pulling off his pajamas, he pulled the yellow pantygirdle up his legs. It fit tighter than he had remembered and he had to push his penis around several times before he found a comfortable position for it. He had to swallow quickly to keep the bile down as he felt his balls retract up into his body. All his organs were now squashed flat against his pelvis.

He walked out the back door and across the alley into Belinda's back yard. Walking up to her back door, he started to knock, when it was flung open.

“Well, you're almost late, but that's okay. You're here and I hope you remembered to wear your little present. Come on in! We have lots to do today and I want to get started. Come on, follow me!”