

DATA AND HIS DRESSES



Book One

Shannon Q. Shannon



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DANA AND HIS DRESSES

Shannon Q. Shannon

Book One

The last two months of my senior year of high school were spent living with Nicole, my father's young widow and my legal guardian by his will. I suspected that she married him for his money, but I knew why he married *her*! She was twenty-five and drop dead gorgeous. At eighteen, I was hot for her myself, even though we didn't get along very well. Despite that, I tried to hit on her a few times, but she shut me down cold every time.

After father died of a heart attack in bed with Nicole, she became a stickler for an orderly house and had a servant for every purpose, no matter how trivial. Thus, in accordance with her desires, everyone around her behaved in a proper, sedate manner ... that is, except for me. I played practical jokes on her maids and made sexual advances toward them. My most successful amorous encounters were with Bridget, the very sexy upstairs maid.

As a robust boy, I talked loudly, dashed about wildly, and rushed up and down steps two at a time. Therefore, my normal boyish antics caused many confrontations between Nicole and me. Our differences reached a higher plateau after my high school graduation. During the two months that followed, I lived a grand, carefree, yet defiant life as I cavorted about in a rather unbridled manner with my friends, both male and female, paying little heed to Nicole's criticisms. To my great disappointment, this adventure began to fade into oblivion as my companions began to migrate to college, got married, or became involved in regular jobs. Given Nicole's meticulous requirements, that was a major cause of our disputes.

For myself, I had no desire to attend college, and I certainly didn't want a job! I was offered a football scholarship at a small midwestern college, but I declined that as well. My logic was that Nicole had plenty of money, and I would inherit my share in three years. Thus, I decided to take advantage of Dad's fortune and live the life of a carefree playboy instead of working or attending college.

As my friends began to depart for college, jobs, or military service, I found myself more and more without companionship, male or female. The absence of friends gave me a wealth of time on my hands, and I became bored. That's when I turned toward Nicole

and her staff for amusement. For example, I wired smoke bombs to the spark plugs of her limousine and let air out of the tires just to annoy Blair, the chauffeur, a twenty-year-old with long red hair and without much ambition. Inside the house, two of the maids quit because of my antics, and I was held in low esteem by the rest of Nicole's staff. That is, all except for Bridget, who was secretly proving to be an excellent tutor in the sexual arts.

Nicole kept pressuring me to decide about my future, but I continued to put her off with one excuse or another. Finally, having had her fill of my antics, one morning in early August, she said, "Dana, as my stepchild, I love you dearly, but you are totally disruptive to my household. You seemingly go out of your way to infuriate me by disregarding my wishes, and my staff is on the verge of revolt because of your tasteless pranks. In addition to all that, you have made it abundantly clear that you have no interest whatsoever in pursuing worthwhile goals such as higher education or a rewarding career. You seem to enjoy harassing my staff, bounding about the house, and you have let your hair grow down on your neck. All these things are contrary to my expressed wishes, a fact of which you are fully aware."

"But Nicole ...," I began, sensing a determination in her voice that I had not heard before. "I ..."

"Therefore," she continued. "I have found a course of action that I believe will improve your attitude and curtail your rude behavior. This plan will not be easy on either of us as it will mean a drastic change in your lifestyle and your manner of dress. This course will continue until you have shown a serious desire to mend your ways and sincerely pursue your future by actions, not words."

“What do you mean Nicole?” I asked, having no notion what she was talking about, yet somehow fearing her determined voice. New clothes? I was used to wearing comfortable things like shorts or jeans, tee shirts, and sneakers. “Do you mean you want me to start wearing suits, blazers, ties, slacks, wingtip shoes, and fancy things like that?”

“Fancy things, yes, but not like that,” she answered, rising from her chair. “Come up to the celebrity guest room, and you’ll see.”

Upon entering the elaborately decorated guest room, we were greeted by a maid I had never seen before. She was about thirty, trim, athletic, well built, and quite attractive. Her uniform was a short sleeved black dress with a tight-fitting bodice and a straight skirt that fell to three inches above her knees, revealing attractive legs. Maybe this new domestic could teach me some things in the sack that Bridget didn’t know about!

“Dana,” Nicole said sweetly, bringing me out of my reverie, “this is Maria. She will be your personal maid as we endeavor to alter your lifestyle and mold you into a socially acceptable person. She will lend every possible assistance to prepare you for your new and exciting life. To your regret; however, she will be a stern taskmistress.”

“My own personal maid? WOW!” I gasped while wondering just how personal. At any rate, I looked forward to frequently cornering her in my room for frequent sexual encounters.

“Yes dear,” Nicole answered with a shrewd smile while indicating an array of feminine things on the bed. “Maria and I purchased some clothing for you based on the sizes of your current wardrobe, and I’m sure you’ll come to love them.”

"How do you like your pretty new things *Miss Dana*?" Maria asked, putting special emphasis on the *Miss*.

"What's going on here?" I demanded as I stared at the clothes.

"This is part of the wardrobe you'll need for your new life," Nicole replied. "Remember? I explained it to you downstairs, and you asked about fancy things."

"This can't be Nicole!" I screamed. "Those are girl's clothes, for Christ's sake!"

"Nevertheless, these and similar items are the clothes you'll wear for the foreseeable future," Nicole stated in a no-nonsense tone.

"Didn't you hear me?" I shouted again in case she hadn't heard me. "Those are *girl's* clothes! I won't wear them, and you can't make me! I'm a *boy*, and I won't stand for this!" Then, seeing the smiles on their faces, I spoke more calmly. "This is a joke, right? You're just saying that stuff to put a scare into me, aren't you?" I gasped, hoping against hope that it was true. Just in case she was serious, I added, "Okay, you win! I'll get a haircut and a job and think about college."

Maria dashed my hopes, saying, "This is certainly no joke, *Miss Dana*! As your mother said, these are the clothes you will wear as you begin your new life. Now, let's get started."

"Bring him down to the sitting room when he is properly dressed, Maria," Nicole instructed calmly as she turned and left the room.

"You're out of your mind!" I shouted. "Those are girl's clothes, and it's not right to expect me to wear them! What kind of boy do you think I am anyway?" That said, I headed for the door only to find myself fly-

ing headlong across the room into a lamp, sending the globe crashing to the floor in pieces.

"We can do this the easy way or the hard way *Miss Dana*," I heard Maria say as I struggled to my feet in a daze, trying to fathom what had happened. "It's all up to you, but in the end, you *will* wear your pretty clothes."

"This is insane!" I bellowed and charged her like a bull only to have her easily sidestep out of my way, and I crashed into an easy chair. The force of the impact drove the chair into the wall, shattering the plaster and jarring several pictures from their hangers. After several more charges, all ending in much the same way and with me in a puffing and sweating, and without laying a finger on Maria, she said, "I can do this all day if you wish to break more furniture *Miss Dana*, but don't you think we should get on with your mother's wishes before you break a bone or two?"

"She's not my mother, and you can't do this to me!" I insisted. "I was the star quarterback on the football team and one of the best athletes in my school. "You're just a ... a *woman!*"

"I may be only a woman, but I have a black belt in karate and a brown belt in judo," she stated calmly. "You don't have a chance against me, so why not be a good girl and undress while I draw your bath? You'll have to in the end, you know."

"But Maria I..." I started to protest, but never finished as I saw her advancing on me. What she said made perfect sense because she had proven without a doubt that I could not defeat her. "I always take showers," I said while lowering my head and sighing in resignation.

"That's a thing of the past," she stated in a no-nonsense tone. "Pretty young ladies, like you are soon to

become, adore the luxury of soaking in a nice warm tub." Then, seeing my imminent protest, she spat, "Not a word! If I hear a word of objection, I'll turn you over my knee and give you a sound spanking, so don't tempt me!"

After the demonstration she had just put on, I had no doubt that she could and would carry out her threat. Having no alternative, I undressed down to my briefs and walked toward the bathroom.

"Those too, Miss Dana," Maria said more sweetly than I thought necessary.

"Please Maria, I ... I ... can't! Not in front of you. It wouldn't be *decent!*" By then, I was crimson from head to foot. The thought of appearing nude before this pretty woman, in other than sexual encounter, was quite terrifying.

"Don't be so bashful, Miss Dana," she ordered. "I've seen naked little boys before. Anyway, as your personal maid, my seeing you nude will become a matter of routine. Quickly now, off with those disgusting things! We haven't all day!"

There was no escape, no refuge from Maria's piercing eyes as I slowly lowered my briefs and kicked them off. When I was completely naked, she held out a flimsy pink translucent negligee for me to slip into. As I pulled this soft feminine garment about me, I took solace in the fact that at least I was somewhat covered from her peering eyes.

"Always remember to wear your negligee to and from your bath and when lounging about in your room, Miss Dana," Maria instructed. "Proper young ladies doesn't parade about in the nude or scantily dressed ... not even in the sanctity of their own bedroom. Now, into the bath with you!"

"I'm not a proper young lady," I muttered as I padded out of the room, thoroughly shamed and crushed in spirit.

"Oh, you soon will be," Maria teased. "Just you wait and see."

Detecting a delicate fragrance emanating from the bath water, I shuddered to think what my friends would say if they knew I was about to bathe in femininely scented water. Oh, what a horrible thought! Still, somehow the tepid liquid soothed my jangled nerves, and I began to relax as I soaped myself with the perfumed suds. The thought that this would leave me with a feminine odor quickly brought me back to the realization of my strange predicament.

"When you finish bathing, call me before you get out of the tub," Maria said with a gay laugh. "I have to shave your legs."

"Shave my legs? You're not going to shave my legs!" I shouted and started to rise to my feet. "I won't stand for it!"

"Oh yes I am!" she exclaimed while simultaneously giving me a stinging slap to my face. "Maybe not before I give you a sound spanking, but I have every intention of shaving those pretty legs in accordance with your mother's instructions. If I were you *Miss Dana*, I would just relax and follow instructions!"

"Don't call me *Miss*!" I protested as she left the room. Apparently, I was also to be insulted and made to bathe in scented water, I had to suffer the utter indignity of having my legs shaved like a girl as well! To make matters worse, I dared not protest too much for fear that Maria would carry out her spanking threat. Finally, in almost a whisper, I called out, "Okay Maria, I'm ready."

Entering the bathroom with a pink lady's razor and a can of lather, Maria had me stand and hold on to the towel bar while she lathered my legs and removed the dark hair that I had come to cherish. As I stood naked before her, she gave me instructions on shaving my legs and pointed out trouble areas because, as she said, I would be responsible for performing that feminine task for myself in the future.

"The future?" I asked. "How long is this to last?"

"The duration of your punishment is not my concern," she answered in an indifferent tone. "That subject can only be discussed with your mother. My only function is to carry out her instructions and dress you as the pretty young lady you are about to become."

Her answer left me effectively in a stupor. I could only stand idly by while my masculine leg hair was removed. When she finished her task, she motioned for me to step onto the floor and dried me thoroughly with a fluffy pink towel. Taking a large gaily colored box of powder and a huge puff, she covered my entire body with fragrant powder. "Turn around!" she ordered as she dipped the puff into the box. "For goodness sake, hold your hands at your sides. I've been looking at that silly little thing for the past half hour while I shaved your legs! It's not as though I haven't seen it masculine genitals before. Besides, how do you expect me to powder you properly if you're all crouched over like that?" To make matters worse, she took a small perfume atomizer and sprayed me here and there ... even on my pubic area. I really smelled feminine as I slipped back into the soft folds of my negligee. "Just a minute, we have to install this first," she said.

This turned out to be a flesh-colored strap of some sort, the like of which I had never seen. "What's that?" I questioned.

“This is a gaffe, and it’s not too different from the supporters you wore while participating in sports,” Maria said as I stared at the item dangling limply in the air from her finger. “This one; however, will be quite uncomfortable, at least in the beginning. Its purpose is to pull back and hold your genitals between your legs to produce a smooth feminine front. You know, out of sight, out of mind, so to speak.”

I reluctantly opened my embarrassing negligee, baring myself before her once again, and followed her instructions. She worked the tight object up my legs to my hips, and before I realized what she was doing, she brazenly took my masculine attributes in hand, confined them in a small pouch, and pulled them back.

“What *is* that thing?” I gasped as I doubled over. “The pain ... I can’t stand the pain!”

“I warned you it would be uncomfortable at first,” she answered a bit tersely. “Don’t worry, you’ll soon get used to the distraction and learn to ignore it. Okay, I’ll tell you again, but you must learn to listen. This is a garment whose purpose is to pull back and hide your male equipment, so a bulge won’t show in your silky panties, nighties, or tight dresses and skirts, especially if you get *excited*. Come now, let’s get you dressed.” Maria picked up a pair of yellow nylon panties with wide bands of lace at the waist and leg openings and a satin bow in front. “Step into these and take off your negligee so I can show you how to fasten your bra, adjust the straps, and install the padding.”

Having never worn panties, I was surprised how soft and smooth they were as I adjusted them about my hips. While I ran my hands across my buttocks to smooth the silky fabric, a pleasant sensation shot through my groin, only to quickly subside under the relentless pressure of my *gaffe*. Maria noticed my

pained expression and smiled knowingly as I burned with humiliation.

My bra, as Maria cleverly proclaimed, was a perfect match for *my* panties. It was the exact color, and the cups and straps were covered with identical lace. After fastening the strap behind me, she produced two life-like replicas of a woman's breasts and deftly inserted them into the lacy cups. After adjusting the straps, she stated, "These beauties are the latest technology. They not only have the appearance of the real thing, but the feel, weight, and action as well. Believe me, they are not cheap! Your mother loves you very much, and she wants you to have the absolute best. Now, you have your own pretty breasts just like a real girl." She further informed me that I wore a B cup and would not appear to be overly endowed ... for now.

As I stared at the strange mounds on my chest, Maria produced another curious looking flesh colored garment, saying, "This is the modern version of the Victorian corset. It accomplishes the same thing as the old ones, but it is light and soft, like the panties you so lovingly caressed a moment ago."

I blushed again as she encased my middle in that innocent looking bit of fluff and tightened the laces. I was astounded by how quickly this soft bit of nothing became an instrument of torture. At Maria's able hands, my already trim waist was painfully compressed to twenty-eight inches, four less than normal. Placing my hands at my nipped waist, I couldn't comprehend how such soft fragile appearing fabric could hold me like steel. I gasped, "Please loosen the laces. I can't breathe!"

"Nonsense Miss Dana," she responded, making light of my request. "In no time at all, you'll be proud of your nice figure. All pretty girls are. Hurry along,

there's still lots to do to before we present you to your mother!"

'Present me to Nicole?' I thought. 'Yes, that's it!' Maria's comment brought the reality of my situation into focus. My genitals were tightly strapped back between my legs, my sides crushed as if in a vise, and despite my wishes to the contrary, I was to wear the remainder of the feminine clothes on the bed. Nicole wanted to shame me into making a decision about my future, and she planned to frighten me with the prospect of wearing girl's clothes unless I got on with it. 'Okay! Since I have no alternative, I'll pretend to go along with her and let Nicole have her fun. Then, this craziness will all be over, and I can get on with my life.'

In accordance with my plan, I made few complaints as Maria went about her task of dressing me as a girl. While she kneaded sheer nylons over my freshly shaved legs, I obediently fastened my garter belt around me and threaded the straps beneath my panties like she instructed. She then showed me how to tautly fasten the suspenders to the tops of my nylons. I obediently held out my arms while Maria draped a matching yellow slip over my head. I was astounded at the softness of this feminine garment as it drifted down over my body. It was the silkiest thing I had ever touched, and with my every movement, some part of my body was caressed by the sensuous material. The reaction deep within my gaffe was not unpleasant, believe me.

At long last, a yellow polyester dress was the only item remaining on the bed. "Your first dress is very special, so enjoy the moment, Miss Dana," Maria explained as she held it up before me.

"Just get on with it, but don't expect me to like it!" I cried in pain and discomfort on several fronts. The gaffe crushing my masculinity ... the corset was com-

pressing my sides ... my feet cramped in unfamiliar shoes ... and bra straps were digging into my shoulders from the weight of the inserts. I was also humiliated from being dressed as a girl. No small wonder my emotions got the best of me!

Her palm struck my cheek a stinging blow, and her face turned menacing as she spat, "Now, you listen to me! Young ladies take pride in knowing every detail of their ensembles, and since you are to be dressed as one, you will listen attentively as I describe your clothes and accessories. Later, I will expect you know every detail! Failure will result in a severe spanking on your pretty panties!"

I lowered my gaze as she described the dress as an elegant short sleeved silk design with a keyhole neckline, a fitted bodice with a back zip, and a sweeping mid-thigh length skirt. Imagine how I felt having to listen to all that, paying attention to every embarrassing detail before Maria lowered the humiliating garment over my head. I walked around the room in my two inch heels while trying to maintain my balance in my unfamiliar clothes and torturous stilt heels.

