

Paul, his Stepmother, Grandma, and Aunt Miriam sat quietly as the solicitor read the last will and testament of his father, John.

"In conclusion," the solicitor said reading from the will, "I leave my entire estate to my son Paul. However until his marriage my wife, Agatha Delmont, will act as caretaker and guardian of the trust until that time. For Paul, this decision will be a hard one, but knowing how a good woman can mature a man and provide him with a true sense of responsibility will I believe develop that sense of responsibility. This is also a good business decision."

Paul was aghast as the solicitor finished reading the will. He was almost at his majority and now his father did not trust him to handle business affairs. What was more unacceptable was that he would be bound to his hated step-mother until he could get married.

Well he would show her once his current girlfriend Melissa found out about his coming large fortune. She would marry him immediately. It didn't matter that he did not really love her, but even a quick divorce later would be cheaper than staying under his stepmother's thumb. Not only that but he would make sure that his stepmother, grandma, and aunt would never see a dime of his father's money.

As they drove home in the family limo with Paul still upset at the outcome, the three women were huddled together whispering like hissing snakes.

Paul tried to overhear what they were saying but stopped as he couldn't make heads or tails out of their conversation. If he had only known what they were planning he would have jumped out of the limo and run for dear life.

Paul kept to himself once at home and stayed in his room most of the time for the next several days or going out with his friends. He barely noticed that the staff had changed as he wanted to keep as far away from his stepmother as possible.

On the third morning he was awakened by a tall middle aged woman wearing a black full length dress and white apron. She appeared to be in her mid to late thirties, was big boned and about a foot taller than him. She looked very severe.

Clutching the blankets to his chest he demanded what she thought she was doing unannounced in his room at such an ungodly hour.

To his great surprise, she moved very quickly over to his bedside from the window and effortlessly pulled the linens from his body. Reaching down she grabbed him with strong fingers, digging painfully into the soft underarm flesh of his right arm and jerked him from the bed. In the twinkling of an eye she placed herself on the bed and had his pajama covered bottom upended over her massive thighs.

"My name is Madam Simms," she said as she brought her hand down upon his upturned butt. "You will show me proper respect and do exactly as I

tell you from this moment on. I am your new nanny and I am used to getting my way. Always!"

She continued spanking Paul as hard as she could until he was screaming and crying like a baby. Finished his torment, she let him slide from her lap as she stood and rearranged her dress and apron. Reaching down she grabbed his earlobe and forced him to his feet.

"Come! It is time for your morning toilet."

In his private bathroom, she made him strip naked. As he stood before the menacing woman with his hands covering his privates, she walked over to the closet and removed a red rubber bag with a long white hose attached. She filled it at the sink with warm water and some liquid soap and attached a large white ridged plastic nozzle to the tubing.

Glaring at him, just daring him to say a word, she said, "From now on first thing every morning you will give yourself a nice cleansing douche. I will do it this time, but from now on you will do it yourself. Now get over here and bend over or do you need another taste of my hand?"

Paul had never been so intimidated or scared in his life as he faced this woman. The one thing he knew was that he did not want another spanking so he did as he was told.

She had him sit on the commode and without any sign of shame reached under his groin and forced the nozzle into his rectum. Paul almost died of embarrassment as she did this. As she worked the nozzle in and out of his bottom, Paul was mortified when his penis began to grow and get stiffer by the second. Madam Simms began to thrust the nozzle into and out of his bottom faster and faster. With each stroke his penis grew until at last as she let the water flow he gushed out his cream all over her forearm.

Now ashen faced at the realization of what he had done, Paul thought he was really going to die. Instead, Madam Simms held the nozzle quite firmly deep inside of him and smiled wickedly. "So my little sissy likes this? Well we shall see how much you like it when I get a bigger nozzle for you to use next time."

Finally she removed the nozzle and as he felt the water gush out, she held her arm up to his lips. With a big smile she told him to lick it off. Paul was dumbfounded by her demand and tightly clenched his lips together.

"If you do not lick this sissy cream off my arm right this minute I will beat you with a hairbrush until you can't sit or walk. Now do it or else!"

Meekly Paul closed his eyes, opened his mouth and hesitantly stuck out his tongue. He felt her grab the back of his head and pull hard on his long hair.

"Open your eyes while you lick off that sissy cream and smile like you

are enjoying it my little Paulette or feel the brush!"

His face now red with shame, Paul settled back on the commode seat as she went to fill the tub. He was just getting back a little of his composure when the bathroom filled with the aroma of lilacs. He realized that he was going to get a bubble bath and a smelly one at that as she came back over to get him.

As he was taking his bath Madam Simms began shaving his body. He tried to protest, but when he opened his mouth to say something, she forced a bar of pink soap into it.

"You keep that soap right there until I decide to take it out or so help me I will blister your behind," was all she had to say to keep him docile. Paul for his part decided that he would cooperate with this wild woman until he had a chance to talk to his stepmother.

Out of the tub scrubbed pink and with absolutely no body hair except that on his head and a neatly trimmed heart shaped pubic thatch, Paul stood motionless as she powdered him with lilac scented powder all over his body. She covered his shampooed hair with a pink towel, told him to brush his teeth and then join her in his bedroom. He spent at least fifteen minutes just brushing his teeth trying to get the taste of his own cum out of his mouth and probably would have brushed longer if Madam Simms had let him.

In his bedroom more humiliation awaited. There on the bed was a pair of yellow nylon pantaloon styled panties covered in rows of white lace, yellow satin full body corset, a pair of bright yellow velvet short pants with large brass buttons outlining the front flap, matching Eton Jacket, bright white polyester full sleeved blouse with a large Peter Pan collar, a pair of almost transparent nylon white knee socks with yellow lace trim, and a pair of yellow patent leather stiletto heels. He stood beside his bed looking down at the garments completely dumbstruck.

'I must be either totally nuts or in one of the worst nightmares of all times,' he thought as he stood frozen in place.

"There is no fucking way...," he began but before he could finish, he found himself draped over Madam Simms' ample hips and the hair brush rained down upon his defenseless cheeks.

The pain was intense especially when she turned the brush over and raked his reddened flesh with the boar bristle side. In short order she reduced him to a pile of quivering flesh, begging her to stop and telling her he would do anything she said forever and ever. Satisfied that she had conquered him, she let him fall to the floor and standing once again straightened her skirts and apron.

Before dressing him Madam Simms took a long bright yellow satin ribbon, tied it just behind the tip of his penis, pulled the ends down between his legs, and wrapping both ends around his waist, tied them off in a pert bow just below his navel.

"There that should take care of that little worm," she said. "Now to get you properly dressed for your new position in this household."

Dressed and wobbling in his new heels, Paul concentrated on just standing up right. Madam Simms holding his left elbow began teaching him how to walk in his tall heels.

"Heel and toe, heel and toe, swivel those hips, heel and toe, now swivel those hips sway side to side like a proper sissy Paulette," she chanted over and over as they paced around the room. "Back straight, arms loosely to the sides, elbows cocked, wrists limp. Now swish and sway those hips as you walk. Heel and toe! Nice small dainty steps. Come on Paulette you can do better than that. We're not quitting until I am satisfied. That's it! Now concentrate and if you do two more circles of the room I'll let you take a break then we can get breakfast."

Finally she let him sit, but not before having him do it a dozen times until he sat gracefully with his knees smartly together, heels touching and feet pointed out at a 45 degree angle.

It had seemed like hours and hours but to his great surprise he had been practicing for just over an hour. Oh how his feet hurt, his ankles and calves were almost cramping in pain, but it was such a relief to just sit. Oh how he wanted to just kick off those horrible shoes and stretch out on his bed, but that was not to be.

Madam Simms came up behind him and removed the towel covering his head and began brushing it with the same brush that had so recently been whacking his backside. She parted it down the middle and forming two ponytails off to each side, tied them securely with bright yellow satin ribbons. With that done she led him into the dinning room for breakfast.

As they passed the floor length standing mirror near his bedroom doorway, Paul got a clear look at himself.

