

# DATA AND HIS DRESSES



**Book Two**

**Shannon Q. Shannon**



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# DANA AND HIS DRESSES

## Part 2

**Shannon Q. Shannon**

“Now, do you believe I love you and that I think you’re beautiful and desirable in your pretty dresses?” Jo asked as we lay cuddled close together on my bed after our lovemaking.

“Oh yes ...!” I gasped, still in a state of euphoria as she lovingly caressed my nylon clad thighs. I hadn’t had sex in so many months, and that was with the maid, Bridget, who did it more or less to save her job. Now, I had just engaged in sexual intercourse with a beautiful girl, who initiated the act. What could be better? We could do it again, that’s what!

“I’ve loved you from the moment I saw you in your lovely gown and heels last night,” she cooed. “And I will continue to love you as long as you remain sweet and feminine.”

"I don't understand," I queried in total confusion. "Y...you want me to wear dresses?"

"Yes. I love you in dresses, heels, and makeup, but I want you to remain completely masculine underneath. The mere thought of your manly genitals resting sedately in silk, satin, or nylon panties is a huge turn on for me. Also, in every relationship, there is a dominant and a passive partner. In ours, I will be the dominant, and you must learn to respond to my touch and never make aggressive moves of your own. To be assertive is a natural masculine characteristic, but in our lovemaking, I wish you to suppress your desires and remain passive and responsive."

"I'll try, if that's what you want," I answered. I didn't fully understand her meaning, but I was willing to try anything to continue having sex with her.

"Don't worry your pretty head!" Jo declared. "I'll teach you everything you need to know! Come now, we must put ourselves and your lovely room back in order and get back downstairs before mother and Nicole come looking for us." As we put on our clothes, Jo paid special attention to my panties and mused with a faraway look in her eyes, "We have to get rid of that awful gaffe thing."

I had never been so satiated, and for the first time, I felt natural and at ease in my sexy feminine ensemble. Was that because Jo had taken the lead in our lovemaking? Was I meant to wear dresses and assume a passive feminine role like Jo insisted? Whatever the reason, I was floating on air.

With me not feeling shamed to be wearing a dress for the first time, we diligently repaired our makeup, re-made the bed, and went downstairs in time to join the adults in a cup of tea. I say adults, but mother was only about two years older than Jo, and that made them more like sisters in age.

"Did you two have a nice visit?" mother asked with a bright smile as we traipsed into the room hand in hand with me walking easily and naturally on my stilt heels.

"Oh yes, Mother," I responded with a blush. "Very nice indeed!"

"Yes Nicole!" Jo gushed. "And Dana has agreed to be my special girlfriend! My only regret is that I have to leave for my senior year at college in three days, and I want to spend every possible moment with him before I leave."

"We would love to have you dear," mother said.

I looked forward to spending time with Jo, especially since our rendezvous in my bedroom.

"That would be wonderful, wouldn't it Dana darling?" Jo asked. Then, not waiting for an answer, "Maybe we could go to the movies, out to dinner, and maybe take a stroll in the park!"

"I don't see why not, sweetheart," Mother beamed. "I'm sure Dana would enjoy getting out with you."

"And, oh yes!" Jo cried. "We simply *must* have his photograph made! I can't go away without a large color portrait of my lovely girlfriend to keep by my bedside!"

As they departed, I thought Jo kissed me a bit too passionately, but mother said nothing.

The next morning at breakfast as I sat with mother in my usual nightgown and negligee, she said, "You have an appointment at the photographers at three o'clock this afternoon, darling. Hurry and get ready because we have to pick up Jo, shop for your gown, get to the hairdressers for an emergency appointment, and see to your dress and makeup. I'm sure you realize what a hectic day we have ahead of us!"

I knew better than to suggest that I could wear something from my current wardrobe, having learned that every *event* was a made to order excuse to buy a new dress or gown. "Yes, Mother," I answered, hurrying away without finishing my breakfast.

"I'll send Maria up to help you dear!" I heard her call out as I hurried along with my soft gown and negligee fluttering softly about my body. For some reason, I was excited about having my photograph made for Jo, even if I did have to buy a new dress and have my hair and makeup done.

After my bath, I told Maria that I wanted to select my dress for the day, and that I wanted her to make me as pretty as possible for my photograph.

Her eyes lit up brightly as though she were thinking, "So, you have come to like being a pretty girl. I declare, I never expected to see the day! Tell you what. Let's leave off your gaffe from now on." I couldn't help wondering if Jo had made that request.

For one of the few times since I had been made to wear dresses, I shuffled through the racks of dresses and skirts hanging in my closet. I eventually chose a mid-thigh length, lavender, silk crepe sarong dress that I had not worn before. "Except for the sleeves, this dress is fully lined, so I won't have to wear a slip with it," I said. "That means less to take off to try on dresses at the boutique."

"A very wise selection, Miss Dana," Maria beamed. "You really are learning the ins and outs of dressing as a girl!"

She watched and approved as I selected a very silky pale lavender bra, panties, and garter belt that perfectly matched my dress. Without hesitation, I slipped on pair of ultra-sheer nylons, attached them to the garter straps, and stepped into white pumps with my usual four-inch heels. For jewelry, I selected a gold

chain necklace, hoop earrings, and two matching bracelets.

When I put the dress on, I was shocked to see that the light wrap skirt separated to mid-thigh when I walked and even more when I sat. I didn't remember that from when I tried this dress on at the boutique because I wasn't paying much attention that day. I just wanted to end the whole embarrassing episode!

"Don't worry about your skirt, Miss Dana," Maria advised when she saw my concern. "It's supposed to separate that way, and it gives you another reason for not wearing a slip." she ended with a wink. Maria quickly applied my makeup and brushed my hair back into a ponytail, tying it with a large satin bow. "No use spending a lot of time on your hair since you have a hairdresser's appointment. Besides, you look beautiful as you are."

Despite myself, I beamed with pride at her compliment as I swished over to the mirror for a final look at myself. As I twisted and turned to review my reflection, I brushed an imaginary wrinkle from my skirt. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Maria beam with pride at my feminine gesture. Although I was acting a part, I found a subtle pleasure in my dress and heels.

Blair got an eye full of my nylon clad thighs when he helped me into the car. When I took my seat, I had trouble adjusting my flimsy split skirt, and there was nothing I could do to prevent his gawking stare.

All the way over to the Darby house where we were to pick up Jo, mother was high in her praise of my behavior and my selection of my ensemble for the day.

Like mother and Maria, Jo praised my appearance as she calmly greeted me with a kiss on the lips.

Along the way, mother and Jo excitedly gabbed on and on about my appearance and the events to come that day. As for me, thoughts of the previous day, with

Jo in my bed, kept assaulting my mind, and a pleasant smile crept over my features. "You're such a good influence for Dana, my dear," mother exclaimed, giving Jo's hand an affectionate squeeze. "Since he met you, his attitude toward his dresses has improved immensely!" Was my strategy to make her think I was beginning to fall in love with my enforced dresses and skirts working? I could only wait and hope!