Maria said to preen before the full-length mirror to assure that my skirt hung properly, and my slip didn't show. As I stumbled about in the unaccustomed heels, one thought prevailed in my mind, 'Covering that soft slip did nothing to lessen the pleasant sensations it causes, and I feel a huge arousal in my gaffe as the slip caresses my freshly shaved nylon clad thighs.'

"Alright Miss Dana," Maria said, bringing me out of my stupor. "Come over to the vanity so I can do your makeup. We don't have all day."

"I have to wear makeup too?" I asked in disgust. "Lipstick?"

“You’ll soon learn that there’s a lot more to makeup than just lipstick,” Maria insisted. “No girl wants to be seen without her makeup, so you must learn.”

Totally defeated, I sat at the vanity and let Maria have her way once more. As she expertly applied different lotions, creams, and powders to my face, she chattered on about moisturizers, base, blush, mascara, lipstick, nail polish, perfume, daytime makeup, nighttime makeup, and on, and on. She said I would have to learn to do all this for myself, but in my confused state, I couldn’t remember the names of the stuff, much less how to put it on. Despite my apathy, when she was finished, I saw a pretty girl with perfect makeup and a longish boy haircut staring back at me.

As Nicole had said, my hair was long for a boy, but I was now learning that it was short for a girl. No matter though! Maria had expertly created curled bangs across my forehead and framed the remaining hair about my face. I was amazed at how girlish I looked ... me ... a football hero! How could I become the dainty bit of fluff that stared back through wide eyes? *How?*

“I agree that you are very pretty Miss Dana, but you simply can’t sit there all day admiring your beauty,” Maria cautioned. “Your mother is waiting for your debut, so let’s go!” I blushed at her statement because I *was* in total awe and disbelief of the feminine image she had created. As Maria took my hand and propelled me into the hall, several of the maids who I had made advances toward, saw me and laughed out loud at my degradation. Apparently, they knew what was being done to me and were waiting to see the finished product. My face was on fire as they observed my humiliation. “Be careful with your heels, and don’t trip as you descend the stairs, Miss Dana,” Maria warned as I trod along in my misery.

"Why Dana, you make a lovely girl!" Nicole exclaimed, clapping her hands in delight. "Doesn't he Maria?"

"Very pretty for a start, Ms. Fontaine," Maria answered.

'A start?' I recoiled in horror. What did she mean by that? I pulled away from Maria, ran to where Nicole sat and fell to my knees. "Nicole!" I begged. "Please don't do this terrible thing to me. I'm sorry for my past behavior, and I promise never to displease you again. Please! Let me out of these awful girl's clothes. Please oh *please!*" I tried for all I was worth to make my voice sound sincere and full of remorse.

She put her hand on my head and whispered, "There, there my pretty Dana, don't carry on so. When you prove to me that you mean all this by actions not words, I shall let you have your trousers back, but not a minute before. Come now, stand in front of me so I can see my gorgeous daughter."

As I stood, mortified to the point of death, she had me turn this way and that so she could inspect my ... oh how horrible ... *my dress!* After I was totally humiliated, I was told to walk about the room to further display my shameful clothes. With my every movement, I was aware of that damnable soft slip caressing my thighs. At least that part wasn't unpleasant, I had to admit, but I dared not reveal that embarrassing fact to Nicole or Maria.

"By the way Dana, did you happen to look in your closet at the pretty clothes you will be wearing in the days to come?" Nicole asked.

"Days to come?" I exclaimed. "Do you mean I'll have to wear these awful clothes for *days!*"

“Oh no,” she answered calmly, momentarily relieving my anxiety. “I believe we are talking weeks at a minimum, perhaps even months.”

“*Weeks ... months!*” I shouted. “Nicole I can’t dress like a girl for weeks and certainly not for *months!*”

“Of course, you can dear, and you *will!* Remember, I said you would dress this way until you show me that you really intend to reform. Also, for your information my pretty, while you were dressing in these lovely things, all the clothes in your room were removed and stored away. There they will stay until you demonstrate a willingness to mend your ways. If you are clear on this, let’s eat, as I believe lunch is ready.”

I was very dejected as I sat at the table. Being unable to concentrate on the food, my only thought was how horrible I would feel having to wear dresses for the next several weeks, *months*, or who knew how long? There had to be some way to get Nicole to change her mind. There just *had* to be! “Nicole, can’t we talk about this?” I asked anxiously.

“Oh yes, my pretty Dana, we will discuss this ... and in great *detail!*” she answered with a satirical inflection in her voice. “Only, I will talk, and you will listen!”

“Oh Nicole, why are you doing this awful thing to me?” I sobbed.

“That’s a fair question, although I don’t think it’s all that awful,” she answered calmly as she crossed her nylon clad legs and allowed her skirt to ride up to mid-thigh. “For the past several weeks, I have been conducting research into cures for headstrong, rebellious young men like you. In my investigation, I came across a book on the subject that was written in England more than a century ago. This fascinating text suggested that the most effective way to reform impetuous young boys was to force them to dress as girls for

a time. This practice is called petticoat punishment and was so effective that it became very widely used in England. In fact, it continues today in certain circles. The book further states that, without exception, every boy who was subjected to petticoat punishment became polite, obedient, and cooperative when allowed to return to pants. It went on to state that no matter how defiant these boys were when first required to dress as girls, many of them actually grew fond of their frillies and continued to wear them in secret for the remainder of their lives."

"Not me!" I declared emphatically. "I won't wear these hateful things one minute longer than you make me!" Then, thinking that I had already enjoyed the caress of my soft slip, I blushed brightly.

"We'll see about that," Nicole responded with a teasing smile. "Anyway, that's where I got the idea to dress you as a girl."

"But Nicole, I'm a boy, and, you have no right to make me wear girl's clothes," I protested.

"As your legal guardian, I have *every* right!" she declared, her eyes glowing with intensity and her skirt riding even higher. "Since your father's money has made me quite wealthy, I also have the means and the power! Therefore, you will wear whatever I decide is best for you whether you like it or not, and the sooner you accept that fact, the easier your life in skirts will be. One more thing, in the future, you will refer to me as *Mother*. Your habit of addressing me by my first name is inappropriate for a young girl and does not bestow the proper respect to which I am entitled."

"But Nicole, you're only a few years older than me, and no way are you old enough to be my mother!"

"Mother is a title of respect, not age," she said. "Failure to comply with this or my other directives

will only serve to prolong your time in dresses. Since you are a member of my family, you also are deserving of a title of respect, and for that reason, I have advised the servants that while you are dressed as a girl, you will be known as *Miss Dana*. Now, run along and tell Maria you're ready to start your lessons."

My afternoon was spent in a way that would disgust and humiliate any red-bloodied male! Under Maria's direction, I was taught to walk with short steps and placing one foot directly in front of the other with my wrists limp and hips swinging, not an easy task in my unaccustomed heels. She also showed me how to smooth my skirt beneath me when I sat and cautioned me to keep my knees together. Learning to walk and sit like a girl was very embarrassing and uncomfortable, and I felt like a complete sissy the entire time. Glancing at my reflection the full-length mirrors strategically placed about the room made me blush brightly! Only with the threat of another painful spanking did I make an honest effort to comply with her orders.

Finally, seeming somewhat satisfied with my progress, Maria showed me how to remove my makeup. This was one lesson I was eager to learn, but sad to say, it was only the beginning. When my face was clean, she again told me the names and purposes of the many cosmetics on the vanity and showed me how to apply them. This time, she suggested that I apply it myself. I was hesitant to try, but she insisted hands on practice was the best way to learn. Needless to say, I was extremely embarrassed to cover my face with these feminine cosmetics, but when I had to add lipstick, I was totally humiliated. Imagine, a normal boy, an athlete, having to put on *lipstick!*



I made a complete mess of the entire project, but Maria was patient and showed me how to correct my many mistakes. Under her direction, I repeated the process several times. Despite my reluctance to learn these feminine techniques, I found myself getting better with each try. At last, Maria put it on for me, naturally doing a much neater job, and said we should join my *mother* for dinner.

Dinner ... a welcome sound. Since I hadn't eaten all day, I was starved! At the table, I attacked my food with the vigor of any normal hungry boy, even taking seconds. The food was good, and only after wolfing down a large portion of desert, did I realize the folly of my actions. My sides expanded from the influx of food, but the unyielding fabric of my corset did not! "Oh Nicole!" I cried. "Tell Maria to loosen my ... my corset. It's way too tight!"

"I'll do no such thing young lady!" she declared in a stern voice. "You must learn to eat meager portions to attain a neat figure. Maybe a little discomfort is just the thing to teach you, so let's hear no more complaints! Besides, you addressed me rudely without my title of respect as you were instructed."

"I'm sorry, Nicole ... ah ... *Mother*," I quickly added while noting that calling her mother when she was only a few years older than me was strange and out of character. "I...I'll try to remember in the future."

"See that you do!" The unspoken threat of a longer sojourn in dresses was more than sufficient to quiet me despite the severe pain in my sides. I resolved to remember to call her mother in the future.

After dinner, my walking, sitting, and makeup practice continued until bedtime. When my makeup was finally removed for the last time, Maria taught me

how to cream my face for the night. Smoothing this lightly scented cream on my face to make it soft like a girl's was humiliating to say the least, but it was certainly in line with my experiences of that awful day. Maria helped me out of my dress and slip and told me to remove my nylons and garter belt. While I was following her instructions, she took a long pink nylon nightgown from a drawer. When I was stripped to my panties and corset, she held it out to me. Knowing better than to refuse, I raised my arms, and allowed her to guide it over my head.

As the silky garment fell over my body, I thought, 'This is a lot like the slip I was wearing. It's soft, and it caresses my body with every movement.' The matching negligee was so sheer that nothing of my gown was concealed. As I stepped into matching bedroom slippers, I wondered about the purpose of the negligee. Other than covering my bare arms and shoulders, I could see no function that it served. Finally, she pulled back the cover and allowed me to remove the negligee and slide between soft satin sheets. With an amused snicker that made my blood boil, she said, "Goodnight Miss Dana. Be a good girl now." With that, she turned and left me alone in my misery. I wanted to scream my protests, to jump out of bed and rip off my flimsy gown! Instead, I meekly allowed her to tuck me in between the satin sheets as one would a five-year-old.

Nicole came in a bit later and found me lying in a confused state with my head on a soft satin pillow and kissed me goodnight. On her way out, she paused and said, "Remember dear, your behavior alone will determine the length of your stay in dresses."

Wanting nothing more than to hasten the end of my tenure in dresses, I said, "Yes Nicole, I'll remember."

"You remember wanting to return to boy's clothes, but you forget to use a title of respect to address your dear mother quickly enough!" Nicole snapped in a harsh tone before turning off the light and closing the door.

Hearing the lock click, I knew I was trapped. In more ways than one, I was trapped! 'I have to stop calling her Nicole or I'll never get out of these hateful girl's clothes,' I pondered as I arranged my silken nightie about me in bed. 'I even have to think of her as mother, so I don't slip up and say anything to lengthen the time I have to wear dresses.'

Maria awakened me the following morning by pulling back the drapes. When she drew back my covers, I was embarrassed to see that my gown had crept up during the night to reveal my smooth hairless thighs. To my relief, my tight gaffe hid the morning erection in my panties. As I hastily adjusted my gown to cover myself, to my relief, Maria paid no heed to my antics. "Come Miss Dana, it's time to get up," she said, holding up my negligee.

My cheeks burned with embarrassment as I reluctantly offered my arms for her to slip the soft diaphanous garment over my arms, I stepped into my slippers, and plodded off to the bathroom. To my further distress, she informed me that I was to go to have breakfast with Nicole ... ah ... *mother* dressed as I was, a daily ritual for my immediate future. Maria added a bit of makeup including pink lipstick and brushed my hair into a feminine style before I was led out.

As I walked downstairs with my long nylon gown fluttering about my legs, the maids we encountered laughed heartily and said, "Good morning *Miss* Dana." With obvious emphasis on the *Miss*. I was

mortified to be seen mincing along by these domestics, but I was helpless to alter my situation. The only bright spot of my humiliating destiny was the pleasant caresses of my soft gown, but I couldn't admit that embarrassing fact to *anyone*. Anyway, that delightful sensation could end by simply discarding the gown.

"Dana, you look positively ravishing this morning!" *mother*, as I was trying to think of her, proclaimed as I entered the breakfast nook where she was seated drinking coffee. "Did you sleep well dear?"

"I... I guess so," I mumbled as I brushed my delicate gown and negligee beneath me, took my seat, and sat with my knees together. Remembering the painful ordeal with my corset the night before, and being mindful of its current pressure, I only nibbled at my food even though I was quite hungry.

After breakfast, *mother* sent me back upstairs to bathe and dress. At first, I was reluctant to immerse myself in the tub that *Maria* had prepared, but once I did, the warm scented water had a very relaxing effect, giving me a sense of peace. 'What is happening to me?' I wondered. 'Imagine me, a boy who had always enjoyed showers, relaxing in a warm perfumed bath like a girl! *Maria* dried me off and after covering my body with fragrant powder, she sprayed me with perfume and helped me back into my negligee. Slapping my bottom with a sly smile, she said, "Time to get you dressed Miss Dana."

Standing before my closet, I found that *mother* had indeed been truthful. Hanging there before my eyes, were two dresses and a skirt and blouse I hadn't seen before. "I...I have to...to wear *these*?" I asked hesitantly, knowing the answer and dreading the inevitable.

"Don't be silly Miss Dana!" *Maria* chastised in a peaches and cream voice. "Of course, you will wear

these pretty dresses and skirts! But since you can't wear them all at once, select the one you would like to wear today." When I hesitated, she added, "It's a tough choice, isn't it? Oh well, go ahead, I'm sure you'll look lovely in whichever one you select."

Not wanting to look lovely, I delayed my decision until Maria put her hands on her hips and exhaled in a show of impatience. I slowly, and with much embarrassment, raised my hand and pointed to the ensemble nearest me. It was a soft polyester beige minidress. I blushed when I noticed the skirt was narrower and only fell to mid-thigh, several inches shorter than the dress I had worn the day before.

"Notice that this dress isn't lined," Maria explained. "That means you must wear at least a half slip with it even on the hottest days. You see, in clothing of delicate materials like silk or lace, the absence of a lining renders it transparent in bright light or sun. You must learn that a slip will prevent such an unladylike display." Blushing intensely as I pictured the scene she described, I merely nodded. "Now that you have selected your dress, replace your gaffe, and choose matching panties, bra, slip, and garter belt," she instructed. "Keep in mind that a lady is always mindful that her undies match her dress."

I was amazed at the array of lingerie in the chest as I stared into the drawers with awe. 'Why are there so many, and how long does mother intend to make me dress like this?' was the question that flooded my confused mind. Fearful to do otherwise, I hesitantly reached into the drawer and picked up a pair of very soft white lace embellished nylon panties simply because they were the first that my hand touched.

"A very nice selection Miss Dana!" Maria complimented as I stepped into the panties and adjusted them at my waist while feeling a pleasant stirring in

my extremely tight gaffe. "Now, make certain everything else matches your pretty panties." Over the next few minutes, I found myself taking soft bits of fluff out to check color and lace patterns to see that they matched. When everything was finally on the bed, I removed my negligee and threaded the bra straps over my arms. After several failed attempts to fasten the clasp behind me, Maria did it for me and offered, "Be sure to lean forward when you adjust your *breasts* in the cups Miss Dana. They will situate better that way. Now, let's pop you back into your corset!"

The corset was still unbearably tight, but somehow, I wasn't as embarrassed putting on my nylons, garter belt, slip, dress, and pumps as the day before. Although Maria had insisted that I dress myself, thankfully, she put on my makeup and arranged my hair. Even though I had practiced the day before, I could never have done it correctly. For jewelry, I wore a two-tiered chain necklace; clip on hoop earrings, and a matching bracelet, all in gold. Finally, with a spray of perfume, Maria pronounced me ready to go downstairs to meet my *mother*.

"Oh Maria, he looks so lovely in that dress!" Nicole exclaimed as she looked me over with a critical eye. "We did a perfect job of determining his feminine sizes and in selecting fabrics and colors that would enhance his beauty."

"Yes Ms. Fontaine. He looks very nice, but he still has a lot to learn," Maria answered politely.

"Oh well, there is sufficient time for that," mother responded, dismissing Maria's misgivings. "Teaching him to be a lady is your responsibility, so be sure to do a precise job." With a wave of her hand, Maria was dismissed.

For the rest of the morning, I listened while Nicole talked about my expected behavior. “Dana darling, while you are dressed as a girl, you must learn to conduct yourself in a ladylike manner. There will be no running up the stairs. You must learn to negotiate them with grace and decorum. Also, there will be no more flopping down into chairs or putting your feet up. To conduct yourself properly, you must lower yourself slowly, arranging your skirts as you do so, and sit up straight with your hands in your lap and your ankles and knees together. You must remain quiet unless spoken to, never interrupting me as has been your discourteous habit in the past.”

