

TITILLATING

- CROSSDRESSING FICTION -

"AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE"



AFTER BUYING HER NEPHEW LINGERIE
AND DRESSES, HE SEEMS TO HAVE ONLY ONE
CHOICE...BECOME A SISSY OR A NIECE?

Book 2

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TITILLATING TV
TALES

Auntie's Sweet Revenge
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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: "All the more reason for you to own several!"

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE

By Alice Trail and Kate Hart

Max could hardly believe his ears when his mother told him that Agatha had gone to Paris on business and would be gone indefinitely. He was joyous to be out from under her domineering thumb and free to be a boy at long last, but could he trust her to stay away? After a few weeks, he decided to take a chance that his good fortune was here to stay and bought a supply of jockey briefs.

When he stepped into the first pair of cotton underwear he had worn in months, he was quick to compare the heavy coarse cotton fabric to the silky nylon panties he was accustomed to wearing. To guard against the possibility that Agatha might unexpectedly return and find him not wearing panties, he hid the jockeys in his closet. To be ultra-safe, he kept his doll collection on display, set the hated panties aside in his drawer, left the dress pinned to his wall, and continued to sleep between his pink sheets.

When he talked about cutting his hair, Gwen, a pretty new girl knew about his reputation as a sissy, but she wanted to judge for herself. He was cute, and if he would ditch his girlish bob, he would appear to be like any other boy his age. Smiling, she said, "I think your hair looks cute long. Have it shaped in a masculine style, and I'd love to run my fingers through it sometime."

As Gwen became his girlfriend, Max took advantage of his new freedom from sissy servitude and rejoined the baseball team. With Jeff now entrenched at third base, he was relegated to the solitary confines of right field, but at least he was back on the team.

"I knew Agatha was wrong about Max, at least, I hoped she was," Cathryn thought happily as she noticed the changes in her son. Thinking, "He was just going through some weird stage kids go through now days!" She was so happy; she didn't

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even intervene when Max began to re-exert his authority over his younger brother.

In Paris, Agatha stewed about the unfortunate turn of events. Having almost completed her goal of convincing everyone Max was a sissy when she had to leave to tend to urgent business matters, she cursed the timing of her ill fortune. She got even angrier when she read e-mails from her sister that featured glowing reports of Max's newly exhibited masculinity. Picturing her smug nephew discarding his frilly dress, girlish dolls, and silky panties, she boiled with rage.

"Boy indeed!" she seethed. "He'll pay for disregarding my wishes! I won't be stuck here forever, and when I return, I'll fix him if it's the last thing I do!" To facilitate her resolve, she did extensive research into the subject of forced feminization and found that her actions concerning her nephew, although quite mild by comparison, were far from unique.

Through the services of a private detective, Agatha located a woman in the outskirts of Paris who specialized in the practice of turning obstinate boys into sweet submissive sissies for a fee. To her delight, Madame currently had several such boys in her tutelage. After paying an exorbitant fee, she was privileged to observe and study Madame's methods and witness the trauma of these ill-fated boys as they were forced to wear dresses and adopt prissy girlish mannerisms.

Agatha's favorite time was when the families of these unfortunate boys came to visit and monitor their progress toward becoming sissies. She received a sexual thrill as she watched the humiliated boys, in their girlish dresses, pleading with their mothers, grandmothers, stepmothers, sisters, aunts, or guardians who controlled their fate, to take them away from 'this awful place'.

Excitement coursed through her body as she watched younger sisters turn the tables on their embarrassed older siblings who had taunted and harassed them prior to being enrolled in Madame's clinic. While the boys blushed in shame

and humiliation, the vindictive girls took great delight in mercilessly ridiculing them with questions about their silky panties, frilly dresses, lipstick, and nail polish.

The boys who had only recently been forced into dresses were of particular interest to Agatha, but the boy who served as Madame's secretary, fascinated her the most. She watched with keen interest as this former tough minced about the office in miniskirts and stilt heels with long auburn tresses cascading about his shoulders as he efficiently performed his secretarial duties. Despite his seemingly demure façade, she could tell rebellion still raged within.

Madame tells this story. *"Babette has been one of my most difficult challenges. He fought against wearing every item of clothing I forced upon him, resisted learning the makeup techniques I demonstrated, and refused to adopt the feminine gestures I tried to teach him. To further demonstrate his rebellion, he ran away three times!"*

"The first time, he only got three blocks away. The second, one of my security operatives found him hitchhiking and picked him up. Both times, he was still wearing a dress when he was caught. The third time; however, he made it all the way home after stealing a shirt and trousers from a clothesline. Even though he trimmed his nails and sheared his girlish locks into a crew cut, he still looked quite effeminate with his smooth skin and arched brows when I found him hiding out at a friend's place."

"When I confronted him, his strict training took over, and he cringed before me on his knees. Crying like a little girl, he begged and pleaded not to be brought back here. Since his three best friends had never seen their former leader in a dress, I decided to teach him a lesson by destroying his claim to masculinity in their eyes."

"To accomplish this, I called the boys into Babette's room at his former home. After instructing him to remove his clothes, I handed him a pair of silky fire engine red nylon panties and instructed him to put them on. His face was as red as his panties, and his friends' eyes were large as saucers as he

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stepped into the girlish panties, pulled them over his legs, and adjusted them at his waist."

"What are you doing, Jacques?" the boys shouted in unison. 'You're here with your old gang! We can help! You don't have to obey this wench! Take those sissy panties off, and let's get out of here!'"

"You don't know what she can do!" he sobbed as he slid his arms through the straps of a matching bra, expertly fastened the clasp behind his back, and positioned the realistic jelled inserts in the cups. The boys watched in awe as their once macho leader fastened a red garter belt about his waist and threaded the straps beneath his panties. With a bright blush, he threaded smoky nylon stockings over his legs and attached the dark tops to his garter straps. After pulling a matching slip over his head, he slipped his arms into the long billowing sleeves of a silky white blouse and easily fastened the back buttons."

"His red bra and slip were clearly visible through his translucent blouse, but they were covered when he pulled a red tunic dress over his head and adjusted the tapered skirt about his nylon encased thighs. Without hesitation, he stepped into a pair of red sling pumps with four-inch stiletto heels and looked at me for comment."

Babette's friends were obviously ignorant of the training he had received while in my care, and they remained conspicuously silent when I handed him a makeup kit and a small hand mirror. They watched with stunned amazement as their friend expertly blended liquid foundation into his cheeks, brushed rosy blush on his cheekbones, and applied eyeshadow, eyeliner, and mascara."

"When he artfully smoothed bright red lipstick to his full supple lips, blotted them on a tissue, and inserted elaborate pendants into his pierced ears, they gasped in horror. Any respect they had for him was certainly destroyed when he kissed each of them goodbye, leaving the bright red stain of his lipstick on their cheeks! You should have seen the disgust on their faces and heard the contempt in their voices as their

former friend minced out to my car in his short skirt and stiletto heels with his wrists limp to avoid smearing his recently applied bright red nail polish and his cute bottom swaying seductively."

"His butch haircut was the only thing that betrayed his true gender, and he did that to himself! That was quite some time ago, and as you can see, his hair has now grown out to an attractive feminine length."

"Despite his years in skirts, Babette still hates the femininity I imposed on him, and he has nothing but contempt for boys who become fond of their feminine finery. However, if he makes the slightest intimidating move or gesture toward them, I threaten to take him back to face the scorn of his former friends! That's the incentive that makes him dress smartly, flawlessly apply his makeup, and assure that his hair is always neat and feminine."

As Agatha considered Babette's travails in skirts, cunning and devious ideas hatched in her mind as she thought of her precious **Margaret**.

With the passing of time, Max became braver and more confident, especially regarding the girlish gifts his dastardly aunt had given him. After a couple of months, he felt secure enough that she wouldn't return unexpectedly, so he boxed up his dolls, pink sheets, the photo of him wearing the juvenile dress from his bedside table, and the frilly dress on his wall and shoved them to the rear of his closet. That left him free to collect sports posters to hang them on his wall and make his room look like a boy lived there instead of a girl or a sissy.

When he stopped wearing panties and nail polish and brushed his hair into a masculine style, his peers shrugged off his prior sissy antics as curiosity. His heroics on the baseball diamond and having Gwen, one of the prettiest girls around, for a sweetheart were also major factors in his acceptance as a normal boy.

More than a year passed with no sign of Agatha's imminent return before Max screwed up enough courage to throw out the box containing his dolls, panties, and other sissy things she provided. Pretending to be sick, he stayed home from school and anxiously watched out his window for the trash truck. Only when the workers loaded the box without examining its content, did he feel relief.

When the truck pulled away with its damnable cargo, he understandably had mixed emotions. Would Agatha be angry and release the telling video when she found out what he had done? After all this time, would Gwen and his friends still care that he wore a dress as a ten year old? "Oh well, it's done," he sighed. With that in mind, his confidence continued to build, and his relationship with Gwen grew during the next few years.

Max, now sixteen, jumped off the school bus for the last time that year. His junior year of high school complete, he had a whole summer of freedom before beginning his senior year. With baseball, girls, swimming, lounging around the pool, and hanging out with the guys, he couldn't wait! Throwing the door open, he called out, "Mom! I'm home."

Hearing no reply, he rushed toward the kitchen for a snack. As he rounded the corner, he ran smack into an unexpected guest. "Arrggh! Auntie!" he gasped in total surprise. "What are *you* doing here?"

"It's delightful to see you, too, *Margaret*," she beamed with an evil grin. "Did you miss me?"

"Where's Mom?" he asked without answering her question.

"Your mother is taking a well-deserved vacation."

"A vacation? She didn't say anything about a vacation! What about Jeff and me? When is she coming back?"

"In answer to your questions, she's in the Caribbean with friends for the summer, and I will be looking after you and

Jeff while she was away. She gave me power of attorney and medical authorization, just in case. So, I'll be your *Mommy* for the next three months," she replied in a saccharine voice.

"All summer! You've got to be kidding! Anyway, I don't need a damn baby sitter, and especially not *you!*"

"I assure you that I am completely serious. Convincing your mother to leave for the summer took some doing, but the opportunity for this trip came up suddenly, and it was just too good to let pass. She'll be back in late August, the week before school starts. In the meantime, I'll be staying in her room and looking after you two.

"She didn't even say goodbye to us," Max lamented.

"There really wasn't time, but don't worry, we'll have lots of fun, won't we Jeff?" she asked Max's younger brother who was seated at the kitchen table gobbling down a sandwich.

"You bet, Aunt Aggie!" Jeff smiled.

Stunned at the unexpected turn of events, Max plopped down at the table and scowled at his brother whose mood definitely did not match his own. Absentmindedly, he grabbed a cookie, but just as he was about to take a bite, Agatha grabbed his arm.

"Ouch, that hurts!" he cried while being surprised at the strength displayed by his hateful Aunt.

"You should know right off that, unlike your mother, I have no intention of tolerating your abysmal behavior," she smiled with a superior smirk. "If you want a snack, you'll have asked for it. *Nicely!*"

His arm smarting under her iron grip, Max complied. "May I have a snack, please?" he mocked. He grimaced in pain as his aunt twisted his arm, increasing the pain. "Owww! I'm sorry, I'm sorry! I'd like a snack, please!"

"There, isn't that better?" Agatha grinned as she relaxed her vise like grip on his arm. "You may certainly have a snack. Pretty little things like you need your energy, but since you have to strive to maintain your girlish figure, no cookies!"

She returned from the refrigerator with a plate and placed it before the confused boy. "Here's a nice scoop of non-fat cottage cheese with a strawberry on top. Mmmm! Oh, I almost forgot! Since you'll be on a strict diet to perfect your girlish figure, you will be taking these vitamins to boost your energy level."

"What are you talking about?" Max asked in disbelief.

"Things will be, shall we say, quite different around here in the future. You can't imagine how disappointed I've been as I read about how you were denying your true feelings and pretending to be a real boy. Eat your snack, and we'll go to your room for a nice chat."

"I don't want that crap!" he snapped in an angry tone. "I'm just gonna have a sandwich and a couple of cookies, like Jeff."

"I think not!" Agatha calmly replied as she grabbed his hand and applied pressure. When Max gasped in pain, she asked, "Have I mentioned that I learned some wonderful pain-infliction techniques during my travels? Well, this maneuver is only a matter of leverage and knowing which *buttons* to push. Even the strongest brute is powerless if you know how to execute it properly. Now, why don't you sit down and enjoy your snack?"

Max quickly sat down, praying that his aunt would let go. To his dismay, she loosened her grip only slightly as he obediently took the purple capsule she provided and washed it down with water. "Since you will be on a strict diet for the summer, you will take one of these vitamin pills with breakfast and dinner. Now, allow me," she taunted as she scooped up a spoonful of cottage cheese with her free hand, and instructed, "Open wide!"

Max grimaced in humiliation at being spoon fed like a baby, but the searing pain in his hand left him little choice. He opened his mouth and accepted the spoon.

"Ummmm. There we go," she mocked. Now, let's see big smile. Good! Look, Jeff. Your macho brother loves his sissy snack. He was only pretending to want cookies after all. Go

ahead, finish them, and leave your dishes. Margaret will enjoy cleaning up, won't you, dearie?"

"Y-yes, ma'am," Max choked between mouthfuls of the vile fare.

Jeff chuckled heartily at his brother's dilemma before grabbing the last cookie and heading out the door to meet his friends and hick off the summer. "Thanks Aunt Aggie. I'll be back in time for dinner."

That's my boy," she said, smiling as she turned her attention to Max. As she shoved the last of the cottage cheese into his mouth, her smile disappeared as she snapped, "You didn't actually think you could get away from me, did you, sissy boy? Now, unless you want to see some of my holds that are quite a bit more painful than this, you'll keep a smile on your face while you rinse those dishes and put them in the dishwasher!"

"I'm not a sissy no matter what you say!"

"Sissy or not, *Margaret*, you and I will have so much fun this summer," she remarked sarcastically. "I've been looking forward to this for three years, and now that it's finally happening, I'm thrilled beyond words!" As Max started removing the dishes to the sink, Agatha interrupted. "When doing housework, it's always important to be appropriately attired, don't you agree?"

"I...I guess." Max stammered.

"Good! When working in the kitchen, a pretty little Miss simply *must* wear a darling apron!" Max watched in horror as she produced a white organdy apron, trimmed in ruffles. "I bought this especially with you in mind, and I have several more just as darling. The French saleslady was absolutely *thrilled* when I told her they were for my favorite sissy nephew. Here, let me help you"

Max was stunned speechless. An apron! Finally his voice returned. "But, Auntie, aprons are for girls."

"That's right, Margaret, but in this case, for girly-boys and sissies as well! Anyway, it's not as though you haven't worn aprons before. Don't you like it?"

"Uh, yes Auntie," he sighed as more memories of the lacy aprons his aunt gave him in the past and insisted he wear when he did *his* housework and tended to *his* dolls. "It's really nice."