Monique was busy when we arrived at La Flaire, so the three of us ambled over toward a rack of chic dresses to browse. On the way, I glanced into a huge mirror, and upon reviewing my reflection, I thought, "No matter how I feel, I have to admit that I really do look like a girl ... a *pretty* one!"

While Jo and mother perused the inventory, I noticed one of the clerks staring at me. I hastily lowered my eyes under her scrutiny, and when I peeked through my mascara covered lashes, I saw her whispering to another clerk while indicating me with a smile on her lips. She knew my secret and was confiding the awful truth to her friend. My cheeks inflamed as I hastily turned back toward mother.

"How do you think this would look on him, Jo?" mother asked, holding a gorgeous long black dress up to me.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, but did I hear you say that this lovely young lady is actually a boy?" an elegantly dressed woman, who was shopping nearby with a teenage girl, asked in a strange accent.

Hearing her words, my temples began throbbing, and my heart beat wildly. Oh why, why did terribly humiliating situations always arise in public? Despite my secret vow to convince mother that I had come to enjoy my dresses, my shame was almost too much to bear! Only by a supreme effort did I resist weeping in absolute shame.

My misery was complete as I heard mother reply in a somewhat deliberate voice, "Why yes! This is my stepson, and he is wearing girl's clothes to teach him respect and obedience." Her cool demeanor seemed to say, "So what!" or "What business is it of yours?"

"How perfectly delightful!" the woman exclaimed, obviously enjoying the spectacle. "Please let me introduce myself as I apologize for the intrusion. I am Lady Smythe, and this is my son, Judith," she said, indicating the young girl with her. "We recently moved here from England where, as you may have heard, this type of punishment is quite common for arrogant boys. It's called *Petticoat Punishment* in the UK where the concept originated centuries ago. You would be astounded by the number and identity of famous British noblemen in history who underwent petticoat punishment in their youth. Many of them still wear feminine lingerie under their manly trousers."

Hearing her words, mother immediately softened her attitude and appeared eager to hear more. She introduced us before turning to Judith saying, "You are a very attractive girl. Are all English boys as pretty as you?"

A rosy hue shaded Judith's cheek, but he did not reply.

Lady Smythe put her arm around her pretty son and said, "You must excuse Judith's shyness because, even after ten years in dresses, he is still embarrassed when he is identified as a boy to strangers."

The implication of this remark made us all exchange glances and scrutinize the feminine Judith who stood benignly beside his mother. His eyes were downcast, and he had a pretty rose flush on his face. He was a picture of demure femininity in a red minidress that revealed long slim nylon clad legs, and long straight blonde hair cascading well below his shoulders. Further, I noticed that his ears had been

*double* pierced. Each of his ears sported diamond studs above attractive dangling pendants that caressed his cheeks with every movement.

Mother was the first to recover her voice. "My dear! Do you mean that *she* is a boy too?"

"Yes," replied Lady Smythe proudly, smiling at Judith. "You are a boy, aren't you dear?"

"Yes Mumsie," Judith answered in a soft, sweet voice, turning even redder.

The shock of this revelation was almost too much for me. Here I was, a boy attired completely as a girl, and we meet an English lady who has kept her son in girl's clothes for ten years ... *ten* years! The impact of those two words struck me a stunning blow. What if Mother was guided by this chance meeting and decided to keep me in dresses for ten years. I would be *twenty-eight* years old! I couldn't bear the thought.

Mother and Lady Smythe were a flurry as they exchanged addresses and telephone numbers. Lady Smythe's suggestion that we meet for a conversation over tea very soon was graciously accepted. "This has been a lovely meeting, but really, we must hurry along," mother said as she extended her hand to me and purred, "You are a very pretty girl, Judith."

Turning red once again, he managed to stammer, "Thank you Ms. Fontaine.

Judith then gave me his dainty hand, smiled prettily, and spoke in a small voice, "I do hope we can have a chat soon, Dana."

'Oh dear,' I thought. 'If mother makes me wear dresses for ten years, will I become as completely feminine as this pretty darling?' I shuddered at the thought! As these questions flitted through my mind, I watched in total awe as Lady Smythe and Judith departed. At the door, Judith turned his pretty head, smiled, and waved his fingers at me in a very feminine manner.

"Come Dana!" mother declared sharply. "We have a lot to do to get ready for your photograph, and time is short. Hurry to the dressing room and try on this charming dress.

"Yes, Mother," I replied meekly. As we approached that fateful room where I had tried on and purchased my extensive feminine wardrobe, my steps faltered. Once again, I became very much aware of the fact that I was merely a boy in a dress, even though the other customers only gave me a cursory glance. In the dressing room, the dress mother selected that brought on our encounter with Lady Smythe and Judith proved to be a romantic, red velvet off-shoulder ensemble with an embarrassingly low-cut sweetheart neckline, fitted bodice, slim waist, and a fitted several inches above the knee length skirt.

"We'll have to get him a strapless bra to wear with this lovely creation," Jo said as she adjusted the bodice. "The straps of his bra are exposed?"

"May I suggest a bustier instead!" Monique, who entered without knocking, suggested. "It will give him a more pronounced bosom and add to the control of his corset."

"An excellent suggestion!" mother agreed. "Have some brought in while we help him out of his dress."

When Monique returned, the dress, as well as my bra and falsies, had been removed, and I stood in only my panties, garter belt, corset, nylons, and pumps.

"He doesn't fill out the front of that dress well enough," Jo said. "Do you suppose we could increase his bust size in some manner, Nicole?"

"I suppose a one size enlargement wouldn't be too crass," mother mused thoughtfully. "After all, he's been wearing this size since he started wearing dresses, and girls do grow, you know. Monique dear, bring in a bustier with a larger cup size and the appropriate prosthesis."

"I don't need to be bigger up here!" I exclaimed, raising my hands to my bare chest as Monique departed. "Besides, Maria said those ... those things are very expensive!"

"Don't worry your pretty head about money, darling," she answered. "No expense is too great where your beauty is concerned." What I was really concerned about was if she was buying me larger boobs, how much longer did she plan to keep me dressed as a girl?

With the larger cups and falsies, I did fill out the dress much better, but with the low-cut top, I expressed concern that their being false could be detected.

"That won't be a problem," Jo assured me. "Professional photographers are experts in creating the illusion of larger breasts with the clever use of makeup and padding. It's their job to present their subjects in their best light. When he's through, no one who sees your photograph will be the wiser, believe me!"

"That's right, sweetheart," mother assured. "Now let's get you some matching shoes. What do you have, Monique?"

"I recently received a supply of darling red suede pumps that will be perfect!" she said. "Just a minute, and I'll get a pair in his size."

The slippers *were* a perfect match for my new dress, and I had no trouble at all walking on the four-inch spikes. When I looked up, I had a faint smile on my lips, and Mother exclaimed, "They are very glamorous, aren't they? Of course, you may have them," she responded as if reading my thoughts.