I found many of the subjects embarrassing and tended to slump in my chair, only to be sharply admonished to sit up straight and keep my knees together. She further informed me that she had turned full authority for all my feminine training and discipline, yes *discipline*, over to Maria. She had given Maria permission to punish me however, whenever, and wherever she saw fit, for any and all rebellious behavior. These offenses included deceit, inattentiveness, reluctance, disobedience, disrespect, temper tantrums, and especially defilement of my pretty clothes.

‘I must ... I must ... I must ...!’ I screamed to myself. ‘Oh why, why am I being subjected to this awful treatment? Surely there are other ways of punishing me, rather than this shameful manner.’ Finally, unable to withstand further assaults on my masculinity, I jumped to my feet and shouted, “I won’t be a girl Nicole! I won’t call you mother! I won’t dress like a girl! I won’t act like a girl! Do you hear? I won’t! I won’t! I *won’t!*”

Nicole clasped her hand to her breast and gasped at my outburst. Her eyes were sparks of fire that seemed to dart out at me, and her expression was one of rage.

Struggling to control her voice, she spat, "How dare you speak to me like that? How *dare* you! Also, you were instructed to refer to me as mother! I'll have Maria give you a spanking to teach you to pay me the respect I deserve." Then turning toward the door, she shrieked, "*Maria!*"

A few seconds later, Maria charged into the room and looked around as if expecting a tragedy.

"*Maria!*" Mother declared in a firm tone, "Miss Dana has just displayed the most unladylike behavior I have ever witnessed. He insists that he won't dress appropriately as a girl, and he referred to me improperly. I wish you to punish him in a fitting and proper manner to teach him proper respect."

Hearing her harsh accusations, turned my knees to jelly.

"Certainly Ms. Fontaine!" Maria answered with a steel voice. "I'll be back momentarily," she added while turning to leave. When she returned, Maria approached me with a wooden paddle, looked into my eyes with a resolute expression and demanded, "What has come over you Miss Dana? In our recent conversation, you promised to behave in a ladylike manner and pay your mother the respect she deserves. What happened to that pledge?"

My earlier bravado had vanished. A boy in a dress, makeup, and heels, can't remain courageous very long. Knowing what the paddle symbolized, and wanting desperately to avoid a most humiliating experience, my attitude quickly turned to one of repentance. "I'm sorry Maria!" I pledged. "I don't know what came over me. Honest, I don't. Please forgive me. I promise never to do it again."

"Nothing doing young lady," she stated with finality. "You must learn that you can't throw a tantrum

and get away with it like you did in the past. That kind of behavior has no place in this household, and it will not go unpunished now or in the future! Come along Miss Dana," Maria said, gently taking my hand and leading me to a straight-backed chair, where she took a seat and adjusted her skirt over her thighs. "Let's do this the easy way. Raise your skirt and slip to your waist and lie across my lap like a good sissy boy."

'Boys don't wear skirts, and I'm not a sissy, and you're horrible to make me!' I wanted to shout. Since that type of behavior got me into my current dilemma, I knew another outburst would only increase my punishment. What were my options? I had to think fast! I couldn't defeat Maria in a fight. She had proven that with ease. To try to escape or overcome her would doubtlessly result in bruises in addition to my inevitable spanking. My options? I had no options! I could only obey! With that realization, I slowly raised my skirt and slip to my waist exposing my panties and obediently assumed the humiliating position across her lap.

Maria raised the paddle and stinging blows began descending on my nylon clad posterior, each worse than the last. I don't know how many there were as I lost count amid my screams. When Maria was finished, she kept me in place and read me the riot act. She scolded me for my outburst and told of many other offenses punishable in like manner. Finally, after being ordered to apologize to my mother and to promise to never ... *never* show such hostility and disrespect in the future, was I allowed to regain my feet.

After my apology, Nic ... *mother* pulled me up beside her on the sofa, looked deep into my eyes, and said in a tender, yet unwavering, voice. "Alright darling, I'll forgive you this time, but if you *ever* direct such willful scorn toward me again, the punishment

you have just received will seem like a Sunday picnic. You must understand that I love you very much, and I only want the best for you. You must accept that I'm doing this for your own good, and as your guardian, I'm due at least a modicum of respect. Look at you! Your makeup is ruined. Ask Maria sweetly to help you repair it, and when you return, I expect to see a sweet, demure daughter."

'What would Dad say if he could see me now?' I asked myself as Maria took my hand and led me up the steps like a small child. As I followed meekly along, I knew the spanking had crushed my rebellion.

"Your pretty dress is all wrinkled from your ordeal, Miss Dana," Maria announced as I entered my new room. "Take it off, and I'll have it pressed while we re-do your makeup."

I removed my dress while Maria summoned Bridget. I really didn't want my former lover to see me in my embarrassing bra and half-slip, but my buttocks were still on fire, and didn't dare risk a repeat performance. 'Oh well, there's nothing I can do about it now,' I thought. I was obediently slipping into my negligee when Bridget made her entrance. "Miss Dana wrinkled his dress," Maria informed her. "See that it is pressed and promptly returned. He needs it for lunch."

Bridget, more than the other maids, teased me and emphasized the *Miss* whenever she saw me in my nightgown and negligee on my way to and from breakfast or in a dress during the day. Now, her face was beaming with glee as she eyed me in my translucent negligee, bra, and half-slip willingly, no anxiously, plying my face with feminine cosmetics! "Yes Maria," Bridget replied, barely suppressing laughter. "I'll see to *his* pretty dress right away."

Maria never had a more diligent or attentive pupil as I attempted to learn to correctly apply my makeup. For the first time, I really took a sincere interest in my task and tried to get it right. Of course, the results weren't nearly up to Maria's exacting standards, but to my relief, she praised me for my efforts and told me to cleanse my face.

Afterward, she re-did everything, and when she was finished, I had to admit that I really did look like a girl. Even Bridget was amazed to such an extent that she didn't tease me when she returned and helped me into my dress.

When we came down for lunch, mother was bright and cheery, as if the ordeal of the morning had never happened. She chatted on as if I were really her pretty daughter and that all this was perfectly normal. Quickly learning that hunger pangs were less painful than the unrelenting pressure of my corset, I again ate a meager portion.

After lunch, Maria led me back upstairs for the continuation of my feminization. That afternoon, the lessons were on nail polishing. She showed me how to remove my old polish and replace it with a fresh shiny coat. When I tried; however, the results were not so appealing. After several failed attempts to reach her meticulous standards, Maria applied two coats of flaming red polish and said I would improve with practice. "Now, remove your makeup, Miss Dana, it's time for your nap," she announced when the polish was finally dry.

"But I don't need a nap," I protested. "I'm a grown boy!"

"Boy indeed!" she snapped. "As far as I'm concerned, you're a girl, and you need your beauty rest."



Don't argue unless you want another spanking! Beauty naps are important! You have been sweet all afternoon, so don't spoil it by being naughty at this late date. Come, I'll help you undress."

'If I'm asleep, at least I won't have to pretend to cooperate while they make a girl out of me,' I thought as I crawled between the satin sheets in my half-slip, bra, panties, and corset.

Maria woke me some time later and stated without emotion, "We'll work on eye makeup this afternoon, Miss Dana. Slip into your negligee, slide your feet into your bedroom slippers, and sit at your vanity so we can get started. I think we'll start by cleaning up your brows a bit."

I quickly learned that *cleaning up my brows* meant sitting passively for half an hour while Maria painfully yanked most of them out, leaving only a bare, thin, arched line. I never imagined there was so much to feminine eye makeup, but to my dismay, I was learning ... *fast!* Maria made up my eyes using eyeliner, eyeshadow, and mascara, all the while telling me the names of the cosmetics, explaining their effect and purposes, and demonstrating the proper application techniques. "Alright, Miss Dana," she finally said. "Take it off, and we'll see what you've learned."

Afraid to do otherwise, I followed her instructions as best I could, but the final result was a terrible mess! My eyeliner was uneven, my mascara was clumped, and my eyeshadow was smeared. I feared Maria's wrath for my inept efforts, but she eased my nerves saying it turned out about as she expected and that there was plenty of time to practice and improve. She further assured me that she would not punish failed attempts if I was diligent in my efforts. On the other

hand, inattentive, halfhearted endeavors, or defiant behavior would be dealt with quickly and severely. After several failed attempts on my part, Maria did my full makeup and hair, once again patiently explaining each step along the way. Finally satisfied with my *look*, she helped me into my dress and led me down to dinner.

As we descended the stairs and I felt the caress of my soft slip with my every movement, I experienced a pleasant arousal within my gaffe. Relishing the moment, the alarming thought that wearing soft silky things was somehow rather nice, flashed through my mind. ‘Goodness! What’s happening to me?’ I asked myself as I quickly dismissed that insane notion.

“You look very pretty this evening Dana,” mother beamed upon my entrance. “You have made splendid progress since our unfortunate escapade this morning.”

“Thank you, Mother,” I replied, lowering my eyes in shame. All through dinner, I was subjected to a continuation of her guidelines for my feminine future. “Always conduct yourself as a lady ... a lady does this ... a lady does that ... a lady never does this or that ... always smooth your skirt when you sit ... keep your knees modestly together ... never allow your slip to be on display ... and on ... and on ...”

I was miserable through the whole lecture as her words constantly reminded me that I was a boy who was required to dress and act like a girl. Silently pledging to be ever on lookout for any possible escape from this silken prison, I somehow endured my sparse meal. That evening, my feminine lessons were on dressing and undressing in those hated clothes with emphasis on fastening my bra behind my back. However, being afraid of the consequences of rebellion or refusal, I learned. Boy, did I learn!

As the days passed, I settled into my new routine. I would join mother for breakfast in my nightgown and negligee. Afterward, I would bathe, dress in one feminine outfit or another, apply my makeup, style my hair, and practice girlish pursuits until lunch. Afterward, the lessons continued for a couple of hours until time for my *beauty* nap. I was awakened to more lessons that lasted until dinner. When I had eaten, my lessons resumed until time for bed. Even that entailed more lessons ... removing my makeup, rolling my hair, creaming my face and body for the night, slipping into a long slink nightgown, and sliding between satin sheets.

Feminine behavior was rewarded, and masculine behavior was quickly and painfully dealt with across Maria's lap with my panties on fire. Small wonder that I grew accustomed to dressing and acting like a girl. The hours upon hours of practice made me very proficient at dressing myself, applying my makeup, sitting with my knees together, walking in heels, swaying my hips in a *natural* rather than exaggerated manner, carrying my arms relaxed and my wrists limp. I was also taught the correct articles to be packed in a purse, carrying that purse, and eating small portions so as not to suffer torture from my corset.

During those times, my boyish instincts raised themselves from time to time, but my rebellions were promptly squelched by painful episodes across Maria's lap. These sessions were much less severe than my initial humiliation in the sitting room, and I came to believe that they were more to gain my attention and cooperation than to punish me.

"Dana darling, you look very attractive in your dresses, but do you ever find yourself wanting something different to wear?" mother asked during breakfast one morning about two weeks after my punishment began.

'Oh boy!' I thought. 'She is finally going to release me from this feminine hell!' A broad grin encompassed my face as I exclaimed, 'Oh yes, Mother! I would like *nothing* better than to have ...'

"Very well," she said, cutting me off. "Then, you shall have them. But first, go upstairs, put on a pretty skirt and blouse, do a beautiful job with your makeup and hair, and return here. Don't ask for Maria's help. I want to see what you've learned before making any new purchases."

'Mother wants to see me in girl's clothes one more time before she lets me have my pants back!' I thought happily as I bounced up the stairs one step at a time, not two as in the old days. 'I'll show her! I'll do everything ... dressing, hairstyling, and makeup better than any boy ever! Then, she'll be certain that I really intend to change and won't have any doubts about forgetting this stupid girl business.'

As soon as I entered my room, I quickly slipped off my filmy negligee, pulled my soft nightgown over my head, and stepped out of my panties. Wearing only my Gaffe and corset, I happily bounced into the bathroom where Maria was preparing my bath and asked her to unlace my corset. "Mother wants me to dress by myself," I said, "but I'll need you to lace my corset when I'm through bathing."

"Very well Miss Dana," she replied with a sly grin. "Are you sure you won't need my help with your hair and eye makeup?"

“Oh no, Maria,” I bubbled happily. “I can do it by myself. Not as well as you, but mother wants to see how well I manage after all my practice.” Then happily thinking to myself, ‘I won’t be *Miss Dana* much longer!’

After my bath, I hurriedly stepped into a pair of soft white nylon hip hugger panties, fastened my bra behind my back, inserted the falsies into the cups, pulled on my sheerest nylons, attached them to my garters, and threw a soft nylon mini slip over my head. Mother said for me to wear a skirt and blouse, so I chose a translucent blouse of soft ivory silk that had a cowl neck and back buttons. My bra and slip were prominently on display, a fact that caused me concern in the past, but today, I paid it no mind. I buttoned the back with ease, not surprising with my hours of practice. The straight red skirt that fell to mid-thigh went on easily but slightly restricted my stride. As I tucked in my blouse and tugged my slip down, I thought, ‘This is the last time for this foolishness!’

I slid my feet into my red two-inch leather pumps and sat at my vanity to do my makeup. My nail polish was pink, and since I needed red to match my skirt, my first task was to remove the old and replace it with two coats of bright shiny red. As I did so, I realized that my toenails were pink as well, so I removed my shoes and nylons and polished them red to match. ‘Oh, why is this taking so long?’ I asked myself. ‘I’m as nervous as a girl getting ready for her first date, but I need to get this over so I can return to being a *boy!*’

While I waited for the polish to dry, I thought about how feminine clothing and activities had become routine. I no longer had to think to smooth my skirt when I sat, to sit with my knees together, or to walk with short steps, my wrists limp, and my hips swinging. I had even gotten used to the tightness of a bra about my

chest and the jiggling weight of my protruding falsies. I looked often into the mirror to check my hair and makeup, and I had reached the point that I thought of my features as too pale without the added color of cosmetics. Would I be able to reverse these habits and ideas now that I was returning to pants?

These questions plagued me as I applied blush, mascara and eyeliner, blue eyeshadow, and bright red lipstick to match my nails. Looking in the mirror, I thought I had done everything credibly and set upon my hair. It didn't look nearly as well as when Maria did it, but after I pinned in a red satin bow with long streamers, I was satisfied that I had done my best. I clipped gold hoops to my ears, fastened on a gold choker necklace, slid three gold bangles over my left wrist, sprayed myself with perfume, checked my image in the mirror, and slung the straps of my white leather purse over my shoulder. Fairly well satisfied with my appearance, I pronounced myself ready for mother's final inspection of me as a girl.

"You look very pretty this morning, *Miss Dana*," Bridget said with a polite, yet teasing, smile when I met her in the hallway.

"Thank you, Bridget," I answered, returning her smile. As I descended the stairs, I realized that I had become much less apprehensive about appearing before the maids in my girlish clothes. 'Oh well,' I thought. "All this will soon be over and forgotten."

As my nylon clad thighs moved against my tight skirt, my soft slip caressed my body, and the seductive scent of sweet perfume levitated around me, I had a moment to reflect on my situation. Doing so, I realized that I would miss some aspects of my feminine life. For instance, the soft nylon panties, gowns, and slips were nice, as were the satin pillows and sheets. On the other hand, I truly hated my tight corset and the crushing

gaffe that pinned my genitals between my legs. Most of all, I detested the painful and humiliating spankings that ended my rebellions and crushed my masculine spirit.

“You did beautifully with your hair and makeup dear, and you never looked lovelier in that pretty skirt and blouse!” Mother gushed as I entered the sunroom where she was waiting. “Come, let me have a look at you!”

I couldn’t hide my happiness at being allowed to return to my boy’s life, and I smiled brightly as I walked and turned to display my skills, even if I did learn them under duress.

“My darling, that smile gives you an air of absolute radiance!” she purred. “If you only knew how much prettier it makes you look, you would smile more often! I can assure you that shopping with such an enchanting creature as you will truly be a delight.” With that, she pushed a button on the intercom and said, “Blair, bring the car around. We are ready to leave.”

As the reply came back, “Right away Ms. Fontaine,” I was in a stupor! What did she mean shopping with *me* and that *we* were ready to go? Slowly her meaning began to sink in. She intended to take me shopping ... dressed as I was ... to buy *what*? *More* girl’s clothes? A feeling of great despair permeated my mind ... no ... my very *soul*, as I grasped the meaning of her words. Since my punishment in dresses began, I had been seen only by the women of the household, not any *men*! But, if Mother was serious about her intent, I would be seen by, and shamed before, Blair ... and God knows who else! “Mother,” I managed to stammer, “I can’t go out dressed like *this*! People will see me and know I’m a *boy*! Please don’t embarrass me this way!”

