

TITILLATING

- CROSSDRESSING FICTION -

"AUNTIE'S REVENGE"



WHY WOULD AN AUNT BUY HER NEPHEW
DOLLS AND DRESSES? WAS SHE TRYING TO
TURN HIM INTO A SISSY...OR A NIECE?

Book One

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AUNTIE'S REVENGE

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TITILLATING TV TALES

CROSSDRESSING FICTION

Auntie's Revenge

By Kate Hart and Alice Trail

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QUOTE BOARD

Confused Reader: "What's all this about silky slips in your books? My wife doesn't even own one!"

Sandy: "That's what is wrong with the world today!"

AUNTIE'S REVENGE

By Kate Hart and Alice Trail

Agatha Webb grew up poor, but she had become a wealthy woman. As a very beautiful and sexy teenager, she married a wealthy man who wanted a trophy wife. When he died, she was left quite well off, and shrewd investments increased her assets immensely. She lived in a large Colonial style mansion and lacked for nothing except the companionship of Cathryn, her younger sister whom she raised upon the death of their mother.

Like her sister, Cathryn was beautiful and alluring as a teenager, but her choices in men weren't nearly as astute. Instead of the 'rich old farts', as she called Agatha's recommended cast of suitors for her, she was drawn to a cadre of virile young men. When she became pregnant, Agatha tried to convince her sister to have an abortion, but she wouldn't hear of such a drastic solution. Instead, she opted to marry Hank Johnson, her baby's father.

From the beginning, Agatha resented Hank and blamed him for taking away her beloved sister. So, when Max was born, she directed her resentment at him. Even when she pretended to like him, she thought of him as an annoyance a target for revenge, or a source of amusement.

On several occasions, Hank had attempted to bar Agatha from his house, but Cathryn, being unwilling to give up her close relationship with her sister, would veto the notion. She argued fiercely that Agatha was like a mother to her and would always be welcome in her home.

Max inherited a vibe from his father and openly despised his aunt. When Jeff was born two years later, unlike her relationship with Max, Agatha took an instant liking to him. She openly favored him, but she pretended to be civil with Max, at least when his parents were present. Whenever she

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was alone with the boys, she started calling Max a sissy and referring to him as Margaret.

Invariably, Max would explode and shout that he was a boy and that Margaret was a sissy girl's name. That, however, only added fuel to Agatha's zeal. At first, she only used the despised name in private, but as time went by, she called him Margaret no matter who was present.

At first, Cathryn would pleasantly ask her sister not to call her son Margaret, but Agatha would simply laugh and shrug it off saying, "Really, sister dear, he's so sissy and girlish! Can't you see that he should have a girl's name?"

Upon hearing that, Max would get even angrier, but this only encouraged his determined aunt to continue her abuse. Eventually, Cathryn's protests diminished, and she even began to chastise her son for making such a fuss about his aunt's pet name for him. He knew his reputation, as a normal boy, would be history if his buddies found out about his girly nickname.

The feud between Max and Agatha reached a new level during the Christmas season when he was eight. He was rude and disrespectful of her as usual, so for revenge, she began to impugn his boyhood with a purpose. To annoy and exasperate him, she placed a gift under the tree with the name *Margaret* prominently displayed in elaborate script. It was very conspicuous because, to further antagonize him, she had wrapped it in delicate pink tissue and topped it with a pristine white lace bow.

Seeing the strange present with his girlish nickname on it, Max was understandably apprehensive about what the sissy looking box contained. He was so concerned that on Christmas morning, he opened all of his other gifts and completely ignored the one from his eccentric aunt. At long last, and even then at his mother's urging did he open the suspicious present. After a quick peek, he shoved the box away with a yelp of disgust. "Yuk! It's a doll!"

Cathryn rushed over to have a look, and sure enough the box contained a doll with a frilly pink dress and a lacy white

pinafore that only the daintiest, prissiest little girl would love and cherish. Looking at her sister in disbelief, she gasped, "Agatha! What is the meaning of this? I know you call him Margaret, but he *is* a boy, after all."

"For the life of me, I don't know why you and Hank can't see what a sissy he is," Agatha stated in a matter-of-fact tone. "If any boy ever deserved a doll of his very own, it's *Margaret!*"

"He's no sissy, and don't call him Margaret!" Hank boomed. "If all you can do is cast doubt on my son's masculinity, you are no longer welcome in this house!"

Rushing over to her husband, Cathryn looked him squarely in the eye, and said, "Don't be so hasty! Agatha loves Max, and she's just giving him a present she believes will make him happy. Besides, dolls are very collectible, and I'm sure this one will be worth a lot of money one day. Just control your temper and encourage Max to accept the gift in the spirit in which it was given." When he hesitated, she prodded, "Go on, talk with him!"

Swallowing his masculine pride, mumbled something about the doll being an investment, shuffled his feet, and reluctantly instructed his distressed son, "Thank your aunt for the nice doll, Max."

"I won't play with it!" Max spat angrily. "I hate it!"

"I said thank her for the doll, not play with it," Hank snapped with a bit of venom in his voice from having been defeated by wife and sister in law in the presence of his sons. "Just tell Aunt Agatha how much you appreciate her thoughtful gift!"

Taking his father's change of tone as an order, Max hesitantly picked up the doll by one arm and slowly shuffled over to where his aunt was sitting. "Thank you for the doll," he muttered in a hushed tone.

"You are very welcome, Margaret sweetheart, but that is no way to hold a precious doll," Agatha smirked with an evil glint in her eyes as she relished her victory over her insolent

brother in law and nephew. "Let me show you." After showing him how to properly hold the doll with its head in the crook of his elbow, 'like a sissy', she produced a camera and said, "Let's take some pictures."

The next hour was pure torment for Max. He was encouraged, *forced* in fact, to smile while photo after photo was taken with him and *his doll* being featured to the exclusion of his other toys. There were shots of him alone, with Agatha, and with his mother. One was even with him holding his doll while sitting on his father's lap! The most embarrassing for him, however, was of him standing beside his younger brother holding his doll. Jeff, smiling for all he was worth, was holding a basketball in one arm and a football in the other while wearing a major league baseball cap.

While Hank reluctantly took photos of Max and his doll in different poses and settings, Agatha called Jeff aside and whispered something that caused him to look at his brother and smile deviously. When his aunt departed, Jeff approached Max and taunted, "I can't wait to tell the guys about you getting a doll for Christmas, *Margaret!*"

"If you tell anyone about that stupid doll or that Aunt Agatha calls me Margaret, I'll beat the stuffing out of you!" Max scowled while grabbing one of Jeff's nipples and twisting it painfully. "Got that, you little wimp?" As Jeff ran away in pain, Max took the humiliating doll to his room as instructed by his mother. Being ashamed to place it in plain view, he stored it in the back corner of his closet and covered it with an old blanket.

A week later, Agatha came by the Johnson house to show them the Christmas photographs. Seeing the telltale photos of him holding the hated doll with a wimpy smile was truly a stressful event for Max! To make matters worse, his aunt handed him a small package wrapped in the same pink tissue and lacy white ribbon as before.

"At least, this box is too small to contain another doll," he sighed inwardly as he ripped away the flimsy paper. When he

hesitantly opened the box, he saw a large framed color photograph of him smiling brightly and holding the doll Agatha had given him for Christmas.

Before he could protest, she gushed, "Oh, it turned out beautifully! Let's go to your room and find the perfect place to display your precious picture! Here, take my hand!" Blushing for all he was worth, Max took his aunt's hand, and with the shameful picture in the other, he led her to his room. "We can put your picture on your bedside table, and we'll see how your doll looks in different places about your room. Where is it? I don't see it."

Max was left to blush and shamefully admit, "It's in my closet."

Agatha was not surprised that he had hidden the doll, but to increase his stress level, she sighed in mock distress, "Your closet? Why, that's no place for such a beautiful doll! Get it, and I'll show you how to display it. By the way, why isn't your bed made?"

"I guess Mom never got around to it," Max commiserated as he retrieved the hated doll.

"Oh, Margaret! A sissy like you shouldn't rely on his mother to make his bed and clean his room! Here, let me show you how I expect you make your bed every morning." When the bed was made, Agatha took the doll and placed it at the head of his bed, right where his pillows met. "There!" she gushed happily. "That's the way I want to see your doll displayed the next time I visit."

With the hated doll and the revealing photograph in plain view, Max knew he wouldn't be bringing friends into his room until his aunt got off her sissy doll kick!

To Max's surprise, Agatha joined the family for breakfast the following Saturday. While eating and chatting, she cast several knowing glances his way, making him very nervous. When Hank left soon thereafter, she looked amusingly at Max

and said, "Let's go to your room, Margaret. I want to have another look at your doll."

"No, please, Aunt Agatha!" Max stammered uneasily. "I haven't had time to clean up my room yet. Give me a few minutes before you come up!"

"Nonsense, I've seen messy rooms before!"

Knowing what she would find, Max was beside himself as he accompanied his hated aunt to his room, as she held tightly to his hand, leaving him no choice.

"What's the meaning of all this clutter?" Agatha gasped as she looked about Max's room with utter disdain. His bed was unmade while clothes, balls, bats, gloves, and other sports gear was scattered about, leaving little space to walk. "This is definitely not the way a proper sissy's room should appear! Why is the photograph of you holding your doll lying face down on your bedside table? And speaking of your doll, where is it?"

"I'm a boy, and I'm not supposed to have a doll!"

"Be that as it may. I asked the location of your doll!" Agatha exclaimed in a voice that sent chills up his spine.

"I hid it under the bed," Max admitted with a blush.

"A fine place for such a beautiful doll! When I return, I expect this room to be neat and tidy as befits a proper sissy. Do you understand, *Missy*?"

"Yes," he sighed in defeat. After retrieving the hated doll, he went about making his bed, placing the doll against his pillows as formerly instructed, putting his things neatly away, and vacuuming his carpet with a purpose. When he finished, he went downstairs, he found his aunt absent, his mother saying her sister had gone out to purchase a few things and would return presently.

"Want to shoot some baskets on the driveway?" Jeff inquired of his older brother.

"I can't," he dejectedly replied. "I have to wait until Aunt Agatha returns and inspects my room. Later, okay?"

"What a sissy!" Jeff scoffed, bouncing his ball on the floor for emphasis.

More than an agonizing hour passed before Agatha returned. Upon seeing Max in the den, she gushed, "Oh, there you are, Margaret! Jeff is bringing in some packages to your room from my car." As he walked beside his aunt with his younger brother carrying the packages as if he were the man of the group, Max felt like a complete wimp!

"Oh, this is much better!" Agatha gushed as she looked about and saw the doll on his bed and the photograph on his bedside table. "This is the way a sissy's room should look, and now, we'll make it appear even more so! Thank you for being manly and bringing up the packages, Jeff. Drop them on the bed, and you are free to return to your rough boyish games."

Max was devastated to find that the bags contained pink sheets, matching pillowslips dripping with lace on the edges, and a lacy pink and white coverlet for his bed. Any dainty little girl would dearly love bedding like this, but being all boy, he hated it on sight! Near tears, he blubbered, "No matter what you say, I'm not a sissy!"

"Nonsense, Margaret! You're a sissy if ever there was one, and I know you'll just love sleeping between pink sheets. Come, I'll help you make your bed and show you how girlish it will look in the future." When the bed was properly made, the pink sheets folded over, the pillows with their lacy edges exposed, and his doll, in its pink dress, propped up on them, she said, "Bring your doll over here, and I'll show you what else I bought."

"What now?" Max wondered as he apprehensively followed her instructions.

"Like any little girl or sissy, you're probably tired of seeing your doll in the same dress day after day, so I bought a new outfit, complete with matching undies, so you can change *his* dress from time to time," Agatha grinned as she dumped the contents of a small bag in her skirted lap. "Aren't you excited?" Max was about to snap a scathing comment about how much he didn't care what the doll wore when she

surprised him by asking, "By the way, what is your doll's name?"

Having never considered naming his hated doll, her question caught him completely off guard, and all he could do was gasp, "Name?"

"Of course!" Agatha pressed her advantage. "All sissies name their dolls. What did you name yours?"

"Uh...Susie, I guess," he stammered while wondering where that came from.

"Susie! That's a wonderful name for a sissy's doll! Here, let me show you how to remove his dress! Sissies should always think of their dolls as boys even though they wear dresses. Okay, watch closely. Unfasten the clasp behind his neck, and undo the back of his dress. That's it, now pull the dress over his head, and take off his petticoat. When his slip and panties are removed, you just reverse the process with his new outfit. Any questions?"

"How often do I have to do this?" he blushed.

"Once a week should be sufficient. Your mother will show you how to hand wash the delicate garments, and oh yes, tell her not to forget to show you how to starch the little petticoat. It won't stand out properly without starch. Also, you should change your sheets every Saturday morning. You can replace Susie's dress, dust and vacuum your room, and straighten up while your sheets are in the washer and dryer. Just be sure to iron your sheets and pillow slips before putting them back on your bed."

"I can never bring my friends in here again!" Max wailed. "They'll think I'm a total sissy!"

"If I ever see your room in disarray like it was this morning, they won't have to enter your room to find out what a sissy you are!" Agatha snapped. "I'll buy pink lace curtains for your windows that can be seen from outside!"

Max was understandably shaken as he replaced Susie on his bed and fluffed the full white skirt over his legs.

As she was leaving, Agatha stopped by the driveway where Jeff was shooting baskets and voiced a concern. "I've noticed that you aren't assertive or aggressive with Margaret like we discussed. Is there a problem?"

"He said he would beat me up if I told anyone about the doll you gave him."

"Why that little *snit!*" she grimaced. "Look, here's what you do." After a short conversation, she added, "I guarantee that will change his attitude!"