After taking off my new dress, I had to try on and purchase several bras that fit my larger falsies. You see, Mother had decided that I looked so good with them that my breast size should be permanently increased. This meant I would have to come back for

more bras in a few days when we had more time. Did buying so many bras mean an extended time to my wearing dresses? Would this feminine ordeal never end?

“Hurry and dress, dear,” Mother prodded. “We’re due at the hairdressers in ten minutes, and you don’t want to be late after Liz went to so much trouble to rearrange her schedule for your emergency appointment.”

At the beauty salon, Liz was gracious and didn’t tease me as much as usual, although, she did make several comments about the way my sarong skirt separated when I lay back in her chair. Somehow, she incorporated a fall with my hair to give me the appearance of having shoulder length hair. I had to marvel at the finished product, and I could not deny that I now appeared to be a very attractive girl!

When we returned home, I was rushed to my room without lunch to get ready for my visit with the photographer. Maria recognized my larger breast size immediately upon removing my dress, as I was still wearing my bustier. “Oh Miss Dana!” she gushed. “You’re so glamorous and so *mature!*”

She quickly helped me into the red panties, garter belt, and half-slip that Mother bought to go with my new dress. My head was spinning as I sat at my vanity while she did my nails and makeup. I noticed she was applying heavier nighttime shades, and when I asked why, she answered, “The lights in the studio will be more like night lights, and you will look more glamorous in your photographs.” She also added a bit of shadow at the bodice of my slip to give the illusion of cleavage. If all girls and women were expert at this deception, what chance did men have?

“You are very beautiful, Miss Dana,” Blair gasped in disbelief as he helped me into the car for our trip to

the studio. Apparently, he couldn't believe the changes that had been forced on me over the last month. Still, I was perturbed by the way he leered at me, and I resolved to mention it to mother at a more appropriate time.

The photographer was very professional as he went about his task. From comments made by mother and Jo, he was aware of my true gender, but he made no derisive remarks or comments. He had me in various poses in several different settings, and after an hour of exhaustive gyrations, the session was over.

"I need to see the proofs tomorrow and prints of the selected poses the day after," Jo ordered.

"I'm sorry Miss, but that is quite impossible," he claimed.

"After that time, I will be away for three months, and I *must* have them before I leave!" Jo stated in a firm tone I had not heard from her before.

"But that kind of overtime would cost...," he began.

"Hang the cost!" Jo spat, cutting him off. Clearly agitated, she emphasized, "*Time*, not cost is the critical factor here. If you meet my schedule, I'll gladly pay your fee without question! In fact, I'll even add a *bonus* if you'll shut up and get to work!"

"Very well, Miss," he said, clearly shaken for the first time since we arrived. "I'll gear my people up to meet your plans. The proofs will be available for your perusal by noon tomorrow."

"Good!" Jo stated with finality. "I'll see you here at noon. *Sharp!*"

Two days later, Jo brought the prints by for us to see. All were 8"x10" and she had extras we could keep. There were several poses, but the centerpiece, the one she had enlarged for her bedside table, was ... was ... *breathhtaking!*

I didn't realize I could be so beautiful, and tears of dismay filled my eyes as I viewed this photo ... this indisputable proof of my femininity. The pose was showed the bodice of my low-cut dress to the top of my head and showed my exquisite makeup. My head was tilted back to allow my long dark tresses to caress my bare shoulder, my enhanced brown eyes looked softly into the camera, and my dark red lips appeared delicious and inviting. This feminine creature couldn't be me, the football hero. Oh, what had I allowed them to do to me?

"I'll treasure this always, Dana darling," Jo exclaimed as she kissed me full on the lips.

Mother was holding an 8 x 10 print of me holding my skirt high to adjust my nylons and crying softly. "Oh Dana," she sobbed. "You are so beautiful! You've made me so proud to have you for my son." There she went again, reminding me that I was a boy! How could she be so mean, especially at a time like *this*?

Jo and I spent our last afternoon together, quite a bit of time in my room making love, promising to text and IM every day and to remain true to each other until we met again in December.

The next day, Mother, Mrs. Darby, and I accompanied Jo to the airport for her departure for college. After several kisses, that I felt were not appropriate between girls in front of so many witnesses, and many tears, Jo boarded her airplane.

With Jo back at school, I hoped my punishment in dresses would be ending, but mother showed no inclination toward that end. As a result, I constantly found myself in one feminine ensemble or another. I continuing to practice feminine arts which included, but were not limited to, selecting my dresses, coordinating them with my undies and accessories, dressing and undressing myself, makeup application, hairdressing,

walking, talking, and sitting like a girl. For me ... a boy ... an athlete ... this was all very exasperating!

During this time, I mentioned the way Blair ogled me while helping me enter and exit the car.

“Oh my!” she exclaimed. “We certainly must do something about that. Do you have any suggestions?”

Not expecting to be asked, I relied on thoughts I had while Blair was teasing me and said, “If he was wearing something feminine, like a kilt maybe, he wouldn’t act so cynical when he assists me. I don’t suppose anything like that is possible though.”

“Perhaps not, but I’ll see what I can come up with in that regard,” mother pondered with a thoughtful sigh.

As time passed, I gradually became accustomed to my feminine apparel and no longer thought of it all the time. For the most part, I gradually learned to ignore the weight and jiggle of my simulated breasts, the tightness of my bra about my chest, the pull of my shoulder straps, and the unrelenting pressure of my corset. Still, despite my growing familiarity with my feminine clothing, whenever I was reminded of my predicament by a glance at my dress or skirt, a view of my long polished and manicured nails, a whiff of my delicate perfume, or the caress of my soft slip on my nylon clad thighs, I would blush and feel both resentment and embarrassment over my circumstance. Despite all efforts to the contrary, during these times, I would experience uncontrollable excitement in my panties since I no longer wore a gaffe. Was I beginning to enjoy my enforced feminine lifestyle like the boys in that damn book? I couldn’t admit that to myself, let alone mother or Maria!

One morning as mother and I walked out to the car for a trip to the beauty salon, I received a gigantic shock. Blair was holding the car door for us while wearing a knee length kilt with tiny pleats! He was also wearing a manly sporran, but that did nothing to

reduce his bright blush. Mother paid him no notice, but I knew he was wearing the kilt because of my suggestion whether he knew it or not. Every time he drove us after that, he was wearing his kilt as part of his uniform.

"I'm sorry for teasing you about your skirts, Miss Dana," Blair told me one morning as he helped me into the car for a trip to visit Judith without mother. "Your mother made kilts part of my uniform because I teased you."

"How do you like wearing skirts?" I asked.

"It's very embarrassing, but I think the worst part is the way the wool scratches my legs."

A week after Jo's return to school, my routine was broken by a call from Lady Smythe, who invited us to tea the following afternoon. "This will give you an excellent opportunity to visit with Judith, darling," mother purred as she informed me of the invitation. "He really is very sweet, isn't he?"