'I look like a dorky girl,' he thought as he examined his reflection. There reflected back to his horrified eyes stood what appeared to be a young teenaged girl dressed like a sissified eight year old. The brightness of the velvet suit and blouse stood out almost as much as his exaggerated bust line and the lace encrusted pantaloons bottoms flowing from the legs of his shorts to mid-thigh. While he wasn't wearing make up the bright crimson blush on his cheeks seemed to say otherwise.

He had a fleeting thought of refusing to leave his room while dressed so idiotically, but his still burning backside kept him quiet. As they neared the dining room Madam Simms stopped him and gave him swift instructions on how to perform a proper curtsy. Again he wanted to balk, but patience being the better part of valor he did as required.

'Just wait until I talk to my stepmother you bitch,' he thought, 'She'll put you into your proper place.'

As they entered the dining room, Madam Simms told him to drop into a curtsy which he did. It wasn't quite perfect but it was close enough. As he raised his eyes he saw his stepmother, grandma, and Aunt Miriam sitting at the table with broad smiles of approval on their faces. As his face registered its surprise and recognition of their approval at his appearance, he fainted.

"Must be the corset you know. Poor dear isn't used to it yet," he heard his stepmother proclaim as he regained consciousness.

"Well the poor dear had better get use to it and quickly as I intend to get even tighter ones for that little pansy," he heard grandma saying.

"Grandma," Miriam said, "Paulette is just finding her true place in this family. You should be more considerate of the little sissy's feelings. Now all of you stand back while I help the poor dear up."

Breakfast was an ordeal for Paul as he was forced to wear a frilly white pinafore apron to protect his nice sissy clothes. As he sat almost unable to eat because of the constriction at his waist and loss of appetite at what he was hearing about his new place in the family. It was especially hard to rebuke anything that was being discussed as Madam Simms stood right behind him with her strong hand on his shoulder.

Even when he was constantly referred to as Paulette he remained silent as the pressure on his shoulder increased. At last Madam Simms leaned over and whispered into his ear that he should ask to be excused by saying, "Please Mommy, may Paulette be excused?"

He knew he couldn't refuse.

For the rest of the day Madam Simms had Paul learning how to clean the house, wash dishes, laundry, and do other domestic duties while wearing his pinafore and dust cap. He was now the household maid. At midday, he was given a brief respite and Madam Simms measured his body from the neck down.

By the time he went to bed that night after performing his new nightly regime of brushing his hair 100 times, applying moisturizer to his face and body, and putting his hair in rollers he was too exhausted to protest. Not only were his feet and lower legs killing him, but his upper arms positively ached from all that hair brushing and again when he had put it up in rollers.

Over the next several weeks Madam Simms had Paul performing almost to her exact standards. His pose and mannerisms were becoming ultra-feminine and his only clothing consisted of three sets of short pants in velvet with very frilly and feminine blouses.

He learned that his new wardrobe would be delivered soon. His stepmother had ordered a variety of ultra-sissy clothing based on Madam Simms exact measurements and she couldn't wait until they arrived so Paulette could put on a splendid show for them all.

Her mother and sister were excited when the clothing arrived from a specialist clothier in Paris. Besides the new much smaller wasp waisted corsets, there were loads of frilly pantaloons, bloomers, petticoats, slips, tight hobble skirts, old-fashioned bullet bras and lots of really frilly and feminine blouses that would expose his undergarments.

The colors ranged from bright pastels to vivid reds and blacks for his undergarments while the matching blouses were of softer pastels and reds and blacks. Some skirts, party dresses, and form fitting stirrup pants and Capri's in gold, silver, and purple were included in the first shipment.

Since that first morning Paul was compliant to Madam Simms' orders even when she demanded that he capture his sissy juice in his hand as he douched in the morning and lick it clean before getting into his bath.

However when she handed him a pair of pinking shears and told him to begin removing the tags and labels from his new wardrobe, he began to have second thoughts. With this amount of clothing it was certain that he wouldn't be going back to his normal boy clothes anytime soon.

Gathering his courage he demanded from his stepmother who was in the room at the time that she give back his boy clothing and that if she did so he would make sure that she would never have to worry about money again and that this entire episode would be forgotten.

She stood silent as he made his demand and then burst out laughing. "Paulette you must forget that you were ever a man. Why just look at you! It hasn't been a month yet and just look at you. Why my precious sissy, you were never a man! Paulette you are a great big sissy and must recognize that fact here and now. You will never be able to please a woman with that pathetic little worm of yours and besides look in the mirror."

He did so.

"That certainly is not a man staring back at you! It is a sniveling sissy and as such and as your guardian I must protect the family fortune. How in the world could a simpering sissy like you manage money? Why it is simply impossible! Maybe a proper wife could handle all that money, but what kind of woman would want to marry you? Melissa? You have to be kidding? When she sees you like you truly are she will run away as fast as her feet can take her! Money will not even cross her thoughts. Now get busy with your new clothes, wash what we can and iron it all. Your grandmother and aunt want to see you perform a fashion show for them first thing tomorrow."

With that said Paul broke down and cried, "But I am a man! You did this to me and....and that is not my grandma or aunt they are your mother and sister! They are no kin of mine! I want my clothing back and I want them back now! You can't do this to me!"

Seeing the scowl on his stepmother's face he knew what was coming and it did. Madam Simms had him over her lap within seconds of his outburst so the hair brush raised and fell with a passion. When the thrashing

was finished, she dumped him onto the floor and left the room briefly before returning. Reaching down to where he lay crying in pain, she lifted his butt into the air and quickly, pulled down his pants and pantaloons then forced a tampon into his rectum.

"Now you sniveling little sissy here is something no sissy should be without! Your very own supply of tampons. From now on you will wear one everyday until I decide you have learned your lesson. Hurry and get up and apologize to your mother! This instant or I will pound your backside into mush! If I know your kind you probably like that stuffed feeling in your rectum. Mrs. Delmont, look, see his little excuse of manhood has indeed risen to the occasion. Maybe if you are good your mommy will find you a boyfriend to fill that need. Now get up! You have some chores to get done before bed time."

For the rest of the night Paul stood before the ironing board ironing his new clothing to the exacting standards of his nanny. Finally finished he was allowed to perform his nightly beauty regimen and take his second vitamin pill of the day. Since that first day he had been on a strict diet and supplements were needed according to his grandma. He just didn't know that they were high female hormone dosages. Soon he would need those old fashioned bullet bras for real.

After lunch the next day, Paulette modeled his new outfits to the delight and pleasure of his guardians. The raised platform which overlooked the vast gardens and was normally the breakfast nook was used to show him off. Spot lights and a video camera were set up to record the parade of sissy fashions. The lights kept him from seeing who was sitting in the chairs arranged in front of the nook and in a way helped overcome his very high anxiety. Miss Simms standing off to the side tapping a hair brush in the palm of her hand added encouragement.

The first outfit consisted of pale green pantaloons, matching wasp waist corset, bullet bra, dark green hose attached to the garters of the corset, pale beige semi-transparent polyester blouse with peter pan collar, full sleeves with frilled and beribboned cuffs, black hobble skirt with bright green bows attached to the rear just above the seat and knees, and black four inch pumps.

The second outfit consisted of pale gold panties, matching corset and bullet bra, bright white polyester blouse with a high chin hugging collar and full sleeves with ruffled cuffs, gold skin tight Capri pants and a pair of five inch white open toed sandals.

The third was a traditional French maid's outfit with all the underpinnings while the fourth could almost be described as a clown's outfit except made of silks and satins. The blouse was very full with a high collar that reached past his ears in a stiff white satin with large bright pink balls imprinted all over the blouse. While a large bright pink silken bow accented the collar, a pair of bright almost florescent pink stirrup pants and pink stiletto opened toed five inch heels were also part of the outfit.

The four women certainly enjoyed that outfit and giggled almost to the

point of wetting their panties as Paulette swished and pranced to their delight. At last his ordeal was over or so he thought as he performed a perfect curtsy as he modeled the last outfit.