"Okay, Aunt Aggie," Jeff replied with uncertainty filling his voice. "If you say so, I'll give it a try." Later, when Jeff entered his brother's room and saw its neat and tidy appearance with the doll resting against lacy pink pillowslips, he summoned all his courage and laughed, "What a sissy room! I can't wait to tell the guys!"

"You do, and I'll beat the tar out of you!"

"I don't care!" Jeff declared with as much conviction as he could muster. "Seeing you labeled a sissy will be worth a beating...*Margaret!*" Now that he had used the sissy name his brother detested, he could only hope his bluff would work as his aunt predicted.

When his threats didn't work as expected, Max was filled with anxiety. If Jeff told his friends about the sissy pink sheets and girlish doll on his bed, his reputation as a regular boy would be history. Instead of attacking him like Jeff half expected, Max lowered his eyes and pleaded, "Please don't tell anyone. You know this sissy stuff is Aunt Agatha's idea of a joke."

"What's in it for me if I don't tell?" Jeff snickered.

"What do you want?"

"Let me play with your Game Boy whenever I want."

Max had always been protective of his possessions, Game Boy being the most prized. In fact, the only time he let Jeff near his precious toy was to beat him at some game he had become an expert at from hours of practice. Jeff was filled

with anxiety, and he was steeled for an attack when Max looked up with a defeated expression and sighed, "Okay, but you have to promise not to tell anyone about all...this!"

"Deal!" Jeff exclaimed with a smile of relief and satisfaction.

"Oh, why does Aunt Agatha insist on giving me all this sissy stuff?" Max moaned as he crawled between his pink sheets for the first time. "She knows I'm not a sissy!"

A few days later, Jeff informed Max that he was bringing his friend Brad over to play Game Boy after school. "Oh no!" Max exclaimed. "You can't let anyone see my room! We have a deal!"

"I've already invited him," Jeff grinned, pressing his advantage. "If you don't want Brad to see your sissy room, move the game into mine."

"But, it's mine!" Max insisted.

"Suit yourself, *Margaret*, but we're playing!"

"Okay, okay, I'll move it," Max sobbed in defeat.

The following Saturday, Agatha dropped in on the Johnson residence unannounced. Hank was playing golf as usual, and she found Cathryn teaching Max how to operate the washer and dryer. He had already hand washed his doll's clothes, and they were hanging in his room to dry. Seeing a wet spot on his shirt, Agatha scolded, "Margaret! If you can't be more careful when you do your housework, you should wear something to protect your clothes."

"Yes, Aunt Agatha," Max sighed as he placed his pink sheets in the washer.

"I don't know what has gotten into that boy," Cathryn grumbled to her sister when Max left to go clean his room. "Since you gave him that doll and those pink sheets, he's become like a little housewife. Do you suppose he could be a sissy like you say?"

"There has never been any doubt in my mind that Margaret is a sissy. I suggest you watch him closely, and let his actions convince you one way or the other."

Heeding her sister's advice, Cathryn observed Max's reactions as she taught him to iron his sheets. He didn't seem eager to learn, but he was attentive and appeared to try and follow her instructions. This left her undecided about his sissy nature or the lack of it.

Just as Max finished making his bed and tidying his room, Agatha returned and presented him with a pinafore style apron. He was aghast to see that it had ruffles and lace edging like the one his doll wore. "I can't wear that!" he wailed. "It's a girl's thing!"

"Of course you can, Margaret! A sissy like you should have no problem wearing a neat pinafore to protect his clothes. Here, let's try it on." Max knew telling her he wasn't a sissy would get him nowhere, so with a red face, he slipped the frilly garment over his arms. He blushed even more when she made him tie the back sash time and again before she was satisfied. "Sissies should always tie a neat fussy bow in their apron strings," she taunted.

As far as Max was concerned, Jeff couldn't have picked a worse time to come into the room. Seeing Max in his frilly apron, he erupted in laughter and howled, "I've *got* to tell the guys about this!"

"Please, no!" Max panicked. "We have a deal!"

"That was about your doll and your sissy room. We didn't say anything about a *dress*!"

"It's an apron, not a dress!" Max angrily corrected his giggling brother.

"We didn't make a deal about a sissy apron either!" Jeff doubled over in laughter. "I'm *telling*!"

Softening his demeanor, Max pleaded, "Please don't tell anyone. I'll let you look at my baseball cards whenever you like if you promise not to tell."

"Can I take them to my room?"

Max's baseball cards had always been a cherished possession that he never allowed Jeff to touch. Allowing him to take them to his room would be a major concession. However, looking down at his frilly apron, he knew Jeff had the upper hand. "Okay, if you promise to bring them back when you finish looking at them," he reluctantly conceded.

"Deal!" Jeff exclaimed, knowing he had just won a major victory over his older brother.

When Hank saw Max in his frilly apron, he yelled, "What are you doing in that frilly thing?"

"Aunt Agatha gave it to me and said I had to wear it to do my housework," Max explained shamefully.

"Cathryn!" Hank roared in a loud voice. "What's this about Agatha giving Max a sissy apron? It's bad enough that she gave him those sissy pink sheets he has to wash every week!" After a heated exchange in the kitchen with his wife, he came out fuming, "The nerve of that bitch! I wish she would keep her nose out of our business!"

"Do I have to keep wearing my apron, Dad?" Max inquired with a blush.

"Yes, I guess you do!" he sighed.

After that, life was very traumatic for Max. While wearing his frilly apron, his Saturday mornings were consumed with changing his doll's outfit, washing and ironing his sheets and the doll's clothes, and making sure his room was clean, neat, and tidy. His sissy housework was done at the sacrifice of playing ball with his friends, and his greatest hope was that none of them happened by and saw him. When his buddies made cutting remarks about him missing their games, he put on his bravest face and laughed off their barbs, saying he had to play video games with Jeff.

One day, when the weather turned warm, Max was wearing his apron over a pair of shorts instead of his normal

jeans. He hadn't noticed that the skirt of his apron fell below his shorts, effectively hiding them from view as he went about his household chores. Both Cathryn and Agatha observed his sissy appearance, but they merely smiled and remained silent.

When Jeff saw him, he taunted in a loud voice, "Hey, are you wearing a dress, sissy boy?"

Not understanding why Jeff was so jubilant, Max calmly responded, "Its my apron. You've seen it before."

"Not without pants! What are you wearing under there, *panties?*"

Looking down and seeing the source of Jeff's amusement, Max raised his apron skirt to show his shorts. "My shorts!" he blushed as his brother went away laughing at the thought of him wearing a dress.

At his birthday dinner in mid July, Max was both happy and distressed as he prepared to open his gifts. First, he opened the one wrapped in blue and white and was thrilled to receive a baseball glove from his parents. Until then, he ignored the two gifts in pink tissue and white satin ribbons, but when Agatha handed him the largest one, he was trapped. He carefully opened it to avoid tearing the paper as he had been shown, only to find another doll in the box!

"By the way you were always playing with Susie and changing his clothes, I suspected that you wanted another doll but were too timid to ask!" Agatha gushed. "I was right, wasn't I, *Margaret?*"

Max was seething with rage as he stared at the large doll wearing an elaborate yellow dress with a silky mid-calf length pleated skirt.

"What are you naming this one?" Agatha asked, interrupting his thoughts.

Her question made Max cringe in humiliation because he knew his father wasn't aware that he named his other doll. "Uh, I don't know," he stammered with a blush.

"Maybe he didn't want another doll!" Hank spat.

"Doesn't Margaret want another doll?" Agatha scoffed. "Ridiculous! Obviously you haven't seen him with his sweet pinafore over his shorts so he can pretend to be wearing a dress while he changes Susie's clothes, washes and irons the dirty ones, and stores them in a special drawer of his dresser!"

"Is that true, Max?" Hank boomed. "Do you pretend to wear a dress while you play with your sissy doll?"

"Maybe he should have some panties to wear instead of his shorts!" Jeff suggested with a teasing chuckle.

"I wear my apron to protect my clothes while I'm doing housework," Max blushed, not knowing how to answer his father's question without appearing to be a sissy like his aunt insisted. "I don't pretend it's a dress, and I don't need any *panties*."

"I'm getting to the bottom of this!" Hank declared angrily as he pounded his fist on the table.

"Let's all calm down and let Max open his other present," Cathryn soothed as she walked up behind her husband and began massaging his shoulders. "This is his ninth birthday, after all."

Anger still covered Hank's features, but he grudgingly conceded, "Okay son, open your gift."

The remaining package was wrapped in pink, so that was not exactly what Max wanted to hear. "I'm not a sissy, and I don't want to open any more sissy gifts!" he pouted.

"This one is from me!" Jeff exclaimed while pushing the gift toward his brother and ignoring his declaration that he wasn't a sissy.

After hesitantly opening his brother's gift, Max was both astounded and embarrassed to find a red dress almost identical to the yellow one the doll was wearing, a full set of

feminine undies including a bra, silky panties, and a matching slip. There was even a tiny doll-size iron.

"The saleslady said you would need the iron for the tiny pleats on your doll's skirts," Agatha informed her blushing nephew. "It plugs into this battery pack that won't allow it to get hot enough to scorch his dresses and delicate under things."

Just as Hank was about to explode in an angry tirade, Cathryn said, "Come into the kitchen, and help me with the cake and ice cream, dear."

To help drown out the arguing from the kitchen, Agatha said, "You haven't told us your new doll's name, Margaret. What have you decided to name him?"

"Uh, Lu Lu, I guess," he stammered.

Jeff laughed so hard, he almost fell out of his chair upon hearing the sissy name Max selected for his *boy* doll.

When everyone finished eating, Agatha whispered in Max's ear, "Why don't you put on your apron and clear the table like a sweet sissy, Margaret dear? Your mother worked hard getting everything ready for your party, and she deserves a break."

Max hadn't worn his frilly apron many times in his father's presence, so he blushed brightly under his gaze as he scurried about taking dishes to the kitchen. "He does look like he's wearing a dress from the front with the hem of that frilly apron falling below his shorts," Hank seethed inwardly. "Perhaps he should be wearing *panties*!"

After that, Max's life settled into a routine, albeit a traumatic one. He slept between his shameful pink sheets every night, and he changed, washed and ironed them, and remade his bed with the lacy coverlet every Saturday. He changed his two doll's dresses and feminine undies, washed, ironed, and stored their used clothing, in his dresser. When he displayed his dolls atop his bed, propping them each against a lace embellished pink pillowslip, his room had a distinct sissy appearance!

Also, Jeff made his life miserable with threats to tell his friends about his sissy room. In order to forestall such a traumatic event, Max was forced to relinquish an increasing number of his cherished boyhood toys, games, and sports memorabilia to his scheming younger brother.

The following Christmas, Max being apprehensive about what might be in the pink gift from his aunt, eagerly opened his gift from Jeff, as it was wrapped in traditional paper of the season. He was shocked and dismayed to discover a large elaborately dressed doll in the box that was not unlike the other two on display on his bed! "Oh Jeff!" he wailed near tears of helpless frustration. "You know what I've been going through with all this sissy stuff from Aunt Agatha! Why did you give me a doll?"

"I saw you always playing with your other dolls, the way you changed their clothes and fussed with their dresses when you displayed them on your bed," Jeff smirked. "Knowing how much you loved your other dolls, I thought another one would be the perfect gift for a sissy like you. Besides, the more dolls you have, the easier you'll be to control."

"How dare you think you have me under control, you little snit!" Max spat angrily. "I'll show you control!"

Jeff chuckled, "Then, I may as well run out and tell all the guys about your dolls and your sissy room!"

At that moment, Max realized he was at Jeff's mercy. Quickly changing tactics, he begged, "Please, don't tell anyone. I'm sorry for threatening to hurt you."

"If you're sorry, prove it by thanking me for the doll while Mom, Dad, and Aunt Aggie are watching!" Jeff staunchly demanded.

"Okay, okay!" Max soothed, trying to calm his determined younger brother.

"Put on your best act, and make them believe another doll was just what you wanted, or your ass is grass all over the neighborhood!"

Cathryn and Hank were astounded when they heard Max thanking Jeff for the doll, saying it was 'just what he wanted'. Agatha merely smiled in the knowledge that her talks with Jeff had borne fruit, and that her plan to convince everyone the hapless boy was a sissy was right on schedule.

After the incident with the doll, Max, knowing full well to expect something sissified from his aunt, steadfastly refused to open her gift until his mother forced the issue by ordering him to do so. He felt betrayed as he picked up the ornate pink box and peeled back the scented tissue. After a quick peek inside, he quickly shoved the lid back on the box.

"Max!" Cathryn scolded. "That was rude! Be polite, and show us what Aunt Agatha gave you. I'm sure she went to a lot of trouble to find the perfect gift."

Max glared at his Aunt, who returned his gaze with a knowing wink. With a blush, he slowly opened the box and removed a white ankle-length girl's flannel nightgown that, to his abject shame, was decorated with pink roses and trimmed with white lace ruffles.

As he held it up, Jeff taunted, "Look! It's a girl's nightie! Max got a sissy girl's nightie for Christmas! Come on, sissy boy! Model your pretty nightie for us!" He laughed until tears rolled down his cheeks.

Hank steamed, and Cathryn looked questioningly at her sister. "Actually, it's a nightshirt," Agatha lied in an assuring voice. "They're quite the rage in France, and all the young gentlemen wear them."

Deferring to her sister, as she often did, Cathryn mused a shrug, "Well, it is certainly pretty. Max, go try it on." He whined a protest, but when she threatened him with a spanking, he grudgingly took the shameful gown he knew to be ultra-feminine, to his room.

"Male nightshirt, my royal butt!" Max scowled when he read *Pretty Princess Fashions* on the label and spied the pale pink nylon panties. His face turned red as a beet when he stepped into the silky panties, pulled them up, and adjusted

them at his waist, as would any normal boy who just put on his first pair of girl's panties. He drew the humiliating gown over his head, slipped on the matching robe, slid his feet into fluffy slippers, and dejectedly made his way back to the others, as if walking his last mile.