"Yes Mother," I answered obediently, while thinking that he should be after being petticoated for ten years. Again, I was finding myself in an ambiguous situation. Seeing Judith mincing about in his pretty dresses would be fascinating on the one hand. On the other, I would be humiliated to have to parade around on stilts before strangers while dressed like a live doll. Yet, I knew I would do it because I had no say in the matter. Mother made all the decisions for me.

One morning, I lay between my soft satin sheets with my head nestled in the mass of silken pillows thinking of the events of the day. I realized that two months had passed since I had been stripped of my coarse cotton boxer shorts and had them replaced with silky nylon panties. Mother was so thorough in her undertaking that nothing pertaining to my past boyish life remained. Gone were my clothes, books, trophies,

and posters, and anything having the faintest hint of my past masculinity. In their place were exquisitely feminine frills such as stylish dresses, soft lingerie, high heels, makeup, and jewelry. I scanned the room, and nothing of what was remained. Now, it was all silk, satin, nylon, lace, dainty furnishings, a cosmetic covered vanity, and here I was, clothed in a nylon nightgown lying between satin sheets. Yet, my hand told me that I was still a boy and that I had to fight this subtle camouflage of my true sex.

Worst of all, at times, my thoughts were completely feminine and out of character. I got out of bed, eased into my negligee and bedroom slippers and made my way to the bathroom as though that was the most natural thing in the world. Having no difficulty tying the pretty satin ribbon on my negligee, I thought, 'Even my fingers have responded to my feminine training, and I'm no longer all thumbs when dealing with delicate fabrics. What sort of life is this for a boy?'

Maria came in with my breakfast while I was sitting at the vanity in my nightgown and negligee applying my light morning makeup and brushing my hair. "You are to eat in your room and relax in your bed until noon, Miss Dana," she informed me.

Having a morning's respite from my usual feminine routine might sound pleasant, but I recognized the gesture as part of mother's plan to feminize me further. You see, the inactivity of lying sedately in bed, plus my weight loss from low food intake due to my tight corsets would melt away the hard muscles I developed as an athlete and make me soft like a girl. I knew I would have to eat heartily and exercise vigorously to regain my former masculine physique when I was eventually allowed to return to pants and my life as a boy. At noon, Maria brought me a small salad with a lemon dressing and a glass of grapefruit juice. 'Not much of a lunch for a growing boy,' I thought, daring

not voice my objections, lest I find myself across Maria's lap with my silken skirt at my waist, at football practice in a skirt, or sentenced to ten years in dresses like Judith!

When I returned to my bedroom after my bath, I thought, 'As long as there is no escape, I may as well get some pleasure from this pretending to be a girl!' With that in mind, I was very cooperative as Maria helped me dress for my outing at the Smythe residence. My change of attitude was immediately noticed as I saw a quizzical expression in her eyes. I could tell she wasn't quite sure if I was beginning to enjoy my feminine life or if I was pretending. I was amused by her confusion.

I stepped into my pink nylon panties with a smile, expertly fastened my matching bra, filled the now familiar B plus cups with my realistic falsies, clasped my garter belt about my waist, threaded the straps beneath my panties, and attached my sheer nylons to the dainty suspenders. Maria's face was a mass of bewilderment as I held out my arms for her to envelop me in a soft pink nylon slip. When my head emerged from the softness, I saw I was to wear three flouncy lace and net petticoats to make my skirt stand out, which was very unusual. "Why so many petticoats, Maria? I usually don't wear more than one if I wear them at all." I asked as she adjusted them about my waist.

"Ms. Fontaine' instructions," she answered, holding up a soft, pink silk dress with a fitted bodice that would show my enlarged *breasts* to advantage and a very full flowing above the knee length skirt to fit over my petticoats. After slipping into the dress and encasing my waist in a wide white leather belt, I stepped into white four-inch pumps, and guided over to my vanity.

"Since you're wearing a pink dress, we'll have to change your nail polish, Miss Dana," Maria informed. "We'll also use pinks for your makeup, blush, lipstick,

and eyeshadow." I don't know why she was going into her detailed accounting of the makeup ritual because I was thoroughly versed in the procedure after two months. Again, I didn't protest.

When Maria was satisfied with my hair and makeup, she adorned me with pearl cluster earrings, a triple strand pearl necklace, and a matching bracelet. Handing me a divine white leather clutch purse, she sent me downstairs. As I descended the stairs, I thought of my tall fragile heels, my soft undies, my pleasant perfume, and my pretty dress. I became quite excited in my panties. My thoughts turned to Judith prancing around in his silky dresses for the last ten years, and the tension became quite painful! Despite all my frills and soft lingerie, I knew I was a boy ... *all* boy!

Mother, seeing my exotic smile, misjudged the stimulus, and in more statement than question, said, "You are beginning to enjoy your pretty things, aren't you dear?"

This time, as Blair was holding the door in his kilt, I noticed that he was blushing unusually bright. I looked him over quickly to ascertain the reason for his increased embarrassment. Then, it hit me! He was no longer wearing his manly sporran, leaving his kilt to resemble a woman's skirt! Looking him full in the eye, I gave him the knowing smile I learned from watching mother and Maria.

When I mentioned the absence of Blair's sporran in the car, mother said he complained about the wool scratching his legs, so she exchanged a soft nylon half-slip for his sporran. He tried to negate the change of attire saying he could abide the scratching, but she was adamant on the issue.

As an afterthought, I said, "I think he should shave his legs and wear nylons as well for the way he treated me."



We arrived at the Smythe's and were admitted by a stately, very correct English butler who was wearing a kilt. "Madam is receiving in the library," he announced in a heavy accent. "Follow me please."

When we entered a spacious living room, Lady Smythe rose to greet us. "Nicole! I'm so pleased you could come and bring pretty Dana with you," she gushed while eyeing me from head to foot. "He is simply stunning today!" She extended a hand to me saying, "And how are you my darling?"

"Very well, thank you, Lady Smythe," I replied in a respectful tone.

She ran her eyes briefly over me again, and for a moment, I was very nervous, thinking something might be amiss. I was relieved to hear her say, "Indeed you are very beautiful, and my dear, your dress is simply divine. You are a very lucky boy indeed to be allowed to wear such lovely dresses and exquisite heels." As her compliments brought a rose flush to my cheeks, I longed to tell her that I much preferred coarse boy's clothes and heavy shoes, but I knew better than to induce a discussion on that subject at this time!

At that point, Judith rushed over, and before I realized what was happening, he kissed me lightly on the lips, saying, "Hello Dana. I'm really quite thrilled that you could join us this afternoon.

I jumped back, my eyes wide in horror!

"Don't act so surprised darling," mother laughed. "Don't you remember me telling you that young ladies greet one another with a polite kiss?"

"But ... but ... I'm not a young lady and ... he ... he's a *boy* like me!" I stammered with disgust filling my voice. "Even if we *are* wearing dresses!"