Agatha brightened. "Oh good. Knowing how you sissies are, I was worried that it wasn't frilly or feminine enough. Okay, let's get it on you." Max stood mute and red-faced as his aunt encased him in the ridiculous garment and tied the sash in a huge fluffy bow in the back with a flourish. "There, now for your gloves. I know how you sissies like to keep your hands nice and pretty."

Max blushed as he slipped his hands into pink rubber gloves and listened while she lectured him on how to correctly wash dishes and explained that this would be his chore after every meal. His shoulders slumped upon hearing her order, but he was even more dismayed as she laughingly reminded him to always dress *appropriately* saying, "Don't make me remind you."

Under her watchful eye, Max carefully placed his apron in a large drawer and saw that it contained several similar garments. Agatha smirked at the horrified look on her nephew's face.

In Max's room, Agatha looked about with total contempt. To her dismay, gone were the dolls, pink sheets, and lacy bed cover she had given him. The frilly dress she pinned on the wall had been replaced with posters of famous athletes and rock stars. The once neat and tidy room was cluttered with bats, balls, gloves, batting helmets, shoes with cleats, and other sports equipment. "This doesn't look like a proper sissy's room!" she growled with animosity filling her voice. "What is the meaning of this *mess*?"

"I'm not a sissy!" he spat. "Why should my room look like a sissy's?"

"Enough pretending!" she huffed, shrugging off his assertion. "Where are your dolls, your pink sheets, the dress that was pinned to your wall, and the panties your father gave you?"

"I threw all that sissy stuff out long ago!"

"Shame," she sighed. "You've probably outgrown the panties, but the dolls were irreplaceable. "Oh well, I guess a certain amount of rebellion was to be expected, and it's not as though we can't begin anew. For starters, clean and tidy this room. Then, box up all those things, and give them to Jeff."

"Why should I give my equipment away? I'm the best player on my baseball team! I even beat Jeff out, and I'm back on third base." Quickly realizing what she meant, tears filled his eyes, and he sobbed, "It wouldn't be fair to make me quit the team!"

"Oh all right, Margaret," she soothed in a condescending voice. "If you make a few concessions, I'll allow you to remain on the team."

"What kind of concessions?" he asked suspiciously.

Reaching into his underwear drawer, she took out a pair of boxer shorts and held them before his face. "For starters, we could get you out of awful things like this and back into silky nylon panties where sissies like you belong," she smiled knowingly.

Max's heart fell into his stomach with fear and trepidation as the old feeling of being controlled and forced to wear panties by his domineering aunt returned. Struggling for breath, he desperately tried to maintain his composure, but despite his efforts, tears of shame and frustration filled his eyes. "That was a long time ago," he stammered. "It's taken all this time to make them forget the sissy things you made me wear. Please don't humiliate me that way again."

"What's the big deal? Your friends and schoolmates all know you wore panties before, didn't they?" she huffed indignantly. "Well, if you aren't willing to make a small concession and wear your proper panties, you can turn in your

uniform and give your equipment to Jeff. You're a sissy, and rough sports are for real boys like him anyway!"

Max was trapped! If he didn't agree to wear panties, she would make him quit playing baseball. On the other hand, if he agreed to wear them, his teammates were sure to find out about them sooner or later! Finally deciding on what he considered to be the lesser of two evils, and hoping he could figure a way out of his dilemma in time, he sighed gloomily, "Okay Auntie, I'll wear panties if you'll let me stay on the team."

"Since you've decided to cooperate like a sweet obedient sissy, we simply *must* get you a supply of panties and foundation garments without delay!" Agatha beamed triumphantly.

Max didn't have a clue what foundation garments were, but still, he didn't like the sound of them. "That witch knows I'm no sissy!" he stewed. "Why can't she just leave me alone and let me be a normal boy?"

"As punishment for throwing out the panties your father gave you, you'll go alone to purchase a new supply," she declared, maintaining the pressure on her distraught nephew. "While you brush your hair into a neat ponytail, I'll make out a list of the things you need and call Betty at the Traditions Boutique and tell her to expect you."

"How will I get there? I can't drive without an adult in the car. I only have a learner's permit."

"You can ride your bike."

"Kids my age don't ride bikes!"

"Unless you had rather quit the team and become a full time sissy, you'll make an exception in this case," she smiled wickedly. When he lowered his gaze in humiliation at the thought, she tightened the screws saying, "Okay, if you're ashamed for your friends to see you riding a bike, you can wear this scarf and sunglasses and carry this purse to disguise your appearance."

Max looked in horror at the floral silk scarf and feminine looking cat eye sunglasses she indicated. They were embarrassing enough, but having to carry the old-fashioned pink patent leather purse would be downright insulting for any teenage boy!

"Transfer the things from your wallet into this one," she instructed, handing him a very feminine pink leather wallet. "It's more appropriate to be carried in a purse."

Max was extremely hesitant as he removed his learner's permit, Gwen's photos, and the few bills from his wallet and inserted them in the one Agatha gave him.

"Is that everything?" she inquired as she rifled through his old wallet. Upon pulling out a packaged condom, every teenage boy's ego possession, she scoffed, "Well! Sissies like you certainly don't need anything like *this*! Throw it in the trash along with your old wallet, and be on your way."

"I look like a complete dork with this scarf and glasses," Max stewed morosely as he pedaled along. "They help hide my identity, but all the guys know my bike. If anyone sees me looking like this, my reputation is *toast*!"

Finding The Traditions Boutique in the upscale mall his aunt described, Max parked his bike outside, put his sunglasses and scarf in his embarrassing pink purse, and went inside. As he stood almost frozen and scanned the endless displays of frilly lacy women's undergarments, sickening feminine scents assaulted his nose.

Hearing a singsong voice ask, "Hello, sir. May I help you?" Wheeling around, he saw a large portly woman. When he was slow to reply, she said, "I'm Betty, what may we do for you today?"

Max shuffled his feet and considered running from the store as fast as possible, but knowing his aunt's punishment would only be worse, he stammered, "Yeah, I ... uh ... need some underwear, I guess."

"My dear boy!" she huffed in an indignant tone. "There must be some mistake! We feature only the most exquisite

feminine *lingerie* fashioned by the finest houses in Paris, London, and Rome, and every item is from the classic patterns of yesteryear. We do not sell *underwear*, as you so crassly put it!"

By this time everyone in the store was staring at them. Seeing that she was waiting for a response, Max lowered his head and sighed, "I want to buy some lingerie."

"Well, then, maybe we *can* help you," Betty smiled impatiently. "Who is this lingerie for? Your mother, or a girlfriend perhaps?"

The place erupted in a chorus of giggles as Max sighed just above a whisper, "It's for me."

"For *you*?" Betty exclaimed in mock surprise. "Well, come right this way, and let's get started." After leading him to a seating area in the back of the store and depositing him in an ornate Queen Anne chair, she broke into a grin. "You must be Max. Your aunt called and told me *all* about you and said you were bringing a list of the things you *wanted*. Do you have it with you?"

Reaching into his purse and producing the list, Max stammered with a blush, "I ... I don't actually *want* any of this stuff."

Calling her assistant, Betty instructed, "Bring an assortment of pretty panties for our adorable sissy to consider. His list says he wants a dozen pairs of our silkiest, most elaborate styles."

The giggling salesgirl arrived with an armload of heavily frilled panties unlike any Max had ever seen. As she held up a pair of pink satin panties covered in black appliquéd bows, Max asked nervously. "Don't you have something in cotton? You know, like girls wear?"

"We certainly do *not*!" Betty sneered. "We carry only the most feminine styles in silk, satin, and nylon. You know, panties that are perfect for sissies like *you*."

The nightmare continued, as dozens of panties, bras, camisoles, nighties, negligees, and nylon stockings were selected for the hapless boy. The event turned into a total embarrassment when Betty insisted that he try them all on and appear before her in the fitting area. As she fussed and fitted, the other customers cackled with glee at the ridiculous sight, and he had great difficulty keeping his composure. He tried to explain that he only needed a couple of things, but she waved the list before his face. Soon, he was surrounded by an embarrassing array of the most feminine lingerie imaginable, and it was all for *him!*

As he was ushered out of the dressing room in a training bra, panties, and a tight waist cinch, the pretty salesgirl struggled to keep from bursting into giggles. Laughter greeted him from the assembled women, as he whined, "This thing is too tight!"

Finally, after almost two hours of modeling and posing, Betty declared them done, and Max paid for his purchases with the credit card Agatha put in the wallet in his purse. Insisting that he wear the panties, bra, and waist cinch for his departure, Betty threw his boxers into the trash and promised that his other purchases would be delivered by the time he arrived home.

After climbing stiffly onto his bike, he hung his purse on the handlebar and affixed his scarf and sunglasses before heading homeward. As he recalled the humiliations he had suffered in just one afternoon following his aunt's return from Paris, he got angrier and angrier. With a new resolve, he pedaled his bike to the police station near his neighborhood. Approaching a large sergeant behind the desk, he sighed, "Excuse me, sir."

The officer looked Max, and at first glance, he thought the person before him was a teenage girl. The voice; however, suggested that it was a boy wearing a woman's scarf and sunglasses and carrying a feminine purse. "What can I do for you, son?" he asked suspiciously.

"I want to report a crime," Max said boldly. "My aunt is being real mean to me. She calls me names like sissy and girly boy. She even made me buy a bunch of stupid girl's underwear and wear it. It's child abuse. You have to stop her!"

The sergeant sighed deeply and wondered why he got all the psycho cases. Still, he had to check it out. Deciding to share the *fun*, he turned toward a very attractive young woman in her mid-twenties, not long out of the academy and called out, "Officer Murphy! Could you come here a second?" When she arrived, he said, "This young *man* says his aunt is abusing him by calling him a sissy and making him wear girl's panties. Imagine such a thing!"

"How horrible!" Officer Murphy exclaimed with a hint of sarcasm while stifling a smile at the sight of the effeminate appearing boy.

The sergeant smiled, "What's your telephone number, sweetie? We'll get your aunt down here and clear this up."

After listening to the sergeant talk with Agatha and voice his complaint, Max breathed a sigh of relief. Finally, this nightmare would end, and his aunt would get the punishment she deserved. He hoped they put her in jail.

Thinking she would be anxious about the call from the police, he was surprised to see his aunt stroll calmly into the station with a broad smile on her face and a book under her arm. "Good afternoon, Sergeant," she greeted pleasantly. "What has my sissy nephew done now?"

The sergeant cleared his throat nervously and replied, "I know this sounds crazy, ma'am, but he says you've been forcing him to wear all sorts of sissy girl's underwear."

Agatha put the book on the desk and stood with her hands on her hips. A tolerant patronizing look on her face, she scoffed, "Margaret! Shame on you for wasting this officer's time!"

Having had his fun with the situation, the sergeant said, "Come around here. Officer Murphy will take your statements."

Addressing the pretty young officer, Agatha explained, "Max, or Margaret as he likes to be called, is my sister's son. She's away on vacation, and I'm looking after him and his brother who, by the way, is all boy. One of the reasons she went away was to take a break from Margaret here. He's always been on the, shall we say, *swishy* side, but lately, he's been getting worse."

"You don't say," she mused while crossing her legs and allowing her short skirt to ride higher and expose a large expanse of her attractive thighs to Max's ogling eyes.

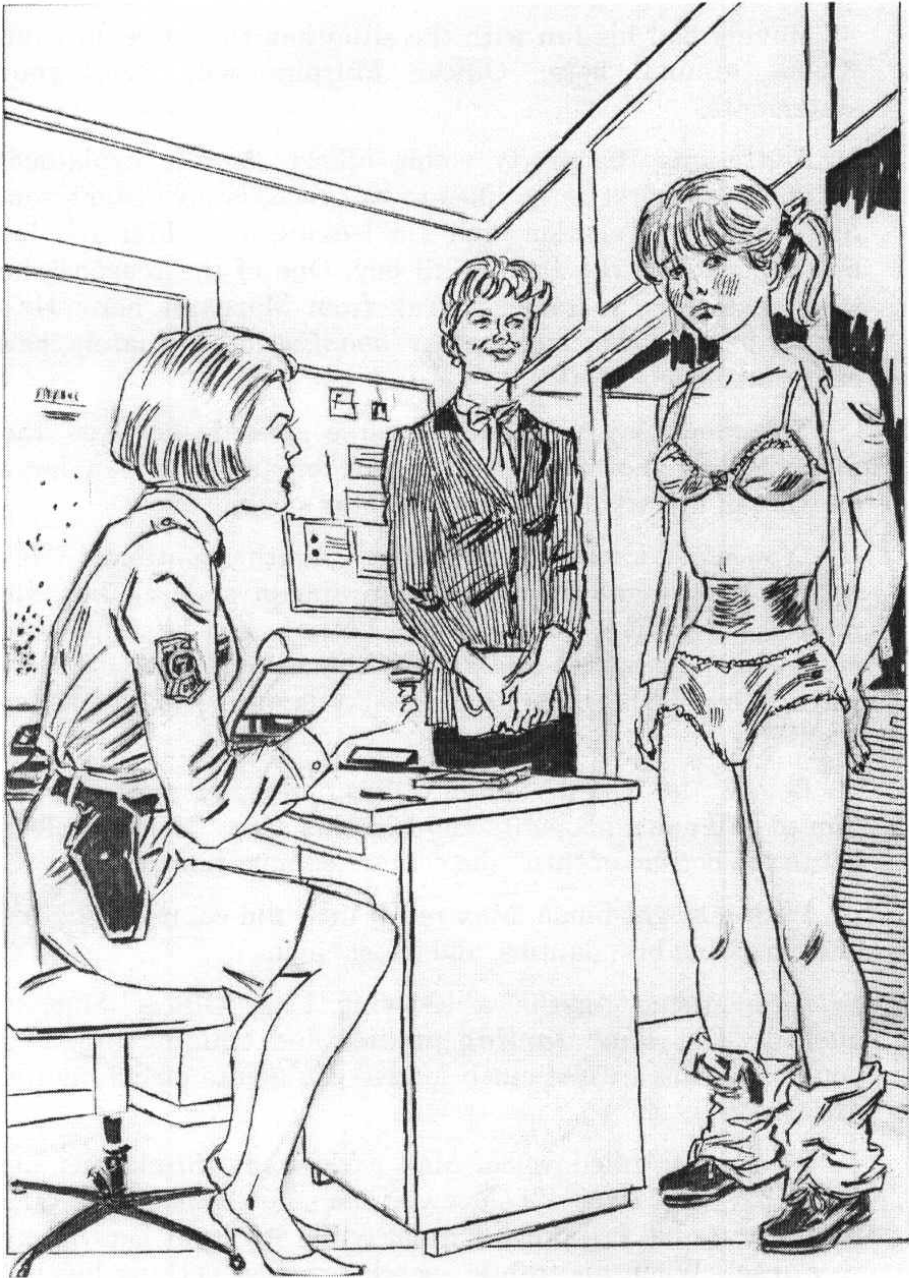
"You don't know the half of it," Agatha continued. "It's getting harder and harder to keep him in male clothes. He minces about like Queen of the Fairies, but he refuses to accept his true nature and always blames others for his sissy ways. Why, I'll bet he's wearing silky feminine undies as we speak!"