"Don't you look darling?" Cathryn squealed when she saw her son in the feminine gown, robe, and slippers her sister had given him.

"Why couldn't you give him pajamas like you gave Jeff?" Hank angrily spat.

"I've told you time and again that Jeff isn't a sissy like Margaret." Agatha responded as though her actions were completely logical.

"If you had a ribbon in your hair, you would be cute beyond words!" Cathryn cooed as she snapped a photo of her embarrassed son. She then instructed Hank to take several snapshots Max and Agatha as well as some of Max by himself holding his doll. She even made Max wear the hated gown and embarrassing panties to bed saying, "To show your appreciation to Agatha for giving you this fashionable nightshirt, I want you to wear it every night for the remainder of the winter."

Later, Max heard his parents arguing about the gift. In the end, Cathryn won the argument by convincing her husband that Agatha was just eccentric, and that, in her way, she was trying to get Max something special. Thus, Max was doomed to wear the feminine gown and panties night after night.

After the episode with the nightgown, life for Max was very traumatic, to say the least. As bribes to keep quiet about his dolls and feminized room, Jeff was continually taking his prized boyhood possessions. Also, he was constantly on pins and needles with fear in anticipation of what Aunt Agatha's next sissy gift might be.

When his tenth birthday arrived, Max insisted that he was too old to have a party, so the family agreed to have a get-together for cake and ice cream after dinner instead. He was almost done with his cake when Aunt Agatha barged through the door. "Hell-ooo," she sang as she placed a large box, wrapped in pink tissue, on the table, with a great flourish. "I have a birthday gift for my favorite sissy nephew, and I hope I'm not too late."

Max looked pleadingly at his dad, who snapped, "Well? Your Aunt has given you a gift. Go ahead...open it."

Max hoped his aunt had finally tired of her game of tormenting him, and the box contained a Chicago Bears football jersey. With building excitement, he peeled back the tissue paper, only to be confronted by the sight of a prissy white party dress and the appropriate undies!

Upon seeing the sissy dress, disappointed rage exploded within him. Hurling the package to the floor, he shouted, "I hate you, you...*bitch!*" He hesitated as he used the curse word for the first time in the presence of his parents. To his surprise, it felt really good, and he was emboldened. Kicking the box for good measure, he spat, "You can take this stupid dress and your dolls and all that other girly stuff and shove them up your *ass!*"

Following a stern no nonsense glare from his wife, his Dad reached over, seized Max's arm, and scolded, "What kind of way is that to talk to your aunt? I'm sure she went to a lot of trouble to find just the right dress. "Look," he said as Cathryn lifted the dress from the box. "She even got matching panties, petticoats, socks and shoes...a complete outfit."

"Now you have panties to wear under your frilly apron!" Jeff taunted.

Ignoring Jeff's comment, Max tried to reason with Hank by explaining, "Dad, I'm sorry for cursing, but I'm tired of Aunt Agatha giving me all this girly stuff! I'm a boy, and I wanted a football jersey, not a frilly dress!"

"I don't care!" Hank growled through gritted teeth. "It was a gift, and gentlemen know to say thank you, even if the gift is not what he wanted.

"Come, Margaret," Agatha smirked, pressing her advantage. "Let's go to your room and try on your new things. We can see how it fits, and everyone can see how it looks on you when we return."

After a stern glare from his wife, Hank said, "Go with your aunt. She knows how everything should be worn."

In his room, when Max hesitated, Agatha reached over and pulled the tee shirt over his head. Ignoring his protests, she continued to undress him until he was cowering in only his briefs. "Those too!" she snarled. "You have to wear the panties with your dress, and don't act as though you've never worn them. You wore the panties I gave you with your nightgown, didn't you?"

"Now that I don't have to wear it anymore, she admits it's a nightgown!" Max seethed inwardly as he hurriedly stepped into the silky white nylon panties to cover his nudity. When they were adjusted at his waist, Agatha held out the matching slip and helped pull it over his head, but as she held out the crinoline petticoat for him to step into, he said, "The petticoat goes over my head. If I step into it, the lace of my slip will get all tangled up in the netting."

"Did you learn that from dressing your dolls?"

"Yes," he blushed.

Max pleaded with his aunt not to take him to out to meet the others when he was finally wearing his dress, the lacy fold down socks, and girlish shoes, but she was unmoved. "Oh, *Margaret!*" she gushed while reaching under his skirt and tugging down his petticoat to assure that it showed below the hem. "Don't you look precious. The salesgirl said you'd look like an adorable sissy in this, and she was right!" Shortly thereafter, she led her blushing nephew into the living room, arrayed in his delicate dress.



"Look here, you bitch!" Hank snapped. "Giving my son dolls is one thing, but making him wear a dress is going too far!"

"Oh, Poo! Don't you see he's a sissy who simply *belongs* in dresses?" Agatha reasoned.

Max was horrified to be wearing girls' panties, slip, and dress, especially when Jeff kept up a steady stream of taunts, laughter, and insulting innuendos. To his great dismay, his father made no move to stop Jeff's banter.

Only at bedtime was Max able to escape the hated outfit. Even then, his mother made him place his dress on a padded dress hanger and hang it on the doorknob of his closet door where it would be in plain view. He eventually fell asleep, but only after hitting his pink covered pillow in frustration over having to wear a dress.

The sexual excitement Hank felt from the illicit affair in which he found himself deeply involved overcame his guilt as he returned to his office after a long lunch. He met this sexy woman, Bambi, when she approached him at a local watering hole a few months before, and in no time, they were making love like rabbits. He rationalized the affair, banking on the fact that his wife would never find out.

Just as he settled in behind his desk, his office door opened. To his surprise, in stepped Bambi followed by his hated sister in law. "What the hell...!" he exclaimed while quickly dismissing his secretary. "What's going on here?"

"Oh, do shut up, Hank!" Agatha smirked as she tossed several pictures of him and Bambi going at it on his desk. "You can be so dense! What's going on, as you so inarticulately put it, is that you have been ...*had*."

Hank knew that in his wife's hands, or worse, in her lawyer's hands, his marriage would be ruined. Also, he knew the company's old-fashioned CEO had fired executives in the past for violating the sanctity of their marriage vows. His career would be over, and he would be virtually penniless!

Agatha grinned as she witnessed Hank's realization that he was screwed. "You see Hank, Bambi is a pro I hired to come on to you. Hank reddened when Bambi giggled.

"So here's the way this is going to play out..."



“If the photos of you and Bambi don’t keep you in line, these certainly will!” Agatha evilly smirked. “Now, you won’t be able to interfere as I bring out the sissy in Margaret!”

In the end, Hank agreed to everything. Agatha would keep the negatives, and he would quietly divorce Cathryn. In return, Hank could keep his career and a sizeable share of the family's assets. The other part of his deal was more troubling. He had to agree not to interfere with Agatha and her relationship with Margaret as she 'brought out the sissy' in him.

Hank protested, but he reluctantly agreed. Feeling as though he was abandoning and betraying his son, he was heartbroken, for both Max and *himself*.

Agatha relished the look of defeat on the proud man's face. "Oh Hank, sweetie," she grinned. "There's just one more thing..."

The next day, Hank appeared at the studio as instructed by Agatha. He virtually glowed with embarrassment as the photographer and Agatha looked his way.

"Tres bien! Here's our featured model now," Agatha enthused as she strode over and took Hank by the arm. When he recoiled at the hated woman's touch, she warned with a teasing chuckle, "Now, now, *Henrietta* sweetie, this will be fun for at least for one of us."

Under Agatha's direction, Hank removed his clothes, until he was naked. He only thought he was embarrassed, until Agatha ordered him into the feminine things she provided. At each step, the smirking photographer snapped picture after picture.

"Oh, *Henrietta*! Don't you look precious in your panties and bra? That's it. Of course, what well dressed he-man father of a sissy boy doesn't love to wear silky panties, bras, nylon stockings and high heels? Don't forget to smile pretty for the camera! Now for your makeup! Lipstick, mascara, and blush, although you hardly need it, are a *must*! Oh, aren't you just darling! Now let's start with this smart little suit. Don't worry. You'll get to wear all these lovely dresses, skirts, and blouses."

Hank felt like a complete fool as he fastened the feminine skirt about his waist. The broad grin on Agatha's face and the photographer's smirk only made his embarrassment worse.

"Hank, sweetie! Don't you look precious? When Margaret gets older, I must get him a suit just like it. Just imagine-- matching father and son dresses!" she laughed teasingly. "Won't you two look precious flitting about like fairies in your pretty dresses?"

Only the thought of the huge amount of money he stood to lose if his tryst with Bambi was exposed, allowed Hank to keep his composure. Finally, the ordeal was over, and Agatha allowed him to change back into his clothes.

"That was even more fun than I expected," she laughed. Turning serious, she addressed him, tucking the pink panties he had worn in his suit pocket, with the lace showing, like a handkerchief. "Any interference or failure to cooperate with my plans to bring out the sissy in Margaret, and these pictures will go out to your family and friends, not to mention your boss. Understand?"

Hank nodded weakly while wondering, "How could anyone stand up to this vindictive harpy? He empathized with Max, but he had his own life to worry about. "Besides," he rationalized, "Maybe Max really is a sissy like she says. He did wear that frilly dress, after all!"

A few days later, Hank's secretary, Ellen, entered his office, placed a large envelope on his desk and said, "The older of the two women who were here the other day asked me to give you this."

After closing the door, Hank opened the envelope Agatha had dropped off and winced as he viewed the dozens of professionally done photos of him in women's dresses and lingerie. She had forced him into ultra-feminine poses, and required him to smile so it would appear that he loved every minute of his ordeal. Knowing he would be ruined if they became public, he resolved to do *anything* to keep the pictures under wrap!

At her desk, Ellen was also looking at a photo. It was her boss wearing a pretty drop waist sailor dress with a below the knee length pleated skirt. To her amusement, he was also wearing makeup, dark red lipstick, three-inch heels, a woman's hat, and carrying a purse. The woman who dropped it off suggested the picture might be useful.

"Useful, indeed!" Ellen thought. "Maybe this is opportune time to talk with Hank about a raise and some extra vacation time." Musing about how much a macho guy like Hank would hate for the picture to get out, she became even bolder in her aspirations. "Maybe I can even move up the executive ranks!"

The next few weeks were a whirlwind in the Johnson household. Hank filed for a divorce, and after innumerable, highly emotional conversations with her sister, Cathryn agreed not to contest the action. As a result of the breakup, she became more dependent on her sister for guidance and advice, and Agatha was more than happy to advise and help her through this tragedy.

To Max's great shame, while his father was loading the last of his things before permanently departing the house, Agatha took him to his room and insisted on helping him into his dress for the occasion. She even applied bright red lipstick and liberally sprayed him with an aromatic perfume saying, "This is the latest fragrance from France, and it's the rage of all the sissies in that country. I got it when I traveled there on business. You can keep the perfume and the lipstick so you can wear them again whenever you like."

"Just what I need, my own lipstick and perfume!" Max seethed as he dismally descended the stairs in his dress.

Jeff, who had been given a heads up on what to expect before Agatha took Max upstairs, was waiting for the pair when they hit the landing. "Look!" he roared upon seeing his blushing brother. "Max is more of a sissy than ever! He's wearing lipstick with his frilly dress!"

"What have you done, Agatha?" Cathryn snapped upon seeing the object of Jeff's contempt. "Even if Max is a sissy like you say, he's much too young to wear lipstick, especially bright red like that!"

"Oh, lighten up," Agatha shrugged away her sister's concern. "Seeing his father leave home is a special event in a boy's life, and Margaret asked me to help him look especially nice for the occasion. What's the harm in that?"

"If it's what he wants, I guess you're right," Cathryn sighed. "You usually are."

"Then, let's take some pictures!" Agatha enthused, producing a camera from her purse. "Come, Jeff! I want to take a picture of you and Margaret with your Dad. While Hank knelt with and Max on his right side and Jeff on his left, she was about to snap a picture when suddenly, she rushed over to the posed trio, tugged Max's crinoline petticoat down so it showed charmingly, and fluffed out his skirt until it was just so before returning to her position and snapping the picture.

Max was very nervous and apprehensive as photo after photo, with him in his dress and lipstick, was taken. Some were with him and Jeff, some of him alone holding one of his dolls, and several were of him and his father. Of course, his skirt had to be fluffed out each time until it was 'just right'!

Just before Hank left, Agatha called Max over, freshened his lipstick, and without blotting his lips, whispered something in his ear. After Hank and Jeff shook hands, Max approached his father. When Hank held out his hand, Max rushed past it, threw his arms around his father's neck, gave him a tight hug, and kissed him firmly on the cheek.

Not knowing how to respond, Hank returned his son's embrace. When he kissed Max on the cheek in return, he inhaled the aromatic perfume his son wore. "That bitch sure isn't wasting any time turning Max into a sissy," he scowled inwardly. "If only that conniving bitch didn't have those damn photos...!"

"Where will you go, Dad?" Jeff inquired.

"I'm...uh...moving in with Ellen, my secretary."

Max was lamenting the fact that his father's last image of him was in a dress and that he departed with his lipstick print on his cheek when Jeff approached and asked, "Why did you kiss Dad? Are you really a sissy like Aunt Aggie says?"

"Hell no!" he spat. "Aunt Agatha said if I didn't kiss Dad and leave lipstick on his face, she would convince Mom not to let him see us ever again."

Meanwhile in the other room, Cathryn cried, "Ellen? That's not the name of the bimbo he was shacking up with in the photos! How many women were there?"