"Don't be silly, Dana!" she admonished, her eyes turning hard. "You are very pretty, and no one will know you're a boy if you conduct yourself in the lady-like manner you have been taught. Besides, this was your idea, you know."

"My idea?" I queried in total disbelief. "How was this *my* idea??"

"Why Dana, I'm surprised at you," she gasped, placing hand on her breast in a gesture of astonishment. "You said at breakfast that you were growing tired of wearing the same old things and that you wanted some pretty new clothes. That's why you made yourself so lovely! Don't tell me you've forgotten already!"

"But Mother," I mumbled, suppressing a combination of emotions, "You said different clothes, not pretty ones! I thought you meant I could return to pants."

"I don't know what could have given you that idea." she sighed. "It's true that you've been more cooperative lately, but you have given no indication that you intend to permanently alter the behavior that landed you in this situation. As we have discussed, deeds, not words, are the only thing that will earn your silly pants back. Now, let's go! Blair is waiting."

"Oh Mother, please don't do this terrible thing to me!" I begged. "I'm sorry for all the trouble I caused, and I faithfully promise to reform. Just don't make me go out in public dressed like this! I'll die of shame; I know I *will!*"

"Nonsense Dana!" she asserted. "Keep in mind that this type of insolent behavior will do nothing to shorten your tenure in skirts. Now, let's go, or do I have to summon Maria?"

Her words carried a definite threat of finality, and recent experience had taught me not to challenge her. If she wanted me to accompany her on a shopping trip in a skirt, blouse heels, and makeup, that's what I would do, protest or no protest, willing or unwilling, before or after a painful spanking. With the knowledge that I could not win, I softened my voice, lowered my gaze, and said, "That won't be necessary, Mother."

"Very well, let's go," she said with a devilish smile, knowing that she had won yet again. "And when we get home, I have a wonderful surprise for you!"

Strongly suspecting that her *wonderful surprise* was something that would only enhance my feminine lifestyle, I couldn't muster the enthusiasm to ask what it might be. Totally defeated, I lowered my eyes and meekly replied, "Thank you, Mother."

Blair was waiting by the car as I meekly followed mother down the front steps. From under my mascara covered lids, I saw him staring at me with astonishment. All doubts as to whether I was dressed as a girl from the skin out would be erased when he spied my bra and slip through my translucent blouse. Seeing my humiliating girlish costume, his eyes lit up, and adding to my shame, he covered his mouth to conceal his amusement.

"Good morning, Blair," mother said in a cheery voice. "A beautiful day for a shopping tour isn't it."

"Yes, Ms. Fontaine, a very beautiful day," he replied with a teasing smile.

When mother noticed that I remained silent, she scolded, "Dana, speak to Blair! A lady is always courteous to her servants."

"Good m...orning," I stammered, keeping my eyes on the ground.

“Good morning, Miss Dana!” he replied. “My, don’t you look lovely this fine morning.”

I could have choked him for that! Imagine, calling me Miss Dana and saying that I was lovely! Boys aren’t *lovely*. He should know that!

As Blair assisted mother into the car, the thought that this was my chance to escape flashed through my mind. However, quick thinking told me I wouldn’t get far because I couldn’t run very fast in my skirt and heels, and mother was sure to send Blair after me. When he caught me, I would really be in hot water and in skirts for much longer. The mental picture of myself lying across Maria’s lap with my skirt at my waist to reveal my panties while the amused chauffeur looked on, changed my mind. With this resolve, I meekly offered my arm to be helped into the car like a girl.

I wasn’t nervous about being seen and recognized during the ride because the windows of the limo were darkened, and no one could see inside. *But*, when Blair helped me out of the car and into the parking lot of La Flaire, the exclusive ladies’ shop where mother and her friends bought most of their clothes, I was *petrified!* I just knew all eyes were on me! I could feel them! If only I dared to run, if only I had a chance to escape, I would have fled this humiliating scene with all my energy. Still, if I did manage to get away, where could I go dressed like *this*? I could only beg, “Please take me home. Everyone is staring at me. They know I’m a boy in a skirt!”

“Dana, you are blowing this way out of proportion,” she answered calmly. “If anyone is looking at you, I’m certain they’re only admiring you as the attractive girl you have become, not as a boy in a skirt as you imagine. Stop being silly, and let’s get on with our plans, or I’ll announce the fact that you’re a boy and remove any uncertainty that might exist!” With her

warning ringing in my ears and having no doubt that she would carry out her threat, I hurried along, our heels clicking in time on the pavement.

As we entered the boutique, a wave of delicate perfume assailed my nostrils, and I blushed for all I was worth. Unable to look up into this feminine bastion, I saw a pair of shiny black pumps with spike heels approaching.

"May I help you ladies?" a pleasant voice asked.

"Yes," mother answered nonchalantly. "I am Nicole Fontaine, and this is my stepson, Dana. We have an appointment with Monique. Is she available?"

"Oh yes, Ms. Fontaine," came the congenial reply. "She's in the imperial dressing room preparing for your visit. Right this way."

Mother's referral to me as her stepson, a *boy* after all ... a boy wearing a silk blouse, miniskirt, makeup, nylons, and heels confirmed her threat to reveal my true sex to one and all if I wasn't totally obedient. Yet, to my great surprise, this cavalier clerk showed no surprise or concern over the revelation of my disguised gender.

Had mother told them about me in advance? Blushing had become common with me over the past two weeks, but now, with the announcement that I was a boy ... a boy in a skirt ... in a ladies' clothing store for everyone to see, most of my blood surely must have rushed to my face. I had never been so mortified in my life, and I was helpless to rectify the situation. I could only implore, "Mother! How could you do this to me? I did everything you said! Why did you tell her I'm a boy?"

"I did it to teach you a lesson!" she stated emphatically. "This morning, you complained and caused quite a scene, and I will not abide such behavior! You

must learn to be gracious when I do something nice for you or I will make your life quite difficult, as well as embarrassing. I am, after all, going to this trouble and expense for your own good. Now, come along or I'll really embarrass you!"

'My own good, indeed!' I thought as a wave of rebellion swept over me. However, the feeling quickly passed as I contemplated my situation, where I was, and the way I was dressed. My face remained the color of my skirt as we walked along the aisle between racks of delicate lingerie, elegant blouses, and stylish dresses. A few minutes later when we entered the dressing room, I was terrified by the array of feminine finery on display. Surely mother didn't expect me to wear these dainty bits of sissy feminine fluff! A feeling deep inside told me that I was in for quite a harrowing experience!

"Oh Ms. Fontaine, you've arrived!" exclaimed a stately woman as she hurried over to greet us. "I've had the loveliest time selecting all these pretty things for your stepson since you phoned."

My eyes dropped under Monique's flashing blue eyes as she clapped her hands in feminine delight, turned to me, and said, "And this lovely creature must be Dana! Why dear, how sweet you look! We certainly weren't too far off in determining the sizes for your current things, were we? And, before you leave today, we will enhance your wardrobe as distinctively befits the adorable young lady you are becoming. I just know you will be thrilled."

There was a teasing lilt to Mother's voice, as she said, "Yes, Monique, I'm sure Dana will be ecstatic with the lovely things we purchase for him today, won't you dear?"

Despite my earlier humiliation and chastisement, I summoned all my courage in defiance. "I'm a boy, and you have no right to make me wear these hateful girl's clothes! It's not right ... not *decent!*"

"Dana!" Mother rebuked sternly. "The idea of speaking to me in that tone! Now, apologize for this rude outburst, or I shall send Blair home for Maria. A session across her lap will affirm the fact that nylon panties don't offer much defense against her paddle. We'll certainly see your attitude change, that's for sure!" That threat was more than enough to scatter my courage to the winds, and I sheepishly lowered my head and begged her pardon.

"When you see how lovely you look in these pretty clothes, you will quickly change your mind, and thank your mother for allowing you to wear them," Monique said.

"That's what you think!" I snapped, forgetting my resolve of only moments before to be obedient.

"That's quite enough Dana!" Mother ordered sharply. "I wish to hear no more such disrespectful talk! Have you already forgotten my warning?"

"No Mother," I murmured. "I'm sorry. It's just ... just ..."

"Enough!" she said, cutting me off. "Now hurry and undress! We have a lot to do!"

"Undress? Here? In front of her?" I gasped.

"Of course, you silly boy!" she ordered. "How else can Monique help you select your new things and assure a proper fit if you don't try everything on?" Then, turning to Monique, she added, "I'll bet you would be surprised to learn that Dana selected his ensemble for the day, dressed himself, put on his makeup, and styled his hair with no help from anyone."

"You don't say!" Monique exclaimed. "You did beautifully too, Dana! I never would have thought a macho athletic boy like you could learn to be a girl so quickly. Why, you must truly love your new clothes and lifestyle to be able to do so."

Silently, yet full of dejection and trepidation, I reached back and began unbuttoning my blouse, a feat I couldn't have accomplished two weeks earlier. I looked to mother for a reprieve from thus humiliation, but she only gave me a warning stare and motioned upward with her thumb, indicating that I should remove my slip. Oh, how shamed I felt, standing there in only the padded bra, panties, garter belt, nylons, and heels of a girl. I would have screamed that I was a boy and hated these things, if not for the threat of Maria's harsh discipline.

"Get with it, Dana! Remove everything except your garter belt, nylons, gaffe, and corset!" mother ordered sharply.

My humiliation continued as I stood before these hateful women, naked except for these few feminine items that covered, yet added to my shame.

"He needs a smaller corset," Monique remarked. "This one is positively loose."

"Smaller corset?" I exclaimed. "Oh no! I'm just getting used to this one!"

"Exactly my point!" she stated. Then, addressing Mother, "I suggest a size twenty-six, two inches smaller, and have it laced completely closed from the start. Also, he should be fitted immediately to ensure that his new fashions adhere to this shape. I anticipated his probable need, and I have one here if you would like me to lace him into it."

"No, Mother, NO!" I begged. "Please! I've had to starve myself to keep this one from crushing me. I'll

wear this one without any more complaints! I promise! Please don't have her put a smaller one on me! I couldn't stand it!"

"Don't be such a ninny Dana," she answered curtly. "Surely you can withstand a little discomfort in order to attain a cute figure. All the girls do!" Then to Monique, "Go ahead dear, I'm sure you know best."

As I grimaced in anticipation and futility, Monique wasted no time unlacing the once torturous garment that I was now begging to wear. Within minutes, I was gasping for breath and writhing about in agony even worse than I had two weeks before when Maria laced me into my old one. A quick glance in one of the many mirrors told me that I *did* have a neater figure. Oh, why did I think that?

Through my misery, I heard mother say, "I have decided that he should start wearing three-inch heels. The ones he has been wearing are positively too low. Do you have a pair he can wear to try on his new fashions?"

"Most definitely, Ms. Fontaine," Monique answered, turning toward the door. "He's a size eight, isn't he? I'll be right back."

"Size eight isn't very dainty for a girl, Dana, but you will find that the higher heels will make your feet appear smaller and your ankles trimmer," mother pronounced when Monique was gone."

"But Mother," I protested, "I could never walk in higher heels! Besides, I'm just getting used to these."

"Don't be silly!" she scolded. "All pretty girls like to wear high heels. It makes their legs more attractive to the boys, and they feel more grown up. You'll see!" My objections were of no use as mother was set on buying new feminine clothes and higher heels for me no matter what my wishes to the contrary might be.

Shortly, Monique, and a rather plain young girl not much older than me who was wearing a royal blue minidress, came back into the room. Each was carrying six or eight shoe boxes, which was quite a load. "We brought several styles for you to select from, *Miss Dana*," Monique said with a sly smile. "And Anna, why don't you stay? I'm sure I will need your help when Miss Dana starts trying on his new frocks."

"*His frocks?*" Anna asked in confusion as a shocked expression covered her features. At first, she was disbelieving, but as she looked me over, her frown turned into a smile, and she started to giggle. "He *is* rather cute, isn't he?"

I silently prayed that the floor would open and swallow me up as Anna opened one of the boxes and took out a pair of pink satin pumps with pointed toes and pencil thin three-inch heels. When she knelt to fit the shoes onto my feet, her short skirt rode up to reveal the tops of her nylons, an act she didn't seem to mind.

As I stood alone in these dainty slippers, my weight crushed my toes in the pointed tips. I felt as though I was wearing stilts as I wobbled back and forth about the room trying to get my balance. I wanted to scream that I could never walk in them, but a glance at mother's foreboding face told me that further protests would be futile. On the positive side, the shoes *did* make my feet look smaller ... like mother said. In turn, I tried on every pair, and as fate would have it, mother couldn't make up her mind. I ended up with *eight* pairs of high heels in different styles and colors. Just what I needed!

For more than an hour, I was forced to stand in those painful slippers while my poor toes screamed in agony at this unaccustomed constriction ... my arches stretched to their limit ... my calf muscles near cramping. During this torturous time, Monique and Anna

tried garment after humiliating garment on me while mother observed and made comments. There were panties, slips, half-slips, camisoles, teddies, bouffant petticoats, nightgowns ... bras, bustiers, garter belts ... fancy blouses, swishing skirts, straight skirts, pleated skirts, skirts with side, back and front slits, house dresses, dresses for street wear, school dresses, sun dresses, party dresses, before five dresses, after five dresses, and on and on!

Those garments that we (mother) selected were laid to one side, and Anna returned the others to the floor. At long last, mother looked at the heap of chosen clothes and sighed, "I suppose this will give him enough variety so he won't get bored for a while Monique, but darling, *do* keep his measurements on file in case he should need something in a hurry. Ordinarily, of course, I will bring him here for his fittings."

"I certainly shall, Ms. Fontaine," Monique answered. "It will be such a pleasure to assist *Miss* Dana with *his* purchases at any time, won't it Anna?"

"Oh yes," she answered, a faraway look filling her eyes and a slight smile crossing her lips. "Yes, indeed!"

When Mother and Monique left the room, Anna dutifully helped me back into the things I had worn into the store, except that I now had a smaller corset and wore three-inch pumps. When I fastened my skirt about my waist; however, it was way too loose.

"Here, Miss Dana," Anna offered. "Wear this belt from your new things. It matches your ensemble, and it will make your skirt fit better."

"Thank you, Anna," I responded, as I fit the belt around my waist. I found myself pleased with my look and even managed to give her a slight smile in return for her kindness.

"That's better, Miss Dana," she said without sarcasm. "You're much prettier with a smile. I mean that," she added. "When you smile, you're prettier than most of the girls who come in here. If you would only relax, I'll bet you could enjoy yourself until your mother allows you to become a boy again. Anyway, I find you very attractive in ... and out of your pretty dresses and skirts."

Sensing her sincerity, I told her she was nice and thanked her. Then, knowing it would be expected, I freshened my makeup and brushed my hair before leaving the dressing room.

As I approached mother who was gabbing away with Monique, she smiled and said, "Oh, there you are dear, and look, you're already walking confidently in your new heels, aren't you?"

"They still hurt my feet, and I...I have to concentrate to walk without stumbling," I confessed.

"Oh well, you'll grow accustomed to them in no time now that you'll be wearing them all the time," she said, shrugging off my concern.

Unable to withstand more, I begged once more in an impassioned plea, "Mother, I feel so awfully embarrassed in these clothes. Please, can't we forget this awful punishment? I promise not to bother you again, honest I won't. I've really learned my lesson. I'm a boy, and it's horrid to make me wear all these girl's things."

She only shook her head. "I'm sorry Dana, but you should have thought of that long ago. It's too late now for promises." She gave me an affectionate pat on the cheek and concluded, "Besides, I can already see a lot of improvement in your behavior since I required you to wear dresses."

"You are absolutely right Ms. Fontaine," Monique stated. "He looks quite lovely now. How clever of

you to see what a lovely young lady he would become."

"But Mother!" I started to protest, only to have her place a finger over my red lips.

"As I said," she continued, "I have noticed quite an improvement in your ways, even in the short time you have worn dresses. Perhaps, after you have worn them for a while longer, you may even wish to remain in them always. Come now, fess up! You do adore the caress of soft lingerie about your body, don't you?"

I hung my head in shame, for at times, that distressing thought had flashed across my mind.

Before I could deny her accusation, she looked at her watch and said, "My goodness, how the time has flown! Why, it's almost Dana's nap time, and we haven't eaten a bite since breakfast. Would you like to get some lunch before we return home dear?"

I was embarrassed for everyone in earshot to know that I had to take naps like a child, and I certainly didn't want to go out for further public exposure in my skirt, blouse, heels, and makeup! "I...I really couldn't eat a bite," I stammered. "My new corset is so awfully tight, you know."