Before Max could explain, Officer Murphy motioned for him to pull down his pants and open his shirt. "Come on, let's get to the bottom of this!" she demanded impatiently,

With a bright blush, Max reluctantly did so, revealing his embarrassing bra, panties, and waist cinch.

After giving Agatha a knowing look, Officer Murphy gushed, "Oh, what *darling* panties and training bra, and you're wearing a waist cinch to give you a cute girlish figure. *Margaret*, is it?"

In a panic filled voice, Max exclaimed, "*She* made me wear this stuff! Here, I'll show you the note she made me take to the boutique! It'll prove I'm not lying. It's right here in my ... *purse*!" When his frantic search revealed nothing but the credit card receipt he signed at the boutique, he declared in a crestfallen voice, "It was right here! I must have left it at the boutique!"



“Look, sissy boy!” Officer Murphy scolded. “If you want to wear girl’s panties and bras, wear them, but don’t try to blame someone else for your behavior!”

Officer Murphy took the receipt from his hand, and looked it over. Rolling her eyes, she said, "You bought all this stuff, charged it to your aunt's card, and signed the slip. Unless she returns the merchandise and cancels the order, she's out a lot of money. Since she was home when we called, she was home while you were at the boutique. How could she have made you buy these precious things?"

"She gave me the list of things to buy and told me to charge them to her card!"

"Why would I do such a thing?" Agatha asked in an indignant tone. "Besides, this is not the first time, he's sneaked the card from my purse to buy sissy clothes."

Officer Murphy looked sternly at Max and hissed, "Listen, *Margaret!* If you want to dress like a beauty queen, go ahead, but don't blame others when you feel guilty later."

"Look, if you don't believe this bitch is trying to turn me into a sissy, call Betty at the boutique," Max wailed. "She'll tell you about the list!"

"I'll do that!" Officer Murphy spat while dialing the number on the charge slip. After explaining the situation, her side of the conversation went something like, "Yes," "What did he do next?" "And about the list?" "I see," "Thank you, Betty."

"See, I told you!" Max bubbled happily when she hung up the phone. "What did she say?"

"She said you came in kind of shyly carrying a purse and said you wanted to buy all sorts of girlish panties, bras, slips, nighties, and foundation garments. When she asked who these things were for, you said they were for you, and she has witnesses, both employees and customers, to prove it. She also said you tossed your boxer shorts in her trash and insisted on wearing these things under your clothes when you left. They're still there if I want to have a look."

"What about the list Auntie gave me? It was in her handwriting!"

"Betty said you personally made all the selections and that she didn't see a list."

"This is the sort of behavior he has exhibited all his life, Officer," Agatha sighed as she placed the book before her. "He sneaks around and wears girlish clothes, and when he gets caught, he blames his deviant behavior on someone else. Look at this," she added, opening the book, which was a photo album of Max in all sorts of feminine ensembles when he was younger.

As Officer Murphy looked through the album with wide eyes, Agatha tightened the screws on Max saying, "That's Margaret in the frilly dress he wore so often as a child. That's his brother Jeff with the balls and Margaret in his dress holding a doll and smiling happily. This is Margaret playing with his doll collection. This is Margaret wearing a pink party dress with makeup and a girlish hairstyle at a neighbor girl's birthday party. All the children laughed and teased him, but that didn't matter to this sissy. He was happy wearing a dress, no matter who saw him. That is until later, when he insisted three little girls made him wear it."

Max tried to refute his aunt's claims and tell Officer Murphy that he had been forced to wear those dresses and smile for the camera, but the evidence of the photos was too damning. In the end, he was trapped. All he could do was lower his head in shame.

"Look here, you sissy!" Officer Murphy scolded after viewing the contents of the album. "You have wasted my time and the taxpayers' money. If you dare to come in here with claims of abuse again, I'll see to it that you spend a few nights in jail. When your fellow inmates make your girlish wishes come true, you'll understand that being feminine is more than just wearing frilly clothes!"

Max sighed dejectedly as Agatha escorted him out of the station to where his bike was parked. Giving his earlobe a vicious tweak, she mocked, "Naughty, naughty! It's a good thing I had Betty destroy that note, huh? Now, get your sissy buns home and start dinner before I really get angry."

After dinner and dishes, Agatha insisted that Max model his new lingerie, and by the time he had displayed it all, he was in tears of humiliation from her cutting remarks and Jeff's debasing taunts. Even though he had to wear a prissy babydoll nightie, he was grateful when it was finally time for bed.

Following a fitful night's sleep, as instructed, Max pulled on a diaphanous negligee that did little to hide his shameful nightie. Sliding his feet into matching bedroom slippers with three-inch heels and fluffy pompoms on top, he stumbled toward the stairs in the unaccustomed heels.

Agatha was sitting at the breakfast table, and when she saw her feminized nephew, an evil expression of triumph spread across her face. "Oh, Jeff, doesn't your sissy brother look just darling in the new nightie and negligee he bought at the boutique?" she gushed cruelly.

"He sure does, Aunt Aggie!" Jeff bubbled gleefully, his face brightening. "I bet he loves those high-heeled slippers, but I don't know how he walks in them. I can't wait to see Gwen's face when she finds out her boyfriend wears bras, panties, and silky girlish nighties! What a riot! You know, I had forgotten what a big pantywaist sissy he is until you returned from France!"

"Maybe so, but you'll certainly be remembering much more about his sissy nature over the summer, I assure you."

"Now that you mention it, I remember that he used to wear a frilly dress and had a room full of dolls," Jeff snickered. "Yeah, he slept on pink sheets and played with his dolls all the time. He even washed and ironed their clothes!"

All Max could do was stand by in his silky feminine bedroom ensemble, blush for all he was worth, and hope his aunt wasn't serious about bringing out '*his sissy nature*', whatever that meant! Wasn't convincing the police that he was a sissy who liked to wear girlish undies, and making him sleep in silky nighties, enough to humiliate him for *life*?

At dinner, Max was so upset by his aunt's show of force that he didn't dare complain when she and Jeff ate a steak, while all he got was a small plate of steamed vegetables. For one thing, he was in no mood to eat.

Afterward, Jeff could hardly believe his eyes when his brother skipped into a frilly apron and attended to the after dinner cleanup without being told like some kind of sissy *girl!* He snickered, "I remember when you got kicked off the baseball team for wearing silky girl's panties. Just wait till Gwen and the guys hear about the sissy things you're wearing *now!*"

"Shut up! If you breathe a word of this to Gwen, or anybody, you're dead!"

"Careful, princess! You might beat me up, but I can ruin you with one little word." Jeff smiled, knowing he had the upper hand.

"Please no!" Max pleaded as he slumped in defeat. "Don't tell anyone about the sissy things Auntie makes me wear. I'll do anything you say if you promise not to tell!"

"Then give me your bike," Jeff sneered. "It's the only thing you have left that I want."

"That bike is my pride and joy!" Max sniffed. "I bought it with money from my paper route."

"What's the big deal? Today was the first time you've ridden it since you learned to drive. Anyway, suit yourself. I can't wait to tell Gwen about her sissy boyfriend!"

"Okay, you can have the bike!" Max shouted in exasperation. "Just don't tell Gwen or *anybody!*"

At baseball practice the next few days, Max was overly cautious not to make a sudden move that would cause the silky panties he wore beneath his uniform to be revealed. His poor performance didn't go unnoticed by his coach who scolded, "What's wrong, Johnson? Stop thinking about getting in that girl's panties and get with the program, or I'll put Jeff

back on third. Maybe riding the pine for a while will get your attention!"

"Sorry, Coach! I'll play better," Max cringed while thinking that his panties were a lot prettier and silkier than any Gwen owned. "I'm just not myself today." When he made it through the week without anyone discovering his humiliating panties, he couldn't help but feel a degree of satisfaction.

Saturday morning, as Max ate breakfast in his usual silky babydoll nightie and negligee, Agatha dropped another bomb on his masculinity by announcing, "Margaret, you need a pretty new hair color for summer, and your legs are simply horrid. I just know you'll adore being pampered like a princess by Patsy and the other girls at the salon."

Max desperately wanted to avoid the embarrassing ordeal his determined aunt described, but knowing her firm resolve, he could only steel himself for the traumatic event. "My friends are sure to check to see if I'm wearing panties when I show up with another girlish hairstyle!" he fretted. "I'll never live that down!" With that in mind, his nerves were understandably on edge when he reluctantly entered the salon.

"Look who is here!" Patsy exclaimed when Max hesitantly ambled into her cubicle. "Long time, no see! Well, I must say, that hairstyle isn't appropriate for a sissy like you. See what happens when you don't keep regular appointments?"

"I'm no sissy!"

"I sure have my work cut out for me to get this unruly mop looking decent," she sighed disconcertedly, ignoring his denial. "Oh well, have a seat, and let's get started."

Nearly four years had passed since Patsy styled Max's hair, and he had forgotten how pleasant her massages with his scalp could be. If not for the ridicule he would face when Gwen and his friends saw his girlish *do*, he would have relaxed and enjoyed her gentle manipulations. Instead, he sat

red-faced while she had her way with his tresses, wishing he had gotten a crew cut when he had the chance.

"Okay, strip to your panties," she said when his head was a mass of curlers. "I'll remove your unladylike body hair while the lotion sets. I can do your nails while you sit under the dryer, and I'll apply your makeup after I comb you out." When his shirt and pants were removed, she gushed, "Oh, what darling panties and camisole, and look, you're wearing a training bra and waist cinch! Don't tell me you're not a sissy!"

Nearly three hours later, Max's body was tingling all over, and he was mortified with his golden blonde hair in a prissy girlish style. His light makeup, eyeliner, blush, pale pink lipstick, and matching nail polish were just enough to make him look like an abject sissy. Knowing his boyish clothes only added to that image, tears of humiliation filled his eyes.

"Really, Margaret," Agatha reasoned calmly as she drove along. "You act as though you're the first sissy to have his hair dyed California blonde and set in a classic girlish style. The color is such a pretty shade on you, and you heard everyone carrying on about how this style really brings out your feminine side.

"Auntie, it was horrible! Why did you tell them I was a big sissy and that I wanted to look girlish?"

"Well, you *are* wearing a bra and panties, aren't you?"

"You made me wear them, you know you did!" he scowled. "I was totally blown away when they laughed and that woman asked if I had a boyfriend!"

"Oh, that's just the price of being a sissy. You must learn that girly boys who wear silky panties, training bras, and camisoles under their clothes, have their hair curled, colored, and coiffed, and wear makeup are teased and ridiculed as the sissies they are. That's human nature."

"But, I don't want to wear panties, bras, and camisoles or have a girlish hairstyle," Max whined. Then, abandoning his usual tactic of claiming not to be a sissy, he pleaded, "I can be

masculine, Auntie. Really, I can! I'll change! Just tell me how you want me to behave, and I'll do it! I promise!"

"Darling, Margaret," Agatha tittered. "If you have to be told how to dress and behave to be masculine, you couldn't have been much of a boy to begin with. No, I'm afraid that ship sailed long ago."

"But, Auntie! *You* make me wear these clothes! *You* brought me here to have my hair styled. None of this sissy stuff is by my choice!"

"Perhaps, but one can't deny his true character," she sighed. "Anyway, don't your legs look and feel so much better without all that ghastly hair? Just wait until we get them in silky nylons! Say, that's a thought! Let's go by the boutique on the way home and purchase a supply in different shades! Also, I'll bet your legs would really look great in heels! Of course, you'll need several garter belts and heels of different heights."

"I can't wear high heels!" Max declared as he contemplated another humiliating trip to the Traditions Boutique. "You've seen the way I stumble around in those awful bedroom slippers you make me wear!"

"Oh pooh! That only means you need practice. If you wear heels around the house for a week or so while you do your housework, you'll be as graceful as any sissy who ever wore them. Besides, I'm sure Betty would love to see your new blonde hairstyle."

"Margaret, is that you?" Betty gushed when the pair entered her boutique. "I especially love it when sissies return for clothes and accessories to make them look more girlish! Here, let me have a look at that scrumptious hairdo!" As Max turned shyly under her vigilant gaze, she praised, "Oh, that color and style are just perfect! Your vigilant use of makeup, and that boyish shirt poking out from your training bra, literally shouts, '*Look at me! I'm a sissy!*' Don't you simply adore it?"

While Max blushed over Betty's insights and praises, Agatha smiled sadistically and lied, "After studying sissy hairstyles, Margaret adamantly insisted on this *look*."

"Well, I must say you made a very astute choice, sweetie, and I'm sure the boys will simply go gaga over that color," Betty sighed. "Now, what can I do for you *ladies* today?"

Max waited nervously for his aunt to answer, but hearing nothing, he looked up at her from under lidded eyes. Seeing her staring at him with a determined gaze and a motion of her head toward Betty, he blushed bright red and sighed just above a whisper, "I just had my legs waxed, so I need some nylon stockings, garter belts, and high heels."

"Spoken like a true sissy!" Betty declared with a smile. "If nylons are what you want for those shapely legs, nylons are what you get. Step back here and undress so I can take a few measurements."

Like in the salon, Max found himself removing his shirt and pants to reveal his embarrassing feminine underwear under the gaze of women determined to 'bring out his sissy nature'. When he removed his waist cinch as instructed, he breathed a sigh of relief. His reprieve; however, was short lived.

Producing a strange looking garment, Betty said, "This is a waist cinch garter belt with detachable garter straps. By wearing it, you can kill two birds with one stone, so to speak. By that, I mean your waist will be nipped and your nylons supported by the same garment. If you aren't wearing nylons, simply remove the garters for the day."

"It's way too small!" Max cried while attempting to secure the cinch about his waist.

"Oh, come on, you're not trying!" Betty declared. "It's only an inch smaller than your old one. Besides, every woman has to exert a supreme effort and experience a bit of discomfort to look good for their men. As a sissy, you're no different. Exhale, pull your stomach in, raise yourself up on your toes, and concentrate on the lower hook. There! Now, repeat the

process one clasp at a time until they are all secured! Wear your new cinches exclusively, and before you know it, they will be as comfortable as the old ones."

"The others weren't comfortable, and this awful thing is cutting me in half!" Max wailed. "I can't breathe!"

"A big sissy like you? Oh come on! Breathe from your chest, and you'll do fine. Thread the garters beneath your panties, and come over here, so I can show you how to put on your nylons." Max could only bend from his waist with great difficulty due to his tight waist cinch, but he finally managed to knead the nylons over his hairless legs. Being amazed at the silky feeling, he fastened the dark tops to his garters and asked, "Can I put my pants back on now?"

"Have a seat so I can fit your shoes," Betty mused while walking away and ignoring his question. A few moments later, she returned with several shoeboxes and a short blue, green, and yellow pleated tartan skirt. Looking him over, she said, "Your shirt is okay, but wear this skirt so we can see how different heel heights enhance those sexy legs."

"But, I'm a boy!" he wailed with his face reddening and tears filling his eyes. "Boys don't wear skirts!"