This last one was like a Little Miss Muffett who sat on her tuffet outfit. Full white pantaloons with tons of lace and ribbons, taffeta petticoats filled out the short satin skirt which was a bright pink with white chiffon puffed sleeves and ribbons everywhere. White stockings and matching white patent leather spiked heels and a pert silk pink bow adorning his head completed the outfit.

He felt like a complete fool but had no choice in the matter. The tampon in his rectum made his penis squirm in its new satin sheathing which drew it tightly back between his legs. That was something new in his wardrobe. Satin sheathing in various colors from bright pink to dainty lace covered confections they encased his penis tying at the base with a sack that enclosed his testacies with a small ribbon and with a ribbon at the tip pulled tightly between his legs firmly secured at his waist.

It wasn't until he took his final curtsy that he noticed another person looking completely freaked out and running from the room. It was Melissa! His only hope of help and his only source of freedom ran crying from the room never looking back to see the devastated look of anguish on his face.

Chapter 2

Seeing Melissa fleeing the room in tears, Paul fell to his knees, his hands to his face and moaning in mental anguish. With Melissa's leaving his only hope of rescue was gone and his future seemed dire indeed.

Madam Simms came over to him and forced him to his feet by tugging hard on his earlobe.

"What's your problem Paulette?" she demanded. "Don't you just love your new position in this family? It doesn't matter really. Now doesn't it? My job is to educate you in the finer points in being the little sissy that you are or at least will be. So come along, we have to put up all your new clothes that you wore today and launder your pretty undies."

The rest of the day passed by in a daze for poor Paul, after hand washing not only his but the entire female household's delicates, he was totally exhausted. Sleep, despite wearing rollers in his hair came swiftly, but not without nightmare. He tossed and moaned loudly in his sleep as this nightmare filled his mind.

He was standing on a platform similar to the one he used that day with flood lights blinding him. He was wearing a bulging diaper covered by a fluorescent pink rubber panty covered in bright white lace, white bullet bra stuffed with water balloons which in the way of dreams became real DD breasts, white wasp waist corset tied tightly around his miniscule waist, six white net petticoats, and a very short dress.

The dress had capped sleeves made of a semi-transparent material

threaded through with bright pink satin ribbon streamers. It was princess styled with a high waist to emphasize his bust and the skirt flared out to reveal his diaper covered bottom. A bright wide pink satin ribbon surrounded his chest just below his massive breasts and was tied off with a large bow in the back.

White knee-high nylon stockings with a pink satin ribbon bow attached to the top and bright pink patent leather Mary Jane's with three inch heels.

What made everything come together was the clown make up covering his face. Bright red lips filled in to make them look full and inviting, white foundation, bright pink eye shadow, black mascara and eye liner and bright pink circles on his cheeks gave him the appearance of a clown doll.

He was bent over at the waist with the top of his right hand supporting his chin in a delicate feminine manner. His left hand clutched a white knit drawstring purse between thumb and forefinger. The nails painted bright pink glistened in the lighting and his hair now bright blonde hung in tubular curls framing his face.

Madam Simms stood off to the side holding his douche kit with an enormous white plastic nozzle shaped like a big penis swinging ominously from her hand.

Melissa stood in front of him laughing uproariously and pointing her index finger directly at his face was saying, "You're certainly no man! I would never in a thousand years marry you, you big sissy!"

With a start he awoke from his nightmare as bright light filled the room. Madam Simms had come to wake him up. His pale green chiffon nightie clung to his body as he swung his legs over the side of the bed. The nightie stuck to his clammy flesh as he stepped into the pink tufted high heeled mules revealing the bullet bra and corset that he wore underneath.

"Your morning toilet awaits," Madam Simms said as he got completely out of bed. "Since you enjoyed your douche yesterday so much I have a little surprise for you today. Now come along we don't have all day."

Paul took a moment to orientate himself and was both pleased and upset. He was pleased that the dream had been a nightmare and he wasn't wearing that crazy dress but he was upset that Madam Simms had a surprise for him. That certainly didn't leave a good feeling in his stomach as he followed her into the bathroom.

He was right to fear Madam Simms' surprise. It was an attachment for his douche kit. It was bright pink in color, made of what appeared to be some kind of jelly rubber and was a replica of the penis he envisioned in his nightmare. It wobbled and shook on the end of the hose like it was alive or maybe even a snake.

Paul was tempted to protest, but his previous experiences with the hair brush kept him quiet. He took it from her with trembling hands and

sitting on the commode began forcing it up his rectum. It did not seem to want to go in and Madam Simms was showing signs of impatience. The more he tried the tighter his sphincter became until at last with both a sigh of relief and pain, it entered his bottom.

Almost immediately his own member started to become erect. He was both shocked and repulsed by the feeling the nozzle was having upon him. He was even more shocked when Madam Simms reached down between his legs, lifted his penis up and slowly covered it in a pink condom.

"There," she said as it completely covered his penis, "Now you won't lose any of your little sissy cream. I know just how much you enjoy the taste in the morning. Almost as good as a cup of coffee, isn't it? Now get started! We do not have all morning."

After his moisturizing bath and powdering, he was led back into the bedroom and made to sit beside the latest addition to his room. A vanity table with lighted mirror and padded seat had been brought up to his room while he did the laundry the day before. It was white with a champagne chiffon skirting and matching seat cover in satin.

Seated she had him face the mirror and began his instruction in the finer points of facial care and cosmetics. By the time she had finished, his face was wearing full war paint just like his dream. Bright pink lipstick, blue merging into pale blue eye shadow, black mascara and eye liner, foundation and powder, pale pink blush, and a dousing of floral scented perfume gave him a surprising feminine look. His hair brushed out flowed in caressing folds around his face and it's still mousy brown color looked very girlish.

On the bed was his outfit for the day. The first item to be put on was his penis sheath. To protect the sheath, Paul had to now cover his penis in another bright pink condom. The sheath was a bright blue satin surrounded at the base with rows of white lace. Panties, bullet bra, corset all in a gleaming Persian blue with white lace accents, three white net petticoats, navy hose, a white semi-transparent polyester full sleeved blouse with lace jabot and pearl buttons with three rows of lace at the cuffs, a short pleated navy skirt and white three inch pumps.

They spent the next hour going over the lessons from the previous day and then went down for breakfast. Only his stepmother was present as he donned his white pinafore apron and sat to eat.

He was still not hungry as the corset constrained his waist to the point where overeating was out of the question. Madam Simms sat on his right and the majority of the conversation took place between the two women. When they had finished, Madam Simms handed Paul a golden tube of "Prissy Pink" lipstick and a matching golden compact mirror telling him to touch up his lips.

After breakfast with the dishes washed and put away, Paul was handed a pair of white lace fingerless gloves with lace ruffles at the wrist, a drawstring purse very similar to the one in his nightmare. Next he was told to place a white silk scarf over his head to protect his hair.

Then to his surprise, his stepmother took his hand and began leading him out of the house.

Paul resisted at first, certain in his mind that there was no way in hell he would go outside looking like he did. However, a swift swat to his posterior by Madam Simms helped propel him out the door and down the stairway to the waiting limo. The chauffeur helped his stepmother in first followed by a blushing Paul and finally Madam Simms.

When he finally got the courage to ask where they were going, his stepmother told him she had scheduled a day at the spa for him. He was going to get the works and a complete makeover and if he should do anything to embarrass her or Madam Simms would beat him to within a half inch of his life when they got back home.

"So I want to see a great big smile and at least pretend to enjoy this experience" she instructed.

Paul wanted to die, but there was no escaping his predicament. He looked at his stepmother and then over to Madam Simms. Seeing the determined looks on their faces decided that he had no choice. He let his head fall back onto the headrest, his eyes rolling back, he reluctantly accepted his fate.