"Very well dear," she answered cheerfully. "I know how you young girls watch after your figures to impress the boys. Also, I suspect you want to skip lunch because you're anxious to see the wonderful surprise I have for you at home."

Truthfully, I had forgotten about the surprise, and now that she mentioned it, I suspected it was another of her feminizing ploys. With that in mind, I kept my eyes glued to the floor. As I tripped along beside her in my new higher heels, I couldn't bear the grins on the faces of the sales staff or the whispers of the customers

who all knew my secret, until she scolded, "Hold your head up like a girl who is proud of her beauty!"

"Oh Mother, I'm so ashamed!" I exclaimed as I complied with her order. It was all I could do to keep from hiding my flaming cheeks in my hands. When we stepped out onto the street, things actually got worse! Some boys, who were riding by, leaned out of the window yelling and whistling. I had done this type of thing in the past, but at those times, I had no idea how embarrassing that kind of behavior was to the girl who was the object of my antics.

"Pay them no attention, dear!" mother exclaimed. That kind of boorish conduct doesn't deserve acknowledgment." Then, she sighed, "Those hooligans could certainly use a lesson in manners. Why, if I had my way..." As her voice trailed off, I could imagine what she was thinking.

Blair was patiently waiting for us when we returned to the car. I detected an amused smile as he helped me inside, but he said nothing.

My feet were killing me in those tight slippers, and as I dropped onto the soft cushions with a sigh of relief, I was quickly rebuked by Mother. "Dana! You must learn to conduct yourself properly. Brush your skirt beneath you, sit up straight, cross your pretty ankles, and fold your hands in your lap like you have been taught." As I complied with her mandate, she concluded, "There! That's much more ladylike."

Oh, how I hated her at that moment! I would have liked nothing better than to scream denunciations at her and rip those hateful clothes from my person. Instead, I sat there, demure and meek, a picture of dainty femininity in my padded bra, soft panties, slip, and

nylon stockings ... things no self-respecting boy would wear.

"That's a good girl!" mother complimented, patting my hand. She must have been reading my mind, for she added, "You are learning to control yourself much better my dear, but the little tantrums and protests you have exhibited today must be eliminated before I can even consider allowing you to return to trousers. All in all, though, I am quite pleased with your progress to date.

To date, what did she mean by that? Was she inferring that she intended to keep me in skirts for some time yet to come? If not, why had she spent so much on girl's clothes for me? I couldn't, no boy could stand that! It would be just too ... too horrible! Unable to keep silent longer, I just had to know what the future held for me. Half in fear, I asked, "Mother, I'm so ashamed in these clothes. How much longer will I have to wear them? Please tell me."

"I *have* told you dear," she answered sweetly. "You only have to wear your pretty things until you prove to me that you are sincere in your promise to reform."

"What do I have to do to convince you?" I asked.

"Behaving as you have today certainly won't do it!" she answered rather curtly. "You were disobedient at home and in the boutique, as well!"

My mind was in turmoil. Her statement gave me a lot to consider as we rode along. I was awakened from my reverie when Blair stopped the car in front of the house. Mother eased herself gracefully outside with Blair' assistance saying, "Be careful not to trip on your new heels, Dana darling!"

I followed her instructions as best I could, but as I slid across the seat, my short skirt slid up to give Blair a view of slip lace and the tops of my nylons. The

thought of doing such a thing was terribly disconcerting, but what could I do? He made no comment as he gave me the same polite assistance out of the car as he had mother, but to my great shame, his eyes lit up and his hand quivered with suppressed laughter.

I finally reached the point that the maid's snickers bothered me less and less. One thing that did disturb me; however, was the flurry of activity in my old room. There were workers hammering, sawing, and carrying building materials, carpet, paint, and even furniture into my former sanctuary. These men worked diligently and paid me little or no heed, giving no indication that they thought of me as other than a teenage girl. Whenever I asked Maria or mother what was going on, I was always told that I should concentrate on my lessons to become a lady and not worry my *pretty* head about such things.

"Is everything ready for Miss Dana's surprise, Maria?" mother asked as we entered the foyer.

"Oh yes, Ms. Fontaine," she answered pleasantly. "Everything is as you specified."

"Very well," Mother stated with a broad grin, while placing her arm around my shoulders. "Let's go upstairs!"

Expecting to be going to the guest room that had become my own, I headed in that direction at the head of the stairs. "Oh no, Miss Dana," Maria bubbled excitedly, leading me toward my old room. "Come *this* way!"

I entered my former room on dainty high heeled slippers, in a pretty skirt and blouse, with my face covered with feminine makeup and found it as changed as myself. I knew workers had been doing some refurbishing, but what I saw was *overwhelming!* My once

masculine bastion had been redecorated. No! It had been transformed into a lovely feminine boudoir that only the most fastidious of young ladies could imagine and desire.

The floor was covered with a thick rose-colored carpet, and the walls were papered to match with delicate forget-me-nots, adding to the femininity of the perfumed atmosphere. Lovely organdy lace edged curtains in sweeping, graceful folds hung at the windows, and pink velvet drapes tied back with huge pink satin bows, giving the curtains a very feminine flair.

Within the room, a wall had been removed to double the size, and a new door had been added, converting a former storage area into a huge walk-in closet. In the dressing area was a tri-fold lighted mirror for inspecting one's attire from all angles, a vanity with a large mirror, a daintily petticoated bench, a fragile love seat upholstered in pink satin, several French provincial chairs covered to match, and then, there was the bed! The bed I was to sleep in was a precious, canopied, four poster creation covered with pure sky-blue silk laden with white lace and pink bows, the very essence of femininity!

"Do you like your new room, Dana?" I heard mother ask from somewhere that seemed far away.

My mind was whirling at warp speed! mother's lecture in the car must be true. If she planned to let me out of my dresses soon, why had she spent a veritable fortune on new clothes and this ultra feminine room? Undoubtedly, she intended to keep me dressing as a girl for some time to come. But how long? I just couldn't stand the uncertainty!

"Dana!" Mother snapped, bringing me back to reality. "I asked if you liked your new room!"

"I *hate* it!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. The fear, frustration, and anger from wearing girl's clothes for two weeks, and the uncertainty over the duration of this horrible punishment was more than I could suppress. "I want my room back like it was! I want my pants back! I won't stand for these dainty clothes any longer!"

Before I could rant further, I found myself face down on the floor with my arm pinned behind me in a painful position. "Apologize to your mother this instant!" Maria scowled, applying more pressure.

"No! I won't!" I spat, gritting my teeth through the pain.

"Then, I'll break your arm!" she stormed back, pressuring my arm to the limit.

The unbearable pain quickly diminished my outrage, and as I realized the hopelessness of my situation, I blurted out, "I'm sorry, Mother! Oh, please tell her to release me. I'll do as you say, really I will!"

"Very well, but your punishment is not over," she answered calmly, nodding to Maria. "Even though it is only midafternoon, you will be put to bed where you will remain until morning. That will give you time to reflect on that little exhibition we just witnessed as well as your disrespect during the morning. Doing without dinner will do you no harm and will give you time to settle into your new corset. Also, I expect a proper and sincere apology tomorrow morning when you join me in your dainty nightgown and negligee. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Mother," I answered meekly, massaging my aching arm and looking down at my skirt and tented out blouse. My rebellion was now gone, and I realized the futility of my situation.

“How dare you speak to your mother that way after all she has done for you!” Maria admonished when she was gone. “And, what’s this I hear about you causing trouble on your shopping trip?”

“I...I’m sorry, Maria,” I tried to explain. “I was so ashamed and embarrassed to be in that place in these clothes. When I had to undress in front of those women, I just couldn’t help myself.”

“Well, you won’t be embarrassed in *those* clothes anymore!” she scolded. “Your delicate silk blouse is all ripped, and judging from that attractive belt, your skirt is too large since you got your new corset. As for your not being able to refrain from your little outbursts, we’ll see about *that!* But for now, remove your makeup and get yourself ready for bed. I have moved your pretty things in here from the guest room, so look around, and you’ll find everything you need. I’ll be back shortly, and you had better be ready!” I could sense her resolve to make me conform to mother’s wishes as she stormed out of the room.

When I went into my bathroom, I received another shock! Like my room, it too had been renovated. And *how!* The floor and walls were now covered with pink and white tile, my beloved shower had been removed and replaced by a pink tub, and lacy pink and white curtains covered the window. Was there to be no respite from my feminine treatment?

Looking around, as Maria promised, I found everything I needed to get ready for bed in feminine finery. With a red face, I *chose* to wear my long yellow nylon nightgown with matching panties, sleep bra, negligee, and bedroom slippers because that’s the way I felt for not fighting harder to rid myself of these silken chains of femininity ... *yellow!* When Maria returned, I was wearing all these items and sitting at my vanity creaming my face for the night.

"Are you wearing your gaffe?" she asked, catching me off guard.

"Y...yes Maria, and my new smaller corset too," I meekly replied, being suspicious of her motives for asking. "I can't take it off without help."

"Let's leave your corset on for now, but remove your gaffe," she stated. "Your organs are trained enough that you won't have to wear it at night. In the future, you will remove it when you put on your night clothes and slip into a fresh one after your morning bath."

Still not fully trusting her sincerity, I slowly raised my soft skirt, being sure to leave a fold in front for modesty as I hooked my thumbs in my gaffe and panties, removing them both.

In case Maria was testing me, I hesitantly replaced my panties, and for the first time since I was forced to wear girl's clothes, my genitals were nestled in soft nylon without restraint. This new feeling was rapidly bringing me into a state of bliss until I noticed that Maria had taken an aggressive stance before me. "Alright, Miss Dana," she said in a firm tone, snapping me out of my euphoria. "Bring your hairbrush over here and let's get your spanking over with!"

"But Maria," I gasped. "I apologized to mother and I got ready for bed nicely like you said. Please don't spank me! I'll do better, you'll see!"

"Miss Dana, you have made a nasty habit of arguing with your mother all day, and now you are doing it with me. That is a rude unladylike habit I intend to break!" she answered coldly. "I don't plan to engage in a debate every time I give you a directive, and I'm sure your mother doesn't either. That little argument, along with all others like it in the future, will cost you three additional swats with the hairbrush. Do you want to

argue further and add to your punishment, or do you think you can follow instructions silently and obediently?"

The fight was gone from me as I handed her the brush and demurely took my humiliating position across her lap. The ensuing spanking was far worse than most that I had received and was at least as severe as the one mother witnessed two weeks earlier.

Finally, after my buttocks were searing with pain, Maria paused and said, "Except for your rebellion just now, your punishment would be over, but because of it, you will receive the additional penalty. With that, she delivered three of the hardest blows imaginable. "Remember those the next time you feel inclined to protest an order or suggestion, *Miss Dana*." I was quivering from fear and pain and my cheeks were wet with my blubbing tears as she turned back the covers for me to crawl into bed. "Sleep tight," Maria said as she pulled the drapes to darken the room.

As I lay between the soft sheets in my silken gown, my tears flowed freely and soaked my satin pillow slip. Before the events of the past two weeks, I had never been one to cry even when I was in enormous pain. When I would get hurt on the football field, I would only grimace, jump up, shake it off, and return to the huddle. But now, after the events of the last two weeks, the recent spanking that still burned my buttocks, and my inability to vent my frustrations otherwise because of Maria's punishments, my masculine barriers were shattered, and my tears gushed forth. 'Surely, other boys have done worse things, and perhaps even bragged about them without being required to wear girl's clothes,' I thought in my misery. 'Oh why, is this horrible thing happening to me, only to me?'

When I was finally able to calm myself somewhat, I tried to evaluate my strange circumstance. Mother, because of the considerable money she spent on new clothes and my room, undoubtedly intended to keep me in dresses for some time to come. Somehow, I had to convince her that I was serious about wanting to reform. If that was true, the only way I could do that was to obediently obey her without question, no matter how humiliating that might be. I could keep my eyes open for a path of escape, but with Maria watching me, that possibility was scant at best. 'If I make mother think I'm content in these clothes, maybe she'll let me have my pants back. Yes, that's it! I'll pretend that I've come to like my clothes, like the boys in that awful book. Hey, why didn't I think of this before?'

As I thought further, my hand found its way down into the folds of my nightie for a moment of pleasure. As I caressed my organ in its silken prison, annoying thoughts passed through my mind. Perhaps it was nice to wear soft lingerie, pretty dresses, and sleep between satin sheets from time to time. Maybe I could even enjoy myself if only I didn't have to wear them *all* the time! 'Oh no! I shouldn't think *that!* Boys don't wear soft, silky, gowns covered with lace and ribbons ... and aren't I a boy?' Every time I tried erase all this from my memory and lose myself in peaceful sleep, those awful moments at the dress shop and later in my femininely redecorated room became a vivid reality.

Whenever I experienced that wonderful thrill within my soft panties, I became both excited and frustrated as the sensation brought back the reality that I was still male! I thought, 'My protruding organ can never be controlled even if it *is* imprisoned behind satin bars! Let them dress me in silk, satin, and lace. Let them refer to me as a girl, yes let them do what they please; but never, never, never can they subdue my

symbol of manhood! They will *never* conquer that! Then, I had an appalling thought that caused me to shudder, 'What if mother or Maria should discover my secret? There's no telling what those scheming women would make me do!'

I must have gotten some sleep despite these disturbing thoughts because I bolted upright in my bed at the sound of Maria drawing back the drapes. I had been put to bed in midafternoon, and though it seemed only a short time, the morning sun was streaming through my windows. "Did you sleep well, Miss Dana?" Maria asked as she helped me into my canary yellow negligee that matched my nightgown as if nothing unusual had happened the day before.

Why did I have to wear feminine things instead of my rightful trousers? "Yes Maria," I answered meekly as I stepped into my matching fluffy bedroom slippers and padded off to the bathroom. Fully aware that my genitals weren't restrained by the tight modesty gaffe, I could only hope that I didn't become excited in front Maria! When I returned to my room, I sat at my vanity and adorned my face with light morning makeup and red lipstick to match my nails. After adding a slight spray of perfume, I was ready to meet mother for breakfast.

"Don't forget that you owe your mother a heart rendering apology this morning Miss Dana," Maria reminded me as I left the room with my feminine bedroom ensemble swirling about me.

"Yes, Maria," I answered with a blush.

"My, don't we look sweet and dainty this morning!" mother exclaimed as I entered the breakfast nook in my silken nightgown and negligee.

Sweet and dainty ... UGH ...! Me, a football hero, quarterback of our conference championship team ... sweet and *dainty*? Even with full knowledge of the consequences, restraining myself was almost more than I could bear. Then, remembering my pledge to pretend to like these feminine clothes I was forced to wear, I lowered my eyes. "Thank you, Mother," I politely replied as I kissed her gently on the cheek as I had been taught. "Please forgive me for the disrespectful way I behaved yesterday." I smoothed my long soft nylon skirt beneath my very tender buttocks and gently lowered myself into my chair. "I'm terribly sorry for my unladylike behavior. I'll try to be sweet, docile, obedient, and feminine in the future."

"See that you do!" she answered sharply. "After all, I'm doing this for your own good, you know. Remember, before I'll consider ending your punishment, you must comport yourself completely like a lady at all times. That means no arguing, complaints, or protests about your pretty clothes."

Knowing a reserved manner was expected at this juncture, I answered as submissively as possible, "I understand, Mother. I'll do my best to act like a lady in the future."

"A lady does not try or act, my precious Dana," she stated in a matter-of-fact tone. "You must learn that! One is either a lady, or one is not! You can only *become* a lady. You can't merely portray one. Maria and I will be teaching you, and if you wish to return to your precious trousers any time soon, you will learn your lessons and comport yourself accordingly."

"Yes, Mother," I answered as sweetly as possible despite my true feelings as I adjusted my soft silken skirt about my smoothly shaved thighs. "I promise to try very hard to become a lady like you wish."

"Very good, sweetheart! I must say that you're much more cooperative this morning, and that's a good start toward becoming a lady," she complimented. "However, you must assure that this prim, demure, and genteel behavior continues."

Her lecture took away my appetite, and I hadn't eaten for twenty-four hours. I merely nibbled at my toast and drank my juice.

"Run along to your room, but don't bother to get dressed," Mother said when she was finished eating. "Your new clothes will be arriving soon, and I'm sure you'll want to try some of them on. While you are waiting, tell Maria to give you a lesson in carriage and hand management. You still look like a fish out of water without pockets."

When I gave Maria mother's instructions, she had me remain in my long nylon nightgown and change from my bedroom slippers into my new three-inch heels saying, "Practice without your new heels would be wasted."

I spent the next hour and a half mincing about in my new heels with my wrists limp, a book on my head, and my nightgown and negligee swirling enticingly about my legs. I was also without my gaffe since mother had given instructions that I not change.