With Hank out of the house, Agatha began to spend more time with her sister and nephews, sometimes coming by as many as three times a week. To Max's chagrin, she insisted that he wear his "birthday dress" for these visits. At first, his mother helped him dress, but she eventually tired of hearing his whining and made him practice until he could dress himself, including fastening the back buttons. The next time Agatha called, Cathryn simply told Max his aunt was coming over.

He looked at his mother pleadingly, but her glare told him what was expected. Morosely, he retreated to his room and undressed. Wincing with embarrassment, he stepped into the delicate panties and slipped them up his legs. His silky slip, frilly petticoat, lacy socks, and girlish shoes followed. Steeling himself for the humiliating ordeal to come, he pulled the dress over his head, and reached back to fasten the buttons, struggling with the last few.

Viewing his image in the mirror, he saw that from the neck down, he appeared every bit the girly girl, but with his boyish hair, the overall picture was of a sissy boy.



"He got dressed all by himself, and that includes fastening the back buttons and tying a perfectly darling bow in his sash," Cathryn beamed with pride.

"Yeah, but I'd much rather have this new catcher's mitt than wear a dress like a sissy Max!" Jeff taunted.

After spraying himself with the French perfume his aunt had given him, he sighed heavily and made his way to the living room with a bright blush while thinking, "I don't care what they say, I'm not wearing lipstick!"

As expected, Max was met by raucous laughter from his brother. "Look! Margaret put on his frilly dress without being told. The sissy probably wants to wear dresses all the time."

"Shut up, Jeff!" Max snarled as he turned to his mother and pleaded, "Why do I have to wear a dress and Jeff doesn't? If anyone here is a sissy, it's him!"

"We all know that's not true, Margaret," Agatha replied in a firm, yet calm voice. "There's only one sissy in this family, and he's wearing a perfectly darling dress."

Without thinking, Max stamped his foot in frustration, and as his mother and aunt chuckled at his girlish antics, he snarled, "I'm not a sissy, and it's not right to make me wear this stupid dress!"

"This is the first time he's dressed himself without help," Cathryn beamed with pride while looking over her blushing son.

"Wonderful!" Agatha exclaimed with a satisfied smile. "I have something in my car that I've been saving for a special occasion, and this certainly qualifies! Jeff, would you be a gentleman and fetch the two bags from the back seat of my car?"

When Jeff returned, he was smiling and wearing a new catcher's mitt. Handing the other bag to his aunt, he pointed at Max and taunted, "Look, I got a new mitt, and *Margaret* put on his prettiest dress to get a new doll! What a *sissy!*"

That this was Max's only dress was of no consequence as far as he was concerned. All he could do was blush brightly, accept the doll from his aunt, dip a polite curtsy, and sigh, "Thank you, Aunt Agatha."

"You know, I think it would be sweet if you called me Auntie like a proper British schoolgirl," Agatha mused. "That's a sweet way for you to address me, don't you agree?"

"Yes, uh, Auntie," Max almost choked on the prissy sounding word.

After that, all Cathryn had to say to Max was, "Auntie is coming over," and he knew he was expected to put on his hated dress, with the appropriate feminine undies, for the occasion. Thus, with the frequency of Agatha's visits, Max found himself wearing his dress two or three days a week and a good portion of his time washing and ironing it, along with his panties, slip, petticoat, sheets, pillowslips, and doll clothes.

As summer turned to autumn, and the days became cooler, he devised a plan to end his shameful sissy ordeal. On one particularly cool day, Max drank a glass of ice water and joined his mother and aunt. Crossing his arms across his chest, he shivered and moaned, "I'm cold! This must be a summer dress, because I'm freezing! Look at the goose bumps on my arms and legs! Can I change into some jeans and a sweatshirt to get warm?"

"Nonsense, Margaret!" Agatha exclaimed, a bit of finality in her tone. "We'll turn up the thermostat a couple of degrees, and you'll be fine. You'll see."

His plan thwarted, Max dipped a polite curtsy and sighed in resignation, "Thank you, Auntie."

Agatha visited again a few days later, and finding Max in his dress as usual, she gushed, "Oh, Margaret! Come see the lovely present I brought you!"

Knowing his aunt never gave him anything even slightly masculine, Max winced at her words. As expected, she handed him a box wrapped in the pink tissue that signaled an ultra feminine gift was inside. Sure enough, after unwrapping the

gift, he found a packet containing three pairs of white nylon pantyhose, a pale pink fluffy Angora cardigan sweater, a pink satin hair bow, and a tube of pink lipstick!

"You'll be surprised how warm the nylon will keep your legs, and the sweater is just the thing for your arms and upper body in the cold weather," Agatha assured him. "Go ahead. Try them on, and you'll see. Gather each leg of your pantyhose at the toe, and knead them up over your legs to prevent laddering. Now, carefully pull them up to your waist and adjust your skirt. That's it!"

He grudgingly admitted to himself that his aunt was right about the sweater and pantyhose being warm, but he couldn't keep his eyes off the last two items in the box. "What are those things?" he asked timidly.

"Remember when your mother said you were too young to wear red lipstick? Well, I got you a nice shade of pink that, along with your hair bow, will set off your sissy appearance to a tee! I'll help you with them this time, but you must quickly learn to do these things for yourself." When he was wearing the lipstick and the satin bow adorned his hair, she said, "Now, this is the way I want you to look when you wear your dress for my visits. And, oh yes! Start sleeping in your nightgown again so you'll be warm at night too."

"Yes, Auntie," he sighed while wondering if this girly feminine game would ever end.

On Saturday morning, a few days before Christmas, Agatha was in the Johnson home to help put up decorations and wrap gifts. Therefore, Max was wearing his dress, fuzzy sweater, pantyhose, lacy apron, sissy hair bow, and pink lipstick to perform his routine household chores. His dolls were laid out on his lace embellished bed cover while he changed their clothes, when someone entered his room behind him and greeted in a slightly familiar voice, "Hello, young man."

Max's first inclination was that he had been discovered in his dress, and his secret would be out. However, when he turned around, he saw his father and was greatly relieved. "Dad!" he cried happily as he rushed to give his father an embrace, causing his skirt to fly all about and reveal his lace edged nylon slip and crinoline petticoat. "I've missed you so much!"

"I've missed you too son," Hank sighed as he looked over his son in his dress, sweater, apron, pantyhose, hair bow, and lipstick, along with the row of lingerie clad dolls lying on his pink sheets. "I see that crazy old bat is still treating you like a sissy, giving you dolls, and making you wear dresses."

"It's awful, Dad. Auntie told Mom I asked the dolls and other sissy things she gave me and that I liked wearing dresses," Max sobbed. "I don't think Mom believes her, but she makes me dress like this when the old hag visits, which seems like all the time! When I complained about being cold, she bought me this sissy pink sweater and pantyhose. I also have to wash and iron my dress and undies after I wear them!"

"Undies?"

"That's what Auntie makes me call my panties, slip, and petticoat. I guess it gets to be a habit. I swear; if my friends find out about me wearing these sissy clothes and playing with dolls, my life will be over! Please Dad, make her take my dolls away and let me wear pants like a normal boy!"

"I know what you're going through son, and I'm sorry, but I can't help you."

"Look, Dad! I'm being forced to wear a dress, panties, and lipstick! If you can't help me, who can?"

"I'm sorry son, but if I do anything to cross that witch, she'll break the agreement we made at the divorce hearing. Then, she won't let me see you and Jeff, even at Christmas and on birthdays."

"Jeff is as bad as Auntie, Dad! He teases me about the sissy stuff Auntie puts me through, and he makes me give

him all my best stuff to keep him from telling my friends. I hardly have any boy things left, and as you can see, my room is full of dolls!"

"Be realistic. If Jeff had to wear dresses, and you were allowed to remain in pants, wouldn't you tease him and threaten to tell his friends about his sissy life?"

"Yeah, I guess you're right, Dad. Say, I didn't notice before, but you look different. Your hair is longer, your face is soft and smooth, and your nails are long and tapered. What's going on?"

"N...nothing in particular, son," Hank stammered nervously as he shifted uncomfortably in his chair. "I just decided to let my hair grow a bit and try a new hairstyle. As for my face, I guess I shaved extra close this morning, and I just haven't gotten around to trimming my nails lately. No big deal."

A while later as Hank and his two sons sat together to exchange gifts, Agatha strolled through the room. Looking at Max, she scolded, "Sit up straight with your knees primly together and your skirt properly adjusted across your thighs, Margaret! Good! Now, freshen your lipstick. As a sissy, you'll want look your best for your father."

Hearing her reprimand, Max sat up straight and locked his knees together. As he responded to his aunt's edict, he felt like a complete sissy. His face was burning red as he took out his mirrored compact and freshened his lipstick in the presence of his father and brother.

To revert attention from Max, Hank handed Jeff a box wrapped in festive paper featuring Santa and his reindeer. Wasting no time, Jeff ripped the paper away and smiled brightly when he saw a remote controlled, battery operated cabin cruiser. "This is just what I wanted, Dad!" he happily exclaimed. "How did you know?"

"Aside from the fact that you could talk of nothing else last summer, I haven't the foggiest," Hank grinned.



isn't my gift wrapped like Jeff's, and why does it say, 'To *Margaret*'?"

"Your aunt said I had to start referring to you as Margaret," Hank whispered with a blush of his own.

"What the hell!" Max gasped as he unfolded the perfume-scented tissue and saw twelve pairs of silky nylon panties in every color in the pastel rainbow! "I can't wear these!" he gasped in horror as he nervously adjusted his skirt over his nylon-encased thighs. "You're my Dad! How could you do this to me?"

"I'm sorry son, but Agatha said I had to get you the most fancy feminine gift I could find, or she would make certain that I never saw either you or Jeff again. You have to understand ..."

"Oh, come on, Margaret!" Jeff chided, not wanting to miss out on a chance like this for fun at his brother's expense. "It'll be worth you wearing sissy girl's panties for us to be able to see Dad again! I know it will be worth it for me if you wear them! Anyway, what's the big deal? You're wearing panties under your frilly dress now, aren't you, girly boy?"

"I won't do it!" Max cried as he leapt to his feet and sent the box flying from his lap, scattering panties across the floor. Running toward his room with his hands over his face, he sobbed, "Of all people, I trusted you to stand by me, and you

do something like *this*! I don't care what you say! I'm not a sissy, and I won't wear panties!"

A bit later, Hank entered Max's room carrying the box of panties and found his distraught son, lying on the bed with his skirt askew, crying his eyes out. Sitting beside him, he pleaded, "You have every right to hate me because you think I betrayed you, but please don't. I had to buy you something feminine or risk losing you forever. Please believe that."

After taking a moment to regain his composure, Max sniffed, "I know this is not your fault, Dad. It's Auntie. She's always coming up with ways to make me look like a sissy and all this, my dolls, pink sheets, and my dress are things I want. I swear; I don't stand a chance against her."

"I know, son. Believe me, I know. Now, sit up like a little man and dry your eyes while I store your new panties in your underwear drawer."

"Be a man and wear panties!" Max seethed inwardly while watching his father quickly and expertly fold each pair of the fancy panties and carefully place them in the drawer. "Say, how did he learn to do that?"

"You don't have to wear your panties unless Agatha makes you," Hank explained. "Go wash your face and replace your lipstick so we can go downstairs. My time is almost up, and I have to leave soon."

After hugging his father and kissing him on the cheek as before, Max thought, "I don't know what's gotten into Dad. He used to stand up for me and yell at Auntie when she called me a sissy, but now, he gives me panties instead. Does he think I'm a sissy like Mom and Jeff?"

The remainder of the Christmas season was an embarrassing disappointment to Max as well. He received not one ball, bat, glove, sports video, or remote controlled car, airplane, or boat that would appeal to a boy his age. Not one! Instead, from Jeff, he received a year's subscription to Pre-Teen magazine to Margaret Johnson. From Auntie, he got a triple tiered gold necklace, a pair of gold clip-on earrings, and

three gold bangles for his wrist. His mother gave him a doll for the first time! The only saving grace was that nobody suggested that he wear the panties in his drawer, although Agatha checked often to assure that they were still there.

Early one Saturday, as winter was giving way to spring, Agatha called and asked to speak with Margaret. When Max got on the phone, she asked, "Is your dress clean and pressed?" When he replied in the affirmative, she said, "The last time I was there, I noticed that you had outgrown it, so I won't expect you to wear it again. Have it ready when I arrive, and we'll celebrate the occasion and have a retirement party for your precious dress."

Max could hardly believe his ears, and when he hung up the phone, he rushed to tell his mother. Seeing how excited her son was over no longer having to wear his dress, she wondered, "If he's a sissy like Agatha says, why is he so excited?"

When Agatha arrived, she frowned upon seeing Max in pants and a tee shirt for the first time in nearly nine months. Nevertheless, she smiled as she served the ice cream and cake she brought over for the occasion. "This is your celebration, Margaret, so put on your apron and clear the table," she instructed when they finished eating.

"Looks like Auntie's game of calling me a sissy isn't over, but at least, I don't have to wear that awful dress," Max contemplated with mixed emotions as he cleared the table and loaded the dishwasher.

"Okay, let's all go to Margaret's room for the ceremony to retire his dress," Agatha announced with a wicked smile as she whispered something in Jeff's ear. With everyone in Max's room, Agatha held up the frilly dress he had been wearing for her visits and announced, "As you all know, we are here to retire Margaret's dress. Knowing how much he enjoyed wearing it, and how much he will miss doing so in the future, we'll pin it to his wall. Then, he can look at it and reminisce."

"Yeah," Jeff exclaimed with a sneer. "His room will really look like a sissy's with all his dolls and pink sheets with a frilly dress hanging on the wall!"

The dress was then pinned to the wall beside Max's bed with the shoulders skewed a bit, and the skirt spread wide to give it a full girlish shape.

Max's only consolation was that he wasn't given a new dress to replace the one he had outgrown!"