'Maybe someone in the spa will be willing to help me,' he thought as the limo arrived at the spa. It was located in an old strip mall in the inner city area. A place someone dressed as he was would not willingly try to run off or escape. There was a tattoo parlor next to the spa with a couple of motorcycles parked in front, and a Vietnamese grocery next to that with several homeless looking people standing in front drinking from a common bottle in a paper bag. The other building spaces were empty.

Faded gold letters on the outside of the spa read, "Little Sissy Spa and Salon."

"Shit!" Paul said to himself as the driver assisted them out of the car.

"Hello Madam Delmont," the receptionist said as they entered the salon. "We have been expecting you. Mr. Henri will be with you shortly."

Mr. Henri showed up seconds later dressed in tight fitting black velvet slacks and wearing a bright silk shirt with tropical flowers imprinted on it.

"Oh Madam Delmont it is so nice to finally meet you face to face. Oh, and is this the precious little sissy you were telling me about? Why he is absolutely gorgeous."

Agatha drew Mr. Henri off to the side where Paul could only hear Mr. Henri's responses to her whispered instructions.

"Yes, the full spa treatment. We can do that! Most certainly madam! Whatever your wish is my command."

What Paul overheard did not give him any comfort. The two women smiled at each other and then left the salon. Then Mr. Henri turned towards him and said, "Paulette, come along dear child. We have much to do between now and your presentation."

Paul soon found himself wearing only a pale pink nylon smock. He was led over to a table where what appeared to be a large woman wearing a similar smock had him remove his and lay down completely nude on a table. It wasn't until he was lying on the table looking up at the large woman that he realized she actually was a he. Paul noticed the shadow of a beard, the large Adam's apple and gulped.

He began screaming as the full body wax treatment was started. After the waxing, whatever hairs he had left on his body were gone. Next his body was coated in a thick layer of fragrant oils and emollients then wrapped in cellophane like a mummy. His eyes covered in cucumber slices and a protective bright pink turban was placed around his hair. Then the heat lamps were turned on and he was slow cooked for forty-five minutes.

The cellophane wrapping was cut away and he was rubbed down with more fragrant lotions and creams. The rub down did not miss a single spot of his body and when the large woman/man took Paul's penis and scrotum in hand to thoroughly rub in the lotions, Paul really wished he could die.

When the ordeal was over, he was given back the smock which he quickly put on. Then he was taken from the table to a salon chair where his hair was shampooed and conditioned not once but three times.

Mr. Henri began trimming and styling his long hair. Finally, with his hair soaked in a foul smelling lotion and portions wrapped in tin foil, Mr. Henri began rolling it in tight curler rods. Placed under a hair drier for about thirty minutes, he again found himself seated while Mr. Henri worked on his hair. As Mr. Henri worked, another assistant, another rather large female with a deep voice gave him a pedicure and manicure using extensions and a bright pink enamel nail polish.

As his hair was brushed and teased out by Mr. Henri, Paul thought he was going to die of embarrassment during the whole process, but found himself relaxing as his hair was worked on. It surprised him just how relaxing all this pampering made him.

As Mr. Henri finished with his hair another person looking like a big breasted bimbo came over and marked his ears not once but three times with a blue pencil. In short order he heard six sharp snaps and he was then wearing three golden globes in each ear. They had pierced his ears.

Paul wanted to scream, he wanted to shout, he wanted to physically abuse a number of persons, but now his stepmother and Madam Simms were back. His fear of them was greater than his fear of what Mr. Henri and his assistants were doing to him. Paul forced himself to remain calm. He was finally allowed to stand up and view himself in the full length mirror. Paul was flabbergasted and felt weak in the knees as he viewed

what they had done to him.

His body was with the exception of a small neatly trimmed heart shaped pubic area and finely arched eye brows completely devoid of all hair. His once tanned body was now a pale almost porcelain white. He had three gold studs in each of his ears. His hands appeared long and feminine with one inch pointed nails extending from his finger tips. The worst was his hair. It was a platinum white with bright pink highlights cascaded in ringlets from his head. He was living his nightmare.

His living nightmare got even worse as dressed only in the penis sheath, pink smock and his shoes, Paul was forced to follow the two women over to the tattoo parlor. There a bright pink petaled daisy with short green stem and two leaves pointing to his groin was tattooed around his navel and the word "Sissy" in bright pink was tattooed just above his pubic hair.

"Once your navel tattoo is healed we'll get you a pretty yellow smiley face button to hang in your navel," his stepmother told him and then asked. "Won't that be just precious?"

When in flowing tears he complained about what was being done to him, his stepmother had the tattoo artist create a chain of flowers in bright pinks, yellows, and violets around each of his ankles. Still crying he was led back to the salon where he was allowed to dress and have his face made up. When he left the salon Paul could not be described in any manner as being a man. He looked like a very feminine Goth kind of young lady albeit a sissified one.

For the rest of the day, Madam Simms had him practice his mannerisms, deportment and voice. He was forced to read love sonnets using a sweet feminine voice. At least she did not make him start talking with a lisp. Again that night after completing his nightly beauty regime which now included caring for his new tattoos and piercings, he fell into an exhausted sleep. At least this night, he was too tired to even dream.

At his morning toilet, he had the additional chores of cleaning his newly pierced ears and the tattoos. Madam Simms decided to add to his embarrassment by making him clean the pink dildo with his tongue and mouth. She taught him how to deep throat it in the process. She even made him hum while he had it deep in his mouth. She said that she had heard that men really go wild when women do that to them. As a sissy he would have to work extra hard to please his men friends. As a final insult to his masculinity, she inserted a rather large baby pink butt plug into his bottom. It hurt like hell going in and he squealed like a pig.

Taken from the bath he was dressed in his French maid's outfit including a penis sheath that resembled a maid's petticoats and black satin skirt. At the vanity she supervised him as he applied his make up using a bright red high gloss lipstick instead of his regular "Prissy Pink".

With his make up on he removed the hair rollers and brushed out his

platinum and pink hair. He piled it up on the back of his head fastened it with a white lace frilled black velvet ribbon in such a way that the tubular curls hung down to the nape of his neck. A frilly white lace cap with black velvet ribbon was placed on the front of his head and fastened with bobby pins. A matching white nylon and lace bib apron and black patent 4 inch heels without stockings due to his tattoos completed his look.

He was escorted to the dining room where he performed a perfect curtsey and began serving his stepmother, grandma, and aunt their breakfast. Madam Simms was constantly correcting his mistakes with assistance from a small riding crop held in her right hand. Needless to say Paul learned the proper way to set a table and serve dinner quickly. In the process Madam Simms made sure that his ruffled panties were on show much of the time.

The kitchen cleaned and dishes put away, Paul was taken back up to his room where sitting at the vanity she made him remove his make up and start all over again. He was going to learn all there was to know about enhancing his features to bring out the sissy slut face she wanted him to have.

All the while he was working on improving his make up abilities, he felt the butt plug squirming inside his ass. It was a major distraction until after several swats of the riding crop, the pain off-set the strange sensation inside him.

Satisfied with his make up application, she then gave him a feather duster and told him to begin dusting the entire house. When he had finished dusting she continued with his voice training this time adding a French accent to his studies. By late afternoon he was sufficiently good enough to please Madam Simms. Now it was time to start making dinner for his mistresses.

He had to suffer through dinner. As he served the meal, he was pinched on his upper thighs, his cheeks squeezed, and his butt patted while being told just how sweet he was, how delicious he looked, or what a sweet sissy he was becoming.

The only reply he was allowed was "Oui Madame" followed by a curtsey and bright smile.

When all the ladies were served he was allowed to sit at the table and eat the small portion allotted to him. Finished with the meal, he served them dessert. When they had finished eating, Aunt Miriam questioned the fact that poor Paulette did not get any dessert and insisted that Madam Simms allow him something sweet to eat.

With that Madam Simms had Paul stand up and lift his skirt and petticoats. Pulling down his panties, she removed the penis sheath and began stroking his condom covered penis with one hand while toying with the base of his butt plug. Much to his embarrassment, his penis stiffened and his cream filled the rubber sleeve.