I found concentrating on my lessons hard as I pranced prissily about the room in my flowing nightgown and transparent negligee with a book on my head as I apprehensively awaited the delivery of my new feminine wardrobe. Despite my inattention to Maria's instructions, I was in a cooperative mood, and she made no threats of retribution. My humbling encounter with the paddle and the long meditating period between my satin sheets had compelled me to not

only realize, but to accept the futility of my situation. For the foreseeable future, I would be forced to dress and act like a girl regardless of my desires or my wishes to the contrary. My only avenue of escape from this feminine hell was to pretend to willingly go along with this insanity in hopes that mother would rescind my punishment and allow me to return to clothing appropriate for my gender.

My feet were aching from so much walking in my new heels when Bridget entered my room and announced, "Miss Dana's new clothes have arrived. The delivery men are downstairs. Where do you want them to put the parcels?"

"Tell them to bring everything in here, Bridget," Maria answered. Then, turning to me, she added, "Miss Dana, you can relax on your love seat while those strong men do their heavy work. We can put your pretty new things away after they leave."

"As you wish, Maria," Bridget answered. She struggled to conceal her amusement at the thought of my exposure to virile men while I was dressed so femininely.

Not wanting to risk a scene that might reveal my true sex to these workers, I obediently took my place on the love seat and tucked my feet under me. I had just finished arranging the soft nylon skirts of my nightgown about me when two muscular men in their early twenties wearing tight tee shirts, jeans, and sneakers entered my room with an arm load of parcels. Never feeling more like a sissy, I prayed that they wouldn't recognize me as a boy in my feminine finery.

"Put the hanging things over the chair and the bags and boxes on the bed, on the floor, or wherever you can find room," Maria instructed the men.

As they went about their task, the two men eyed me approvingly, but my secret appeared to be safe as they apparently had no notion of my true sex. Still, I burned with embarrassment under their gaze, and to appear unconcerned with their interest, I pretended to nonchalantly file my nails and ignored them, at least outwardly. Hoping they would take me for a spoiled, stuck-up, rich girl who thought she was above them. In this way, I tried to hide my frightful humiliation at being seen by them in my exquisitely feminine negligee and nightgown as I purposely remained silent and avoided eye contact.

'I'm a strong boy and could easily carry those parcels up from the truck, instead of lying here like a useless sissy in this silky nightgown and negligee,' I thought as I watched the two men struggle with the bulky cartons. 'Since Mother started making me wear dresses, I know I'm not as strong as I was. The considerable time I spend sitting around learning about feminine clothes, cosmetics, makeup, hairstyling, and voice lessons doesn't leave time for exercising, even if Mother would allow it. With my naps, early bedtimes, sleeping late, and the weight I'm losing to keep my corset from killing me, I'm losing my muscles. If I don't do something physical soon, my body will lose its tone. Hey! I'll bet that's part of Mother's plan ... to make me soft like the clothes I'm wearing!'

Instead of making me rebel as they would have only a few weeks before, those thoughts gave me incentive to be obedient and hasten the day I could return to my life as a boy. 'Those men don't appear to have much ambition, or they wouldn't be working as delivery boys at their age. And, *they* don't have to wear girl's clothes,' I reflected as I enviously eyed them from beneath lidded eyes.

“Bridget,” Maria said when the men were gone. “Putting Miss Dana’s pretty new things away will take quite some time beyond lunch. Please have a snack sent up to us.”

“As you wish, Maria,” Bridget answered as she left us alone.

“Alright, Miss Dana, you can get off your royal posterior now,” Maria said, turning her attention to me. “Your flirtation interlude with those muscular he-men is over. I know you enjoyed teasing them in your frillies, but now, we have a lot of work to do. Besides putting everything away, you must become familiar with every stitch of your new wardrobe, its purpose, when it is to be worn, and where it is stored. If you forget, you will be punished.”

As I put my new feminine things away, Maria proved to be as tough a taskmistress with this chore as with everything else. One by embarrassing one, I took bits of flimsy lingerie from their tissue wrappings and stored them away in the perfumed drawers of my bureau under her intense supervision. When I was finished, one drawer was filled with nylons, garter belts, and bras, one with panties, slips, half-slips, and camisoles, and another with nightgowns and negligees.

From time to time, Maria appeared to delight in prolonging the tedious process by saying something like, “Oh no, Miss Dana, you must fold that pretty nightie over again. You don’t wish to wrinkle it, do you?” or, “Bend from the knees, and be mindful of your skirt when you do! A lady *never* bends from the waist, for that would allow her skirt to rise in back and her derriere to stick out in a very immodest display. You must be constantly aware of your status and comport yourself accordingly.”

With my more than ample supply of lingerie finally put away, I draped my wealth of dresses, skirts, and blouses on velvet covered hangers and hung them in my spacious walk-in closet.

"You have done very nicely for starters, Miss Dana," Maria stated when the last item was put away. "And, just in time for your nap."

Since I was still wearing my nightgown, I merely had to crawl between the soft satin sheets while Maria drew the drapes. My day had been rather trying, to say the least, and even though I knew my body was growing softer from inactivity, I welcomed the opportunity for sleep's interruption of my humiliating imposed femininity.

As the days sped by with me constantly in one lovely feminine ensemble or another, I noticed that I was finding less and less embarrassment and disgust in wearing them. I even became enchanted by the charm my feet exuded in the high heels that no longer caused me discomfort or difficulty. When I studied my reflection in the mirror, I began to feel a strange, peaceful sensation. Was this the way I was meant to be dressed? If I had been a girl, I'm sure my smooth nylons, the caress of my slip, and the swirling of skirts about my legs would have been delightful because I mostly enjoyed wearing them, even as a boy. Certainly though, I was no *sissy*! I was all boy and had proved it many times over the years, but whenever I realized that mother and the servants knew I was a boy beneath my elegant skirts, dresses, and gowns, shame would engulf me. Like as not, I would begin crying all over again. Oh, how long would this humiliating punishment last?



My routine; however, was shockingly interrupted one morning. Just as I was slipping a sumptuous royal blue silk chemise dress over my head, Maria said, "Take extra pains with your makeup and accessories this morning Miss Dana, but just wear a scarf over your hair. Your mother informs me that you have an appointment at the hairdresser's."

"Hairdresser?" I exclaimed in shock. "I can't go to a *hairdresser*! People would see me like ... like ..." I was shaking so with fright; I couldn't complete the sentence.

"Hold still, Miss Dana," Maria insisted. "I'll never be able to zip your dress with you fidgeting so."

I don't know how she did it with my nervous actions, but Maria finally finished my makeup. I slipped on my silver three-inch heels and hurried downstairs. "Oh Mother, please, you can't!" I cried, rushing into the room where she was waiting. "Please don't ...!"

"Can't what? Don't do what, Dana darling?" she asked with astonishment clouding her face.

"I ... I ... mean, what Maria told me. That you are taking me to a beauty parlor this morning."

"That is my intention, dear. Your brows need attention, and although Maria has done beautifully with your hair, they have equipment and techniques at a salon that are not available at home. I must say, sweetheart, judging by your actions of late, I thought you had come to love your pretty clothes like the boys in the book I told you about. At any rate, you really seem to have tried very hard to please me lately, so don't ruin it all now!"

There was a trace of a threat of a longer stay in dresses in her tone, and it was quite enough to quiet my protests. I only hoped my outburst had not spoiled everything I had been trying to accomplish with my

demure attitude. Hoping to salvage the situation, I toyed with my skirt and meekly replied, "I do like my clothes sometimes. I didn't think I ever would a month ago when you told me about those boys in the book liking to wear girl's clothes. At least I do until you remind me that I'm a boy in dresses and soft lingerie. At those times, I'm completely humiliated, and I hate these feminine things as much as the day you first made me wear them."

"Oh Dana, you *can* delight me so when you try," she said tenderly. "If you would only adopt this compliant attitude full time, both our lives would be much more pleasant. Now, what do you say about our little trip to the hairdressers?"

"Of course, I will be pleased to go if it will make you happy, Mother," I answered falsely, yet modestly, as a bright hue rose to my cheeks. "But I will be thoroughly embarrassed the whole time, especially if the hairdresser knows my ... my *secret*." With that, I dabbed at the tears that were forming in my eyes and gave her a little kiss on the cheek. Oh, how long would I have to act like such a total pansy in silky panties before being allowed to return to my proper pants?

"That's better, Dana sweetheart!" Mother gushed. "I'm ever so pleased that you are beginning to love your pretty things and that you wish to please me. Perhaps as a reward, we'll stop in at La Flaire and buy you a new dress with all the accessories on our way home."

"But Mother," I protested. "I have so many dresses now, and I really don't need another one. Besides, I've been so obedient lately, I thought I would be getting my pants back soon."

"Now darling, don't worry your pretty head about your nasty pants. Mother knows what's best for her lovely daughter."

'Whether she knows what's best or not, I have no say in the matter,' I thought dejectedly as I followed her down the steps to the car where Blair was waiting in his blue chauffeur's uniform. Again, there was amusement in his voice as he greeted me with a pleasant, "Good morning Miss Dana," and assisted me into the car.

"Dana!" Mother admonished as I took my seat in the car. "Sit up straight and adjust your skirt properly. That is a most unladylike way to sit!"

"I'm sorry Mother," I apologized, noticing that in my deliberations about Blair, I hadn't adjusted my light skirt over my thighs, and it had flipped up to reveal the lace adorned hem of my nylon slip. As I raised up to smooth the silky garment beneath me and to a modest position above my knees, I blushed and uttered, "I'm sorry, but this fabric is so light, my skirt creeps up before I realize it."

"A lady is constantly aware of her surroundings and of her attire, sweetheart, and she never puts herself on public display," mother warned.

"She may discreetly show a bit of ordinarily hidden assets or frills, but only at the proper time and place and never beyond the limits of good taste. You must remember that as you learn to be a lady."

For a fleeting moment, I wanted to shout, 'I don't want to learn to be a lady! Boys aren't supposed to be ladies and learn to adjust skirts properly, discreetly show concealed frills, or go to beauty parlors for feminine hairstyles!' Only with quick thinking and great determination did I swallow my pride, grit my teeth, and timidly reply, "Yes Mother, I'll try to remember that in the future."

Apparently seeing the battle that was raging within me, and being pleased with the outcome, mother

smiled, patted my hand, and purred, "That's my sweet Dana."

When Blair helped me out of the car at the beauty parlor, to my great embarrassment, I gave him another provocative look at my silky lingerie, as I was still not accustomed to managing my light delicate skirt. I didn't have long to fret about his view, for I was plagued by different problems, the admiring glances from several boys who were passing by. For a moment, my heart fluttered happily, but just as quickly, I condemned my thoughts. What was happening to me? I shouldn't be pleased that a group of horny boys found me attractive as a girl and wanted a better view of my sexy lingerie!

"Liz, this is my stepson Dana, that I told you about," mother said to the woman who approached us as we entered the salon. "The appointment I made is for him, and the reason I asked for so much time is because he really needs the works."

"This is a *boy*?" Liz gasped, looking me over. "Why, I would never have guessed this lovely creature was a boy, and oh, doesn't he blush so prettily?"

"He will remain in girl's clothes until he learns respect, etiquette, modesty, decorum, and manners," mother explained. "But, enough of that. For now, he needs a permanent, manicure, facial, his brows need attention, and those unsightly hairs that have appeared on his face should be tended to as well."

"Do you want color added to his pretty dark hair?" Liz asked.

"I don't think so, at least not now, but you might consider adding some blonde highlights. His dark hair is very attractive and will become even more so as it grows and has proper care. However, as the profes-

sional here, I'll leave it to you," mother answered, sealing my doom. "Dana dear, Liz is my personal hairdresser, and she has graciously agreed to attend to your beauty regimen. Now, remember to be a lady while I am gone."

"Oh no!" I thought. "She's leaving me alone with this person." My nerves were tingling with apprehension as Liz placed me in a chair, drew a sheet over my clothes, fastened it around my neck, and leaned the chair back until my hair was over a sink. My feet ended up higher than my head, and I noticed that my light skirt was creeping up to reveal my embarrassing lace edged slip, the dark tops of my nylon stockings, and probably my panties.

"Don't worry about that, dearie," Liz teased as I tried in vain to push the wayward fabric back into place. "Only we girls are present!"

When she was finished three hours later, I was indeed prettier as a girl than ever! My brows were shaped into nicely arched almost invisible lines, my hair had been curled and softly surrounded my face in a pretty feminine style with bangs low on my brow, my makeup had been redone in redder colors, and the nails on both my fingers and toes sported cherry red polish that matched my ruby red lipstick. It was horrible for me ... a boy ... an athlete! Oh, how could mother have done this to me after I tried so hard to please her? Okay, I didn't try to please her, but I did try to deceive her into thinking I was beginning to enjoy wearing dresses.

"Why Dana darling," I heard mother exclaim from behind me as I observed my reflection. "You're perfectly lovely!" Then she turned to Liz and praised, "Oh Liz, I just knew you could improve his looks, and you have done a terrific job. I'm simply delighted!" With that, she removed a large bill from her purse, pressed

it into my hand and said, "Darling, give this to Liz and thank her for making you so beautiful."

Knowing better than to refuse, I handed the bill to Liz, looked down, and mumbled, "Thank you."

"Thank *you*, Miss Dana!" Liz exclaimed, looking at the denomination. "Working on someone so lovely is always a pleasure." Then turning to mother, she continued, "He needs to come in at least once a week until his hair and nails grow to a proper length, and those coarse hairs on his face will only get worse without treatment. How about the same time every week for a two-hour appointment for the foreseeable future?"

"Wonderful!" Mother exclaimed. "See you next week."

I had a sneaking suspicion that the *treatment* for my facial hair was permanent removal, but fearing the answer, I didn't ask.

As our heels clicked along on the sidewalk, I said, "Oh Mother, can we go home instead of stopping? Really, I'm quite tired."

"No dear," she answered, sealing my fate. "I have a wonderful surprise for you this evening, and you simply must have a stylish new dress for the occasion. Besides, Monique will love to see you looking so beautiful."

As mother predicted, Monique was all smiles when she rushed over to us upon our entrance to the boutique. "Ms. Fontaine, so wonderful to see you and Miss Dana again!" she spouted at me. "That new hairdo is beautiful, and you look absolutely stunning in that blue dress my dear! I declare, you get lovelier every time I see you. Now, what can I do for you ladies today?"

"Dana needs a new after five dress and a few accessories," mother replied.

"Come along, and we'll see what we can do," Monique exclaimed. As we walked back through the racks of exquisitely feminine items, she beckoned for Anna and instructed, "Take Miss Dana into the imperial dressing room and help him out of his dress and slip while Ms. Fontaine and I select some suitable ensembles for him to try on."

I was aghast to have my true gender revealed on the showroom floor where all the customers would learn my secret. Being identified as a boy when I was so completely and convincingly dressed as a girl, was still my most dreaded event. I was so embarrassed, so humiliated, so shamed that I ran crying to the dressing room as fast as I could in my dress and heels.

"Don't cry, Miss Dana, or you'll ruin your pretty makeup," Anna cautioned as we entered the dressing room. "Everything will be alright, you'll see. Now, turn around so I can unzip your dress."

'Why do those women have to constantly point out that I'm a boy?' I commiserated as Anna pulled my dress over my head. 'Mother made me work hard to learn to look and act like a girl, but when I do, and no one suspects I'm a boy, she announces the fact. Oh, having everyone know I'm a boy in dresses is so humiliating.'

"I can imagine how you would be upset, Miss Dana," Anna empathized as she pulled my slip over my head and laid it with my dress. "But I think you are very nice, even in dresses or just your bra, panties, nylons, and corset like now. Just try to make the best of it."

Mother and Monique soon came in carrying several stylish dresses. Seeing me, Monique said, "You've

done very well Anna. Hang these dresses on the rack while I check his corset." After a bit of pulling and prodding, she said, "Oh yes, he's settling into it quite nicely!"

I was greatly relieved that no mention of a smaller one was made! I don't think I could stand that! The next hour was especially harrowing for me. I tried on each of the dresses in turn, and as mother and Monique wanted, a second and third look. While walking before the wall of mirrors for the second time in a black, knee length crepe dress with a swirling skirt that sexily displayed my nylons with every step, I thought, "If I had a girlfriend, this is how I would want her to look."

"This is the *one!*" Mother cried happily. She must have seen the slight smile that had crept onto my crimson lips. "This is definitely the one!"

"It is very lovely on him, but a higher heel make the dress appear more elegant," Monique mused thoughtfully.

The idea had instant appeal to mother. "Oh yes!" she exclaimed. "Bring some in, and let's have a look while he's still wearing his new dress."

Hearing these words, Monique motioned for Anna to follow her and made her exit. When they returned with several boxes each, Monique unfolded the tissue and produced a lovely pair of suede slippers with pencil thin four-inch spikes and said, "Have a seat Miss Dana, and we'll see how these look on your pretty feet."