"You'll just have to get used to it because that's the way girl's meet," Lady Smythe mused. "But all that aside, come have a seat. Tea will be served presently."

I still didn't like what was happening, but I knew there nothing I could do to change my situation. Resigned to my fate, I obediently followed them to a long sofa and sat beside Judith, arranging my skirt as I did so. At that time, I had the opportunity to examine his attire more closely. He was wearing a full skirt and a blouse decorated with fall colors. His long-sleeved satin blouse was a mass of gold, red, orange, and yellow, while his skirt was a swirl of rust colored suede that covered a mass of petticoats like mine. Did I detect mother's devious hand in this? Two boys undergoing petticoat punishment, wearing these seldom worn items at the same time. The coincidence was just too fantastic to accept as such.

"Judith, how about taking Dana on a nice stroll in the garden," Lady Smythe suggested when we finished our refreshments. "The autumn weather is quite nice, and you'll have the opportunity for a girlish chat."

"How long have you been wearing dresses, Dana?" Judith asked as we walked along the path with our petticoats whispering musically in the soft breeze.

"Almost three months," I answered. "I guess that doesn't sound like very long to someone who has been dressing as a girl for ten years."

"No, I guess it doesn't, but you have to start somewhere."

"How did you come to dress as a girl?" I asked.

"I guess I've kind of been doing it all my life," he answered. "Mumsie was disappointed that I was a boy, and when I was little, she dressed me in silk and satin dresses and let my hair grow long so she could attach ribbons and curl it."

"What did your father think about all that?"

"He didn't like it one bit! He and Mumsie would get in terrible arguments over the way she dressed me, but when he was away, and that was most of the time, she

kept me in little girl frills. When he came home, she would always have me in boy's clothes, but as soon as he left, back into my dresses I would go. As I got older, Papa would do masculine things with me to make me strong and masculine."

"What kind of things?"

"Oh, he would take me to cricket matches or football games, and if my hair was too long for his taste, he would take me to his barber to have my curls sheared. Mumsie would, of course, hate his actions, and violent arguments would ensue."

"But when he would go away, Lady Smythe would put you back in dresses?" I asked.

"Yes."

"When your father returned, why didn't you tell him what she was doing?"

"I did once," he answered, casting his eyes downward. "But when he went away again, Mumsie was very angry and made me wear knickers and a silk vest underneath my clothes to school. After that, I had to be really careful to keep the other chaps from finding out what I was wearing. I was afraid to run and play rough with them lest something be revealed. As time passed, I was changed back and forth from girl's to boy's clothes, and their arguments got more and more violent. In fact, Papa died during one of those shouting matches. His last words before he had his fatal heart attack were 'I won't let you make a sissy out of my son!'"

"Wow!" I gasped.

"Yeah," he sighed. "That's when things really got weird! When Mumsie took me to the boutique to purchase my funeral clothes, I found I was to wear a dress, a *black* dress! I also ended up with my first black panties, slip, garter belt, dark nylons, and two-inch pumps. She bought me several black dresses to wear to the wake and for mourning. Also, because she deemed my

hair too short, she purchased a shoulder length blonde wig."

"How old were you?"

"I was barely eight at the time, but that didn't stop Mumsie! To the funeral, she insisted I wear black undies, black dress with the mid-thigh length pleated skirt, and of course dark nylons and heels. I also wore the wig and makeup, including a generous coat of red lipstick. When we viewed the body prior to the casket's closing, Mumsie demanded that I kiss Papa on the forehead, and afterward, I saw why! My lipstick left an imprint on him that would remain forever. All his battles to make a man of me had failed, *miserably* failed! Since the funeral, I have worn nothing but girl's clothes."

"Even to school?" I asked, astounded his story.

"Oh yes, even to school!"

"What did your friends say?"

"They said very little for the most part," he answered. "If you remember, in La Flaire, Mother said petticoat punishment was quite common in our country, and boys really have to watch themselves to avoid it. Sometimes, just teasing another boy in a dress is sufficient to land one in the same situation. Therefore, most boys treat you the same as if you were wearing pants. They are just thankful the same thing isn't happening to them."

"How did you come to be called Judith?"

"That was the name Mumsie had chosen if I had been born a girl," he admitted. "But when I turned out to be a boy, she had to yield to Papa, who named me Henry after his grandfather, the first Lord Smythe. After his death, Mumsie took me before a judge and had my name legally changed to Judith. The Lord Smythe line ends with me."

"After dressing as a girl for ten years, how do you feel?" I asked.

He smiled as he replied, "As strange as it may seem to you at this point, I have grown to enjoy these pretty soft clothes that, normally, only girls wear. So much time has passed since I wore trousers, I would feel very awkward in them, and the mere thought of wearing heavy men's boots makes me shudder. You must understand that my life is not all sweetness and fluff by any means. While I dearly love to wear pretty, soft clothes and preen for hours before my mirror, I am frightfully embarrassed to be seen in my dresses by people who know I'm a boy. Mumsie is aware of my feelings, and if I displease her, she will purposely tell someone that I am a boy in petticoats. I think she really enjoys humiliating me at times. Maybe it's good for me like she says ... I don't know."

"Come in, darlings," Lady Smythe happily exclaimed when we approached her and mother after our walk. "I have been telling Nicole about many of the boys we have known in England who were undergoing petticoat punishment like you two. Judith dear, why don't you tell them about Audrey? You do remember him, don't you dear?"

"Oh yes Mumsie," Judith answered politely and even a bit eagerly. Then turning to me, he continued. "I was fifteen when we first met Audrey. He had come to our home for tea with his mother, who was a friend of one of Mother's acquaintances. Since I was always prettily frocked and had taken great pains with my makeup and jewelry, he naturally thought I was a real girl, and he treated me nicely. But, when he overheard Mumsie say I was a boy, he became horrid and nasty, and he made all sorts of fun of me. In fact, his mother got totally angry, and I ran from the room in tears! Mumsie informed me the next day that his grotesque behavior had landed him in dresses to teach him a lesson."

I saw a tear forming in Judith's eyes as he recollected that painful event.

"The next time I saw Audrey was two years later," Judith continued with his story. "He came again to tea with his mum, and to my surprise, he was dressed completely like a girl. I must say that he was a much more gracious boy than he had been the last time I saw him. His mum said he was now a pleasure to have around the house and that she had decided he was to remain in girl's clothes for at least the rest of her life."

I was aghast upon hearing this story! "A ... are all boys who are put into petticoat punishment ... ah ... made to wear them for such long periods of time like you and ... uh ... Audrey?" I asked in a wavering tone.

"Oh no! Judith answered. "Most are allowed to return to their trousers after a suitable time, but a few are required to remain in their skirts much longer, some by their own choice."

I wasn't totally relieved by his answer, but at least, there was hope of a shorter duration of my enforced feminine lifestyle.

"By the way, Dana," Judith asked cheerfully, "would you like to see my photo album."