Peeling off the condom, making sure she did not lose a drop of his cum,

she made him get on his knees and while looking up into her evil smiling face emptied its contents into his open mouth. This was met with much glee and laughter by the rest of the ladies. Madam Simms wasn't finished humiliating Paul as with a smirk on her face made him take the condom into his mouth and suck on it for the rest of the night. Paul just wanted to die right there he was so mortified.

"You know," grandma said, "I think he really likes drinking his own sissy juice. Madam Simms, do you think that you can figure out a way so he can do that more often without interrupting his duties. I would hate to think that we should allow him all that pleasure without doing his chores. Don't you?"

"Of course madam," she replied. "I am familiar with a little device that you can order from Paris that should do the job quite nicely. It is a dildo shaped dummy attached to a tube that runs down to a rubber sheath that covers his little pee pee. That way he can suck and bring his little sissy juice to his mouth whenever he wants. Although sometimes it does have its draw backs for example if he should have to urinate and we don't find out in time, well you can just guess what will happen."

"Oh how delightful!" Mrs. Delmont exclaimed.

"We must get it at once," grandma stated.

"Too bad they don't make one that you can stick up his ass," auntie replied and burst into a fit of laughter.

All the while Paul was crying, holding his hands to cover his face in his embarrassment. He couldn't believe that they were suggesting such things. It was bad enough having to have a butt plug stuck up his ass and having to drink his own cum, but these other things would make such treatment seem to be child's play in comparison.

The ladies discussed getting that device and began talking about even frillier and lacier outfits while they were at it.

"Perhaps Madam Simms could suggest other items that the ladies would be interested in," grandma suggested at one point. Then in shock he heard her suggest that they find another sissy boy for him to play with or perhaps a man that likes sissies.

"Wouldn't it be devine to see him making love to another little sissy?" Madam Simms asked. "Or better yet, why not have him spend some time at the salon. Mr. Henri has a great reputation for making bad little boys into fine upstanding sissies. Paulette would learn a trade at the same time and then she could do our hair for us and such."

"Oh, Madam Simms I can see why my daughter chose you for this task," grandma said. "You have such wonderful ideas. While my grandson is such a sissy, I think it would be unkind of us not to see to his future. Knowing that he had a loving relationship and a trade would be comforting in my old age. I do worry about what will become of the poor little sissy when we are gone and can no longer take care of him."

"Oh yes grandma," Aunt Miriam said. "That would be great and besides he would be right next door to the tattoo parlor. I am sure that we can make some kind of trade with the artiste to put him in permanent make up and maybe a few more tattoos. He so loves the ones that he has, I think he would be thrilled to get some more."

With that Paul screamed out that he would do nothing of the kind. He hated what they had done to him and he wasn't going to stand for it any more. With that he swung with all his might and caught Madam Simms off guard and hit her squarely on the chin dropping her like a ton of bricks.

Surprised at his own actions, Paul stood in shock just long enough for Aunt Miriam to bring him to his knees with a well placed knee to the groin. In agony he fell to the floor as the other ladies jumped on top of him pinning him securely to the floor.

Chapter III

Paul was curled up in the fetal position not going anywhere after Aunt Miriam kicked him in the groin. The three ladies got up off him and went to assist Madam Simms. She was still sitting on the carpet looking dazed, but was coming around quickly.

With fire in her eyes Madam Simms staggered to her feet and started walking over to where Paul lay curled into a tight ball.

"I'm going to teach that little fairy a lesson he will never forget," she screamed. "By the time I am finished with him he'll wish he were dead!"

Agatha stepped in front of the charging woman and stopped her.

"Madam Simms!" she said in her most commanding voice. "I don't want you to do anything to Paulette! I am sure what just happened was an accident. When you have had a chance to calm down we'll talk about a suitable punishment, but for now just let it alone. Agreed? Okay then. Why don't you sit down and have a glass of sherry while we all think this over."

Paul was still lying on the carpet groaning and crying, but not as loudly as before when the ladies finished their second glass of sherry.

"Miriam why don't you be a dear and help our little sissy to his room," Agatha said as she placed her empty glass on the table. "Just leave him as he is on his bed and when you get back we'll discuss what to do about punishing our little Paulette."

Later that evening Madam Simms fully back in control of her feelings entered Paul's bedroom. She was wearing nothing but black patent leather clothing. She had on a pair of skin tight black pants that were open in the crotch, black corset, black demi-bra that revealed most of her mammoth breasts, black choker with pointed chromed metal spikes sticking out of it, and a bat girl like half mask that covered her head

but without the ears. In one hand she carried a black cat of nine tails whip and in the other a massive strap on black dildo. She was even wearing black lipstick.

Turning on the light as she entered the room, she was pleased to see Paul's reaction. His already porcelain skin turned even whiter and the fear in his eyes was almost palatable. As she advanced towards him with grim purpose, he backed up on the bed as far as he could.

Coming to a stop beside the bed, Madam Simms didn't say a word, but held up the strap on and slowly swung it before his bulging eyes. Slowly she pulled it down and began fastening the device around her hips making sure the smaller dildo was fitted snugly between the lips of her vagina.

Grasping her intent, Paul began shuddering in pure fear.

"Oooooohhh...noooooooooo," he managed to moan. "Pl...plea...please Ma....mad...Madam Simms...I...I didn't mean any harm. It was an accident.....I...I promise. I'll be good....I'll do whatever you say. I swear. Oh! No! Don't!"

Finished attaching the strap on, Madam Simms paid little attention to what Paul was saying. Still without a word, she reached down and grabbing him by the collar of his blouse yanked him up. Holding him firmly she leered into his face and smiling a most evil smile, pulled him up and over on to his stomach.

She lashed out with her cat of nine tails hitting him squarely on his exposed bloomer clad bottom. He screamed and tried to cover his behind with his hands, but she just pulled him around so that he was half on and half off the bed. Next, she pulled his bloomers off and again swatted his now naked behind with her whip. Five times she lashed out with all her strength leaving red welts streaked across his pristine white behind. She pulled the butt plug from his arse without ceremony and tossed it to the floor, grabbed both his hips, and pulling them upward thrust the seven inch by two inch black dildo into his virgin ass.

Finally sated, Madam Simms reached down and unbuckled the strap on while it was still buried deep inside Paul. She turned him over and brushed his dress and petticoats out of the way re-buckled it so that it would stay imbedded. It didn't matter whether or not he wanted another visit from the leather dominator or not, he was hers now to do with as she wished.

Paul was softly crying with his hands balled into fists beside his face as she rearranged his skirts and told him to go to sleep and not to remove her dildo or else. As a reminder she lashed out three more times with the whip across his upper thighs. With that she turned out the light and left.

As he got up that next morning still fully dressed with the exception of his panties, he could feel the dildo moving inside of him and it hurt to walk. In the bathroom Madam Simms allowed him to remove it, but

before giving it back to her had to give it a thorough mouth cleaning.

Paul almost gagged at the pungent aroma and flavor of the horrid thing, but managed to clean it to her satisfaction. Red faced he handed it back apologizing for his behavior the night before and took the offered douche kit in return. He was not looking forward to douching this morning. The pink head went in almost effortlessly, but the sharp pains as he messaged it in and out of his rectum brought tears to his eyes.

To his surprise Madam Simms was rather easy on him for most of the day. After serving breakfast and cleaning up, she had him spend most of the morning practicing his make up techniques. After lunch back in his French maid's uniform he cleaned the house and after dinner, he practiced his voice and mannerisms. Nothing was said all day about the previous night's experiences.

However all that changed the next morning when he got back into his room. There on the bed was a new outfit that he had not seen before. Besides his regular feminine undergarments there was a new dress. It was a bright pink flared dress with capped sleeves. Over the left breast was a white name tag frilled with one inch of white lace tipped with pink that simply said Sissy Paulette in black script. On the floor was a pair of pink pumps with three inch spiked heels.

In answer to his unspoken question, Madam Simms said, "Paulette that is your new uniform. Beginning this morning from 9:00 a.m. until 3:00 p.m. you will be working for Mr. Henri. You will do everything that he tells you to do without complaint or....."