I turned to mother who was watching me with a fascinated expression and cried, "Surely these are not for me! I simply could never balance myself, to say nothing of walk in those shoes! Anyway, those tiny fragile

heels will probably break when I put my weight on them."

"Nonsense Dana!" she retorted with a hint of annoyance. "You'll never know until you try. Now hold out your foot!"

I was so shocked at the thought of tripping about on those heels that I almost forgot to arrange my skirt under me as I took my seat. Monique quickly removed my silver slippers and carefully replaced them with the new pumps.

To my surprise, they fit very nicely in spite of the higher heels, were not too tight, and had a slight arch support. Mother stood by me and said, "There we are Dana darling! Now, stand up so we can see how pretty they look on your feet." For a moment, I rocked back and forth trying to gain my balance on those unaccustomed stilts while the three women watched. Mother was especially pleased with the effect, as she clapped her hands excitedly and cried, "Oh Monique, they're *precious* and they are perfect with that dress! Thank you for the suggestion!"

"Oh yes, Ms. Fontaine, they give his feet a dainty feminine appearance, so much so that I think you should have him wear at least four-inch heels for all social occasions!"

For a moment, I forgot the sky-high slippers! A new shame engulfed me when she referred to me as a boy. Why did she have to refer to me with masculine pronouns when I was so femininely dressed? It always upset me!

I had no time to dwell on my thoughts, as mother said, "I heartily agree! They do make his feet look perfectly lovely, and I just know he'll be walking gracefully in them in no time even though the heels are an

inch higher. Let's see some other styles as I must see that all his heels are this new height!

Trying to put their words out of my mind as they continued to refer to me as male, I felt as though I was standing on my toes as I struggled to maintain my balance. I didn't look forward to wearing such heels in the future, that was for certain! But strangely, when I took a few steps, I found myself handling them. They shortened my gait, but somehow, I experienced a sensation of pleasure that I could use my athletic skills to master them. To demonstrate my newfound ability, I moved daintily across the room and back again, hesitating before them with a sheepish grin on my face.

"There!" mother exclaimed with surprise. "He's walking in them as though he has worn them always and loving it too! Oh darling, I'm so proud of you. I thought several days would be required before you could wear them with grace, but you're doing it already. Tell the truth, you do adore them, don't you?" I lowered my eyes, blushed, but didn't answer, and thankfully, she didn't insist that I respond. Despite my wishes, I tried on many feminine shoes and mother selected half a dozen pairs saying, "We'll get him some more soon as well as some pretty frocks to go with them!"

After slipping back into my blue silk dress with Anna's assistance, I left the boutique in higher heels than when I arrived. With minimum effort, I found myself walking in them well enough on the street. Still, if not for the grinning Blair's firm grasp, I would have stumbled upon entering the car.

I don't know if it was by accident or one of mother's devious plans, but on our way home we passed by the field where the high school football team was practic-

ing. As I looked out the window, I saw Terry Foster loft a perfect spiral downfield. I recognized him by his quick release. As a sophomore, he had been my understudy, and now he was stepping up to lead the team.

"I'll bet Terry wouldn't want to be my understudy and wear this soft dress, padded bra, silky panties, matching slip, stilt heels, makeup, and nail polish I'm wearing," I thought as my attention turned to the cheerleaders. Seeing them practicing on the sidelines, I couldn't help wondering how I would look in their cute uniforms with short, pleated skirts and tight sweaters, a thought that never entered my mind in the past.

"I'm sure you would look divine in those cute uniforms dear," mother said as if reading my mind. "

"Yes Mother," I answered submissively, not admitting that she was right about what I was thinking.

"I know how much you always enjoyed football dear," mother offered. "Since you've been so cooperative with my wishes lately, would you like to go over and watch practice for a while?"

"On no, Mother!" I cried. "I can't go over there dressed like *this*!"

"You're right dear," she answered. "That dress is too nice and those heels too high and slender to go traipsing around in that grass and soft dirt, especially in this heat. Oh well, the football season has a long way to go, and we'll have plenty opportunities to return. We could buy you a uniform with a tight sweater, short pleated skirt, and sneakers like those girls are wearing for practice. That way, you'd fit right in."

"Please Mother," I begged. "Don't make me go out there in a cheerleader's uniform! I would rather *die*! Really I would!"

"Then, you will mind your manners in the future and learn to be a perfect lady, won't you sweetheart?" she replied with a definite threat in her voice.

"Oh yes, Mother," I answered sincerely. "I'll do whatever you say! Just don't make me go out *there* in a skirt! Please!" Tears were forming in my eyes as I spoke.

"I'm sure you will be sweet, obedient, and ladylike dear," she purred while patting my hand and with a sly smile. "I'm *sure* you will. Still, I think I'll purchase one of those cute uniforms for you."

Needless to say, I was full of anxiety for the remainder of the ride home as I realized that Mother now had much more than Maria's spankings to keep me in line. What greater incentive could there be to ensure my cooperation than the threat of taking me to football practice in a cheerleader's uniform?

The thought of appearing before my rough friends in a tight sweater and short pleated skirt was just too horrible to contemplate! While my teammates had been running, exercising, and lifting weights to become bigger, tougher, stronger, and more masculine, I had been squeezed into tight corsets, dieting, avoiding exercise, massaging beauty creams into my body, and lounging about in silks and satins to make myself softer and more feminine. What could be more humiliating for a boy who had led his team to the conference championship the year before than for them to see him dressed like a cheerleader and acting like a girl or a *sissy*?

When we arrived home, Maria met us at the door and simply squealed with delight upon seeing my new hairstyle and higher heels.

Mother said, "You had best take your nap dear. My bridge club is having a reception this evening, and you are to be the guest of honor!"

"Oh please, Mother!" I cried. "Please don't take me there in a dress! All those ladies know I'm a boy, and most of them have seen me play football."

"Very well, Miss Smarty Pants!" she sighed in exasperation. "I'll excuse you this time, but I want you to know that I'm sick of your grumbling every time I try to do something nice for you." As I was just beginning to experience relief from my reprieve, she added, "After your nap, you can put on a white sweater, short red pleated skirt, and sneakers. Brush your hair into a saucy ponytail and tie it off with a red satin ribbon. We'll go to the late afternoon football practice instead of the bridge reception, and you'll be dressed like the cheerleaders."

"Oh no!" I bellowed upon hearing her horrifying words. "Please, Mother, don't make me go to football practice in a skirt! I'll go to the reception and do whatever you say! I'd rather die than go to football practice in a skirt!"

"You'll obediently go to my bridge reception in your new dress and be a perfect lady even though the women know you're a boy and have seen you play football?" she asked.

I was faced with a no-win situation, but I had to think and act quickly. Faced with the choice of appearing before my former teammates or mother's friends dressed as a girl, was devastating. Having my friends, who I had led to victories on the gridiron, see me in this feminine predicament was unthinkable! They would tease me unmercifully! "Oh yes, Mother, I would be happy to accompany you to your bridge re-

ception. Please allow me to go with you in my new dress and heels," I heard myself saying.

"Very well, Dana," she answered with determination filling her voice. "But, be forewarned young lady! The next time you argue, make excuses, or procrastinate when I give you a directive, it's off to football practice with you in a short, pleated skirt, and tight sweater, and no amount of pleading will dissuade me! The *very* next time! Do you understand?"

"Yes Mother," I mumbled, now totally conquered.

"I'm totally serious, I swear if you cross me on this Dana, I'll have you at football practice in a skirt every day for the remainder of the season!" she declared "And since you apparently have no interest in becoming a lady, I'll purchase one of those pretty short uniforms you admired on the cheerleaders for you to wear. Your antics have exasperated me, and I shan't abide them another minute!"

"Oh no ... *please* ... no, Mother," I pleaded, totally exasperated by her resolve. "I'll do whatever you say, wear whatever you say, go wherever you say and be a perfect lady!" Honest, I will!"

"See that you do, *Miss Dana!*" she demanded, emphasizing the MISS. "I can't impress on you how serious I am in this mandate!"

Later, after a severe spanking on my silky panties at the hands of Maria, I lay crying between my satin sheets in my long pink nylon gown and knew I had been defeated ... *totally* defeated. Mother had found the thing I feared most ... being seen by my friends in a dress or a skirt. To make matters worse, she was using her knowledge to force me cooperate while making me even more feminine. Regardless of my humiliation, she was presenting me to her friends in an elegant

new dress and heels. Oh, would this shameful punishment ever end?

I was a nervous wreck as Maria helped me into my negligee and sent me off to my bath. Mother's threat to send me to football practice in a skirt and my pending trip to the bridge reception in a fancy dress had taken their toll on my nerves. While in the bath, I noticed some stubble on my legs and, knowing Mother would want my legs smooth, I shaved them before pulling on my gaffe and returning to my room. Maria had my undies lying on the bed, and I quickly noticed that everything was black to match my dress.

She and I had been through this ritual so many times before that little was said as I stepped into my panties and slipped out of my negligee to put on my bra. I no longer had any trouble hooking it behind me or filling the cups with the realistic jelled replicas. As I raised my arms above my head, Maria unceremoniously wrapped my corset around me and secured the laces. After fastening my garter belt and sitting to pull on my nylons, I noticed that my dark hosiery was a different texture and had seams in back.

"Those are real silk, Miss Dana," Maria informed me, when I looked questionably at her. "Your very first silk stockings. You have to treat them daintily, as they are very fragile and will run easily. Also, you must quickly learn to keep your seams straight."

The fabric was very soft and delicate, and I had to admit that they did make my legs look and feel sexy, especially after I stepped into my four-inch satin pumps. My problems came from the seams, but after several tries and Maria's advice, I could straighten them without too much difficulty. My slip was a soft, just above knee length, and had a narrow skirt that, along with my new higher heels, restricted my stride to little more than a foot. It was also made of silk. I had



to admit that it felt soft and smooth as it caressed my legs beneath my skirt, and I did look like I would want my girlfriend to look ... that is if ... I was still a boy and had one.

Maria did my makeup a bit heavier than usual, brushed my newly permed curls into place, clipped on gold earrings, fastened a gold choker necklace around my neck, clasped on a matching gold bracelet, and sent me over to my full-length mirror. I had to take smaller steps than usual due to my tight slip and higher heels, but that did nothing to lessen the wonderful feeling of the soft frills beneath my skirt. Oh, what was happening to me? Whatever it was, I couldn't let mother or Maria know.

"Your new dress is very lovely, Miss Dana," Maria declared as she watched me mince gingerly about the room.

"Oh, it is lovely, Maria!" I answered, hoping that my new cooperative mood hadn't revealed too much about my true feelings.

"You are so beautiful, Miss Dana!" she complimented. "I'm so happy that you have decided that you had rather be a charming young lady than a nasty boy. I can tell by the repentant attitude you have assumed since this afternoon."

The urge to correct her rose to my lips! I longed to tell her that I had decided no such thing. I wanted to say that I had to change my attitude for fear that mother would carry out her threat to take me to football practice in a skirt. Instead, I smiled at her and said, "Thank you, Maria."

I picked up my black clutch purse in my red tipped fingers and minced daintily out of the room under Maria's approving eyes. Here I was, a boy dressed as a fashionable girl, about to be forced to meet a group of

women, and there was nothing I could do to change that fact. I knew the more people who knew I dressed as a girl, the greater the chance that word would spread to my friends and former teammates. Still, at least in the short term, it was best that I appear before mother's friends in my elegant gown than go to football practice in a short, pleated skirt. Upon reaching the stairs, I took the precaution of hoisting my skirt and slip with one hand and placing the other on the banister. I was not yet fully accustomed to my new heels, and I certainly did not wish to fall. As I descended the long winding staircase, I found the swish of my skirt about my legs and the lightness of my pretty slippers strangely exciting, causing a pleasant stirring in my panties.

I was stunned by Mother's elegant appearance when I minced into her study. She was wearing a charming, knee length, white satin gown, exquisite makeup, a short mink jacket, extremely high heels, and carried a fox cape stole over her arm. With a smile of obvious satisfaction, she came forward, draped the stole over my shoulders, stood back to survey me with a critical eye, and told me to walk across the room. My slip reached its limits and my skirt swirled about me with every step, mother gushed, "Oh my darling Dana, you are truly lovely in that stylish dress, and I will be pleased to present you as my charming son!" There it was again ... an embarrassing reference to my true sex despite the way I was dressed!

As we walked out to the car, my knees were shaking underneath my skirt. Oh, what humiliations lay ahead for me?

"If you weren't my charming stepson, Dana, you wouldn't have the opportunity or the thrill of wearing these enchanting clothes, you know," mother whispered as our heels clicked on the steps. I caught a

glimpse of ridicule in Blair's eyes as he helped me into the car and watched as I carefully adjusted my skirt and fastened my seatbelt.

Our destination again took us past the football practice field. As if sensing my thoughts, mother patted my hand and said, "Don't fret my darling. You look beautiful, so don't ruin it all by acting like a spoiled boy. You will be on your best behavior, won't you?"

Her unspoken threat, and the drive by the practice field, worked to perfection! I couldn't risk the alternative. "Yes, Mother," I whispered meekly and lowered my mascara laden lashes demurely.

"Of course, you will! I'm just an old silly to even think of such a thing," she said, giving my hand another gentle squeeze.

My heart skipped a beat, and my courage rapidly evaporated at the thought of my pending ordeal. If not for the peril of attending football practice in a skirt, I think I would have rebelled then and there! Oh, why did I have to appear before a bunch of women in these clothes? I wanted to cry, but after the time and effort Maria had spent on my makeup, I knew tears would make my mascara run and only serve to antagonize mother. With the knowledge that I was but a mere doll for her to dress up and show off to her friends, I avoided crying while wondering if this humiliating ordeal in dresses and skirts would ever end.

When we entered the gates of the Darby estate, and I knew the trip by the football field was indeed a detour for my benefit. Mrs. Darby was a widow with a daughter three years my elder who attended an exclusive girl's school back east. She was very pretty, but I hadn't seen her for a couple of years.

Blair was promptly at the door and as he assisted me to alight, he gave my arm a silent teasing squeeze.

Even with his help, I had to hoist my skirt and slip before I could step down. At the door, we were greeted by a maid in a black satin uniform with lacy white collar, cuffs, and apron. She took our wraps and directed us to the drawing room.

"Hello ladies," mother greeted as we entered the room where about a dozen expensively dressed women sat with their eyes glued to me.

Mrs. Darby came rushing over and exclaimed with doubt in her tone, "Oh Nicole! Surely this lovely creature is not *him*! Not *Dana* the football player!"

Mother took my hand, drew me to her side, and said, "It certainly is Dana, but he no longer plays football or other violent sports."

"Why darling, it's simply unbelievable!" exclaimed one of my football buddy's mother. "Even his short hair is styled to look feminine! Oh dear, it's so difficult to believe this lovely girl is really Dana!"

"And ladies," Mrs. Foster, my former understudy's mother, gushed. "Just look at those precious heels he's wearing. Why, they're so exquisitely slender and so terribly high! Goodness Nicole, how can he ever manage them?"

"Oh, how could you ever have imagined that he would make such a lovely girl?" cried another.

Others called attention to my dress ... my jewelry ... my hairstyle ... my seamed stockings. A group of fiendish women toying with a doll like boy can shatter his spirit, so I was totally humiliated by their comments. Even though I sometimes I enjoyed the caress of silky fabric, I knew I was not a girl ... not a sissy! Oh, why was I being subjected to such shame ... such *indignation*, and when would it end?

Mrs. Darby spoke up. "Oh Nicole, the ladies and I would adore having him model his pretty dress for us.

It would be loads of fun, and we could all see everything better, you know!”

“I’m sure he would love to model his dress for you, wouldn’t you Dana dear?” There was finality in her tone.

“Yes, Mother” I whispered, gluing my eyes to the floor as my cheeks burned red with shame over being treated in this fashion. Oh, how I hated those clothes at that moment! I would have loved nothing more than to tear everything off ... yes ... even my gaffe ... and shout, “I’m a *man*, a man do you see, and it’s not right to make me wear these girl’s clothes!” Instead, with the threat of attending football practice in a skirt, I meekly minced across the room and back. When I stopped, I raised the hem of my dress, revealing a greater expanse of my silk clad legs and the hem of my soft lace adorned nylon slip. Their cries of delight beat as cymbals against my ears. There was deep humiliation at every turn!

As I lifted my skirt in back to display my dark silk hosiery with their neatly straight seams, I heard a girl’s voice from behind me. “What’s going on Mom, a fashion show?”

I quivered from head to toe, as I recognized Jo Darby.

“Oh, come in darling!” Mrs. Darby said, inviting her daughter, who was wearing a short tennis dress, to join us. “It’s not actually a fashion show. Nicole just brought Dana over to model his new dress for us.”