"Why yes," I answered. "That would be nice."

As he moved daintily, yet expertly, over to the bureau in his heels, his petticoats swirled merrily beneath his skirt. I wondered if there were other boys in this country besides the two of us who were being subjected to the subtle influence of the petticoat. My thoughts were interrupted; however, by Judith inviting me to join him on the satin covered window seat.

The album contained pictures of Judith from the time he was first put into petticoats until very recently. In the beginning, I saw an obvious boy in a dress, but as time passed, the boy's appearance became more and more feminine. The most recent snapshots showed only a very pretty young lady.

Over the next few weeks, I saw Judith often. As we walked or sat in my spacious bedroom, he told me of his life in dresses in detail. "When I was thirteen," he offered, "Mumsie started me on female hormones, and I went through puberty as a girl instead of a boy. My breasts are even real." I was in disbelief as he showed me the twin growths on his formerly male chest.

As time passed and we got to know each other better, I told him about Jo, and our special relationship. "Do you, or have you ever had a girlfriend?" I asked one day.

He blushed and looked away, as he answered shyly, "No, I've never had a girlfriend. In fact, I'm not even attracted to them. You must remember that since I went through puberty as a girl, I only think about boys that way. Mumsie says there is an operation that can change me into a real girl ... so I could be with boys and men. To tell the truth, I'm giving it serious consideration."

I could only gasp, and pray that I would not remain in dresses so long that I would consider such a radical step.

The time I spent with Judith helped fill the loneliness brought on by Jo's departure, although I wrote her and received a text at least once a day. At her insistence, my texts detailed the clothes I wore as well as my feminine activities, and I sent many selfies as well. Jo was pleased that I had a friend to confide in ... one who could understand my feelings and offer advice to help me over the rough spots. As such, the weeks passed.

One morning at breakfast during the middle of October, three and a half months after I started wearing dresses, mother astounded me by asking, "Have you given any consideration to the costume you will wear to the Halloween ball at the club, sweetheart?"

"Halloween ball?" I exclaimed. "Mother, I can't go to a ball at the club in a *dress*! Everyone there knows I'm a boy!"

"Don't be silly!" she admonished. "Halloween is only two weeks away, and you must have a costume, you know."

"But Mother, everybody at the club knows I'm a boy. I can't go to the ball in a dress!"

"I suspect many boys will be dressed as girls for Halloween. They always do, you know. Why should you be different?"

I could think of a whole list of reasons why I should be different, but I also knew listing them would be a waste of time. If she wanted me to wear a dress to a Halloween ball, no logic filled argument would prevent it. Looking down into my plate, I replied meekly, "Whatever you think best, mother."

"That's my girl!" she declared. "Since you don't have a costume in mind, I have the perfect one for you. Remember when you were thinking of attending football practice and working out with the cheerleaders? I didn't tell you at the time, but I bought one of those cute uniforms they wear for you. Go ask Maria to help you into it, and let's see how it fits."

Knowing I would be terribly embarrassed to be seen in a cheerleader's uniform by my friends and others at the club, I pleaded, "Please, oh please, Mother, don't make me wear a cheerleader's uniform to the Halloween ball. I would be humiliated beyond words!"

"Are you bucking for a trip to football practice in your cute cheerleader's uniform before Halloween, young lady?" mother asked in a menacing tone.

"No Mother!" I gushed, recognizing her question as a threat. I leapt to my feet and declared, "I'll go ask Maria to help me into my cheerleader's uniform." That

said, I hurried away with my long nylon skirt swirling enticingly about me.

When I asked Maria for help, she directed me to my bath and said she would have my uniform ready when I was returned. Shortly thereafter, I entered my bedroom wearing nothing but my translucent negligee. Remembering when I tried to hide my nude body from Maria, I peeled off my negligee and stood completely nude before her. Seeing the uniform lying on my bed, I picked up the red nylon panties, stepped into them, and pulled them up my legs. Looking over the remaining items, I said, "There's supposed to be a vanity panty. Where is it?"

"Looks like your mother forgot to buy one," Maria replied. "You'll just have to be content with a pair of your usual red panties under your short cheerleader skirt."

"She did that just to humiliate me, I know she did!" I declared as I threaded my arms through the straps of a red bra that matched my panties. "This bra is different," I said as I secured my inserts into the cups.

"It's a push-up bra," Maria said. "It's designed to make your breasts more prominent. Pull on your sweater, and you'll see the effect." The red sweater was very tight, and I had difficulty pulling it down over my exaggerated boobs. When it was finally in place, I felt a more pronounced movement on my chest than normal as I moved about.

"Don't worry, you'll get used to the jiggle when you walk," Maria smiled as I stepped into the white pleated skirt, fastened it at my waist, and stepped into the red sneakers. "The hardest part will be accustoming yourself to the bouncing when you go through your cheerleading routines. Here, take these pom poms and try a couple."

"I don't know any cheerleading routines."

"That' okay, we can look up some instructional videos online that you can use for practice. For now, just jump and twirl a bit and wave your pom poms. You'll see what I mean." Sure enough, my fake boobs bounced wildly, and I could see in the mirrors that my red panties were on frequent display as I turned and twirled with the pom poms. "Don't worry, there's over two weeks before the ball, and that's lots of time to practice."

"You mean, I have to perform cheerleading routines at the ball ... in *this*?" I asked, in panic that I already knew the answer. "Please no! Everyone will see my panties when this short skirt bounces up!"

"You know that because you've been watching the cheerleaders perform and looking to see their panties, huh?"

"I won't do it! The real cheerleaders wear vanity panties. I don't have them! Everyone will see my nylon ..."

"Freshen your makeup and add a heavy application of lipstick, and let's see what your mother thinks of your uniform," Maria said, ignoring my protest.

Not surprisingly, mother was thrilled with my *look* and didn't hesitate to say she thought my costume was perfect for the ball.

"But Mother," I protested. "Everyone at the club knows me as a boy. Please don't make me go to the ball dressed as a cheerleader! You didn't even buy the vanity panties that go with this uniform, and my nylon panties will show when I jump and twirl in this skimpy skirt. I'll be totally embarrassed!"

"You'll do fine," mother said, shrugging off my objections. "Lots of boys dress as girls for Halloween.

"But do they wear silky nylon panties? If I have to dress as a cheerleader, please get me some vanity panties!"

“Go find Maria and get her to teach you some steps and routines,” mother insisted. “She has an instructional video.”

My fate sealed, I practiced cheerleading routines day after day after day after day until I was ready to drop.

At breakfast one morning, mother informed me that Merle Mason, my old football buddy, had become very discouraged at college over his lack of playing time on the football team. His discontent affected his class work, and as a result, he quit school and returned home.

“Oh, Mother!” I exclaimed, my entire being filling with fear over her words. “Please don’t let him see the way you make me dress!” Then, after a moment’s hesitation, I added, “I’ll bet he’ll be at the Halloween ball at the club. Please don’t make me go in that awful dress doing cheers where Merle can see me!”