"Mom, I hate going to Auntie's house," Max declared one Saturday in mid spring. "She treats me like such a sissy! Can't I go with you?"

"No!" Cathryn snapped. "I have a busy day planned, and I can't have you tagging along. Besides, Auntie has very kindly offered to look after you and Jeff today."

"Please, Mom, let me stay here!" he pleaded. "I'm old enough to look after myself. I'll be okay."

"Oh no, you don't! If anything happened to you in my absence, I'd never forgive myself for leaving you alone. Anyway, I've just about had it with your attitude since your father abandoned us for that floozy!"

"I don't care! I won't go to that hateful witch's house! All she does is treat me like a sissy! For all I know, she has another dress for me!"

"As punishment for that crass comment, you'll not only go to Agatha's house, you'll wear a pair of the fancy panties your father gave you for Christmas! Maybe then, you'll be more cooperative. Go to your room and change right now!"

"No way, Mom! Those are girl's panties! I can't wear them!"

"You had better wear them!" she scolded. "Get in there and change into your panties this minute, young man! If you make me late, you'll wear them all week!"

Dejectedly wearing the silky nylon panties, Max remained quiet in the back seat of the car during the drive to his aunt's opulent house, while Jeff and his mother chatted merrily in the front. When they arrived, Agatha urged her sister to take her time saying, "Don't worry! I have presents for the children, so we'll have lots of fun while you're away."

Once inside, Agatha addressed the younger of the two warmly, "Jeff, look how you've grown! What a fine looking young man you are becoming!" While he glowed under her praise, she added, "And if I'm not mistaken, I believe there's a little something for you on the kitchen table."

Jeff bolted to the table and returned dribbling a new basketball. "Thanks, Aunt Aggie! This is totally cool!" he grinned as he hugged his aunt appreciatively.

"You're very welcome, dear. The boys next door are planning a game on their driveway court. Why don't you run along and enjoy yourself?"

Beaming, Jeff exclaimed, "Cool! See you later."

Sensing an opportunity for escape the presence of his aunt, Max made a move to follow his brother. He almost made it to freedom when she grabbed him by the arm and chuckled, "Where do you think you're going, Missy?"

"To play ball with Jeff and the other boys."

"Oh, you know how boys are! They don't want girls or sissies hanging around while they play their rough games. You haven't gotten your gift yet, and besides, I don't believe you were invited." While Max stewed over being denied the opportunity to play ball with the other boys, she asked, "Say, would you happen to be wearing a pair of the cute panties your father gave you for Christmas?"

"Yes," he blushed. "Mom made me."

She snickered at he embarrassment on the boys face. "I'm sure he would be pleased to know that you're enjoying his thoughtful gift. I'll tell him the next time he calls. By the way, which pair did you choose?"

He didn't choose to wear any of the silky panties, and he certainly didn't want his father to know he was wearing them! However, in an effort to end this embarrassing ordeal, he looked down and sighed, "The white ones."

"The ones with the pretty lace waistband?" Agatha smiled, continuing his shame. "Good! Even though you're wearing coarse denim jeans and that awful tee shirt, you can be pleased that you're wearing nice soft panties, can't you? Come, we'll get your special gift!"

Max groaned and sullenly followed his aunt. He feared the worst, and sure enough, his gift was yet another doll, a baby girl wearing a frilly dress and bonnet. "Isn't he darling?" Agatha gushed. "When I saw him, I immediately thought of my favorite sissy nephew! Here's his bottle. You can feed him if you like, but be sure to carry him with you wherever you go for the remainder of your visit."

Max was beside himself! Not only had he been forced to wear panties and been denied the opportunity to play ball with his brother and a group of boys, he had just been given a fancy doll and told to carry it around with him all day! He was about to shout that he wasn't a sissy, and that he sure as hell didn't want to play with dolls, when the doorbell rang.

"Looks like we have company," his aunt gushed as she hurried to the door and opened it to the loud squeals of feminine greeting. In short order, she led three stylishly dressed women and their daughters, who were several years younger than Max, into the room.

He was so stunned that he forgot he was holding the doll until one of the women exclaimed, "Look, Cindy. This boy is holding a pretty dolly! Isn't that precious?"

As Cindy and the other girls looked suspiciously at the older boy cradling a doll in his arms, she asked, "Is he the sissy boy who likes to wear dresses and play with dollies, Mommy?"

Agatha chimed in, "He certainly is, Cindy. This is my sissy nephew, Margaret. Margaret, this is Cindy, Judy, and Sue.

Girls, Margaret is too much of a sissy to play ball with the boys, so he asked me to invite you over to play with him. As a favor to me, can he play with you girls?"

"Well, I guess so, but he'll have to do what we say," Cindy replied apprehensively. "I've never played dolls with a boy, but just because he's older than us, he doesn't get to be the boss!" she declared, becoming bolder and looking Max directly in the eye.

As the group giggled, Cindy grinned triumphantly and thought about Chuck, her older brother. He was about Max's age and was always picking on her. Taking her revenge out on this sissy boy might be fun.

Agatha piped up, "You girls will have such fun! I've put a lot of my sister's old dresses and things in the bonus room. You can play dress up, as well as dolls, if you like!"

"Oh, goodie!" the girls squealed.

"If Margaret gives you any problems, just let me know!" Turning to Max, she declared, "Cindy and the other girls are in charge, understood?"

As Max nodded, Cindy took his hand and led him to the upstairs bonus room. The other girls snickered and fell in behind them. The girls gasped at the rack of dresses, girlish undies, shoes, purses, hats, accessories, and even makeup Agatha had placed at their disposal. As they surveyed the treasure trove, Cindy took charge saying, "I know! Let's play shopping! I'll be the saleslady, and you girls can be the mommies. After putting on our new clothes, we can have a tea party!"

Both Judy and Sue clapped with glee at the suggestion, but Max snapped, "If you think I'm playing dress-up with you, you're crazy," Max growled. "I'm not about to wear any sissy girl's clothes!"

Cindy wheeled toward the door saying, "I'm telling your aunt about you being naughty."

Panicked at the thought of a spanking, Max pleaded, "Please, don't. I was just kidding. I'll wear whatever you say!"

Until then, the girls hadn't thought of having Max actually wear any of the clothes his aunt so generously provided, but his adamant stance gave them an idea that was too good to pass up. Wondering how this boy would look in a dress, Cindy smiled triumphantly. "You'll wear what we say, even a dress?"

"Yes," Max sighed just above a whisper as he lowered his gaze and blushed beet red.

Downstairs, Agatha and her friends sat in front of a large computer monitor sipping martinis. "Agatha! How ingenious of you. A hidden camera to watch our girls play with your sissy!"

"Why should we miss out on the fun?" Agatha chuckled. "Anyway, the camera is recording the entire thing, and you can each have a DVD of the girls in action with Sissy *Margaret!*"

"Hello, ladies? May I help you?" Cindy greeted her pretend customers.

Judy poked Max sharply in the ribs, prompting him to follow the carefully scripted scene the girls had mapped out. "Umm, yes," he stammered, "I'm looking for a really pretty dress. My husband is taking me out to dinner, and I want look really nice for him."

The girls giggled delightedly as Cindy fell into character. "Well, dear, you're in luck. We have some lovely new dresses of the latest styles that just arrived. Here! These should be just your size. Why don't you step into our dressing room and try them on?" she snickered as she handed Max a black sleeveless shift and a white satin blouse as she led him to the dressing room behind the rack of dresses. When Max only pretended to put the dress on, she snapped, "Play right! You

have to put on clothes, or you'll spoil our dress-up game. Now, get out of those boy's clothes this instant, or I'll call your aunt!"

Knowing he had no chance of avoiding this humiliating ordeal, Max hoped he could change into the clothes without the girls seeing his embarrassing panties. His hopes were dashed; however, when Judy sneaked a peek around the rack of dresses. "Look! He's wearing panties! He really is a sissy like his aunt said!" she gushed.

"So he is," Sue agreed as she had a look for herself. "I wish I had some panties with fancy lace like his!"

"Since he's a sissy who likes to wear panties, he simply must wear a bra and slip under his dress for our game!" Judy declared.

"Right!" Cindy agreed, taking Max by the arm. "Come, Margaret. Let's get you properly dressed."

Wearing only his silky girlish panties, Max was completely cowed by the aggressive young girls. When Sue held up a bra, he passively allowed her to thread the straps over his arms, fasten the clasp behind his back, and stuff two pairs of panties in each of the cups. He was staring at the feminizing garment about his chest with such shock that he barely noticed when Judy pulled a soft nylon slip over his head.

"I never knew playing dress could be so much fun!" Cindy giggled, as she looked over the stunned Max wearing naught but the bra and slip his aunt had provided and his own panties. "But then, I've never played with a sissy before."

"Me neither!" Judy giggled. "My little brother would never let me dress him up like this!"

"Now for your blouse," Cindy announced. "I know you like them, even if you are a sissy, you can't go around in your silky undies all day!"

Max was a mass of humiliation and confusion, as he hesitantly slipped his arms into the silky blouse. "Not that

way!" Judy chastised. "This is a girl's blouse. The buttons go in back. Turn around, and I'll fasten them for you."

"He sure doesn't know much about girl's clothes for a sissy!" Sue smiled teasingly.

"There!" Cindy exclaimed when the last button was secured. "You guys help sissy Margaret with his dress while I look for some shoes that match."

Max was totally intimidated and near tears as the two giggling girls pulled the frilly black shift over his head and raised the back zipper. "How could this be happening to me?" he commiserated as he viewed his girlish image in the full-length mirror. "I don't care what Aunt Agatha says, I'm not a sissy, and even if I was wearing panties when I arrived, it's not right for these little girls to make me wear a dress!"

"Sit here, and I'll do your makeup," Sue ordered, snapping Max out of his daze.

"Yes," Judy agreed. "Sue always does our makeup when we pretend to be older."

"Even with my short hair, I look like a girl with this dress and all this gunk on my face!" Max wailed inwardly as he gazed into the mirror at his eyeliner, blush, and lipstick.

"Let's go show our mommies and Ms. Webb how pretty Margaret is in his dress," Cindy smirked.

"Yes, let's!" Judy echoed as she and Sue took Max's arms and pulled him forward.

Max was beyond humiliation as he turned before the ladies so they could see his girlish costume and makeup the girls had forced him to wear. Finally reaching the breaking point, he fell on his knees and pleaded, "Please, Auntie! Haven't I been embarrassed enough? Please let me change into my pants!"

"Oh shush, Margaret!" Agatha shrugged off his complaint. "It isn't as though you haven't worn a dress before!"

"He's worn dresses before?" Cindy gushed in disbelief.



“Oh, Margaret!” Agatha beamed, “You look like a darling sissy in that dress with your doll and makeup! Wasn’t playing with the girls and getting dressed up wonderful *fun*? Now, it would be so cute if you served snacks to the boys!”

"Of course!" Agatha confirmed. "Why, I remember him wearing a lacy white dress that was totally cute! When was that, Margaret? Oh, yes! It was your tenth birthday!"

"You gave me that awful dress and made me wear it!" Max snapped.

"He wore it quite often, as I recall," Agatha continued while ignoring his contradiction. "He's outgrown it now, of course, but it's pinned on the wall right beside his bed. He looks at his special dress every day and reminisces about all the thrills he had flitting around in it like the sissy he is. I have some pictures in his album if you'd like to see." Max could do nothing but stand by in his dress and blush as the giggling girls looked at photo after photo of the sissy clothes, dolls, and situations his aunt had imposed upon him over the years.

"Can we have a tea party with Margaret?" Cindy asked when the album was finally put away.

"The boys are playing hard outside," Agatha observed with a sly grin. "They look mighty tired and thirsty. Wouldn't it be more fun to invite them in and serve them a nice snack?"

"No, please!" Max implored, his eyes flitting nervously about the room as though he was looking for a place to hide. "You can't invite those boys in here to see me in this dress! I have to go change!"

"You'll do no such thing, Missy!" Agatha snapped with a threatening glare. "Get in the kitchen, put on your apron, and get busy serving the refreshments before I flip up your skirt and give you a well-deserved spanking on your sissy panties!"

Hearing the condemning words, Max forlornly made his way to the kitchen, opened the pantry, removed a lacy bib style apron, and put it on over his dress. As he expertly tied the sash into a neat fussy bow behind him, the girls could barely control their giggles as they watched him skillfully perform this girlish maneuver.

When the boys rushed into the kitchen and sat at the table, they paid little attention to the servers; that is until

their appetites were sated. Then, one of them looked at Max and gasped disbelievingly, "Is that a boy in a *dress*?"

"Oh, it's just my sissy brother," Jeff shrugged with a smile. "Don't pay any attention to him. He likes to wear dresses, play with dolls, curl his hair, wear makeup, and all sorts of other girly stuff."

"Yuk!" one of the boys spat. "Let's get away from that sissy!" When he neared the door, he turned and said, "Thanks for the snack, girls. It really hit the spot." The other boys turned as if one and echoed, "Yeah, thanks. It was great!"

"Can I change back into my pants now that you've humiliated me?" Max asked hopefully when the girls and their mothers departed.

"Oh no!" Agatha objected. "Your mother should see you in your pretty dress before you change!"

"Please, Auntie!" Max pleaded with every fiber in his body. "I would die if Mom sees me in this dress!"

"You could be right," Agatha appeared to muse. "If you don't want your mother to know you're a sissy, who am I to argue. Perhaps you should watch this video before we decide." Turning on the DVD with the remote, she said, "Take a seat over there, and let's have a look."

Max didn't trust Agatha any more than he liked her, so he was understandably apprehensive as he smoothed his skirt and took his seat. Sure enough, his suspicions were realized when the video started, and he saw himself stripping to his panties before the three giggling young girls. He watched in horror as they helped him into the bra, slip, blouse, dress, makeup, lipstick, and nail polish. When it mercifully ended, he gasped, "What are you going to do with that awful video?"