"Boy indeed!" Agatha scoffed. "Only a sissy like you would be wearing a bra, panties, and nylons! If anything, you need a slip to make your skirt hang right. Since he's already wearing a silky camisole, do you have a half slip he could wear, Betty?"

"Of course. I'll be right back."

His protests falling on deaf ears, Max soon found himself modeling all sorts of girlish shoes with a silky lace edged slip tickling his recently waxed nylon sheathed thighs beneath his flirty skirt. Being unaccustomed to heels, he stumbled about in the higher styles, but he managed the lower ones fairly well. In the end, he was the owner of more than a dozen pairs of feminine footwear ranging from flats to three-inch heels.

"Your skirt and slip are fine, and since you walk in them well enough, you can wear your white two-inch pumps home,"

Agatha informed Max as Betty gathered up his substantial purchase of garter belts, nylons, and shoes.

"I can't go outside looking like *this!*" he protested, indicating his feminine manner of dress.

"Of course, you can't! What is wrong with me?" Agatha sighed. Max was just feeling relieved that he wouldn't be forced to wear a skirt in public when she added, "That shirt is totally inappropriate. If you wear it, you'll be recognized as a boy in a skirt and heels with a girly hairstyle the minute you step outside. If you like, I'll buy you a nice frilly blouse."

Max was trapped! If he left the boutique in his boyish shirt, he would have to face the ridicule of being recognized as a boy in a skirt, but if he wore a blouse with his skirt, he just might pass as a girl. However, his devious aunt had left him in the embarrassing position of having to ask for a blouse to complete his disguise! Feeling as though he had no choice, he stammered, "Please, Aunty. Would you buy me a girlish blouse to wear home?"

"Of course, Sweetheart!" Agatha gushed, glowing from the knowledge that her plan to feminize her nephew was going so well. A bit later, the pair left the boutique with Max wearing a mint green lace-embellished nylon blouse that was just translucent enough to show the outline of his bra and camisole.

Later that afternoon, Max carefully smoothed his skirt beneath him and sat on his bed to call Gwen. Hoping he could work something out with Agatha to get back to his boyish life in a few days, he said, "I'm sorry, but I can't see you tonight. You won't believe this, but Mom left on vacation. That bitch Agatha, her sister who was in France, is staying with us for the entire summer. Yuk! I'm grounded until Monday, so maybe we can meet for a soda after the game."

With the goal of getting on his aunt's good side, Max obediently, even eagerly, put on his apron and helped prepare dinner. He suffered through Jeff's taunts about his sissy

hairstyle, skirt, heels, and makeup without complaint or retort. After dinner, he dutifully cleared the table, did the dishes, and cleaned the kitchen without being told.

When he was finished, Agatha told him to go to his room, hang up his clothes, change into his babydoll nightie, slip into his negligee, and come to her room. He wanted to ask her to relent and allow him to wear pants, but not wanting to get on her bad side again, he obediently, if not reluctantly, did her bidding.

"Ah, there you are, Margaret, and don't you look dainty in your sissy bedroom ensemble!" Agatha gushed when he minced into her room atop his high-heeled bedroom slippers. "You know how from past experience, so sit at my vanity to remove your remove your makeup and cream your face and freshly waxed body with moisturizing cream. Then, roll your hair for the night. If you have any difficulties, I'm here to help."

As Max cleared the breakfast table the next morning, Agatha said, "Take your hair down, brush it back into your pageboy style, change into the skirt and blouse you *insisted* on buying yesterday, and as you are getting more agile in them, wear the white three-inch pumps. You are out of practice, so I'll inspect your makeup when you return."

"Did you *really* ask for a skirt and blouse?" Jeff asked in disbelief.

"I...I had to, or everyone would have known I was a boy in high heels with a girlish hairstyle," Max blushed.

"Yeah, right!" Jeff guffawed while watching his blushing brother mince toward the stairs in his silky babydoll nightie, matching panties, diaphanous negligee, and high-heeled bedroom slippers with his hair up in pink curlers. "What a *sissy*!"

When Max returned, Agatha inspected his *look* and observed, "As you have had more practice with them in the past, your hair and lipstick look fine, but you especially need

practice with your eyeliner, eyeshadow, and mascara. Also, since you have plenty of natural color, you could do with less blusher. Uh oh! There's a no no! The lacy hem of your slip is showing in the rear. Be aware that half slips tend to slide down, so keep a close watch whenever you wear one."

Max's mind was in turmoil as he raised his short pleated skirt and adjusted the waistband of his slip. He had hoped his new compliant attitude would soften his aunt's mandate that he dress as a girl, at least in time for his *date* with Gwen after the game the next day. But now, with her talking about practice with eye makeup and giving instructions about preventing half-slips from showing beneath his skirts, he wasn't so sure!"

"Very good, Margaret!" Agatha praised as she watched her nephew dutifully brush his skirt back into place. "I see you're wearing aqua panties to match your skirt like the fastidious sissy you are rapidly becoming." While Max blushed at her inference, she said, "Come along with me. I need to bring over a few things over from my house since I'm to be here all summer, and you can help."

"I can't go out dressed like this, Auntie!" Max cried. "Someone might see me!"

"Don't worry your sissy head about that," she scoffed. "You wore those very things at the mall yesterday, and no one gave special notice, that is, except for a few admiring boys. Now, grab your purse, spritz on a bit of perfume, check your makeup, and let's go!" As she watched him mince toward her car with his heels clicking on the walkway, she smiled with satisfaction at how quickly walking in stilted feminine footwear was becoming second nature to him.

"Why am I the only boy in the world who has to wear skirts?" Max wailed inwardly as he dejectedly adjusted the hem of his short skirt across his smooth nylon encased thighs after seating himself in Agatha's car.

"Quite a bit of time has passed since you wore your party dress, so always remember to sit with your knees together and at a slight angle and your hands in your lap," Agatha

instructed, bringing him out of his pensive daze. "No sissy wants real boys trying to look under his skirt to catch a glimpse at his panties."

"Yes, Auntie," Max sighed as he assumed the requisite prissy position. "There she goes with that sissy business again!" he seethed inwardly. "Will she never stop all this femininity and let me be a normal boy? I'll sure be glad when Mom gets home!"

As the pair walked up to Agatha's house, they were approached by Cindy, the girl who had helped dress Max up and who's party he attended in a dress. "Hello, Cindy," Agatha greeted with a smile. "You remember Margaret, my sissy nephew, don't you?"

"Oh yes!" Cindy gushed while looking Max over in his skirt, blouse, heels, and feminine hairstyle. "Still wearing skirts, huh, sissy boy?"

"He had a respite there for a while, but now, he's back in skirts where he belongs," Agatha advised. "Once a sissy, always a sissy, you know."

Cindy, now fourteen, had grown and become very pretty since Max last saw her several years before. Wearing a straight black miniskirt that displayed her shapely tan thighs to advantage and a cropped top with tiny shoulder straps that bared her midsection, she quickly captured Max's attention. Adding to her lure were two small bumps in front that signified the fact that she wasn't wearing a bra.

Max could only stand by in his skirt, blouse, heels, makeup, girlish blonde hairstyle and blush as he ogled this sexy grinning minx while she and his smirking aunt demeaned his once proud masculinity.

"We just stopped by to pick up a few things, but seeing you gives me an idea," Agatha smiled. "There are lots of clothes in the attic that Margaret's mother wore as a teenager. Would you like to help us go through them to see if there are some things he can wear?"

"That sounds great!" Cindy bubbled. "Even though he's starting off in a skirt, helping sissy Margaret dress up again will bring back memories of the fun the girls and I had when we made him wear that frilly dress years ago."

"Please don't make me dress up in Mom's old clothes!" Max begged. "Haven't you done enough to me already?"

"Nonsense, Margaret!" Agatha snapped. "Sissies like you love playing dress-up in their mother's clothes so stop complaining! Just take off your skirt and blouse like a sweet obedient sissy, and hang them over there while Cindy and I look through these old trunks."

Not wanting the attractive girl to see his embarrassing feminine underwear, Max shrieked, "But, Auntie, Cindy's here, and..."

"Cindy has seen you wearing panties before, so what's the big deal?" Agatha growled, interrupting his objection. "Do as you're told and stop acting like a prude or an undisciplined brat. Otherwise, she'll see more than your panties, and they'll be on fire, if you get my drift."

With a bright blush, Max hesitantly removed his skirt and blouse and stood before his aunt and the grinning Cindy in his silky camisole and half-slip. If that wasn't bad enough, the sight of the sexy teen enthralled him as her skirt rode up in back and the tops of her budding breasts were exposed when she bent over to search through the boxes. He could only hope against hope that she wouldn't notice when the bulge in his panties poked out the front of his slip.

Cindy; however, was far too perceptive to let his excited condition pass without taunting, "Don't get too worked up there, *stud!* The only way a sissy like you will ever get into my panties is to wear them! I go for real men like your hunk brother."

"I have a girlfriend, thank you!"

"Where is Jeff, by the way?" Cindy asked, ignoring his declaration.

"H...he went to play ball."

"See, that's what I mean. Jeff went to play ball, and even though you claim to have a girlfriend, you came over here to try on dresses! Does she know that?" When he blushed without replying, she pulled out a dark blue dress with a straight knee length skirt and said, "Try this on."

As he obediently pulled the chosen dress over his head, Max observed, "It smells musty."

"It should," Agatha declared. "It's been boxed up in here for nearly twenty years. You can try these things on as they are, but you'll have to wash and iron the ones we select before you can wear them."

Next, Agatha had Max try a full knee-length skirt. As he turned before the discerning pair, Cindy observed, "I don't know, Ms. Webb. It looks good on him, but it just doesn't hang right."

"Oh, I know!" Agatha gushed. "Let me see ... over here, I think." She moved a couple boxes aside and pulled out a larger one. When the tape holding it shut was removed, she held up a crinoline petticoat and exclaimed, "Voila! This is what was missing! When Cathryn was young, the girls wore crinolines to hold out their skirts. Step into this, Margaret, pull it up over your slip, and let's have a look."

"**Yes!**" Cindy squealed when Max's skirt was adjusted over his petticoat. "His skirt hangs perfectly now!"

"There's a whole box full of them over here," Agatha observed. "Keep that one for when he tries on full skirts, and we'll take the rest with us."

Hours later, Max was in misery. His feet were killing him from his unaccustomed heels, and his waist was really cramped from his tight waist cinch garter belt. "Why do I need so many of these things?" he wondered as he carried dozens of his mother's old dresses, skirts, blouses, and petticoats out to Agatha's car. "Surely Auntie isn't planning to make me wear them!"

The next day, still wearing his skirt, blouse, and heels, Max washed and ironed the clothes and starched the crinoline petticoats that were once his mother's. He got so busy that he forgot about the baseball game until Jeff came home to put on his uniform. After a quick look around, he rushed up to his aunt and breathlessly gushed, "You said I could play ball if I agreed to wear panties, but I can't find my uniform!"

"I put that and your other boyish things in Jeff's room," she replied casually. "You can change in there."

Max was understandably nervous about having to change in Jeff's room, but what choice did he have? He was on the verge of tears as Jeff watched him remove his blouse, camisole, and bra with amused interest, but he really became agitated at Jeff's snicker when he stepped out of his half-slip. Blushing brightly under his brother's gaze, he started to unclasp his waist cinch when Jeff said, "Leave that on."

"I can't bend well enough to play ball with this damn thing on!"

"Leave it, or I'll tell everyone you're wearing panties!"

"Why is Jeff making me do this?" Max wondered as he removed the garters and put on his uniform over his panties and waist cinch.

Max moved stiffly through warm-ups without anyone mentioning his stiff movements due to his tight waist cinch, but with his aunt watching, he made three errors in the first five innings. When he came to the dugout after striking out for the second time, the coach met him on the steps and bellowed, "What the hell is wrong with you, Johnson? You move around like a little old lady out there, and from what I've seen, you couldn't hit a watermelon if they threw one! Are you turning into a sissy again?"

Blushing brightly at the coach's astute observation, Max looked into the bleachers and saw his aunt's knowing smile. Averting his eyes from the coach's glare, he stammered, "I guess I'm a little off my game."

Max's uneasy demeanor led the coach to think he had hit on a chord of truth. On a hunch, he quickly and without warning, he reached down into the back of the blushing boy's pants, grabbed the waistband of his silky feminine panties, and snatched it above his belt so his teammates could see what he was wearing.

"Okay, sissy boy, you are off this team *permanently!*" he bellowed in anger. "Get off this field, and don't *ever* come back!" As Max ran from the field in tears of shame, he heard the coach snap, "*Jeff*, take over at third for your sissy brother! *Jason*, take Jeff's place in center field!"

Knowing his life as he knew it was over, Max was running along the street when a car pulled alongside him and tooted the horn. Looking up, he saw Agatha motioning him over. When he approached, she said, "Get in, Margaret, and I'll take you home. This isn't the end of the world, you know."

"It's the end of my world!" he cried. "Everyone thinks I'm a sissy, and I'm off the team!"

"I wouldn't worry about that. Being off the team will give you time to take care of your new wardrobe."

"Surely you're not going to make me wear that stuff now!" he wailed in a panic filled voice.

"What else would a sissy like you wear?"

Filled with shame, frustration, and helplessness, Max cried himself to sleep that night.

The next morning, Agatha entered Max's room and sang out in a cheery voice, "Rise and shine, Margaret dear! Put a smile on your face, and meet the day. I'll lay out your clothes while you take your bath."

"What's there to be happy about? I have to wear girl's clothes, and everyone thinks I'm a sissy!"

"Don't worry about what others think, sweetheart. Just be yourself."

"How can I be myself in a dress?" he fumed as he stormed off to the bathroom in his silky nightie and slammed the door

behind him. Agatha smiled in her victory as she laid an array of feminine clothes on the bed.

When Max came out of the bathroom, he saw a matching yellow bra and panties, waist cinch garter belt, two crinoline petticoats, a yellow and white housedress with a tight bodice and full skirt, nylons, and white three-inch pumps. Lying atop the pile was a note that read, "As no sissy would be without them, don't forget your hair, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and perfume."

After a breakfast of half a grapefruit, a single slice of dry wheat toast, and black coffee, Max dutifully slipped on his lace embellished apron and pink rubber gloves. While he sadly did the dishes and cleaned the kitchen, Jeff charged out to play with his growing list of friends.

Around mid morning, Max was busy ironing many of the dresses, skirts, and blouses his mother had worn as a teenager when the doorbell rang. "I'll get it, dear," Agatha sang out. "I know how skittish you are about being seen in your pretty housedresses."

After a few moments, Max heard a very familiar voice behind him gasp, "I heard you were a sissy, but I had to see for myself to believe it! How could you do this to me?" Looking around, he saw Gwen with a hurt expression on her face. His eyes filled with tears, and he ran from the room as fast as possible in his heels with petticoat laden skirts rustling musically about his nylon encased thighs.