She did not have to finish, Paulette understood her meaning all too clearly. A shudder ran down his back as he thought about what was going to happen to him now.

His troubles started the minute he walked into the salon. Mr. Henri greeted him with a way too familiar hug and kiss to the cheek. To make matters worse he had Paul fill in all the employment forms using his full legal name, social security number and address, a form requesting a legal name change to Paulette, and an application for a beautician's license. Paul protested the legal name change application, but changed his mind when Madam Simms asked him if he preferred Sissy Paulette instead of Paulette.

The fact that all the forms he signed and dated were legal forms really bothered Paul. Legal forms became public documents which anyone could get access. By signing them he was accepting the fate his stepmother was dictating to him. Worse it made it look like he was doing all this voluntarily.

When all the documents were signed and witnessed where necessary, Paul was instructed in how to be a receptionist. Later when they got really busy he would assist the other stylist in shampooing or acting as gofer when ever called upon. In addition, he would be Mr. Henri's personal assistant.

The first two days were routine as Paul spent most of his time taking

or changing appointments, but on the third things got a little weird. Just as they opened for business, two burley women came into the salon dragging a young man between them. Both women were large and dressed more like men than women and the boy looked like he had been drugged or drunk.

Mr. Henri rushed up as soon as he saw them and told them to follow him to the back room. Mr. Henri returned to the receptionist's desk shortly afterward and told Paul to come with him. When they got to the back room, the two women were just finishing stripping the unconscious youth who was lying on the waxing table.

"Gather up all those clothes and toss them into the garbage Paulette," Mr. Henri told him. "Then get back here. I will need your assistance."

Paul did as he was told and went back in the room where he stood in a corner until Mr. Henri needed him. He watched the woman who so recently waxed his body finish up on the prostrate boy's arms and legs. The only hair remaining on the boy's body was a little fuzz on his chest, pubic hair, head, and thin arched brows. Paul thought that was a strange way to do a full body wax.

Mr. Henri pulled a strange looking machine beside the table and motioned for Chris to come over.

"Paulette this is a laser electrolysis machine and I will need you to aim this light at the area I will be working on. Now hold it steady while I begin. Paul stood there silently for almost an hour while Mr. Henri removed all signs of the boy's remaining hair.

When he had finished the areas glowed red but were completely hairless. Then to Paul's astonishment, Mr. Henri pulled out a strange looking rubber contraption the likes of which Paul had never seen before. It looked exactly like a woman's sex and had a matt of red curly hair covering the artificial mound.

"We can dye his real hair to match this shade," he said as he pointed to the pubic thatch.

Paul watched fascinated as Mr. Henri first pulled the boy's penis into a rubber like sheath after first coating the inside with a clear liquid. After the boy's groin was coated in the same clear liquid as well as the inside of the apparatus, Mr. Henri carefully fitted it and smoothed out the edges so that you could not tell where the real flesh started. The boy now looked exactly like a girl down there to Paul's disbelief. He was even more surprised when Mr. Henri slid a seven inch vibrating dildo into the slit. If he hadn't actually seen it with his own eyes, he never would have believed it and he was getting a sick feeling in his stomach.

"All right Paulette, get behind him and help me sit him up," Mr. Henri ordered.

Paul held the boy in an upright sitting position while Mr. Henri using a blue pencil marked his chest. Again, a clear liquid was applied

around the breasts and two prostheses which were then fastened to the boy's chest. Mr. Henri held his hands firmly on the two new mounds for a few minutes, and then quickly released them. They quivered just like real C cup breasts and looked so real that Paul felt shivers run up his spine and his stomach gurgled.

"Okay Paulette you may go back to your duties," Mr. Henri ordered. Turning to the women, he said, "Ladies, I hope that this meets with your approval."

When Paul next saw the hapless youth the two women were escorting a pretty red haired young girl out of the salon. The young girl had bright red Shirley Temple curls and wore a pretty white party dress in satin and lace with a big pink satin bow tied in the back. She had two golden studs in each ear and her nails were painted a bright pink.

If it hadn't been for the large breasts on the girl, Paul would have thought that she was only eight or nine years old. As the two women pulled the girl past him, Paul had a clear view of the bright pink bloomers with ruffles all across the bottom. He almost felt sorry for the poor kid, but he was in a similar situation.

'Thankfully his stepmother did not go as far with him,' he thought as the trio walked out of the salon.

Much later he found out that the boy was one of the women's nephews who had come to live with her and her lesbian lover. Apparently the two women could not stand having a man around the house and were determined to make sure one never did. The young man now called Tammy became a frequent visitor to the salon as the human hair wig needed constant attention. With each visit; Paul could tell that he was glad not to be that boy.

'At least they were letting him dress closer to his real age,' he thought.

On one such visit Paul got to talk to Tammy as he was shampooing his now much longer hair. Tammy explained that it was all because he called his aunt a stupid perverted dyke and now she was making him live and go to school as a normal girl. When he wasn't in school or out of the house, he had to dress and act like a little girl. Sometimes when he misbehaved, they would make him wear diapers and treat him like a baby. Paul said he was sorry to hear that and asked him what he meant by 'a normal girl.' Tammy said that he had to go out on dates with boys and behave just like a normal girl.

"My aunt told me that since I thought lesbians were perverts that I would have to be heterosexual. So that means I have to date boys! If I don't get a date every weekend or holiday, they....they make me their....their toilet. To make sure I get dates I have to do things! Sexual things," he said. At that Tammy started crying and Paul couldn't get any more information from him.

Paul observed that Tammy apparently had some surgery performed as his lips were now very full and pouty looking. Tammy was really looking

like a girl and even his breasts seemed larger and more realistic. Paul blew that off believing that a real boy couldn't have real breasts. He had to believe that as his own chest was causing him concerns by then. They were puffy and swollen looking and the nipples were itching like crazy. The thought that a boy could grow breasts scared the living daylights out of him.

Later that same afternoon, a large rough looking older man came into the shop with a young man in tow who looked like he hadn't eaten in weeks. The man wore stout biker's boots, black leather skin tight pants and a black leather vest. He was wearing black biker's gloves. The man had a single gold hoop through his left ear lobe. His greasy looking black hair just beginning to grey was tied off in a ponytail low on the back of his head.

"Mr. Henry is expecting me! Name's Lee," he said to Paul. When Mr. Henri arrived, Mr. Lee said, "Henri fix him like I like 'em." Then turning to the young man, "Gladys, you do what Mr. Henri says or you'll be sorry."

When the young man came back to the sitting area and Paul had to do a double take. Gladys' once long brown hair was now a sparkling platinum blonde with bright yellow highlights at the tips and cut in a flowing Mohawk style. The rest of his scalp shined as if it had been waxed and buffed. He sported four gold hoops in each ear and one through his nose to which small gold chains had been attached and secured to each of the hoops dangling from the left ear.

His face was fully made up and his eyebrows were in black feminine arches. He was wearing a bright flower print pink silk shirt tied off just under his midriff and a pair of skin tight mauve flowered velvet Capri pants. On his feet was a pair of white open toed four inch stiletto heels revealing the bright pink polish that matched his lipstick and fingernails.

Later when Mr. Lee came to pick him up he told Mr. Henri that he did a great job and that they had to go to the tattoo parlor.

"Yeah, Gladys is going to get his tits, navel, tongue and penis pierced as well as a pretty humming bird tattooed over his breasts," he said as he paid the bill.

"Mr. Lee if I had known about the other piercing I could have done it here," Mr. Henri said.

"Oh I'm sure you would, but since Gladys will be working over there, all that will be free. In a year or so old Gladys here will be a fucking living canvas. He's taking out his work payment in trade so to speak. I'm going to have him covered from head to toe in sissy tattoos and piercings. I think he'll go well with my Harley by then."