“Don’t worry your pretty head, Dana dear,” she stated calmly. “I doubt that he’ll even be there. His mother says since he came home, he stays out late at night with an unsavory crowd and comes in intoxicated every night. She can’t do a thing with him, and he won’t associate with his former friends and teammates. Taking that into consideration, I seriously doubt if he’ll attend the ball or show up here, for that matter.”

She was right about one thing. As the days before the ball passed, I heard nothing from Merle. Mother said he didn’t associate with his former friends. Could I take that, and the fact that he hadn’t been by to see me, as a sign he wouldn’t attend the ball? I could only hope! My practice filled my time and took my mind off Merle, for the most part. For that small favor, I was thankful!

During breakfast, as I sat with mother in my silky nightgown and negligee, she asked how my cheer-leading lessons were coming along. Maria says I'm learning, but they are very embarrassing, especially when my panties show," I replied. "When I do cartwheels, my legs go over my head and my skirt falls down and reveals my panties for several seconds. That leaves little doubt as to what I'm wearing."

After I was dressed in my uniform, Maria had me put on a demonstration for mother to show her what I had learned. I thought mother would be pleased, but she scowled, "The routines are okay, but the splits leave much to be desired. If I don't see vast improvement by tomorrow, I'll hire a tutor for you. There's only three days before the ball, you know."

That entire day, I did nothing but practice splits until I thought my manhood would be ripped apart. Mother was more or less pleased because she said nothing about a tutor the next morning.

On the night of the ball, I applied nighttime makeup, which included dark red lipstick that matched my skirt, and my nails were dark red to match my lipstick. 'Four months have passed since mother made me start wearing dresses,' I thought while my nail polish was drying. 'I wonder how much longer she'll make me do it. I *do* wish she would set a date and end this awful uncertainty!'

'I was wrong the other day," Mother said in the car on our way to the ball. "Marsha Mason called and confirmed that Merle would indeed be attending the ball. I'm sorry for my miscalculation sweetheart, but don't let that keep you from enjoying yourself."

"My life will be ruined when Merle sees me in this scandalous costume and hideous makeup doing cheers!" I cried, "And, you don't want it to spoil my *evening!*"

“Now, don’t cry darling,” she purred. “You’ll ruin your makeup, and Maria spent so much time making you glamorous.”

I bit my lip and summoned all my courage as I was reminded of the words of the poem, “Into the valley of death rode the six hundred!” Having become confident of appearing in public in a dress without giving away my secret, I wasn’t worried about being recognized by most at the party, but Merle was a different story. He knew me well from our many hours of football practice because a quarterback and receiver must be able to virtually read each other’s minds to be great. He and I were close to that as possible. If he was there, he would surely recognize me despite my girlish uniform and makeup.

As mother and I approached the car, I saw that Blair was wearing a very short pleated skirt, full feminine makeup, nails polished and manicured to match his lipstick, and pumps with at least four-inch heels. He was clearly wearing seamed nylons, but in contrast, his hair was cut into a short masculine style under his cap, and he was blushing for all he was worth.

We arrived at the club, and upon seeing my sexy cheerleading costume, the boys, assuming I was a girl, swept me onto the dance floor and *accidentally* felt me up in the process. A while later, I spotted Mrs. Mason talking with some friends, but after looking everywhere, I didn’t see Merle. I prayed he had elected not to attend.

“Good evening, Mrs. Mason,” I greeted politely. “Mother said Merle was coming with you, but I haven’t seen him. Where is he?” I wanted to know where he was so I could avoid him at any and all cost!

“Oh, good evening, Dana,” she responded cheerfully. “Might I say that you look exquisitely lovely tonight, and your costume is divine ... simply divine! I

just know that absolutely no one will suspect that you're really a boy in that tight sweater and short skirt. But about Merle, he *is* here somewhere. Haven't you seen him?" Then, looking around, she exclaimed, "Oh *there* he is, sitting despondently in the corner. Why don't you go over and cheer him up, dear?"

I was dumbfounded when I looked at the figure she indicated! I couldn't believe my eyes as I looked him over. He was dressed as a private schoolgirl of about twelve years of age in a short, pleated tartan skirt and blouse. He had on a blonde wig with pigtails plaited on both sides and cascading onto his shoulders to give him a juvenile appearance. On his legs were sheer white nylons that exposed obviously shaved legs and black two-inch pumps. He had on light makeup, pink lipstick, dark eyeliner, and mascara. As I got closer, I noticed several bruises on his arms. His left eye was black and puffy. Makeup covered the bruise, but the swelling was undeniable. It was evident that my friend had put up quite a struggle before being dressed as he was. "Hello, Merle, it's good to see you again," I said.

"*Go away!*" he said without looking up. "I don't want to talk with anybody, especially a *girl!*" When I didn't leave, he gradually raised his eyes, looked me over suspiciously before saying, "Dana? Is that *you?*"

"Yes, Merle," I answered.

"They got their hooks in you too, I see," he muttered.

"Yes, they did," I responded with a bright blush. "But never mind that, tell me about college football."

"Forget football!" he spat. "That was a total loss. Just be glad you didn't go! By the way," he continued while becoming more interested in my costume, "Never knew you had such great legs."

"Mother made me practice until I knew the routines," I replied truthfully, yet not telling the whole truth.

"I know the feeling," he answered dejectedly. "I'll sure be glad when this dreadful evening is over, and I can get out of these horrible sissy clothes! I don't know where Mom got the idea for this ridiculous costume. If I had to come, I wanted to dress as Michael Corleone, if I had to come at all."

Merle and I continued to chat until the Emcee announced that it was time for the Best Costume contest. I rushed over to mother and pleaded with her not to enter me in the competition. She merely shrugged off my complaint saying, "Of course, you'll compete. Why else did you practice your routines so diligently?"

I knew then, no amount of groveling on my part would change her mind. I would compete for the best costume, and that was that.

There were fifteen contestants, both male and female, in varying costumes. I almost died from embarrassment when the Emcee announced, "Next, we have Dana Fontaine, the football hero. Tonight, he will demonstrate his skills on the cheering side of the game. I give you Miss Dana Fontaine!"

Following mother's instructions, I bounded onto the stage and did a cartwheel before the cheering crowd. Afterward, I performed the routine that had been drilled into me by hours of practice by Maria. To my great humiliation, all my friends knew that I was dressed as a cheerleader and, because my panties were almost constantly on display, everyone knew I was wearing girl's underwear. When I finally left the stage, it was to resounding cheers.

I talked with Merle after my performance, and he said, "You make a convincing cheerleader, especially

when you did those splits. How do you do that without ripping your balls off?"

"Practice and more practice," I managed to respond. "You wouldn't believe the practice mother put me through."

"I'd tease you about those silky panties you're wearing if I wasn't wearing them too. Will this evening ever end?"