"Gwen was right," Agatha said as she entered Max's room and found him shaking with tears on his bed. "She had a right to see for herself that you are a sissy like her friends said. Now, come on. Dry those tears, repair your makeup, and come back downstairs. She wants to have a chat with you."

Half an hour later, after composing himself and repairing his makeup, Max hoped his girlfriend would understand his sissy plight. When he entered the den; however, he was aghast to see at least two-dozen of his classmates with Gwen. Amid shouts of, "Sissy!" "Pansy!" "Queer!" "Girly Boy!" and others, he ran from the room in tears once again.

One evening, Max was alone in the house when the phone rang. To his surprise and elation, it was his mother! Breathlessly, he tried to describe the horrors inflicted on him by his aunt, but there was a lot of noise on the other end of the line. "Mom, you've got to come home!" he shouted. "Auntie is trying to turn me into some kind of pantywaist. She makes me do all the housework in dresses and high heels, and ... and..."

"Max, I can barely hear you! I'm at this fabulous party, and the music is so loud. Cliff, stop that, I'm talking to my son!" she giggled. "I'm sorry, but I have to go. You and Jeff be sure to mind Agatha, okay? I'm glad you're having a good time. Bye now!"

He could hear his mother giggle some more before hanging up. He was sad because she hadn't heard a word he said. And who was this Cliff guy?

Agatha looked Max over critically one morning about a month after her arrival and observed, "You look pale, and you've been acting listless lately. Have you been taking your vitamins?"

"How could I not take them?" he scowled. "You watch me morning and night. Anyway, the reason I look pale is because you make me stay inside to do housework, and the reason I'm listless is because of my starvation diet!"

"Perhaps, but I think you should see a doctor. Your mother would never forgive me if I allow you to come down with something preventable. I'll call for an appointment."

"I can't go to the doctor in a dress!" Max wailed. "You have to let me wear pants!"

"Nonsense, Margaret! If the doctor isn't informed that you're a sissy and doesn't see you in your normal clothes, how can an accurate diagnosis be reached?"

"What will the doctor say when he sees my dress, silky undies, blonde hairstyle, makeup, and high heels?" Max fretted as he read the sign, "Dr. J. K. Adams, Internal Medicine, and Sex Therapist" on the door. Inside the office, he signed in as Margaret Johnson, while thinking, "Considering the way I'm dressed, it's best that I be thought of as Margaret."

His bubble was burst shortly afterward when the nurse opened the interior door and called out, "*Mr.* Johnson!" To say Max was embarrassed as he walked across the waiting room in his dress and heels after that would be a gross understatement!

Max's next surprise came when, after stripping to his panties and waist cinch as instructed, the doctor entered the examination room, and he saw that Dr. Adams was a *woman*! "So, this is Margaret?" she said with a smile. "I must say that you're as pretty as any sissy I've ever seen. Okay, sit on this table, and we'll get started."

After a thorough examination, that required Max to completely undress, Dr. Adams looked at Agatha and said, "You were right to bring Margaret in. His pale color is due to a glandular condition that is quite rare. See the puffiness of his pectoral muscles and the slight enlargement of his areolas? That, and the unusually high estrogen level we found in his urine are early symptoms."

"What can be done, doctor?" Agatha inquired.

"This type malady is difficult to reverse," Dr. Adams admitted. "Before we can get it under control, I'm afraid he will develop breasts like a teenage girl going through puberty. It's probably a good thing he's a sissy who likes to wear dresses because, in a few months, he won't need padding in his brassieres."

"I only dress this way because Auntie makes me!" Max snapped.

"Lean forward for a shot in your hip, and then, you can get dressed," Dr. Adams instructed while ignoring his outburst.

"I'll give you a prescription for hormones to combat your glandular problem, and I'll want to see you again in four weeks."

Max's summer was now set. He wore dresses to keep house, and due to his strict diet and tight waist cinches, he lost the weight Agatha desired. His greatest concern was that his breasts continued to grow to the point that he no longer needed padding in his bra. Also, his hips broadened like Dr. Adams predicted, giving him a neat girlish figure. To his relief, his only trips into the outside world were to the doctor, the boutique, the hairdresser, and an occasional meal in a nice restaurant.

"You've been a sweet obedient sissy of late, Margaret, so I think you deserve a reward," Agatha smiled at Max one morning near the end of summer. "As a reward, go to your room, relax, and treat yourself to a beauty regimen."

"Yes, Auntie," Max sighed. He didn't want to ply his face with all that feminine goop, but at least he would be away from the bitchy tyrant who made his life miserable. After removing his dress and pulling his diaphanous negligee over his bra and silky half-slip, he sat at his vanity and commiserated, "I'll sure be glad when this miserable summer is over. Auntie knows I'm not a sissy, but she has everyone believing I am. When this horrible ordeal is over, and I return to pants, I hope I can convince Gwen and my other friends that I only wore dresses this summer because that crazy bitch made me. I did it one time, maybe I can do it again."

Max grudgingly applied a blue beauty mask after removing his makeup and thoroughly cleansing his face. When carefully peeled it from his face in an hour, the oil and dirt would be removed, and his face would feel refreshed, but he hated the feminine implications. In the interim, he brushed his hair into a neat style and removed the polish from his finger and toenails and replaced it with a medium pink shade.

"I'm pleased to see you performing your beauty ritual as instructed, Margaret," Agatha praised in a smug tone when she surprisingly entered Max's room and observed him smoothing the pink lacquer on his nails.

"It's not fair for you to make me wear dresses and all these other girlish things," Max sadly lamented. "You never make Jeff wear dresses or do sissy stuff!"

"Fair or not, you had best be attending your beauty ritual like a sweet obedient sissy when I look in on you again, young *Miss!*" Agatha snarled as she closed his door. Inwardly, she was beaming with delight. Her plan, to force her nephew into dresses while convincing others that he was a sissy and was wearing them by choice, was working like a charm and right on schedule!

A while later, Max heard the door open behind him. Assuming the intruder was his aunt, he continued massaging moisturizing cream into his face without looking up. "What is this, Max?" a voice filled with shock and awe sounded from behind him. "What are you doing, and why are you dressed like *that?*"

Looking abruptly behind him, Max became distressed beyond words when he recognized the mystery guest as none other than his mother, and she had seen him in his ultra feminine ensemble! Jumping to his feet, he gushed, "*Mom*, this isn't what you think!" he blurted. "Auntie makes me..."

"Enough!" Cathryn spat in anger and frustration. "Not only are you wearing a silky see-through cover over a girlish bra and slip, your hair has been bleached blonde and permed into a feminine style, your nails are polished and manicured, you're moisturizing your face like a girl, and nobody is here to make you! The only possible explanation is that you are a sissy like Agatha says!"

Before Max could attempt to explain, she abruptly turned, fled the room, and slammed the door behind her. His initial impulse was to run after his distraught mother, but he couldn't bring himself to leave the room in his sissy ensemble.

Rushing to his vanity, he hurriedly wiped the excess cream from his face.

Grabbing a white off the shoulder blouse, a pink poodle skirt, and a crinoline petticoat, he threw them on his bed. Wasting no time, he slipped his arms out of his satin bra straps so they wouldn't show when his blouse was in place. When he was dressed, he carefully brushed his bulky petticoats beneath him and sat at his vanity to do his makeup. Before leaving the room, he checked his overall appearance in the full-length mirror. On an impulse, he made a few passes through his lashes with the mascara wand, brushed a tad of unnecessary blush high on his already red cheeks, and smoothed on another coat of pink gloss lipstick.

After scurrying down the stairs as fast as possible, he rushed over to his mother and gushed, "Please don't hate me, Mom! I can explain everything!"

"Actions speak louder than words!" she angrily seethed while looking him over with a critical eye. "I should have listened to Agatha years ago when she first told me you were a sissy, but no, I let you convince me otherwise! I even shrugged it off when you insisted on wearing panties and letting your hair grow long like a girl. Now, I may as well face the fact that she's right about you being a full-blown *sissy!*"

"I know how it looks, Mom, but I'm not a sissy!" he wailed. "Really, I'm not! Auntie made me..."



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“The very idea that Agatha could make a strong boy like you wear dresses against your will is ludicrous!” Cathryn declared. “Since you like dresses and skirts so much, you will wear them full time until you start acting like a man!”

"Have you ever heard anything more ridiculous in your life?" Agatha scoffed. "Imagine an old woman like me making a strong agile young man wear dresses!"

"She knows karate and all sorts of martial arts! I..."

"Since you are an obvious sissy, Jeff and I will refer to you as Margaret in the future, and you will wear dresses and skirts full time! I'll help you become the most feminine girly boy possible, but if I hear any more denials about your true nature, I'll pull you across my lap and give you a sound spanking on your panties! Do you understand?"

Knowing Agatha had won this round, he lowered his head and sighed, "Yes, Mom."

"Taking her femininely dressed son in her arms, she said, "I love your skirt and blouse. In fact, I used to have an outfit almost like it."

"It's the same one," Agatha pronounced. "Margaret spent a whole afternoon going through your old things in my attic, and he has a whole closet full of dresses, skirts, and blouses to prove it. Don't you know how sissies love to wear their mother's clothes?"

"What a disappointment!" Cathryn sighed as she sat in an easy chair, folded her hands in her lap, looked down, and sighed, "I come home to share some wonderful news with my family, and I find my son dressed like a teen queen in my old clothes."

Max wanted to insist that Agatha made him wear dresses once again, but not wanting a spanking, he could only sigh in defeat.

"The last few years, you seemed to put your sissy ways behind you," Cathryn continued. "Even though you kept your hair long, you threw your dolls out and stopped wearing panties. You even became one of the best players on your baseball team and started dating Gwen. I hoped you had put your sissy ways behind you and were maturing into a normal young man, but as is evidenced by your actions and your

current manner of dress, my optimism was clearly overshadowed by naivety."

"But, Mom, the reason I became a normal boy then was because Auntie wasn't here to make me wear dresses!" Max wailed as he nervously toyed with his skirt. "Now that she's back, she's making me do sissy things again! Don't you see?"

"No more excuses or denials, *Margaret!*" she snapped. "You *are* a sissy, and you *will* wear dresses until you convince me otherwise! Now, step out here, and model your chic ensemble for me. That's it. Hold your skirt out, and be sure to show plenty of petticoat lace."

"Don't be so hard on him, Cathryn," Agatha advised. "He tried so hard to be a real boy for you. When you left, he came to me in tears and pleaded with me to allow him to dress as a girl on occasion. I guess I felt sorry for him and let it get out of hand, but look, his true nature would have come out sooner or later. Accept him as the sissy he is, and you'll both be happier."

"I suppose I should, but I'm so disappointed," Cathryn sighed. "I did so want this to be a happy occasion. Cliff and Andy will be here soon, and I so wanted the boys to become friends. Oh well, since *Margaret* will be dressing as a girl until he puts his sissy nature behind him, he'll just have meet them in his skirt and blouse."

"Meet who, Mom?" Max gasped. "I don't want to meet anyone dressed like *this!*"

"No arguments," Cathryn firmly stated. "As I said, you'll be wearing dresses and skirts full time until you show me that you can act like a man!"

"How can I act like a man if I wear dresses and skirts all the time?" Max wailed as he held out his skirt for emphasis, allowing a froth of crinoline to show.

"Oh goody, they're here!" Cathryn gushed excitedly before she could answer her son's logical question. "Go to Jeff's room, and tell him to come down. I just know you'll love them as much as I do!"

Max and Jeff watched in awe as a man they never saw entered the room, sauntered over to their mother, put his arm around her, and gave her a soft, yet lingering, kiss. He was smoking a pipe and was followed by a boy who appeared to be a couple of years older than Max. Like the man, the boy was wearing slacks, shirt, sports coat, tie, and his shoes were polished to a glossy hue.

After eagerly returning the man's kiss, Cathryn blushed as she introduced, "Jeff, Margaret, this is Cliff. We fell in love on our Mediterranean cruise, were married at sea, and have been on a month long honeymoon."

"Married!" Max gasped in total surprise while momentarily forgetting about his skirt. "But, what about Dad? Isn't he...?"

"Yeah, Mom!" Jeff injected. "What about Dad?"

"You don't hear from your father except at Christmas and birthdays," Agatha injected. "Even then, he sends presents instead of bringing them in person. Face it. That worthless snit is never coming back. Your mother is still young, and she deserves a chance to be happy. Accept the fact that she is married to a man other than your father, and wish her all the happiness in the world."

Cliff, this is my manly son, Jeff and my sissy son, Margaret," Cathryn introduced. "Boys, this is my new husband and your stepfather, Cliff."

"Welcome to the family, Cliff" Jeff greeted, stepping forward to give Cliff a firm handshake.

Max was blushing for all he was worth as he stared at his mother's new husband. Not knowing what else to do, he grasped the sides of his full pink poodle skirt in his fingertips, dropped a polite curtsy, and sighed in a soft lilting voice, "I'm pleased to meet you, sir."

"Nice to meet you two boys as well," Cliff smiled without commenting on the way Max was dressed. "Jeff, Margaret, this is my son, Andy. He will be a junior at the university this fall."

After Jeff shook hands with his stepbrother and Max politely curtsied, Andy approached Max with a smile. Gently taking his hand, he leaned over, gave Max a gentle kiss on the cheek, and whispered in his ear, "I look forward to having a sissy for a brother. I'm sure we'll be real *close* friends."

Max was so shaken by Andy's act of affection traditionally reserved for boy to girl greetings that he lost his voice. All he could do was lower his gaze and blush even brighter.

Following introductions, the group sat around the living room chitchatting and getting to know one another. Max was extremely apprehensive in his skirt and blouse, especially since Andy stared at him the entire time.

Finally, Jeff asked a typically boyish question. "When do we eat?"

As everyone laughed, Cliff said, "Good question, Jeff. I was beginning to wonder the same thing."

"Let's go out," Cathryn suggested. "This is our first evening at home with out family since our honeymoon, and I think we should celebrate."

"Good idea," Agatha agreed. "But, you'll have to give us a few minutes to get ready. Jeff, change into your blue suit."

He started to protest, but seeing his aunt's firm expression, he smiled and sighed, "Okay, Aunt Aggie."

"As for you, Margaret," his mother said, "Your outfit is fine, but since the real men are wearing coats and ties, I think you should dress up your *look* with darker makeup, some jewelry, and of course, nylons and heels."

Max wanted to dress like the other males, but he didn't want to risk getting spanked. Just as he reached the door on his way to his room; however, a strong hand on his upper arm pulled him aside. Andy looked at him with a stern expression, and said, "It's intriguing that you're dressed as a girl, but wear nylons instead of pantyhose, and lose the petticoats."

Andy's bold approach stunned Max, and he could only nod. "The nerve of that guy!" he seethed as he ascended the stairs

to his room. "Who does he think he is ordering me what to wear?"

When he reached his room, Max raised his skirt and peeled off his petticoats. Stepping out of the puddle of crinoline on the floor, he hurried to his drawer, retrieved a garter belt, lifted his skirt, fastened the garment about his waist, and threaded the straps beneath his panties. After kneading sheer nylons over his smooth hairless thighs, he fastened the dark tops to his garter straps, tugged his slip down, brushed his skirt into place, and stepped into stylish white pumps with slender three-inch heels.