Most of the days working there were not like that one. Paul between acting as a receptionist and shampoo girl was also starting to learn how to be a beautician. Mr. Henri gave him lessons every afternoon for an hour before he was picked up to go home. Paul was a bit surprised

that Mr. Henri never made any advances towards him. One of the reasons he thought that his stepmother sent him there was so that he could be taken advantage of.

By his second week Paul finally got the courage to ask Mr. Henri why he did not try to seduce him.

Mr. Henri just laughed and told him, "Paulette I may be gay, but I certainly don't cater to your kind! I like my men to be manly men not some little sissy fag such as yourself and the other employees. The only reason you and the other girls are here is because my boy friend Marc wouldn't stand for other men to be working for me. He's the jealous type, you know."

Paul was very relieved to hear what Mr. Henri had told him and now that that fear was reduced, Paul began to actually enjoy working. It certainly beat what faced him back home. He still had to act as the maid, Madam Simms still insisted he practice his mannerisms and voice, and he had to listen to the taunts and suffer the humiliations of his stepmother, aunt, and grandmother.

Madam Simms noticed his change of mood and decided that a new indignity should be forced upon him. Each night before he went to bed he had to watch an hour of gay porn movies or read sex manuals for women. Since he was such a sissy Madam Simms had told him he would have to learn how to please a man even better than a real woman.

Paul hated the very idea of making out with a man, but Madam Simms' Pavlovian treatments were having their effects. As he was forced to watch or read, Madam Simms stayed with him and adjusted the speed she wanted on the vibrating dildo stuck firmly up his ass.

While watching the movies, Paul was expected to act just like a girl. He had to sigh and moan at the sight of the naked men. Then to add to his humiliation was expected to comment in a very positive way about the size of the men's penis or how cute their buns were. Even more humiliating he was required to say that he wanted to have a man of his own. Someone to do the same things to him that he saw in the movies while making kissy faces to the men on the screen.

Much to his embarrassment, he filled his condom covered penis not once but several times each night. Depending on her mood Madam Simms either had him drink his sissy cream directly from the used condom or had him dribble it on her black penis dildo and lick it off.

When she was feeling especially mean, she would wait until he could cum no more and taking the condoms filled a hollow dildo with his fluids and butt fucked him until he could take no more then inject the sperm into his rectum. Of course when this happened he was instructed in proper hygiene. Taking a wad of tissue he would have to tuck it between his legs and mince to the bathroom where he would have to perform a cleansing douche. Often this was more embarrassing than having his bottom reamed out.

If Paul messed up and did not perform to Madam Simms' strict demands

when cleaning the house, or performing his toilette, and especially if he did not act like a love starved girl when watching the movies, a special torment was his reward. He was secured to a straight backed chair with his lower body completely exposed. She would then fasten with alligator clips thin wires to his penis and scrotum which were attached to a transformer.

Madam Simms would then put movies into the VCR that any young man would definitely enjoy -any heterosexual man that is. These movies only featured big breasted women, shapely women and mostly just plain sexy as hell women. Whenever Paul responded either physically or emotionally to these films, Madam Simms would turn the transformer up to whatever punishment level she felt deserving. This sent an electrical shock directly into his most sensitive spots. Needless to say Paul learned his lesson. It took several months, but finally to Madam Simms' satisfaction, he stopped having erections during these sessions.

Six months from the time Madam Simms had entered his life, Paul was becoming just what his stepmother, aunt, and grandmother wanted. Paul spoke in a cute French accented feminine voice, performed his toilette to perfection, minced, swayed, and swished, could dress himself without being told what to wear, and was almost changed in his sexual leanings. It would be only a matter of time before Paul would move into that next critical step.

After eight months of severe training, Madam Simms decided to enroll Paul into an aerobics class. To some degree Paul enjoyed the next six weeks of dance class. First of all he was allowed to wear clothing more suited to a young woman.

Instead of the corset and bullet bra he got to wear lingerie that he had purchased under Madam Simms' scrutiny at a local department store. His purchases included bright satin panties in several colors with matching demi-bras and pantyhose, the necessary sports bras, exercise leotards and tights as well as two skirts and blouses. These he had to try on in the lady's dressing room. Madam Simms noted that he didn't seem to notice the other women changing clothing while he was there. Again at the aerobics class where he had to change into his exercise clothing he did not seem to notice the other ladies in various stages of dress and undress.

Of course Madam Simms was with him all the time, but Paul did not see the smile of satisfaction on her face. His time in the chair seemed to have cured him of noticing naked women. Paul never suspected that the shopping trip and the aerobic class was nothing more than a test to see how he would react in such feminine surroundings.

His other pleasure came from the exercise class itself. While he wasn't allowed to mingle with the other ladies in the class which he did not want to do either, it was nice being around other people besides his own family.

Likewise there were two events that spoiled it for him. First were the nightly sessions in what he referred to as "The Chair" and again when he put on his demi-bras. These bras in a bright satin with lace edging

were a 34 B cup. To his amazement when he put them on he had to shift his breasts with his hands to settle them comfortably into the cups. He still couldn't quite believe that he actually had breasts and subconsciously blamed the situation on the design of the bras.

After his final class, Madam Simms took away his modern clothing and once again he was dressing in his sissy attire and working back at the salon. As a reward for his success at aerobics, his stepmother took him back to the tattoo parlor and had his make up permanently applied after taking him to a plastic surgeon.

When Agatha told him about the trip to the doctor's office he tried to rebel, but agreed after several strokes with a hairbrush by Madam Simms and a comment about breast implants from his aunt.

At the doctor's office he had to sign several legal documents agreeing to have his lips injected with collagen and implants for his cheeks to elevate them into a more feminine shape. Just like when he had to sign for a legal name change during the job application he felt like he had signed away another part of his life. Again it made it look like he voluntarily agreed to all the changes.

He came away from the tattoo parlor with bright red suck me lips, black eye liner and a pale pink blush on his cheeks. Agatha wanted to have his eye lids permanently dyed a bright blue, but the tattoo artist advised against it. Instead, she had his navel pierced and the promised yellow happy face button fastened in place.

From that point forward Paul began wearing skin tight hip hugging Capri pants in various bright pastel colors with his blouses neatly tied just under his breasts to the salon. He was very self conscious about displaying his sissy tattoos, but learned to live with it as he had so many other indignities forced on him.

When he wasn't at the salon, Paul was dressed in his frilly sissy clothing. After his morning toilette Madam Simms would put on one of his new sheaths. It was similar to his old one except plastic lined with a clear hose hanging from the tip and attached to a penis shaped pacifier. Once he had his pantaloons on she would pass the pacifier through a slit cut into them. When he was fully dressed the pacifier was pulled from under his clothing, stuck into his mouth and tightly tied in place with a pink ribbon behind his head. As he sucked on the pacifier, he felt the sheath message his penis.

If he was caught not constantly sucking on his pacifier, Madam Simms would strike his bare leg with a riding crop. It gave the women of the household no end of delight when they noticed the white fluid flowing up the tube or occasionally the yellow stream that would bring tears to Paul's eyes.

At his anniversary celebrating one year of enforced sissyness, they planned a big surprise party for Paul. To begin with, Madam Simms decided to dress him in his Little Miss Muffett dress with some minor changes. First after his toilette, she fitted him with one of his old style sheaths and pulled it through the opening in the pantaloons.

Instead of putting him in his wasp corset and bullet bra she fastened two plastic supports under his breasts making them stand out from his chest in full B cup splendor. The hormones, breast creams, and daily use of a breast pump had performed miracles over the past year.

Short stiff taffeta and net petticoats were quickly placed around his waist. Then the dress was pulled down over his head. It had been modified to allow his naked breasts to stick through floral lace frilled slits and the stiff petticoats held out the skirt so that his sheathed penis could be easily seen.

Despite having bright red tattooed lips, Madam Simms had him put on a thick coating of bright red lipstick and she had him put it on his exposed nipples and apply the rest of his make up heavier than usual. A final spraying of a heady floral perfume and forcing his feet into almost too small stiletto heels completed his dressing. For accessories, she had him put on a pair of fingerless lace gloves, a white satin bag purse which he held between his left thumb and forefinger and a blue satin lace frilled parasol to hold in his right hand.