"That, my sissy nephew, is up to you," she smiled triumphantly. "If you and I can reach an understanding, I'll simply keep it to assure you live up to your end of our bargain. Fail to do so, and I'll not only give a copy to your mother, Jeff will distribute copies to your friends."

"What do you want me to do?" Max sobbed as he feared the worst, and tears filled his eyes.

"First, I want you to start wearing the panties your father gave you full time. If I pop in unexpectedly after school, baseball practice, or wherever you happen to be, you had better be wearing your panties. Second, I don't want you to get your hair cut in the future without my permission. If you violate either of these provisions, this video will be in circulation before you can bat an eye."

"But, Auntie, if Mom knows I'm wearing the panties you gave me, she'll think I really am a sissy!"

"Wear your precious panties in secret, if you wish, but if you want this video to remain between the two of us, you'll wear them without fail."

Max wanted to protest, to shout that he didn't ask for the sissy panties his father gave him and that he wouldn't be caught dead wearing them. His ordeal at the hands of the young girls and his aunt's demands having raised his caution level; he looked down at his black dress and realized the potential volatility of his situation. Still, he couldn't resist one last effort to reason with his tormentress. "What'll I do when Mom gives me money for a haircut?" he queried in hopes of a concession.

"That is your concern, not mine!" she snapped. "If I find you without your panties or discover that you've gotten a haircut, our deal is off. The video goes public."

"What if some of the guys see my panties by accident?" he gasped in horror at the thought.

"If that's a concern, I suppose you'll have to become less aggressive and more sedate in your actions."

"But, everyone will think I'm a sissy!"

"If the shoe fits, wear it," Agatha smiled triumphantly. "Or should I say, if the panties fit...?"

Blushing brightly at his aunt's smug comment and the embarrassing conditions she had just imposed on him, Max

stammered in a quiet far away tear-filled voice, "Please, let me take off this awful dress before Mom gets here."

"Only if you accept my terms!" Agatha insisted while glowing inwardly and savoring her advantage over her sobbing nephew.

"Please, Aunt Agatha! If Mom sees me in this dress, she'll make me wear it every time you come over like she did with that frilly white dress that's hanging on my wall."

"Do we have a deal?"

"I don't care what you say, I'm not a sissy!"

"All evidence to the contrary," she smirked, indicating his dress and the doll he was holding. "Anyway, that can remain our little secret. Do we have a deal?"

Feeling himself in an untenable position, Max sighed just above a whisper, "Yes, if I can change into my pants."

"Very well, if you must!" Agatha snapped in a tone of disapproval. "A deal is a deal, but remember to carry your dolly with you at all times, even when your mother arrives, and don't dare remove your panties!"

The next week was especially traumatic for Max. The chance that his aunt would show up, find him not wearing his girlish panties and release the damning video, was more than ample incentive. At school, his nerves were frayed from the fear that his shirt might slip out of his jeans in back and reveal a telltale wisp of nylon. Thus, to the exclusion of everyone and everything around him, he became intensely aware of this possibility and began conducting himself in a very tranquil manner.

Using excuses that he didn't feel well or was nursing an injury, he avoided spirited games where his pants might slip and reveal his panties, leaving him to watch from the sidelines with envy and resentment. When he found Agatha waiting for him after baseball practice a few days later, for once, he was relieved to be wearing his panties!

"I'm worried about Max," Cathryn admitted to her sister a month or so after Agatha blackmailed the hapless boy to wear panties and let his hair grow.

"What has that sissy done now?" Agatha inquired in a tone of exasperation.

"He's not a sissy like you say," Cathryn sighed. "At least, I don't think he is. Lately though, I'm not so sure. Remember those panties Hank gave him as a joke last Christmas? I thought he threw them away after I punished him by making him wear a pair to your house the day you gave him that last doll, but since then, he's been wearing them in secret. I'm certain of it."

"How did you find out?"

"Quite by accident really. I just happened to realize that I was no longer washing and putting away his underwear like I had in the past and like I do for Jeff. I checked his drawer, and sure enough, hidden in a corner of his drawer was a neat stack of panties. Hank gave him twelve pairs, but there were only ten in the stacks. When I looked around, I found one pair on a coat hanger behind the door to his closet."

"What were they doing there?"

"He had washed them by hand and hung them there to dry. To be certain, I checked the next day, and sure enough, the panties that had been drying had been folded neatly and placed on the bottom of one of the stacks, and a different pair was drying on the hanger. He's wearing them in secret and laundering them so I won't find out. I declare; I don't know what's gotten in to that boy!"

"I told you about Margaret's true nature years ago," Agatha sighed in mock sympathy. "Why won't you face the obvious truth that he's a full blown, sissy?"

"He insisted he didn't want girl's panties when Hank gave them to him, and he raised fuss when you gave him dolls and wanted him to wear his dress for your visits."

"If I remember correctly, he also said he wouldn't wear them. The facts dispute that claim as well, right?"

"I suppose."

"Look, Cathryn," Agatha sympathized in her most caring, yet deceitful, voice. "I love you more than anything, and I can't bear to see you grieve needlessly over your sissy son. It pains me to tell you this, but I overheard him on the phone asking his useless father for silky girl's panties a week or so before Christmas."

"Why would he ask you for dolls and his father for panties, and then come crying to me that he didn't want any more girlish gifts?"

Agatha tried to keep a straight face, but doing so was difficult because her plan to feminize her nephew was succeeding so well. Her knowledge that he wasn't a sissy, and that she was doing this strictly against his will, only added to her gratification. "I don't know, but for some reason, he feels he has to hide his sissy side from you."

"But why?" Cathryn asked. "I've always tried to be a loving and understanding mother."

"Look," Agatha reasoned. "Despite Margaret's pretense of anger and defiance when he opened the pretty pink gift from Hank, he knew in advance what was inside. Given that kind of sissy behavior, I'd be amazed if he wasn't wearing panties on a regular basis." When her sister was slow to respond, she asked, "There's more that you haven't told me, isn't there?"

"He has always been neat and caring about his appearance, but lately, he refuses to get a haircut. His hair has grown down unto his neck and over his ears, and every time I suggest that he pay a visit to the barber, he pitches a fit. Do you think I should pull his jeans down, give him a well-deserved spanking on his silky panties, and order him to get his hair cut?"

After hearing the revelation that Max was following her instructions regarding his hair, Agatha was really full of herself. The image of him sneaking around, laundering his

panties to prevent his mother from finding out he wore the silky girlish garments was exhilarating, to say the least. "I've got that brat on the run now!" she beamed with inner pride at her success at her nephew's expense. "You could acknowledge his sissy nature," she replied thoughtfully.

"Or, I could challenge him to stand up and be a man!"

Agatha shrugged noncommittally. "Oh, I almost forgot the reason for my visit. Jeff and Margaret met some kids in my neighborhood during their last visit. One of them, a girl named Cindy, asked me to invite them to her birthday party a week from Saturday. If you drop them off at my house early that morning, I'll have a talk with Margaret and, since he's more open about his sissy ways with me, I'll try to get him to let me trim his hair. In the meantime, I think you should confront him about his panties. If he still insists on wearing them, you should make him do so openly and with your knowledge."

"Maybe I can shame him into putting them away and returning to his briefs like a normal boy. At least, it's worth a try."

"Good idea. The more you shame him, the better chance you have of getting him to put this sissy business behind him and become a man!"

That evening, when Max came home from playing ball, Cathryn called him aside, looked him squarely in the eye, and asked, "Have you been wearing the panties your father gave you for your birthday?"

From his mother's serious expression, Max knew she had somehow found out he was wearing the panties. His blush made the truth apparent, but what was he to say?

Seeing his hesitancy to reply, she said, "I've seen the panties hanging behind your closet door to dry after you hand washed them. Do you wear your panties every day, even to school? Tell the truth! If I think you're lying, I'll take your pants down and see for myself."

Max was trapped! If he admitted that Agatha was blackmailing him to wear the panties she gave him, she would release the damning video and ruin him for life. On the other hand, if he claimed to like the feel the silky fabric against his skin, his mother would think he was a sissy like her sister claimed. Finally, he stammered, "I...ah...I thought you wanted me to wear them."

"Where on earth did you get such a ridiculous idea?"

"You made me wear them to Auntie's that day she gave me the Becky doll, remember?"

"What?"

"Becky, the brunette doll with the frilly lavender dress matching bra, panties, lace-edged nylon slip, and crinoline petticoat. Remember?"

Cathryn was befuddled! She knew Agatha insisted that Max name his dolls and prominently display them in his room, but she had no idea that he knew such intimate details about their underwear! Not only that, he was wearing girl's panties without being coerced! Was he really a sissy like her sister had always claimed? Not being willing to make such an admission, she spat, "If you still insist on wearing panties, you'll no longer do so in secret."

"But, Mom! I don't want Jeff to find out about my panties! He might tell the guys about them like he's always threatening to tell about my dolls and that awful dress hanging on the wall in my room!"

"The solution is simple," Cathryn sighed in growing exasperation at her son's inability to see what was blatantly obvious to her. "If you must keep them, store your dolls in your closet and hide your dress behind your other clothes. To be a normal boy, get a haircut, and throw away your panties! Unless you stand up like the young man you claim to be, Jeff, and whoever he wishes to tell, will know about your sissy ways sooner or later. Count on it!"

Max was beside himself with fear and anxiety! If he got rid of the girlish things like his mother insisted, his hated

aunt was sure to distribute the telling video of the little girls putting him in a dress. If his friends saw that, his life as a regular guy would be over! On the other hand, if he continued to wear panties and kept his dolls and the dress on his wall, Jeff would find out about the silky garments under his jeans. No telling what it would take to buy that horrid brat's silence then!

"Well, what's it to be?" Cathryn asked impatiently.

"I...I guess I'll wear the panties Dad gave me," he stammered shyly with a blush.

"I've had it with you! If you want to wear girlish panties so badly, take your entire supply of cotton underwear, and give it to Jeff! Whatever he doesn't want, throw it in the rag bin. If you want to wear panties, you'll wear them full time, all day, every day!"

"But Mom, it's not exactly like I want to wear them!"

"Go! I've heard enough excuses!"

"Tell him the truth, that you have decided to wear panties, so you will no longer need any boy's underwear."

"Mom, I can't tell him that!"

"You tell him, or I will!"

Dejectedly, Max made his way to his room to divest himself of boy's underwear. Even worse, he had to give them to Jeff and tell him he would be wearing panties in the future!

"You're wearing what? Panties? And, no one is making you?" Jeff roared when he heard the news. "Boy, is this ever going to cost you if you want me to keep something like this secret!"

"You already have most of my things!"

"I think I'll take your baseball card collection."

"Please no! Some of them are very valuable! Besides, I let you look through them whenever you like, and I don't complain when you get them all out of order."

"Bring them to my room, and I'll let you come over and put them in order every week or so."

Jeff's taking his baseball cards was more an order than a request. Max was furious, even though he knew he had no choice but to give them up. Now, with his dolls being a focal point, his room was almost completely barren of boy's things! Losing his precious collection was devastating, but he was consoled by knowledge that his awful secret, even though it was getting more horrible with the passing of time, was safe for another day.

Max continued to be careful not to expose his shameful panties in rough games when his friends were present. Sometimes though, despite his resolve to be more passive and leave the rough games to others, his ingrained competitive spirit would take command, and he would find himself in the middle of quite vigorous activities. When he realized the potential peril of his actions, he would quietly withdraw and watch sedately from the sidelines with the girls and less vivacious boys.

Being one of the better players on the team, baseball practice was the time and place where Max was more apt to get involved in the furor and become careless. During practice one day, he became deeply involved in the hook sliding drills and completely forgot about the lavender nylon panties under his uniform. After a particular hard slide that was near perfection, the coach pointed to Max and praised, "That's the way a man slides!"

As Max was bending over to brush the dust and dirt from the legs of his pants, one of the boys noticed something odd above his waistband and asked, "What's that?"

Noticing the visible wisp of lavender nylon above his star player's belt, the coach reached over, grabbed it, yanked it as high as possible, and roared, "Panties! Max is wearing sissy girl's panties!"

Max, who was blushing for all he was worth, wanted to explain that his aunt made him wear the shameful panties, but words failed him.

"Get off the field!" the coach bellowed. "We don't want a pantywaist sissy on this team. Get off the field now!" As Max dejectedly left the field in tears of shame amid taunts and jeers from his former teammates, the coach turned to Jeff and inquired, "Are you wearing panties too?"

"No, Coach!" Jeff assured him with a smile. "Max is the only sissy in our family."

"Alright! Take Sissy Max's place on third. You won't be as good as him at first, but don't worry. We'll give you extra practice, and you'll soon be up to speed." During the remainder of practice, Jeff was the center of attention, and the coach worked diligently to refine his technique at fielding hot grounders and swinging the bat. After practice, the other players swarmed around him, asking about Max and his panties.

Jeff had been restrained from telling anyone about the feminine name and sissy presents his aunt had bestowed upon Max because of his bribes. Now, he delighted in telling the whole story, or at least a version that made his brother look even more like a sissy in the eyes of the other boys. He snickered with amusement as he happily told them about the dolls on display in Max's room, his pink sheets, and the frilly dress pinned to his wall.

Max was in turmoil! His deepest darkest secret had been revealed, and to make things worse, it was his own doing! He ran all the way home, crying tears of shame and humiliation. His life as he knew it was over, and he didn't know if could bear the laughter and ridiculing taunts that was sure to be heaped upon him by his friends and schoolmates, both boys and girls alike! Rushing to his room, he threw himself on the bed and cried his eyes out.