He was seated at his vanity carefully brushing his hair when his mother entered his room to check on his progress. Seeing her, he pleaded, "Oh Mom, please don't make me go out looking like this! Let me change into a coat and tie like the *other* men!"

"Don't be silly!" Cathryn shrugged as she turned before Max's full-length mirror to make sure her skirt hung correctly and that there were no runs in her nylons. "You can't dress like the men because you're not like them. Besides, you look perfectly at home in that chic skirt and blouse of mine."

"But, Mom!"

"Oh, come on! Can you imagine Jeff or Andy in a dress? Of course not! The idea is much too preposterous! Hurry and make yourself pretty. Our men are waiting."

Realizing further pleas would be useless, Max observed his mother preening in the mirror. "Mom, you never used to wear skirts that short. What's up?"

"Your stepfather, I hope!" she smiled while pushing her breasts up to make sure an enticing view of cleavage was evident in her slightly low cut blouse. "I want to keep him interested. By the way Andy was looking at you, perhaps you had best make yourself appealing to him. Is that why you peeled off that petticoat?" When Max blushed without answering, she giggled, "I thought so!"

"Mom!" he finally found the courage to respond. "I don't think of boys that way, and I didn't take my petticoats off to impress Andy! They're so juvenile. I...just thought I would look older without them."

"Don't worry, sweetheart," she snickered. "Boys usually like girls and sissies a bit younger than themselves. Anyway, your secret is safe with me!"

When they went downstairs to join the others, Andy rushed over to Max, took his hands, held him at arm's length, had a long look, and smiled while offering his arm. "I'm pleased to see you took my advice. Come, let's join the others."

Max dutifully took the proffered arm and allowed Andy to escort him to the car. "So, you like wearing pretty dresses and skirts?" Andy asked as they walked along.

"I hate it!" Max insisted. "Auntie started calling me a sissy, buying me dolls, and making me wear dresses and stuff when I was very young, and she's never let up. When I was about ten, she made me grow my hair long and wear panties under my jeans. With Mom gone, she made me wear dresses all summer and keep house like a maid. In spite of all that, Mom never believed I was a sissy until she came home and found me wearing this skirt. Now, she says I have to dress as a girl full time!"

A sinister expression crossed Andy's face, and he grinned, "Don't worry, I'm sure you and I will become *very* good friends. In fact, I insist!"

At dinner, Andy made sure to sit beside Max at the table, the reason soon becoming apparent. While they ate, he reached his free hand under the tablecloth draped across their laps, inched Max's skirt up, and caressed his smooth nylon-clad thigh.

Not wanting to cause a scene that might expose his true gender, Max discretely tried to push Andy's hand away. Despite his efforts, his stepbrother's hand kept returning. Finally, Max surrendered to the intrusive hand and tried to eat while surrendering free rein under his skirt. He did

cringe; however, when Andy's finger roamed under his garter strap.

The meal finally over, Andy stood beside Max while Cliff dutifully paid the bill. While no one was watching, Andy began caressing Max's buttocks through his skirt, slip, and panties. Again, being hesitant to cause a scene that might betray his true gender, he did nothing but swallow his masculine pride and allow Andy to have his *fun*.

In the days that followed, Cliff and Andy moved in with the Johnson family. During this time, Max was kept busy cooking, cleaning, washing, ironing, and scurrying about to do other feminine chores while Jeff helped the *men* move in their belongings. Andy was making passes with increasing boldness; causing Max to feel ill at ease in his dresses, skirts, and aprons.

Convinced that Max was a sissy, Cathryn noticed the attention Andy paid him, leading her to think her son was encouraging him. Calling Max aside, she smiled, "It's time for our mother-sissy talk. Andy is a nice, slightly older young man, and I'm pleased that you are attracted to him. However, since you haven't had much experience with men, heed this advice. It's okay to flirt and tease, smile, flash a bit of lace or an attractive thigh, but be careful that you don't appear too easy."

"But, Mom! I'm not coming on to Andy!"

"Oh, Margaret, just let that subject drop and let's move on, shall we. Now, if Andy asks you out to dinner, a movie, a walk in the park, or whatever, I think you should accept. Keep in mind that an occasional kiss or a discreet caress is to be expected, but don't let him go too far. If his hand sneaks up under your skirt, politely but firmly, stop him. He's a gentleman, and he'll respect your wishes."

"Yes, Mom," Max blushed, knowing further discussion was useless."

The following Saturday afternoon, when everything was finally unpacked, Max was sitting on the patio with his skirt high on his thighs soaking up the early autumn sun. He was relaxing for the first time in what seemed like days. When Andy showed up, and sat beside him, he was surprised and made a quick move to lower his skirt back to the modest range. With a flirty grin Andy said, "Don't hide those sexy legs! They're two of your best features."

Max reluctantly relented and left his skirt in place, but he was nervous and ill at ease with his thighs on display from under a skirt. "With a blush, he tried to change the subject by asking, "How do you like living here?"

"Considering the scenery, it's great!" Andy replied while indicating Max's exposed thighs. "How about we take in a movie after dinner?"

"I can't go out dressed like *this!*" Max declared, sweeping his hand to emphasize his blouse and the feminine skirt riding high on his thighs. "I don't have anything to wear but girl's clothes, and I would be too embarrassed to go out in a skirt!"

"Maybe it wouldn't be too bad with me there to protect you," Andy sympathized.

"Yes, it would! I know because my friends saw me in a dress after I got kicked off the team for wearing panties. Now, everyone thinks I'm a sissy, including my girlfriend and the cops! A handsome college guy like you must have pretty girls all over you. Why would you want to go out with a boy in a dress?"

Andy sighed with a slight blush, "I've always been attracted to sissy boys. Your dresses, hair, makeup, and shaved legs make you look more feminine than any boy I've ever known. I've seen fraternity guys dress up for skits or wear dresses and stumble around in high heels for Hell Week, but even with makeup and wigs, they still look like guys. Hell, you don't just look feminine, you're *sexy!*"

"If I do, it's because of Auntie's training and all those hours of practice," Max blushed. "Having to wear dresses is so embarrassing for a boy. Please don't tease me."

"I'm not teasing!" Andy admitted sincerely. "I know I've taken liberties copped a few feels the last few days, and I'm sorry if I upset you. But look, you can't stay in the house for the rest of your life. Let me make amends by taking you to the movies."

While Max blushed in indecision, Cathryn stepped onto the patio. When Max saw the direction of her gaze, he leapt to his feet to allow his skirt, slip, and crinoline petticoats to fall into place. "What's going on out here?" she asked with a knowing smile.

Coming to Max's rescue, Andy replied, "Margaret and I were having a little disagreement about whether he should go with me to the movies. I think we about have things settled now though." Max blushed anew but didn't reply.

"Do this for me," Andy requested. "No crinoline petticoats or pantyhose. I hate the damn things!"

"You only *think* you hate them! I'm the one who has to wear them!"

"Not if I have my way," Andy smiled as he walked away with a confident, self-assured swagger. "Make yourself beautiful and sexy for our first *date*."

"Mom!" Max sobbed. "I didn't accept a date with Andy! He more or less ordered me to go! You heard!"

"Oh, my dear Margaret," Cathryn sighed as she took her weeping son in her arms. "You sit around out here with your skirt at your waist, and you don't expect a virile young man like Andy to admire your legs and want to get his hands on them? What's next, a push up bra that shows off your blossoming titties?"

"Please don't tease me about my breasts. Dr. Adams says my glandular condition is causing them to grow."

"Nonsense!" Cathryn scoffed. "Your body is just trying to keep up with your sissy appearance and persona! Face the facts, Margaret. You are a sissy boy who is about to get dressed and prettied up for a date with a real boy or risk a sound spanking on your silky panties! Like his father, Andy is a determined young man who likes to take charge, and as a sissy, you had best learn to accept that."

"I have to find a way to convince Mom that I'm not a sissy, or she'll never let me return to pants!" Max wailed as he sat at his vanity in his bra and half-slip applying makeup for his *date* with Andy. He was concentrating so intently on his dilemma that he wasn't paying attention to his task, causing him to smear his eyeliner. "Oh damn!" he fumed. "Watch what you're doing, *Margaret*, or you'll never get your makeup on right!"

Max continued to rack his brain for a way to get out of skirts while getting dressed. Finally, as he turned before his full-length mirror to make sure his skirt hung right and that his slip wasn't showing, an idea struck him. "That's it!" he gushed. "I'll talk with Cliff! Maybe I can persuade him to ask Mom to let me return to pants!"

Having made an effort to look especially feminine for his talk with Cliff, Max came to dinner in a stylish red and white print dress with a full knee length skirt. Finding his stepfather in an easy chair reading the paper and smoking his pipe, he suddenly became less confident of his planned tactic than when the idea first occurred to him.

Seeing his stepson in his attractive dress, Cliff praised, "My, don't you look stunning, Margaret! Is that a new dress? Let's have a look."



"That's it!" Max reasoned while applying his sissy makeup. "I'll get Cliff to talk with Mom!"

"I know how you must feel about wearing dresses, but if you return to pants, Andy will be devastated," Cliff sighed. "I'm sorry for you, but I must remain loyal to my son."

As Max shyly turned this way and that so his stepfather could view his chic dress, he fluttered his eyelids coyly and sighed shyly, "I have a problem, and I think you can help me."

"What is it, doll?"

"Andy knows I'm not a sissy, but he's using Mom's mandate that I wear dresses to make me act like one. Mom was watching when he more or less ordered me to go to the movies with him after dinner. I was *so* embarrassed when she approved! Will you please tell her I'm not a sissy who likes boys? She won't listen to me, but maybe you can convince her to let me return to pants."

"I know your aunt imposed a feminine lifestyle and manner of dress on you for the summer, so I understand your dilemma. On the other hand, Andy is my son, and I've known for quite some time that he is, shall we say, *different*. Instead of girls, he has always been attracted to sissy boys. Now, fate brings you to him, a boy who isn't a sissy, but one he can lovingly guide into femininity."

"Right!" Max exclaimed. "You have to tell Mom..."

"That's why I can't help you," Cliff sighed. "If my son is to be happy, he must have someone like you, or his needs will go unfulfilled."

"But, what about *me*? What about *my* needs?"

"I'm sorry, but my loyalty has to be to Andy. I know you desperately want to return to pants, but that's just not possible at this time. Unfortunately, some boy had to bite the bullet, unwillingly wear dresses, and sacrifice his masculinity for my son's happiness. Too bad it had to be you, but that's life."

"Please, Cliff..."

"Tell you what I *will* do," Cliff smirked. "I'll tell Andy how you put on your prettiest dress used this coy little girl act to try and con me into talking your mother out of making you wear dresses. He has to be pleased that you're already using feminine wiles to get your way."

"But you don't know what it's like for a normal boy to be forced to wear dresses and have everyone think he's a sissy," Max whined as he lowered his eyes in shame.

"I have an idea how traumatic wearing dresses must be for you, but Andy's happiness is the only issue from my perspective," Cliff smirked as he confidently puffed his manly pipe.

Grasping for straws, Max declared, "I'll tell Mom you and Andy know Auntie set me up to make everyone think I'm a sissy and that he is using her demand that I wear dresses to force me farther into femininity! Then, she'll have to let me return to pants!"

"If you mention this conversation to your mother, I'll simply deny it ever took place," Cliff declared calmly and emphatically as he re-lit his pipe. "As for you, my dear sweet *Margaret*, I suggest you smile, wiggle your cute fanny in that sexy skirt, and do whatever it takes to make Andy happy!"

Max's plan to get out of skirts had failed. All he could do was take Andy's arm and reluctantly allow himself to be escorted to the car. At the movie, Andy seemed unable to keep his hands off his feminine appearing date. One hand crept under Max's skirt and slip while the other, draped around his shoulders, fondled the protrusions in his bra. Max tried to resist at first, but finally, in surrender to his persistent escort, he gave up. As he laid his head on Andy's broad shoulder, he thought, "Oh well, his caresses are gentle, and they do feel kind of nice."

Having acquired access to his date's nylon-sheathed thighs and budding breasts, Andy enjoyed fondling his prey. He experienced a special thrill as he inhaled the faint perfumed aroma of Max's hair. He had been with sissies in skirts before, all who were willing, but none were anywhere near as sexy or desirable. Knowing he had to go easy with this one or risk losing him, he still couldn't resist planting a gentle kiss on his luscious red lips.

"No!" Max gasped as he quickly withdrew from Andy's embrace.

"Oh, come on, *Margaret!* Don't be such a prude!" Andy snapped angrily, upset that his romantic interlude had been interrupted. Attempting to pull his resolute date back into his arms, he softened his voice and sighed, "I'm sorry, I just couldn't resist your charms. Anyway, what's the harm in a little kiss?"

"I don't kiss other *boys!*" Max sighed just above a whisper. Hoping to emphasize his point without piquing the curiosity of surrounding spectators, he eased back into Andy's arms while quietly hissing, "I'm not a sissy, even if Mom does make me wear dresses!"

"You're the most exciting sissy I've ever known," Andy whispered while embracing his date once again. When Max looked up in surprise, Andy kissed him again, this time much more passionately. Instead of pulling away as before, something inside Max, that he didn't understand, made him respond by returning Andy's kiss. His victory won, Andy pressed his advantage with his now compliant quarry, kissing and caressing him at will.

After the movie, Andy opened the passenger door and held it while Max seated himself and adjusted his skirt. When he was positioned behind the wheel, he beckoned Max to slide over beside him. "This isn't right," Max insisted as he hesitantly slid over as instructed. "I'm not a sissy even if I am wearing a dress!"

"You're my sissy," Andy declared confidently as he casually flipped Max's skirt and slip back into his lap to reveal his smooth thighs to the dark tops of his nylons. Taking Max in his arms, Andy planted a passionate kiss on his full red lips, and when they separated, he said, "Keep your skirt up so I can see your sexy legs. Also, when I'm around you in the future, discretely, yet innocently, raise your skirt so I can admire them. That would be cool!"

Max blushed at the thought of raising his skirt for Andy, but despite himself, he was pleased with the compliment. He resisted to the extent possible, but Andy's aggressions didn't cease until the pair kissed goodnight at the door to his room.

Even then, Andy lovingly massaged his buttocks through his skirt, slip, and panties

The next morning, Cathryn examined Max's dress from the night before with a purpose. Seeing the mass of wrinkles in his skirt, she smiled inwardly and mused, "Uh huh. It seems our little sissy isn't the prude he wants us to believe he is."

During the next few weeks, Andy frequently took Max out, and while at home, he encouraged his prey to become the sissy of his dreams. To accomplish that, he insisted on Max bringing him snacks and otherwise seeing to his comfort. After obeying each command, Andy thanked him with an affectionate kiss, no matter who was watching!

Having been without a man for several years since her divorce, Cathryn was happy to be married again, and she was especially thrilled with the sex. Being convinced that Max was a sissy, when she saw what appeared to be amorous exchanges with Andy, she assumed her son was as happy as she.