“This is Dana? Dana Fontaine ... the football hero?” she excitedly asked. “I can’t believe it!” Then after a closer inspection while observing my embarrassment, she cried, “Oh, it is! It really is Dana, and what a perfect dream of a dress!” With that, she put her hands to her cheeks and burst into peals of merry laughter. She

quickly got control of herself and said, "Why Nicole, he's simply beautiful! His hair ... makeup ... and those heels! How on earth does he manage to walk so gracefully in them? Oh tell me, is this the rig for a masquerade party ... a hazing for a fraternity?"

"Oh no, Jo!" mother exclaimed. "Dresses and skirts are his normal clothes now, aren't they Dana dear?"

Why was she humiliating me so? "Y...yes Mother," I stammered near the point of tears.

"Your normal clothes? Dresses and skirts? You wear them every day? Silky undies too? Really?" Jo asked, turning to me.

She looked so formidable standing there in her short white sleeveless tennis dress with her hands on her hips and her feet apart. Her stance and attire reminded me somehow of a roman warrior, and her demeanor was intimidating like mother, Maria, and Monique. I wanted urgently to evade her question, but somehow, I couldn't find the strength to defy her. "W...well Jo," I stammered, shuffling my feet and fidgeting with my skirt. "Th ... these ... these are my very own clothes. I must wear them as punishment until ... until ... mother says I can return to my life as a boy."

"Well! If I were Nicole, I would *never* let you wear boy's clothes again! You look much too sweet and precious as you are!" Jo declared emphatically.

Only because of my supreme efforts to the contrary did I not cry while making this shameful confession about the feminine lifestyle that had been forced upon me. But, when all the ladies cried out in agreement, I knew if the decision were left to them, I would remain a pseudo-female forever! With that in mind, I buried my face in my hands, and as I lost my resolve not to cry in the presence of these women, a torrent of tears was loosed.

"Look Nicole!" someone squealed. "He even cries like a girl!"

In a moment of rare compassion, mother put her arms around me and dabbed at my tears. "Go ahead and have your cry dear," she cooed, "You'll feel better afterward. You were just upset from meeting these nice ladies for the first time in a dress, and I suppose that is to be expected. You need not worry your pretty head further because the worst is over. Now, let's dry those tears away and enjoy ourselves."

"I...I'll try, Mother," I sniffed. "But, I feel so ashamed ... so ... humiliated! Oh, it's ... it's just awful to be seen in these ... these *clothes*."

"Don't worry so," she purred. "Everyone loves you this way. They just had to tease you a bit as a sort of an initiation ritual, a rite of passage if you will. That's all over now, so let's have some refreshments. No, on second thought, sit here on the sofa where you can chat with the nice ladies, and I'll have the maid serve your tea and cookies."

As I sat, my dress rode up to reveal a few inches of my silk clad thighs. I became more relaxed as I sipped tea while, one by one, the ladies came by to chat. In fact, they sat, talked a bit, and walked away as if on a schedule.

When Mrs. Mason sat beside me, I inquired about Merle and how he liked playing college football.

"Oh, he hates it!" she exclaimed. "He never gets in the games because of his small size. He thinks the coaches never intended for him to actually play because they only use him to run the plays of the next opponent at practice. The other players are so big, and they beat up on him something awful! As a result, he's very disheartened. He hasn't made any close friends, and he's disappointed that you didn't accept your

scholarship and join him. With everything that's happening, I wouldn't be at all surprised if he quits and returns home."

"I'm sorry to hear he isn't happy," I offered before moving to a subject more prevalent on my mind. "You won't tell him about my dressing as a girl, will you Mrs. Mason?" I inquired. "Please don't. I only dress this way because mother makes me."

"If you remain as sweet and lovely as you are tonight," she answered in a teasing voice as she got up to leave, "I see no reason to tell him. Anyway, you really do look much lovelier in that pretty dress, makeup, and heels than you ever did in shapeless boy's things. Truthfully now, don't you enjoying wearing them?"

Deep inside, I knew she was at least partially right, but I couldn't admit that embarrassing truth. Not even to myself. I looked down and blushed but didn't answer.

Then turning serious, Mrs. Mason added, "On the other hand, if Merle quits the team and drops out of school, there's a strong possibility he would find out about your glamorous new life whether I told him or not. You two *are* lifelong friends, and I'm certain he would insist on seeing you upon his return."

Her words about Merle's possible return had given me additional cause to worry, and I fidgeted nervously as she walked away. The question, "Would Mother let him see me dressed like *this*?" bombarded my mind. She had purposely put me on display before these women and Jo, hadn't she?

When all the ladies had spent some time with me, Jo pulled me aside and asked mother if she could take me up to her room. "It's a very nice room, and I would like to show Dana all my pretty clothes!"

"Of course," Mother answered with a smile. "He needs to spend some time with girls his own age, and I think this is an excellent opportunity! Attending a few dances and parties where he could meet some nice boys wouldn't do him any harm either if you could arrange them. Behave now sweetheart," she added.

Yet another decision had been made for me in which I had no voice, and she wanted me to meet *boys*! Would she want me to ... oh I couldn't even imagine such a thing? A feeling of inferiority swept over me as I heard them planning my life, yet I dared not protest.

As Jo took me by the hand and led me, like a little girl up the stairs, the shrill sound of cheerful feminine voices, interrupted by intervals of gay laughter, followed after us.

I observed that her room was femininely decorated, but not as large or as elaborate as mine. Looking around, I felt out of place, but then, I looked into the full-length mirror and realized that the pretty young lady who stared back at me was totally in her element. Would I ever get used to seeing myself as a girl, even after being dressed as one every minute of every day?

"Oh Jo," I said, turning to her, "please don't tease me. I'm so ashamed, so...so humiliated and embarrassed to be seen like this!" I glanced down and brushed my hand across my skirt for emphasis, my actions making my slip caress my silk clad legs enticingly, causing a stirring beneath my tight gaffe. "It's bad enough that mother makes me wear these things, to say nothing of having people see me in them."

She put her arms around my neck, kissed me lightly on the lips, and said, "I really don't mean to laugh at you, Dana darling, but you *do* look so sweetly feminine in that dress. I can't help but admire you, and per-

haps I'm a little jealous of your beauty. You see, I still remember when you were a star athlete and how popular you were with the girls. And now, you're a girl!"

"I'm *not* a girl, Jo!" I hotly replied, my cheeks flaming with anger and embarrassment. "I'm still a boy, and I always will be!"

"Just the same," she teased, "you *look* like a girl, and that's what counts. So there!"

I blushed lavishly at her comment.

When we were ready to leave, Jo again took my hand and led me out of the room like a child. Upon reaching the staircase, she started to bounce down gently while I held back, firmly grasping the banister and descending primly in my skirt, tight slip, and slender four-inch spikes. she continued on her way in her short dress and sneakers, but when she reached the landing, she looked up and smiled knowingly at me.

"Oh Nicole, you simply *must* invite me over soon!" Jo beseeched as mother placed my luxurious stole around my shoulders in preparation for our exit. "I'm just dying to see Dana's room, his beautiful clothes, and spend some time with him!"

"I think that would be wonderful, Jo," mother responded. "Say, why don't you and Martha come over for lunch tomorrow? We can spend a lovely afternoon together."

"I'll be there!" Jo declared. Then after a pause, "Oh could we, Mom?"

"I don't see why not, dear," Mrs. Darby answered, kissing Jo on the cheek. "We'll be there at twelve sharps dear," she directed toward mother.

We waved goodbye, and I saw Jo smile as my heels clicked on the stone tiles.

Mother was jubilant on our way home, telling me of the many compliments I receiver from the ladies. "You

made me very proud tonight darling," she purred as she took me in her arms and kissed me tenderly on the cheek, "Your behavior was very feminine and sweet."

I was certain all this ceremony over how I looked and acted was binding me tighter in my silken chains. I wanted to scream that boys weren't supposed to act feminine and sweet, but with the awareness that my horrible situation could quickly worsen, I declined to protest. Another thing that weighed heavily on my mind was the knowledge that far too many people knew of my predicament, and the more people who knew a secret, the less secure it became. What if my friends learned of my life in dresses? Oh, what a horrible thought!

Maria was waiting for me when we got home, and her deft fingers quickly removed my clothes. In almost no time, she draped a flimsy long lavender nylon nightgown over my head, held back the satin covers, and tucked me in for the night.

When I was alone, I lay between my soft sheets and stared up at the lacy frills of the canopy in the dim light. The softness of my nightie, the gentle caress of the silken sheets, and the image of Jo in her short sexy tennis dress all added to the state of euphoria that enveloped me as I reached down into the folds of my panties. I was almost beginning to believe that I was not a boy at all, but my hands soon convinced me differently. Had other boys been forced to submit to such a shameful existence like in that awful book? I finally dozed off to sleep ... the question still unanswered.

The next morning, I was awakened by mother throwing back the drapes, a very unusual happening indeed! As I stretched, yawned, and rubbed the sleep

from my eyes, I wondered about the reason for her rare presence in my bedroom.

“Good morning, sweetheart,” she said brightly while coming over to kiss my cheek. “As a special treat for your charming behavior last evening, you are having breakfast in bed. Maria will be bringing it in presently, so hurry out of the bathroom and do your makeup.” She was holding my matching lavender negligee for me to slip into as I crawled out of bed.

Following her instructions, I stepped into my lavender bedroom slippers and padded off to the bathroom. When I returned, I obediently smoothed my negligee beneath me at my feminine vanity and applied light morning makeup to my face. Mother helped me back into bed and arranged the soft covers about me while I adjusted my gown and negligee, just as Maria made her entrance with my tray.

While I was eating my meager portion, mother went through my closet and selected a mint green silk dress that fell a few inches above my knees.

“That’s a bit dressy for morning, isn’t it Mother?” I asked as I got out of bed.

“Usually yes,” she answered. “But today, you are dressing for lunch and a lovely afternoon with Jo. She and her mother are dining with us, remember? Go ahead and take a leisurely bath, and we’ll have your complete ensemble, including undies and accessories when you’re finished.”

“Please send Maria in to remove my corset,” I blushed brightly knowing I couldn’t take a bath with it on.

After my bath and my corset was replaced, I put on pale green nylon panties, matching bra, and slip, I wondered what Jo would be wearing. I was fairly sure it wouldn’t be a short tennis dress like the night before.

I could only dream and wish! Not surprisingly, my entire morning was spent getting ready for the luncheon. To begin with, my nail color was wrong for my dress, so I had to remove the polish and apply two coats of the correct shade of red to my fingers and toes. That took a lot of time even though I had gotten quite proficient at this feminine task. While I sat at my vanity putting on my makeup, I longed for my boyish days when I could get ready to go in less than thirty minutes, and that included my shave and shower!

I was sitting in the sunroom with mother when the doorbell rang, signaling the arrival of Jo and Mrs. Darby. "Remember dear," she said while waited for our guests to be escorted in, "I expect you to conduct yourself in a very ladylike manner like you did last night."

"Yes, Mother," I replied demurely. "I will try very hard to behave as you wish."

As the guests entered, I immediately saw Jo wearing linen slacks. Needless to say, I was very disappointed. I had hoped she would be wearing something short ... a miniskirt maybe. I had enjoyed the thrill of looking at her legs in her short tennis dress. I wanted an encore, but it was not to be.

Everyone exchanged greetings while Jo hurried over and kissed me gently on the mouth. I was stunned for a moment until the elder women broke into light-hearted laughter.

"Why Dana!" mother tittered, "I declare, you're blushing! Don't you know that all young ladies greet their friends with a tender kiss?"

I was more confused than ever, and I kept my eyes on the hem of my skirt, my fingers toying with the soft fabric.

“Darling!” Jo gushed. “I didn’t mean to embarrass you, but I couldn’t help myself. You’re so beautiful, so *precious*, and your legs look so sexy in that short skirt!”

After a leisurely lunch that I found very uncomfortable with everyone looking at me and making comments about my ensemble. As I accompanied Jo to my room, my masculinity seemed to have fled from me as I enjoyed the caress of my soft slip, my skirt swirling about my thighs, and my stilt heels. What had happened to me? Why didn’t I have the power to resist this insidious femininity that mother imposed on me and Jo admired so much?

“Oh Dana, what a lovely room!” Jo gushed as we entered my boudoir. “It’s huge and so delightfully feminine!” With that, she dropped carelessly into a chair. If I had done that, I would have been soundly scolded, but after all, I was a boy in a dress! Jo prattled on, “Oh Dana, it’s wonderful to have you for my girlfriend because you are really much prettier than most of the girls I know. Would you believe that?”

“Oh Jo, please,” I said in a hesitant tone. “That’s silly! You know perfectly well it is. I couldn’t possibly be called pretty. Boys aren’t pretty! To be quite honest, I feel I’m nothing but a live doll and a sissy for allowing mother to do this to me. I truly can’t see why you wish to associate with me.”

She giggled happily and said, “As far as I’m concerned, you’re the prettiest girl I know, even if you *are* a boy. In fact, Dana my sweet, I was serious last night when I said that if I were Nicole, I would *never* let you wear boy’s clothes again. You really are much more attractive this way, yes truly pretty! Come now! I simply must see all your lovely clothes!”

"Go ahead and look," I said in a half-hearted voice. "I really don't care about all that stuff in my closet and drawers."

"Oh, you silly goose!" she teased as she grabbed my wrist and pulled me over to my spacious walk in closet. "These dresses and gowns are *gorgeous!*" she squealed, seeing the wealth of feminine attire hanging there. "Are you trying to tell me you don't like these lovely clothes?" she squealed. "Why, you must be out of your mind! I don't have half as many, and most of them are out of style!" It was true. I had noticed that she didn't have nearly as many lovely clothes as me. Imagine! A boy with more dresses, skirts, and blouses than a girl!

"Oh Dana," she exclaimed, "Don't you love wearing pretty skirts, high heels, jewelry, furs, and all those lovely intimate garments that are supposed to be only for girls and ladies? You can be honest with me. I'm your girlfriend, and girlfriends always share secrets."

For a moment, I was lost in thought. I was suddenly aware of the extremely feminine clothes I was wearing, the soft caress of my nylon panties and slip, the firmness of my bra, corset, and gaffe, my soft skirt swirling about my nylon clad legs, and the elevation of my four-inch pumps. I found myself experiencing that strange combination of sensations, shame and delight simultaneously. My fate was an ambiguous state of love and hate. Yes, love of the marvelous sensations produced by these lovely garments and hate for being forced to wear them.

Jo's angry voice brought me suddenly back to reality. "Dana! I asked you a question, and as your girlfriend, I'm entitled to an answer!"

"I'm sorry, Jo," I responded humbly. "I was just thinking how I could answer your question."

"Surely, you don't have to think of an answer," she said with genuine concern. "Either you love wearing these pretty clothes or you don't. It's that simple!"

If only it were that simple, but it wasn't ... not by any stretch of the imagination. I was at a loss for a way to explain my feelings. Finally, I said, "It's like this, Jo. Sometimes, these clothes feel nice, and after I got used to wearing heels, I didn't mind them all that much. But, when I'm reminded that I'm really a boy in dresses, I'm ashamed of myself for wearing them. I even start to hate myself for thinking I liked them. Oh Jo, it's a terrible experience for a boy who has to dress as a girl!"

Jo turned up her nose at my answer and sniffed in disgust. "You are just being silly! When you are dressed that way, you look like a beautiful girl, and if I were in your place, I would enjoy myself to the utmost. Just imagine if you had only drab, ill-fitting clothes and plain cotton undies like some girls. Why Dana darling, you don't know how really fortunate you are. Nicole has bought you the prettiest, most stylish, most elegant, and most expensive clothes available. You should be proud to wear them ... even if they are girl's clothes!" With that, she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me. I mean, she really kissed me ... tongue and *all!* As we embraced, she reached behind me and caressed my buttocks through my skirt and soft lingerie. "Let's get you out of this dress so I can see your pretty panties," she said, lowering my back zipper and peeling off my dress. "You *are* wearing panties, aren't you?"

"Please don't tease me, Jo," I pleaded. "I only wear panties and other girl's clothes because mother makes me."

"I wasn't teasing, I was just asking. Oh well, I'll find out for myself," she purred as she pushed my slip up

to my waist. Taking a good look at my silky, lace adorned panties, she added, "And very pretty ones, at that."

At her words, I experienced great pleasure as Jo quickly peeled off my panties and gaffe. In fact, except for my tight corset, garter belt, and nylons, she completely undressed me and herself, between kisses and caresses.

That's how I experienced my first intercourse dressed as a girl. The act was consummated with Jo being the aggressor, me on the bottom, and our lingerie and outer clothing strewn hither and yon about the room. Anyone not familiar with our normal manner of dress would have been hard pressed to distinguish the girl's clothes from the boy's!

End of Book 1