When Cathryn came home, she found her eldest son's face streaked with tears. When she tried to find out what was wrong, Max was so emotional that she couldn't understand

what he was saying. She was able to pick up an occasional word like "Auntie", "coach", "panties", "team", and "ruined", but she was baffled as to what he was trying to say. Finally giving up in exasperation, she decided to wait until Jeff got home to find out.

"You should have been there, Mom!" Jeff shrieked with laughter. "When Max slid into second base, his panties slipped above his pants, and all the guys saw them! The coach called him a sissy and kicked him off the team. Guess what! I'm the new third baseman!"

Finally understanding why Max was so upset, Cathryn went to his room, dried his eyes, and since he was still bordering on hysterical, she took him loving into her arms and tried her best to console him. "Nothing is as bad as all that," she cooed.

"I want to die, Mom!" he sobbed. "My life is over now that everyone knows I wear panties. I just want to die!"

"Come now, life isn't over because you wore a pair of panties," Cathryn assured her simpering son. "Oh, you'll have to endure a bit of teasing, but if you hold your head up and take it like a man, I don't think your hazing will last very long."

While Cathryn was consoling Max in his room, Jeff was on the phone filling Agatha on the details. While he was mostly telling her about his promotion to starting third baseman, she was more interested in finding out about Max's ordeal. To facilitate that objective, she tried to veil her enthusiasm, while saying, "I'll be right over."

When Agatha entered Max's room, she found Cathryn sitting beside the weeping boy on his bed. "Oh Agatha, I'm glad you're here!" she declared. "I knew something like this would happen when he insisted on wearing those panties Hank gave him. While I make dinner, will you please try to convince him that being seen wearing panties is not the end of the world?"

"Of course, dear. Jeff is a robust boy, and after all that strenuous practice, I'm sure he's starving. I'll have a talk with Margaret while you feed Jeff."

"This is all your fault!" Max scolded his aunt after his mother closed the door behind her. "If you hadn't made me wear these awful panties, none of this would have happened, and I wouldn't be the laughing stock of the school! Well, I'm through with all this sissy stuff! I'm throwing out my dolls, putting white sheets on my bed, and never wearing panties again! Now that everyone knows what you made me do, you can take that video and shove it!"

"Agatha's face turned dark and, in a vile hateful tone, she hissed, "If you dare destroy any of the sissy things I gave you, if you stop wearing your panties or get your hair cut, I'll buy a supply of dresses and skirts and convince your mother to send you to school in them!"

"Mom wouldn't make me do that! She wouldn't!"

"After she sees my video, she'll be convinced that you're the biggest sissy in town, so I wouldn't bet my reputation on it if I were you!" she declared in a more confident voice than she felt. "Your mother made you wear the other dress I gave you, and your father couldn't stop her. She even insisted that you wear lipstick and a ribbon in your hair with your dress! If you want to take a chance that history won't repeat itself, go ahead."

"What do you think I should do?" he sighed, falling for the seeming logic of her thinly veiled bluff.

Seeing that he was falling for her ruse, she said, "Wear your silkiest, laciest panties to school tomorrow and continue to refuse to cut your hair. The teasing you'll get will be mild to the outright ridicule that will be heaped upon you if your friends see my video."

"After all I've been through today, surely you wouldn't release that awful video!"

"I wouldn't try me if I were you! Now, let's have a look at your supply of panties and select a particularly sissy pair for

you to wear tomorrow. Say, these pink ones with lace embroidery look promising! What do you think?"

Cathryn was exasperated when she learned that Max planned to wear the sissy pink panties to school the next day. "I don't believe this! Your ordeal this afternoon should have convinced you to get a haircut and put your sissy things away! What happened?"

"When you left the room, Margaret pleaded with me to help him find a way to continue wearing his precious panties," Agatha lied in a most convincing tone. "I told him if he wanted to wear his panties, to wear them no matter what anyone else thought. He insisted that's what he wanted to do, so here we are!"

Jeff quickly became accepted as a member of the team as his hitting and fielding expertise increased due to extra practice and instruction. Also, his teammates were constantly asking him questions about his brother's silky panties. He even took delight in telling them about Max's dolls, aprons, and pink sheets. When some of them doubted his stories or accused him of making them up, he said, "If you don't believe me, come by the house on your way to the game Saturday morning, and I'll show you."

Being more curious than doubting, at least a dozen boys and two girls showed up on the lawn of the Johnson residence on Saturday. After cautioning them to be quiet, Jeff led them inside. When they tiptoed up the stairs, they found Max in his room ironing his sheets while wearing an apron that fell below his shorts. A stack of recently ironed silky nylon panties were on his dresser, and more than a dozen elaborately dressed dolls lay on his bed.

"He has more dolls than I ever had, and that lacy pinafore is too sissy for words," one of the girls giggled.

"What's a pinafore?" a boy laughed out loud. "It looks like a dress to me!"

"I've never had any panties as fancy as these!" the other girl declared while holding up a pair of panties from atop his dresser.

"How did a sissy like this ever get on our team?" another boy jeered.

As they laughed and scorned the blushing figure before them, everyone seemed to forget that until only a few days before, he was the star of the team. Now, he was the laughing stock!

"Why did you bring them here?" Max cried as tears filled his eyes and began to trickle down his cheeks. "We had a bargain!"

"You broke that when you disgraced this family by showing off your girly panties, sissy boy!" Jeff scoffed while taking a firm stance in his brother's face for the first time in his life. "Do you want to make something of it?"

"Don't take that, *Margaret!*" came a taunt from the pack. "Hit him with one of your dollies!"

Having heard the commotion coming from Max's room, Cathryn rushed in and stepped between her warring sons before the situation could deteriorate into something nasty. "Okay, children," she said to the jeering group of youths. "I think it's time for you to leave."

"Yeah, we've got a game to play!" one of the boys laughed. "Come on, Jeff, let's get out of this sissy's room!"

When the group of hecklers left, Cathryn tried to console Max, but he pushed her away. Curling up on his bed, he cried his eyes out.

In the days and weeks that passed, Max wished he hadn't been so easily swayed to continue wearing panties by his persuasive aunt. Except to gather to heckle him about his panties in groups, his former friends and schoolmates shunned him, leaving him lonely and shamed. The worst times were when someone would quickly reach inside his pants, grab the waistband of his panties, and yank them

above his belt for everyone to see, causing the mockery and insults to start anew.

When the day of Cindy's party arrived, Cathryn dropped Jeff and Max off at Agatha's house early in the morning. They carried a hanger with slacks, dress shirts, and jackets in one hand and shoes with black socks in the other. "Hang your things in the hall closet, Agatha informed them. You can take a shower and change before the party. Jeff, you run along and play with the boys while Margaret and I have a nice chat."

When Jeff was gone, Agatha smiled and asked, "Have you been wearing your panties to school like we discussed, and are you wearing them now?"

"Yes, Auntie," he blushed.

"Your mother expressed concern about the shaggy mop atop your head, and to appease her, I agreed to take you to have it trimmed. If you are finished with your tea, we can go."

When Agatha led the befuddled Max into an establishment that reeked of feminine odors, he realized where he was, and he protested, "Auntie! This is a beauty parlor, not a barbershop!"

"Where do you think they know more about styling long hair?"

"But, I want my hair cut short like it used to be!"

"After all the razzing you took from your friends about your panties and the grief your mother gave you for letting your hair grow out? I don't think so!"

"I just want my hair back like it used to be," he whined.

"I don't believe it! Just as your hair is beginning to get long enough to manage, you want it cut when all you need is a wash, set, and trim to give it some body." Spotting a woman with too much makeup and a skirt too short for someone her age, Agatha gushed, "Oh Madge! This is my sissy nephew, Margaret. Give him the works like we discussed. I'll be back to collect him in a couple of hours."

"A couple of hours!" Max wailed. "It won't take a couple of hours to cut my hair!"

"Come along, Margaret," Madge said while taking his wrist in a firm grasp and forcefully pulling him into the boutique. "Patsy is waiting for you." When she led, or dragged as it were, him into the chair in a rear cubicle, she said, "This is Margaret. Give him the works."

"Hi, I'm Patsy," the pretty dark haired woman in her mid twenties smiled. "I just love to work on sissy boys!"

"I...I'm not a sissy," Max stammered in a shaky apprehensive voice. "What are you going to do to me?"

"Wash your hair, of course" Patsy giggled. "Just lean back, relax, and let me do the work. This won't hurt a bit."

Sure enough, Max began to enjoy Patsy's manipulations with his scalp as she washed and rinsed his hair several times. When she squirted something with a pungent odor onto his hair and made sure it was distributed evenly throughout, she said, "This is a special rinse to make your hair soft and silky. All the sissies who come in here just love the effect it has on their hair."

"I'm not a sissy!" Max insisted.

"Have it your way, sweetie," she purred as she leaned over and, without warning, kissed him on the cheek. "While the potion does its job, I'll just clean your brows up a bit."

"Ouch, that hurts!" Max cried when the tweezers snatched out a clump of stray hair.

"Tell me about it!" Patsy exclaimed. "Girls and sissies really go through a lot of pain and discomfort for our men. If you think this is bad, just wait until you have to start dieting and wearing foundation garments to improve your figure. Now, hold still so I can get both brows the same." Before long, Max noticed that his tingling scalp was getting quite uncomfortable, and when he complained, Patsy said, "I'm sorry, sweetie, but I got involved with your brows and forgot

about your hair for a moment. Lean back, and I'll rinse out the solution."

Max was relieved when the tingling stopped, but after Patsy patted his hair dry, she began rolling it on medium sized rollers, causing him to shriek, "What are you doing?"

"Oh, don't be such a ninny!" she taunted. "This will give your hair body. Just leave yourself in Patsy's hands, and everything will be fine, trust me!" When Max was under the dryer, she filed and shaped his nails. Even though he tried to stop her, she merely slapped his hand away and continued her task. To his great shame, by the time his hair was dry, both his finger and toenails were polished hot pink! "Nice color for a sissy's nails, don't you think?" she asked placing a net over the rollers in his hair.

"I keep telling you I'm not a sissy, and I don't want curly hair or polished nails! Why won't you listen?"

"Virtually every young man, who is brought here for his first makeover by a determined female, is reluctant to admit being a sissy, even to themselves," Patsy replied. "But, when the darlings see the results of our labors, most of them cry tears of real joy."

"My joy will be when I leave this awful place!"

"Okay, let's get those pants off so we can wax your legs."

"Wax my legs? I don't want my legs waxed!"

"Don't be a hard case and make me call for help. Either way, your pants are coming off, so why not be a sweet obedient sissy, and remove them yourself?"

Realizing that waxed legs were part of the *works* his hated aunt had referred to, and that Patsy was only following orders, Max hesitantly unfastened his jeans and stepped out of them. As he stared with revulsion at his pink toenails, Patsy squealed, "Oh, look! Pretty yellow nylon panties decorated with oodles of scrumptious lace! Let's hear no more about you not being a sissy, okay?"

In his anxiety over the prospect of having his legs waxed, he momentarily forgot about his panties, and now, Patsy has seen them! In an effort to preserve what remained of his dwindling masculine dignity, he declared, "I'm not a sissy! Auntie makes me wear them!"

No sooner were the words out of his mouth when the back of Patsy's hairbrush made contact with his nylon encased buttocks. "I told you, no more claims about not being a sissy!" she admonished. "Now, stop wasting my time, and get over here so I can do my job! At your age, there's not much hair on your legs, but still, your aunt wants it removed!" When the sparse hair had been painfully ripped away, Patsy led him back to her station without allowing him to replace his pants. After she removed the rollers from his hair, brushed it out, she proclaimed, "Now for your makeup."

"Please, Patsy!" he implored in total dismay. "I'm really not a sissy, and I don't want to wear makeup! Haven't you done enough to me already?"

"I thought we settled this sissy business!" Patsy snapped. "Unless you want a real dose of my hairbrush on your cute panties, you'll button your lip, dry your tears, and comport yourself like the sweet obedient sissy you are while I apply your makeup!"

Although he couldn't see what she was doing, Max sat demurely while she applied liquid base makeup to his face to cover blemishes, blush to highlight his cheekbones, eyeliner, eyeshadow, and mascara to emphasize his eyes, and hot pink lipstick to match his nails. "There!" she gushed when she was finished. "Want to have a look?"

"Oh no," Max moaned sadly as he viewed his image in the mirror and saw that his hair had been cut into a sissy bouffant style with bangs low on his forehead and fluffed out over his ears, and his makeup gave him a definite girlish appearance. "I'll never live down the shame if my friends see me looking like this!"

"Okay, let's see those tears of happiness we talked about," Patsy teased.

"You won't see any tears of happiness, or any other kind, out of me while I look like this!" Max seethed. As he stepped into his jeans, he noticed how different they felt on his now hairless legs. His only solace was that his humiliating panties were hidden from view.

When Patsy escorted the intimidated boy into the reception area, his eyes were glued to the floor until he heard Agatha exclaim, "Margaret! You're beautiful! Patsy has earned a generous tip!"

"Auntie, please! I can't go outside with makeup and a girl's hairstyle!"

"Nonsense, come along!"

Max was beside himself as he walked along the sidewalk. "Maybe people will think I'm a girl dressed as a boy," he hoped while glancing about to see if anyone was paying undue attention to him. In fact, he was so worried about being recognized, he didn't notice when Agatha guided him into a teen boutique until they were inside. As reality quickly set in, he wailed, "I can't be in here!"

"Where else would you expect to find a suitable dress for Cindy's party?"

Her question fell on Max like a ton of bricks. "I can't wear a dress to Cindy's party!" he cried. "I'm not a girl!"

"Don't be silly!" Agatha admonished. "What else would a sissy wear to a party? Come, and let's see what we can find in your size." When a clerk approached them, Agatha said, "Hello, I'm Agatha Webb, and this is Margaret, my sissy nephew. He needs a special dress to wear to a friend's party, but we don't know his size."