Assuming that he wanted to become as effeminate as possible, she enrolled him in charm and etiquette classes to teach him grace in his carriage and mannerisms and in speech therapy to raise the pitch of his voice. To accelerate his progress, she, insisted that he practice his lessons and use his new voice at all times.

One Saturday afternoon, Max served a snack of beer and sandwiches to Cliff and Andy, who were watching a football game on television. To show his support for their team, he wore a silky white blouse, a tight red skirt, and red three-inch pumps. His lipstick and nail polish were also red to coordinate his *look*. After clearing the dishes away, he brought them another beer and politely asked, "Would you gentlemen like dessert?"

"Come over here, and I'll show you dessert!" Andy declared from the recliner. Knowing what was expected, Max kicked off his heels, hoisted his tight red skirt to mid-thigh to allow himself the freedom to climb into Andy's lap. When he passively laid his head on Andy's shoulder, he couldn't see the television, so with his raised skirt revealing most of his thighs, he passively curled up and relaxed while Andy had his fun caressing them.

When Jeff brought Cindy, who was now his girlfriend, in for a snack, they saw the gathering in the den. "Cindy, this is Cliff, my mother's husband, and his son Andy in the recliner," Jeff introduced. "You know my sissy brother Margaret in his lap. Everyone, this is Cindy."

Cindy, who was wearing shorts, a tank top, and a baseball cap with her ponytail arrayed through the hole in back, looked at Max. Seeing his skirt hoisted high on his thighs, revealing a large expanse of lace at the hem of his slip and the dark tops of his nylons, she scoffed, "Real girls only wear frilly stuff like that on extra special dress-up occasions!"

Upon hearing that rebuke of his masculinity, Max leaped from Andy's lap. Standing in his stocking feet, he hurriedly brushed his skirt into position. Looking Jeff squarely in the eye, he angrily admonished, "You know better than to bring anyone here to see me like *this*!"

"What's the big deal?" Jeff shrugged. "Cindy has seen you in dresses before. Anyway, we just came by for a snack. How about making us a sandwich, huh?"

Knowing he was expected to do all of the housework, Max meekly lowered his eyes, slipped his feet into his red pumps, and submissively sighed, "What do you want on your sandwiches?" Tying a lacy apron over his dress, Max obediently prepared the sandwiches in accordance with Jeff and Cindy's wishes. When they finished, he asked, "Would you like some chocolate chip cookies for dessert? I baked them just this morning."

"Sure thing, but I'll need some more milk!" Jeff smiled.

While Jeff wolfed down several cookies, Cindy asked, "Won't you join us?"

"Oh no, I couldn't," he sighed. "I'm wearing this extremely tight waist cinch, and sweets expand my tummy something awful."

"Well anyway, thanks for the snack."

"See, there are advantages to having a sissy brother," Jeff declared without a word of acknowledgement or thanks as he pulled Cindy toward the door.

One night, as Andy was kissing Max goodnight at his bedroom door, he nimbly opened the door and guided him inside. To Andy, Max was sexy and desirable in his enforced feminine role, and he was quick to seize any opportunity to get intimate. With a grin of passion, he took Max in his arms, planted a passionate kiss on his lips, laid him across the bed, and straddled him making him immobile. "Mmmm, Margaret, you are so sexy! You insist that you're a real man, but all I see, smell, and hear is a sissy, and I would have it no other way," Andy cooed in Max's delicate ear.

Pinned to the bed by Andy's larger body, his arms secured to the bed, all Max could do was timidly submit as Andy smothered his ears, neck, and lips with passionate kisses. "But...but I am a..." he weakly started to protest, only to have the protest die on his lips from another passionate kiss.

Unable to defend himself against Andy's amorous onslaught, Max felt his passions rise, and his struggles to free himself diminished. "You are the sexiest girl I've ever met," Andy softly whispered in Max's ear, and I want you...all of you."

"But..." Max started to protest, but as Andy kissed his neck, he barely stifled a moan of pleasure and wrapped his arms about Andy's masculine neck. "Ahhh!" Max moaned when Andy nibbled the back of his ear. "Please... I shouldn't..." Max sighed as he returned Andy's passion.

Andy freed Max's arms and lifted himself from on top of his body, so he could gain access to the buttons down the front of his lover's blouse. Quickly freeing half of them to give him access to Max's bra, with quivering fingers, he unsnapped the hook in front to separate the cups, freeing Max's growing feminine breasts.

Max screeched in pleasure as Andy kissed one, then the other nipple, making them harden into distended peaks. "Oh, Andy...we shouldn't..." Max moaned, but did nothing to escape from Andy's arms.

"Do you like?" Andy smiled, knowing by the look on Max's face that he was caught up in the pleasure of the moment. Tomorrow Max may regret what he was doing now, but that was in the future, and now is now.

"Oh, Andy, I shouldn't, but I..." he didn't finish as he pulled Andy's face down to his eager lips.

Moments later, Max's breasts were free and jiggling about on his heaving chest as Andy gave them his undivided attention. Suddenly Max's eyes went as wide as saucers and he gasped as he felt Andy's manly erection probing into his skirt. They were still fully clothed below the waist, yet Andy's erection was so great it felt like he was trying to penetrate through their clothing.

"We cannot continue, Andy," Max cried. "I'm...I'm not like that."

"Maybe not now, my sweet sissy, but soon, very soon," Andy whispered as he reached beneath Max's skirt. "You may not realize it, but with each passing day, you are becoming the sissy that you fight so hard to deny. Your femininity is inevitable, so why fight it? There is so much pleasure to be had by submitting to your feelings and allowing nature to have her way. I would treat you like a queen."

"But it's not right," Max cried, finally freeing himself from Andy's grip. "I'm a guy like you. It's not right that I find pleasure in your attentions."

"You are such a silly girl sometimes," Andy held Max's head between his two hands and kissed him on both eyes. "Everyone knows that you are a sissy, even though you protest so adamantly. You can never be a manly man with these womanly breasts, no facial hair, soft womanly skin, and high lilting voice. No Margaret, you are a sissy girl, and the sooner you realize that and accept the inevitable, the sooner you will find peace."

"I...I just cannot allow that to happen," Max shook his head to clear it of Andy's seductive words. "I am a guy, and one guy does not gain pleasure from another...no matter if his body tells him differently."

"I'm a patient man, Margaret dear," Andy sat on the bed and straightened his shirt. "One day you will willingly be my sissy, and the sooner you realize that, the happier we both will be." He then slowly left the bedroom.

Max was too disheveled by this experience to move. His skirt was at his waist, his breath was labored, and he still felt Andy's lips on his face, neck, and exposed breasts. 'What if Andy was right? No! He can't be right. I won't allow it.'

"According to the tests, your sexual activity has increased instead of decreasing as your hormonal therapy intended," Dr. Adams observed during Max's next monthly appointment. "Explain."

"He has a boyfriend," Agatha gushed. "Apparently, their relationship is more than platonic."

"Is this true?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," Max blushed. "He's my stepbrother. He likes sissy boys, and he's taking advantage of my condition and Mom's order that I wear dresses until I can act like a normal young man."

"Jumping into bed with your stepbrother for sex at every opportunity is certainly no way to accomplish that goal!" Dr. Adams declared. "Nor will frequent climaxes help reverse

your hormonal imbalance. If we are to have any hope of a cure, we'll have to take much more stringent measures. Nurse Willis, bring in a male restrainer." After another look at Max's genitals, she added, "Small, I would think."

While the nurse held an icy cold cloth on his crotch, the doctor prepared the restrainer. At first, he was sexually aroused to be handled in such a manner by this pretty young woman, but the frosty fabric quickly remedied that situation. When the doctor was ready, he stood red-faced with his legs spread while she installed the '*gadget*', as she called it.

"There!" Dr. Adams declared, in what seemed to Max as a tone of finality. "No more hanky panky! You may now get dressed."

While covering his nudity with his feminine panties, Max wailed, "That thing hurts!"

"You can expect to experience a bit of discomfort at first, but anxiety and frustration will quickly become a greater concern. Both you and your fiancée are accustomed to having free access to your little toy, but until we cure your malady, those days are in the past. You will have to sit for relief, which shouldn't be too much of a bother because I suspect you already do this due to the absence of a fly in your panties, slips, and skirts. Therefore, your major worry will be your inability to achieve a sexual release or even an erection."

"But Doctor!" Max objected. "Andy will insist that I ... that we ..."

"You will just have to find other ways to bring him to fulfillment. As for you, my dear Margaret, as long as I have the key to your gadget, sexual release will be quite impossible for you."

Almost two months had passed since the installation of Max's gadget, and as he predicted, Andy was just as persistent about them making love. In fact, he popped into Max's room for a love session with increasing frequency, and like as not, they slept in the same bed.

As for Max, the absence of sexual release made him irritable and on edge, and some days were worse than others. On those days, he would snap angrily at whoever was present and for no apparent reason, verbally berate them. Only after his monthly injection from Dr. Adams, did he return to some semblance of normal.

This being one of his trying days, he was sitting at his vanity in a bra, panties, slip, waist cinch garter belt, nylon stockings, and heels. He was applying his makeup in preparation for a visit to the doctor when Andy entered his room to see if he was ready. Leaping to his feet in anger and frustration, he stared Andy directly in the eye and screeched, "What do you mean entering my room without knocking?"

"What's wrong, babe?" Andy asked with a knowing smile. "That time of the month?"

"I've had it with all this sissy feminine crap, especially that damnable gadget in my panties, and I'm sick of you barging in on me all the time!"

"Calm down, doll. Nothing can be all that bad."

"You're not listening!" Max declared while shaking a finger in Andy's face. "I'm insisting on Dr. Adams removing my gadget as soon as I get to her office, and I'm chucking all this feminine crap. When I get back home, I'm changing into a pair of Jeff's pants and going shopping for my own!"

With a boyish grin, Andy smirked, "I never realized how sexy you are when you're angry."

"Know this! When I'm rid of that awful gadget once and for all, I won't wear dresses, silky undies, or makeup another minute! Furthermore, no more trips to the beauty parlor to have my hair styled, legs waxed, nails done, or electrolysis treatments! I won't take squeaky voice lessons or prissy charm and comportment classes! I'll no longer starve myself on a crash diet or wear vice-grip waist cinchers to give myself a petite feminine figure! I absolutely refuse to ..."

Andy cut his frustrated lover off by taking him in his arms and whispering, "I get your message, sweetheart, but this is

not my fault. I'm not forcing you to wear dresses or your gadget. I'm here for you, but don't misunderstand. I love the way you look in pretty dresses and skirts with feminine makeup. I adore your gorgeous legs, the taste of your lipstick, the aroma of your sensuous perfume, so please don't take your anger out on me."

"I'm sorry," Max blubbered as he collapsed in Andy's strong arms. "It's just that all my life, Auntie has treated me like a sissy. When I was little, she gave me dolls and insisted that I play with them. Then, she gave me a dress to wear when she visited and made me wear panties under my jeans. She forced me to wear dresses all summer, and now, I have to wear this terrible gadget! I just get so *frustrated!*"

"Come on, and get dressed. You'll feel better after a good cry."

"What did you gain from that outburst just now?" Andy asked as he and Max walked from the doctor's office hand in hand. "You're wearing a dress and your gadget is still securely installed within your panties."

Being slightly winded from having to take rapid steps in his tight skirt and heels to keep pace with Andy's leisurely stride, Max huffed, "You heard the doctor. She said if I give in and have a sexual release now, it will be easier next time. If that happens, my glandular problem will get worse, and my breasts will continue to grow. If I get really uptight, she says I can vent my frustrations and protect my sanity by crying, pounding my fists into my pillow, or scream if I muffle the sound."

Very late on Christmas Eve, Andy took Max in his arms, and after a passionate kiss, nibbled on his ear and whispered, "Step into my room, and I'll give you your present a little early."



"I'm not wearing this awful gadget another minute!" Max wailed.

"What did that little tantrum gain you?" Andy asked after they left Dr. Adam's office. "You're still wearing a dress, and your gadget is still secure within your panties."

Spotting a fairly large box wrapped in glossy red paper and topped with a huge white bow lying on the bed, Max asked anxiously, "Is that for me?"

"Who else?" Andy smiled.

After carefully unwrapping and opening the box, Max exhaled in surprise as he viewed its contents. Even though he had been wearing skirts, dresses, and silky feminine undies for more than six months, he blushed as he lifted a virginal white full-length satin nightgown, matching panties, a virtually transparent negligee, and bedroom slippers with stilt heels from the box.

"I saw it in the window in that high class boutique at the mall a couple of months ago and had it put on lay-away. I saved every spare dime since then to pay it off in time. Do you like it?" Andy asked apprehensively.

"What's not to like?" Max smiled at his gentle lover. Agatha was harsh and cruel to him. Jeff teased him unmercifully. His mother thought he was a sissy and forced him to wear dresses. Cliff was insistent that he remain in dresses as long as Andy was happy. Andy, on the other hand, was nice. He showed genuine affection by giving him a very beautiful, chic, and expensive bedroom costume. "You shouldn't have spent so much!" he gushed while ignoring the fact that, as a boy, he shouldn't wear a feminine gown.

"If you try it on and model it for me, it will be worth every penny," Andy sighed in a hopeful tone.

"Here?"

"Where else?"

After a moment of elation at receiving such a beautiful and expensive gift, Max gathered his composure and said, "My makeup and things are across the hall in my room."

"You look fine as you are!" Andy encouraged, trying not to sound as impatient as he felt. "Why not change in here?"



“As a boy, I shouldn’t be wearing this lovely gown, but it sure feels nice, and I hope Andy isn’t disappointed with the way it looks on me,” Max pondered as he viewed his image in the mirror with mixed emotions.

"Since you gave me such a lovely gift, I want to look my best when I wear it for you," Max teased in a coy tone. "Give me thirty minutes, and come to my room."

"Thirty minutes?"

Max put his finger over Andy's lips to quiet him and whispered, "Thirty minutes isn't that long, and I promise it'll be worth the wait. Open the door and come in without knocking. I don't want to wake Mom and your Dad."

As he apprehensively turned before his full-length mirror in his long slinky nightgown, panties, and high heels, Max had mixed emotions. The gown fit well, and the soft satin felt exquisite against his smooth hairless skin. As a boy, he knew he shouldn't be wearing such a seductive feminine ensemble to entice another male, but his intense estrogen therapy was controlling his emotions and driving him onward.

Flitting nervously about, he made sure his hair and makeup were perfect. To assure that his low-cut gown would reveal the maximum cleavage, he leaned and pushed his pert breasts upward. After slipping into the transparent negligee, he sprayed perfume in the appropriate places, and dimmed the lights to set the mood. Having never been in a similar situation, he looked in the mirror and added a coat mascara and dark red lipstick for good measure.

Andy was dumbfounded when he gazed upon the lovely vision in the satin gown and negligee that stood nervously before him. "Margaret, you are gorgeous!" he gasped while trying to gain control of his speech and other faculties.