Even after a year of such torment, Paul left his room with reddened cheeks which became redder and flushed all the way to his toes when they entered the dining room. Sitting about the table were many of the sissy boys that had come into the salon. The most prominent sissy was the biker's boy.

He was wearing a pink harem cat-girl's costume that did nothing to hide the numerous sissy tattoos covering his exposed flesh or the many body piercing. His large white Mohawk with bright pink highlights flowed like a mane and his skull had been decorated in pink sequins. His nose had been tattooed black and had several piercings that made him look like he had cat's whiskers.

His ears had been pointed and pierced such that small tufts of bright pink fur were attached to them. His cupid shaped lips were very full and a glistening pink. Humming birds and brightly colored butterflies tattooed his chest and a ring of bright pink hearts floated across his stomach which had a pink rose tattooed around his navel. Up both legs were intertwined green vines with bright multi-colored flowers and his forearms had love charms tattooed around them. The halter top was transparent pink chiffon with pink fur hemming and you could see small pert A cup breasts through it. Each nipple which seemed unnaturally large was pierced with a gold bar bell.

The brief portion of his pantaloon styled pants was in a pink satin with pale pink chiffon outer shell which allowed his penis to stick out between vertical lines of bright pink fur. At first glance it looked like it was covered in a sheath as well, but as Paul looked closer he noticed that it was all too real. It had a pink bow tattooed just behind the head and a gold bar bell was pierced through the head itself. The shaft itself was tattooed from base to head in a brightly colored floral bouquet. A large fluffy pink tail stuck out of the back of the brief. Around his wrists and ankles were numerous gold bracelets and both his feet and hands were contained in pink paw like gloves.

Next to him sat another sissy dressed in a little girl's yellow satin party dress and accompanying white petticoats, black Mary Jane patent leather shoes and ankle socks. What gave her away as a boy in a dress were his size and short black hair. Beside her sat a very pretty teenager. She was wearing her blond hair up in a sweeping pony tail that trailed down to her bared shoulders. A peasant blouse in a soft pink satin and denim skirt, beige hose and two inch black pumps completed her outfit. What gave her away as a boy in a skirt was the lack of breasts. Otherwise with her perfect complexion and appropriate make up no one would have guessed.

On the other side of the table sat a young black girl. Her hair was lacquered into a very complex yet feminine wave that glistened in the light. A very bright white short sleeved satin blouse that appeared to be amply filled complimented a tight black short skirt. What gave her away as a boy in a dress were his facial features and lack of make up.

Next to her sat Tammy. Tammy was the most realistic girl of the bunch and Paul was really surprised to see her sitting there squirming in her seat. Finally the last person sitting at the table could only be described as a big baby. Short blond hair done in a Shirley Temple style, chubby baby face with pink glistening lips and green eye shadow sat silently sucking on a dummy. She was wearing a teddy bear set of ear rings, bright baby blue jumper that unsnapped down the sides with a dark blue satin peter pan styled blouse tucked neatly into it. White with blue lace accented socks and a pair of large baby styled blue shoes adorned his feet.

Off to the side Paul saw who had to be the boy/girls parents or whatever grinning in satisfaction. Agatha came over and took his hand after he automatically curtsied to the elders in the room. Taking Paul over to the table she began introducing his new found friends none of whom seemed to have happiness in their eyes.

With the introductions finished, Paul was seated at the head of the table and presents were piled in front of him. After opening each feminine gift he had to get up go over to the giver and kiss them on the lips. That hadn't been too bad except for the big baby who was drooling something awful. Next they were served cake and ice cream and Paul's guests were given a little gift. After eating, the guests got up and coming over to Paul, thanked him for the gift and again exchanged kisses. The big baby had to be assisted over to Paul's chair. It was only later that he discovered that the big baby's tendons had been severed in his legs, all his teeth removed, and the nerves that controlled his bowel and urinary movements cut as well.

Finished with eating and gift giving, they all adjoined to the den where they played a version of spin the bottle. Instead of kissing the person on the lips that the bottle pointed to, the contestants had to give blow jobs. This was exceedingly embarrassing to all but having Madam Simms standing over them with a wicked wooden paddle held in her hands kept them from complaining.

Paul sat there praying that when he spun the bottle that it wouldn't

land on the big baby. When the bottle first pointed at him, Paul was almost looking forward to the event, but to his surprise the boy/girl that came over to him was required to suckle on his exposed breasts. If they could get him to cum in his panties, then they would get a special prize. Needless to say by the end of the game, Paul's nipples were very swollen and sore. He had actually cum in his panties one time, but that was when the black boy/girl cheated and snuck a hand down between his legs as he suckled at Paul's breast. He tried to protest, but Madam Simms declared that there was no rule forbidding it.

They each had to spin the bottle six times. The first time Paul nervously spun it landed on Tammy. He managed to slide over to where she was sitting and pulled her dress up into her lap. She was wearing pale yellow nylon panty briefs that clearly showed the clef between her legs. As Paul eased the panties below her waist, he was glad he wouldn't have to suck a cock as Tammy still wore the false vagina.

Instead as he raised her hips and poked his tongue deep into her opening he was surprised to get lumpy clumps of some gooey stuff dripping from it. Though stale he immediately knew what it was and he almost puked, but managed to hold it in and eventually swallow it. When he finally raised his head, he heard Tammy whisper that she was sorry but her Aunt made her save it.

After that it wasn't so hard for him to suck off the other five that his bottle selected. He did the one in the yellow dress, the one with no tits, the big baby, the one in the little girl's yellow dress again, and finally the biker's boy. The last one really surprised him. Not only was it very large and completely filled his mouth, but the bar bell felt really strange. They were all happy when the game was over.

As a final treat they spent the next hour dancing that is everyone except the big baby. Slow music was put on and they all paired up changing partners after each dance. During the dancing they had to do so like lovers, one hand caressing the other's bottom and the other behind the neck as they kissed the entire dance.

When the dancing was finally over all the guests curtsied to one another and left to go home with the exception of the black boy/girl. She stayed behind along with a very large black matron who must have weighted 280 pounds. "You done good child," she said to him. "Now you be good for Miss Agatha and all them, you understand? Now here's your overnight bag and I will pick you up tomorrow afternoon."

After handing him a pink Barbie doll bag, she turned to Agatha and said, "Do whatever you want, but please don't get his hair wet. Man, it's a real pain to get that style back and it's very expensive to have done. Little Shaunta will do like you say and if he doesn't he'll regret it for a very long time. Thank you for your hospitality and I'll pick him up around four tomorrow. Bye now."

Madam Simms came over to them carrying two of Paul's new sheaths. She fastened each of them into the sheath and bending them over inserted a vibrating dildo into their butts. Surprising both she males she shoved the other's pacifier into their mouths.

"Now I want you two constantly sucking on those pacifiers or I'll switch the tubes to your dildos and give you a good dose of laxatives. Also I want you to be as close as two peas in a pod for the rest of the day. So put your arms around each others waist and stay that way until I say otherwise."

With an arm around each other they stood side by side as the ladies of the house examined them.

"My, my," grandmother said, "just like Siamese twins. Now don't they make a handsome couple? So different yet so much alike they are. Now I want you to lean your heads together like you really love one another and let me hear some cooing sounds from you. You know like you're deeply in love because by tomorrow I sure you will be."

That evening they took a bubble bath together with each one washing, drying, and finally powdering the other. With the embarrassment of having to do each others nightly toilette over they were dressed for bed. Paul in a white chiffon baby doll with a white satin turban to protect his hair and Shaunta dressed in a bright pink matching outfit were tied with nylon ribbons in the sixty-nine position both their lips thickly painted in florescent hot pink lipstick. Madam Simms told them as she turned out the lights that she had better see all the lipstick transferred to their penises when she came to get them in the morning.

As Paul finally drifted off to sleep he wondered if his nightmare would ever end.