"You want a dress for a boy?"

"Do you have a policy against selling dresses to boys?"

"Of course not, I just wanted to be sure I heard you correctly." Turning to Max, she said, "Step over here and remove your clothes so I can measure you." When he removed his shirt and pants, she saw his panties and smiled, "You

really are a sissy; aren't you? After taking a few measurements, she added, "Wait here, and I'll bring some dresses for you to try on."

Word quickly spread about the boutique that a boy was there to try on dresses, so with his aunt, the clerk, and scores of giggling women, Max tried on what seemed like dozens of dresses. When 'just the right one', a stylish pink number with a fitted bodice and a flaring knee length skirt, was found, Agatha said, "We also need undies, a purse, and shoes to match this wonderful dress!"

Once the perfect panties, training bra, slip, purse, and slippers with a slightly raised heel, all in pink, were selected, Agatha insisted that Max try everything on so she could get the total picture. After approving his *look*, she bubbled, "The party starts in a couple of hours, and since you are fully dressed, I see no reason why you shouldn't wear your dress home. Of course, since your tears streaked and ruined your makeup, we'll have to stop by on the way and let Patsy put everything back in order."

No matter, how much Max pleaded with his resolute aunt to relent, he soon found himself traipsing into Madge's salon in his dress with a bright blush and tears flowing down his cheeks, further destroying his makeup.

"Look what we have here!" Patsy gushed when he walked into her cubicle. "Our sissy boy has returned, and he's wearing a frilly new dress! Oh my! His tears of joy have ruined his makeup, but that's okay. Girls and sissies always feel better after a good cry."

"What's wrong with me?" Max wondered as he dried his eyes for the second time in half an hour. "I'm not a sissy, and I never cry. But with Auntie and these women styling my hair like a girl's, applying makeup to my face, and making me wear this awful dress, I can't help myself. I feel so weak, so helpless, so controlled, so girlish!"

When Max sat in Patsy's chair, he automatically smoothed his skirt beneath him, like had become habit when he wore his other dress. Seeing that girlish move, Patsy declared,



“How can I make them believe that I’m not a sissy? Max wondered, as he stood before the jeering boys and girls wearing his frilly dress, makeup, and girlish hairstyle.

"Let's hear no more about you not being a sissy. You wear panties under your jeans, and by the way you handle that skirt, I can tell it's not your first! Now, no more crying, and pay attention to how I do this so you can freshen up later."

Max already knew how to put on lipstick, something no boy should know, but he had to pay close attention as Patsy instructed him on the intricacies of applying liquid base makeup, eyeliner, eyeshadow, and mascara. Agatha smirked with an inner pride when her nephew's claim not to be a sissy was foiled by his panties and his familiarity with skirts that she drilled into him when he wore his dress.

As they were leaving, Patsy called them back, produced a small pink rose, and gushed, "This is the perfect touch for Margaret's hair!" After carefully pinning the rose into his feminized tresses, she proclaimed, "The girls at the party will be jealous of your sissy look, and the boys won't be able to take their eyes off you. Just wait and see!" Max was beside himself with humiliation at the thought!

"I don't believe it!" Jeff doubled over in laughter when he saw Max. "**Margaret** has a rose in his hair, and he's wearing a dress!" Jeff's taunts and ridicule continued so intensely that Max was almost glad when Agatha said it was time to leave for Cindy's party. That is, until she told him to walk. The distance was short, but he was out in public in his humiliating dress with Jeff alongside, laughing and jeering all the way!

Max's situation deteriorated quickly at the party, as Jeff and Cindy introduced him as Sissy Margaret to the other guests. Judy, Sue, and the boys from the basketball game, who came in for refreshments at Agatha's, were there, as were several other boys and girls.

"How can I make them understand that I'm not a sissy, that I hate wearing dresses, and that I'm only wearing this dress because Auntie made me?" Max pondered while trying to prevent the other boys from flipping up his skirt to see his panties.

When they returned to Agatha's, Max was relieved to be allowed to take off his dress, wash the makeup from his face, and put on the panties, shirt, jeans, and sneakers he wore to her house that morning. His only regret was, no matter how he brushed or combed his hair, it still looked like a girl's style.

"Style it any way you like, but don't dare cut it without my permission," Agatha snapped when he complained to her. "We have a deal regarding a certain video, you know."

"What kind of haircut do you call that?" Cathryn gasped upon seeing Max's girlish *do*.

"Margaret insisted on going to my hairdresser's instead of the barbershop when I said I was getting his hair trimmed," Agatha explained before her blushing nephew could reply. "I finally gave in to his wishes, but even though I know what a sissy he is, I have to admit that I was completely blown away when he insisted on that girlish bob!"

"I did no such thing, Mom!" Max declared defensively. "Auntie took me to that awful place! She told them I was a sissy and that I wanted my hair styled this way!"

"Have you ever heard anything more ridiculous?" Agatha scoffed. "Why would I do such a thing? Anyway, if you doubt my word, you can check with Madge and Patsy at the salon."

The next morning, being Sunday, Max asked his mother to help him find a way to brush his hair into some semblance of a masculine style, but being no more successful than he, she sighed, "Oh well, I suppose you can get it cut on your way to school tomorrow."

"I don't want to cut my hair, Mom!" he cried. "I just want to be able to brush it into a boy's style. Don't you understand?"

Her son's adamant reluctance to get a haircut, and his insistence that he wear panties despite everyone knowing, caused Cathryn no small measure of grief. Wanting to get a deeper insight into the reason for his staunch resolve before

taking sterner measures, she asked, "Are you still wearing your panties?"

"Yes, but..."

"You claim not to be a sissy, but you play with dolls and wear panties. You style your hair like a girl, but you want it to look like a boy's style when you go out!" she sighed in exasperation. "I declare; I'll never understand your sissy ways! Come upstairs, and I'll teach you to put your hair up in curlers."

"But, Mom! I don't want my hair in curlers! I'm not a sissy like you think!"

"Whether you are or you aren't, I'm sick of seeing your shaggy mop!" she snapped. "If you insist on having long hair, you'll learn to care for it properly, or I'll shear it off myself! Now, get up to your bathroom, and strip to your panties. I'll be right there to show you how to wash and condition your precious locks."

Max was totally embarrassed to be seen by his mother in his silky panties. He blushed constantly while she went into great detail about the correct way to wash and condition his lengthening tresses. His real humiliation came when she made him divide his hair into sections, roll it on pink curlers, and secure it with bobby pins!

The last curl secured, Cathryn said, "Now, you understand part of the trouble girls go through to have attractive hair. Put your clothes back on and come downstairs. Maybe after you've worn your hair in curlers all day and slept in them a few nights, you'll change your mind about wanting long hair."

As he put his clothes back on over his panties, Max was furious with his mother for making him put his hair up in curlers. "How could she do this to me?" he stewed. "All my friends ridicule me and call me a sissy, and now, Mom gets in the act! Why can't she understand that I only wear panties and let my hair grow because Auntie makes me?" Feeling sorry for himself, he went to the den and stared dejectedly into space.



“Since you insist on growing your hair long, you will have to put it up in curlers and sleep in them!” Cathryn scolded.

“But Mom! I just want long hair. Help me brush it into a boyish style!”

Cathryn, who always thought of herself as a loving and tolerant mother, was completely unaware of her part in her sister's plan to make Max appear as a sissy. True, she made him wear the dress and nightie Agatha gave him, and she encouraged him to care for his dolls. "What's the harm in that?" she shrugged. Now, without seeing the contradiction, she wanted to shame him into tossing out his panties, cutting his hair, and acting like a man!

"Why did you make me roll my hair like a girl?" Max lashed out at his mother when she stopped by the den to see if her strategy was working. Without even so much as an acknowledgement, he angrily declared, "It's not right to make me roll my hair like a girl! I'm not a sissy, and with everyone knowing about my panties, if I show up with my hair in a girl's style, I'll never live down the shame!"

Cathryn was completely taken aback by her son's verbal assault. She pointed her finger at him for emphasis and snapped back, "Listen here, young man! This is your doing not mine! You're the one who decided to continue wearing panties after you were discovered wearing them! You're the one who let your hair grow long like a girl's! All I'm doing by making you roll your long tresses to assure that it doesn't become a scraggy mess like it was before your visit to the salon!" All Max could do was blush and lower his head in shame.

Needless to say, Max spent a restless night with the uncomfortable curlers in his hair poking his scalp with the slightest movement. The next morning, after removing the hated curlers, he desperately tried to brush his hair into a masculine style, but again he was a dismal failure. "I can't go to school like this, Mom!" he sighed with tears trickling down his cheeks. "I just can't!"

"You don't have to," she replied, not understanding his distress. "All you have to do is go by the barbershop on your way to school and get a haircut. If you wear a pair of Jeff's underwear instead of panties, all your problems should be solved."

Of course, Max was too intimidated by the video his aunt possessed to consider that option. "My trouble would be over if you helped me brush my hair into a masculine style too!" he wailed while wondering why his mother wasn't willing to help. As he surmised, life got even more traumatic for him when he went to school with his sissy feminine hairstyle.

On Max's twelfth birthday, Agatha presented him with an expensive manicure kit encased in fine pink leather embossed with the logo of a chic Parisian designer. When he protested, she explained, "All sissies need well-manicured nails, and to help you get off to a good start, I've made an appointment for you at my nail salon."

"Aren't you lucky!" Cathryn enthused, ignoring his protests. "You'll be petted and pampered by a pretty young girl while she holds your hand to trim and buffs your nails. What a treat!"

On the way over, Agatha said, "Well, Margaret, you're becoming quite the sissy. Your hair is growing into a neat feminine length, and you have adapted quite nicely to wearing panties."

Max snarled, "I'm no sissy, even though you made everyone think I am!"

Agatha gasped in mock surprise, "My, my! What an unladylike outburst when I'm treating my favorite sissy nephew to his first manicure! Oh, dearie me! What ingratitude!"

"Ladies, I'd like you to meet my favorite sissy nephew, Margaret," Agatha introduced him at the busy well-appointed nail salon. This is his birthday, and my gift to him is the manicure/pedicure he has wanted for so long."

Max turned beet red as the ladies laughed, making the afternoon a blur of embarrassment. To make matters worse, he left the salon with dramatic red fingernails and toenails.

At home, Cathryn insisted on seeing the results of Max's manicure and was shocked to see that his nails were polished bright red. As he fled to his room, Agatha explained, "Cathryn, I've never been so embarrassed in my life! We went to my salon to get his nails trimmed and buffed in a masculine manicure. Well! He positively demanded to have his nails shaped and polished. I warned him that he would have a hard time explaining them to his friends, but he insisted."

"After all the grief he's taken because of his hair and panties, I can't imagine that he would want to have his nails done!" Cathryn sighed, totally believing her dishonest sister.

"On the way home, he started to worry about his masculine image and said he would tell you that I made him get his nails done in such a feminine fashion. Can you imagine?" She rolled her eyes for added drama.

"Oh, Agatha. I'm so sorry. I've never accepted that he had a sissy side. I mean, are you sure? He used to be the star of his baseball team."

"I was right about your snit of a husband, wasn't I?" When Cathryn reluctantly nodded in agreement, she continued, "He probably sneaks in your closet when you're not home and prances around in your things. I get the willies just thinking about it!"

Her words had their intended effect as Cathryn became angered at the thought of someone wearing her clothes without her knowledge or permission.

Later, when Max stopped pouting long enough to ask his mother for polish remover, she angrily retorted, "Not on your life! You begged to have your nails sissified, and now you want to pretend to be a regular guy? I don't think so! Get dressed! We're going out to eat!"

Max was stunned. "Mom, what did Aunt Agatha tell you? She..."

"Enough! Another word from you and you'll wear a skirt to dinner! Do you understand?"

At the fancy restaurant, Max was mortified at being in public and kept his hands shoved in his pockets. When the waitress brought their food, he slowly pulled them out, but tried to keep his nails hidden as much as possible. He had stared at them all afternoon, amazed at what a feminizing effect polished nails had on his psyche. It was like each nail was a beacon that screamed, "I'm a sissy!"

Upon seeing his sissified nails, the smirking waitress handed him a cupcake with pink frosting and a princess figurine. "A cupcake for the cupcake," she mocked.

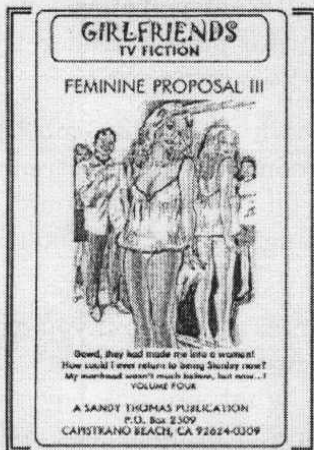
Still angry at the assertion that Max might be secretly wearing her clothes, when they got home, Cathryn fumed at Max. "Since you are so intent on having your nails polished like a sissy for your birthday, you will wear your precious nail polish full time until you throw out your panties and get your hair cut like a normal boy!"

After his pleas failed to convince his adamant mother to change her mind, Max ran to his room with tears streaming down his cheeks. As he lay crying on his bed, he could only conjure what the old bitch was telling his mother about him wanting to get his nails done!

"You are fretting yourself into an early grave if you expect that sissy to act like a normal boy," Agatha consoled her sister when they were alone. "After all, what normal boy would allow his nails to be polished like a girl's, much less, ask for them to be done?"

During the next few weeks, Max tried to convince his mother that he wasn't a sissy, but he was steadily losing ground. After all, how macho can a boy act when she regularly sees him polishing his nails, wearing panties, and with his hair up in curlers? His image deteriorated until he was designated and accepted as the ultimate school sissy.

END OF BOOK ONE



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