"Thank you," Max sighed with a blush. "Did you get your money's worth?"

"Every dime!"

"Margaret, Jeff's baseball team has a game tomorrow afternoon, and I think you should attend," Cathryn told Max during breakfast one spring morning. "You haven't been to a

game all season, and I think you should show support for your manly brother."

"Mom, I can't just go to Jeff's game!"

"I know girls and sissies can't brazenly go out without an escort, but if you ask Andy, I'm sure he'll take you."

Max, who was wearing a neat lavender housedress with a flirty just above the knee-length skirt, nylons, heels, full feminine makeup, and a neat girlish hairstyle, blushed at his mother's misinterpretation of his objection. "No, Mom!" he insisted. "I can't go to the game in a dress! All the players and their parents know I'm a boy! They don't know about my glandular problem, so they think I wear dresses because I'm a sissy!"

"Don't you?" she chided. "If you don't think it's proper for a sissy to ask a boy for a date, I'll drop a few hints."

By her tone, he knew further protests would be futile, he responded with a typically feminine question, "What should I wear?"

"The weather is very warm, so why not wear that backless white dress with the full pleated skirt?" Cathryn gushed. "You know, the one Agatha bought for you during the spring sales. You won't need a slip or nylons, but be sure to wear heels."

"Heels to a baseball game? Isn't that a bit dressy?"

"Nonsense! I'm sure the other girls who have brothers or boyfriends to support will dress for the occasion."

Max, being unsure about his mother's assertion about what the *other* girls would wear, wished he didn't have to wear a dress to Jeff's game. To avoid a confrontation that would only prove embarrassing and malign his scant masculine pride, he lowered his head in shame and agreed to wear the dress she *suggested*.

"Oh no, that will never do!" Cathryn declared with finality as Max turned before her in the prescribed dress on the day of the game. "Your bra straps are showing across your

shoulders, and the band is clearly visible across your back. Take it off this minute!"

"But, Mom! I can't go braless! My breasts ..."

"Of course you can! Those little boobies of yours stand up quite nicely without a bra. Now, go! While you're at it, change into higher heels, add some powder to your face, wear a brighter red lipstick, and re-do your nails to match! You'll be out in the sun, you know!"

"My breasts will show in that low-cut dress without a bra, and if I wear brighter lipstick and those four-inch pumps, I'll have to change my nail polish on my fingers and toes! Andy is picking me up soon, and there's not much time."

Then, you had better hop to it, *Margaret!* I want to see you mincing prissily in those heels like the sissy you are with those budding beauties bouncing prettily!"

When they reached the ball field, Max looked about nervously and saw most of the spectators wearing shorts or slacks. He blushed in the realization that only a few of the females were in skirts, and not *one* was wearing heels! Adding to his anxiety, an occasional gust of wind would blow his skirt askew, but to his credit, he was able to keep it in the modest range until they reached their seats.

As expected, he had to endure taunts and catcalls from the gallery from the moment he arrived and was recognized. Most of the insults were insinuations about his perceived sexual orientation, but a few commented on his inappropriate manner of dress. As an example, one insightful heckler saw him struggling to walk in his heels on the soft earth, and yelled, "Hey sissy boy! Don't you know you're supposed to dress casually for a ballgame? If those stilts sink any deeper, they're apt to strike oil!"

Once the game started, Max was relieved when the attention of the fans turned away from him and to the events on the field.



“Get me out of here before I die of shame and embarrassment!” Max screeched at Andy.

As the game progressed, he adjusted his skirt over his thighs and thought dejectedly, "I used to be the starting third baseman and clean-up hitter on that team, but I got kicked off because the coach saw the panties Auntie made me wear and thought I was a sissy. Jeff took my place and became the star player. I'm no more sissy than he is, but while he plays the hero, all I can do is sit by passively in a dress, heels, and makeup and cheer for him."

In the last inning of the close game, Jeff hit a long drive, and Max leapt to his feet. As he watched the ball fly over the fence to provide the winning run, an unexpected strong gust of wind blew his flimsy skirt above his waist. In a supreme effort to salvage his dignity, he pushed down the front of his wayward skirt, but the back blew high and revealed his silky panties.

Max blushed in humiliation. His brother's homerun had won the game, but the focus of the spectator's attention returned to him and his sissy attire. As he hurried down the steps in his heels while trying desperately to hold his skirt down enough to cover his panties, he wailed to Andy, "Get me out of here! With my skirt blowing awry, I may as well not be wearing one!"

"Don't get cross with me!" Andy scolded amid jeers and taunts from the crowd of laughing fans. "I didn't tell you to wear that full skirt on such a windy day! Anyway, you should have known better!"

Not wanting to risk further humiliation, Max rushed away as fast as possible in his heels while trying, and failing miserably, to hold his skirt down in the brisk wind. When he was finally in the car with his skirt modestly in place, he burst into tears of shame and embarrassment.

Max graduated from high school after attending his senior year in dresses and skirts. When the celebrations were over, Cathryn said he should find a suitable job, and go to work. His diploma being in the name *Margaret Renee Johnson*, the fact that he had worn dresses full time for a year, his

continued breast development, and Andy's continued infatuation with him all meant that he should look for work suitable for a female.

"Ellen Wilson, a friend of mine, manages a wholesale warehouse that sells a full line of feminine products," Agatha offered. "They carry clothes, lingerie, foundation garments, shoes, wigs, and cosmetics, among other things. Since it's located in the city, I don't know if you would be interested, but if you like, I'll give her a call."

"That sounds great!" Andy exclaimed. "I plan to live off campus for my senior year to get away from distractions. If Margaret gets a job in the city, he could move in with me!"

"Then, it's settled!" Agatha exclaimed. "I'll call Ellen right now and see if she has an opening." Agatha was all smiles when she returned from placing her call. "Since Ellen always needs token males in her organization to meet governmental quotas, she can put Margaret to work immediately as a receptionist!"

"You mean I'll be returning to pants?" Max asked in an excited tone.

"Don't be absurd!" Agatha scoffed. "A sissy like you would look ridiculous in pants. You'll wear the latest styles with short skirts, and you'll smile prettily at the customers to relax them and put them in a buying mood."

"I'll be working in dresses, and everyone will know I'm a male?" Max gasped. "No, I can't ... I won't work there!"

Ignoring her nephew's negative assertions, Agatha continued, "Aside from answering the phone, your duties will include serving coffee, making copies, and running errands for the executives. That shouldn't prove too complicated for an empty-headed sissy like you. Also, you should have plenty time to sit at your desk and primp, polish your nails, and other sissy nonsense."

"Isn't that wonderful, sweetheart?" Cathryn gushed. "Another benefit is that you can purchase all the dresses,

skirts, makeup, and things you'll need for your new job at an employee discount. Aren't you excited?"

"What sissy wouldn't be thrilled to have a job where he could wear stylish dresses, skirts, and accessories?" Agatha answered for her stunned nephew. "Of course, Dr. Adams will want to give you a final examination and forward your records to a physician in the city before you move. I'll call for an appointment."

While Max lay nude on the examination table, Dr. Adams said, "Roll over on your side for an injection in your buttocks." Shortly after feeling a slight prick, he got suddenly got woozy and passed out. "When he awoke, Dr. Adams said, "You have just had minor surgery. Lie still, and I'll explain."

He listened in awe and disbelief as Dr. Adams explained that he had not been stricken with a glandular deficiency. To cause his breasts to grow, his hips to widen, and his skin to soften, she had, at Agatha's request, imposed an intense program of estrogen enhancers and testosterone blockers on him. Now, she had now given him implants of a concentrated time-release form of the same medication that would make the feminization of his body permanent. The only plus, from his perspective, was that he would no longer have to wear his gadget.

On the first morning of his new job, Max wore a chic low-cut navy blue dress with a short tapered skirt that showed off his feminine assets to full advantage. His hair and makeup were flawless and done in a style appropriate for a receptionist, and he minced daintily atop three-inch heels.

After his duties were explained to him by Ellen Wilson, the office manager, she advised, "Go to the reception area and work with Lisa for the day. He'll show you the basics of your new job."

"He? Lisa?" Thinking he was the only male who ever had to wear girl's clothes, Max had always felt sorry for himself.

Could there be another? "You have a male receptionist named Lisa!" he gasped. "Does he wear dresses like ... me?"

"See for yourself," Ellen smirked as she pushed a button on the intercom and commanded, "Lisa come to my office!"

Max watched in awe as, moments later, one of the most feminine creatures he had ever seen hurried into the office atop narrow three-inch heels. Lisa was wearing a red dress with a tight low-cut bodice that showed considerable cleavage of full feminine breasts and a mid-thigh length pleated skirt that moved enticingly about his trim nylon sheathed thighs. His long dark brown hair fell onto his shoulders, and his makeup and lipstick were immaculate. "Yes, Ms. Wilson," he gasped breathlessly.

Indicating Max, she replied, "This is Margaret. He will be taking over your duties as receptionist."

"Nice to meet you, Margaret," Lisa beamed while holding out a hand with long oval, perfectly manicured and polished nails. "I'm sure we'll be fast friends."

"You have been promoted to file clerk with a slight increase in pay," Ms. Wilson announced. "Teach Margaret the ropes today, and report to Ms. Welch tomorrow."

"Yes, Ms. Wilson, and thank you," Lisa beamed with a bright smile on his red lips. "Come along, Margaret."

Having never seen another male in skirts, Max watched Lisa carefully as the femininely dressed young man showed him how to politely answer the phone and greet guests. Noticing that Lisa didn't appear as perky as he had been in Ms. Wilson's office, he asked, "How do you like working here in dresses?"

"I hate it!" he scowled. "Do you don't think I would priss around in these sissy clothes if I had a choice?"

"You seemed happy in Ms. Wilson's office."

"If I hadn't been, she would have turned me across her lap, flipped up my skirt and given me a spanking on my panties right in front of you. That bitch keeps a strap in her

desk to keep us sissies in line. You had better be on your best prissy behavior at all times in this place!"

"There are more of us sis...uh...males in dresses...working here?" Max stammered in disbelief.

"Yeah, but don't worry. None of them are as pretty or sexy as you."

"That's not what I meant," Max blushed. "Anyway, the way you move around in that flirty dress, no one would believe you're a male."

"Maybe, but I dearly want to return to pants."

"Why don't you?"

"My sisters say I was meant to wear dresses, and they won't even discuss the issue," Lisa sadly replied. "They're twins, and you wouldn't believe what those minxes are capable of! They run around in jeans, ride horses, drive monster trucks, and I don't think either of them owns a skirt or an item of silky lingerie. As for me, I'm twenty-two, and I haven't worn an article of men's clothing since they put me in skirts when I was fifteen!"

"Did you want to wear skirts, back then, I mean?"

"What boy wants to wear skirts? I swear, I was never more embarrassed than when my friends first saw me in dresses, but what choice did I have with those two?"

"How old were your sisters at the time?"

"Twelve," Lisa sheepishly admitted, blushing fiery red.

Max was dying to learn how two twelve year-old girls could force their fifteen year-old brother to wear dresses and what their parents thought of the situation. Their discussion; however, was put on hold when Ms. Wilson buzzed for coffee.

"Ms. Wilson likes her coffee prepared just so and served immediately!" Lisa exclaimed as he leapt to his feet and brushed his pleated skirt into place. "You had better learn quickly, or you'll find yourself across her lap with your skirt at your waist. Believe me, thin nylon panties aren't much

protection against that heavy leather strap! No matter how much Visine you use after she assaults your cute little tush, your eyes will be red and puffy the rest of the day!"

Heeding Lisa's advice, Max was very careful to serve Ms. Wilson without a mishap. His housework at home helped prepare him for the task, but not wanting to risk a painful and embarrassing session across her lap, he was extremely nervous and on edge.

On his way back to reception from Ms. Wilson's office, he heard a voice grimace from behind him, "Max? Is that you?"

Quickly turning, he saw a slightly familiar woman who appeared to be in her mid forties. She was wearing a stylish business suit with a low-cut blouse that featured substantial cleavage, an above the knee length skirt, and three-inch heels. Seeing a disapproving scowl on her face, he asked curiously, "Do I know you?"

"I'm your father, Max," the *woman* admitted with a blush. "Look what those bitches did to me!"

"Dad?" Max gasped unbelievably. "Why are you wearing a dress? Mom and Auntie said you ran off with some bimbo!"

"That was a ruse perpetrated by your aunt to make your mother think I was cheating on her. I was, but she set me up for that as well. By the look of you, I'm sure you know by now how conniving she can be. While she was convincing everyone you were a sissy, Ms. Wilson was making me look feminine as well. I live with her as her wife and work here as her personal secretary. I didn't visit you and Jeff because I was ashamed of my dresses, not because I didn't love you. Please forgive me."

"You're right, I do know how devious Auntie can be. I spent my entire life wondering what she would do next to humiliate me. By giving me dolls, dresses, and making me wear panties she made everyone think I was a sissy. Looking like *this*, I can't be anything else. As for you, there's nothing to forgive!" Max threw his arms around his father, gave him a daughterly kiss on the cheek and sighed, "Oh, Dad, I'm so happy to see you!"

"Call me Henrietta," Hank blushed while looking at his femininely dressed son. "Everyone here does. You're so beautiful, so feminine! She didn't surgically remove your ... your ... make you into a real girl, did she?"

"No, but she might as well have," Max sighed. "After all the concentrated estrogen compounds and testosterone inhibitors I've ingested over the past year, all that remains of Max is shriveled up in Margaret's silky panties."

"I know the feeling," Hank sighed dejectedly. "Believe me, I know the feeling. Are you still living with your mother and her new husband, Cliff?"

"Uh, no, I'm staying with Cliff's son, Andy. It's too long a commute from Mom's house to this job," Max stammered.

"Living with Andy? Well that cannot be too bad. After all, he is nearly family," Hank observed.

"Uh...yeah, he is certainly family, dad," Max blushed red. "He and I are as close as family can get."

Just then, Agatha approached them with a diabolical grin. Looking the pair of feminized males over with a critical eye, she said, "Well, well, father and son sissies, as I live and breathe!"

"What are you doing here?" Max demanded.

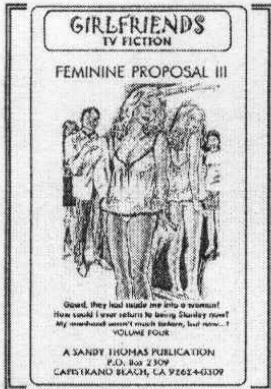
"As owner of this company, I can be here to observe the sissies I created whenever I like," she replied with an evil smirk. "The two males who stole my dear sweet Cathryn away have been systematically stripped of their precious masculinity! Your bodies have been feminized, and you are trapped in skirts with no chance of returning to manhood. Orchestrating this moment has been the focal point of my life, and now, my mission is complete. Revenge is so sweet!"

Max and Hank could only lower their mascara-laden lids, blush in shame and defeat, and reflect on their sissy feminine futures.

The End



"Father and son sissies, and I have you right where I want you!" Agatha scorned.



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