Just then, the Emcee announced the winners of the costume. I was totally embarrassed when I had to once again walk onto the stage. As I accepted the first place trophy, the Emcee smilingly proclaimed that my cheerleader routine had blown the judges away, not my uniform. At that moment, I could have choked mother for putting me through that hell.

Eventually, the evening ended. I was a visibly shaken from the exposure as Maria helped me out of my uniform and into my soft nylon nightgown. Very near tears, I crawled into my sanctuary between the perfumed satin sheets of my canopied bed. As I drifted into a restless sleep, I thought of all the people who saw me dressed and acting like a girl.

The next morning, as I swished down to breakfast in my nightgown, negligee, and fluffy bedroom slippers, I thought, 'Merle was really embarrassed by his feminine costume last night, but at least, he gets to return to being a boy this morning! I wonder when mother will allow me to join him in pants.'

After that embarrassing night at the Halloween party, I settled back into my girlish routine, wearing dresses and skirts. My hair was growing and becoming more feminine, as my weekly appointments at the hairdressers took their toll, and my face got softer with the *cleaning up* of my facial hair (I no longer thought of it as a beard, nor did it resemble one). My ever-thinning waist was even growing accustomed to the

twenty-four-inch corset as I continued to limit my food intake.

Even the maids had grown more accepting of my status. Whenever they came upon me, they would smile and greet me, "Good morning Miss Dana!" Never was there an emphasis on the Miss, even if I was wearing my feminine bedroom ensemble.

"We're having tea at the Mason's this afternoon, Dana Darling," mother informed me one morning, about two weeks after the Halloween party. "Have Maria pretty you up real nice."

The impact of her words filled me with dread! "I...I can't go over there in a dress!" I cried. "Merle will see me and know I wear these clothes all the time. Nothing could be more humiliating!" With that, I burst into tears. Crying was the only protest I dared because past experience had taught me that objections would only worsen my predicament. Besides, a boy in a nightgown, negligee, and high heeled satin slippers can't put up much of a dissent, especially if he is wearing makeup, lipstick, nail polish, perfume, and has a feminine hairstyle.

"Don't be so silly, Dana!" she admonished. "If Merle were to see you in your pretty dress and heels, I'm sure he wouldn't make fun of you. Not after he looked so cute in his schoolgirl uniform!"

I deliberated over the gowns and dresses in my large closet, trying to decide what to wear to Merle's house for tea. I knew by now that an invitation to tea was, in reality, an excuse for girls and women to wear an elegant dresses and exquisite makeup. However, with the very real prospect that I would run into my old football buddy, I wanted something as plain as possible. In the end, I chose a long sleeved, wool, knee length, navy blue wool dress that was decorated with gold squares.

By that time putting on panties, nylons, garter belt, and even fastening my unnecessary bra and filling the cups with jelled falsies had become routine, and I no longer gave them a second thought. Normally, I wouldn't wear a slip with a lined dress like one I had chosen, but since the November wind had grown quite cool, I decided I needed the added insulation. Makeup no longer posed a problem for me, but today, I was extra careful to appear not to be wearing any. I was also careful not to brush my lengthening dark hair to look too feminine. For jewelry, I stayed away from the ultra-feminine by selecting a single strand pearl necklace and pearl button earrings. In shoes, I had no choice and chose matching navy four-inch pumps. In the end, my ensemble wasn't simple, plain, or masculine by any stretch of the imagination, especially after I wrapped my fox stole around my shoulders, but it was as modest as I dared.

When I was satisfied, Maria, who stood silently by while I did all these feminine things for myself, handed me a navy leather clutch purse, and said, "You did very well, Miss Dana. Now, hurry along, your mother is waiting."

"Darling, how beautiful you are!" mother cried as we descended the steps toward the waiting car.

"Thank you, Mother," I answered meekly as I viewed Blair in his skirted uniform and knew he was wearing a slip underneath. 'Panties too?' I wondered but remained silent on the subject.

All the way to the Mason's, mother was high in her praise of my recent behavior and cautioned me to continue.

Of course, I planned to remain obedient! That was in total accordance with my plan to get my trousers back as soon as possible. Besides, resisting her had gained me *nothing*, that was for sure!

Still, good intentions and all, I was not prepared for the scene that awaited me at the Mason home! Upon entering the front hall, I heard Merle shouting, "No! I won't let Dana see me like this! Tell him to go away!"

When Mrs. Mason came to greet us, she seemed on the verge of tears. "Oh, Nicole darling, I simply can't do a thing with Merle this afternoon," she mourned. "I do hope you will excuse his disrespectful behavior."

"Think nothing of it, my dear," mother said. "I understand completely."

When we entered the living room, I got the shock of my life! Merle was wearing a pretty silk dress, white three-inch pumps, full makeup, and a shoulder length blonde wig without pigtails! The only thing keeping him from running out was the pretty maid standing beside him. Upon seeing me and how I was dressed, he must have thought he had a comrade in arms, because he yelled, "Dana! Let's show these crazy women that they can't make us wear these hateful girl's clothes!" With that, he grabbed the bodice of his dress and ripped it down the front.

Even I couldn't help gasping at his fortitude! When I was first put in dresses, I had often considered tearing them off, but I never had the nerve. Now, I was glad I hadn't!

Merle's expression was one of surprise and disbelief when I didn't come rushing to his aid. He didn't realize how much respect I had amassed for these imposing women over the past four months. As it turned out, I couldn't have helped him anyway, for the maid quickly twisted his arm behind him, pulled him across her knees, pushed up his skirt, and began spanking his silky panties with a wooden hairbrush similar to the one Maria used on me! As he jerked and twisted trying to escape his painful and embarrassing ordeal, his wig fell off. This left no doubt that with his crew cut, he was indeed a boy in a dress. He was in tears of disgrace

and promising everything under the sun when the determined maid finally released him.

I had never seen Merle so totally defeated as he picked himself up and wiped his tear-streaked face. "Why didn't you help, Dana?" he sobbed into his hands. "Why didn't you? If we had worked together like on the football field, we could have beat them and rid ourselves of these hateful clothes. They're only *women*, you know!" With that, he buried his face in his hands and fled from the room.

Knowing I was incapable of making him understand my lack of action, I remained silent.

"Clean him up, put him in another pretty frock, and bring him back as soon as possible, Greta," Mrs. Mason instructed in a firm tone. "And hurry, we will be waiting tea on him."

Greta was obviously trained in the martial arts, much the same as Maria. That explained Merle's black eye and bruises at the Halloween party. Also, with him having a forceful maid with the same qualifications as mine, this affair reeked of Mother's involvement. Was she involved in a conspiracy to control boys by forcing them into dresses?

My suspicions increased when Mrs. Mason said, "Since Merle quit school and came home, he's been totally rebellious. He was running with an unsavory group, staying out all night drinking, carousing with loose women, and who knows what else. I had seen how ladylike you had become in your pretty dresses, so after much thought, I decided to try it on him. As you can see, he has a long way to go to become as sweet and docile as you."

Mrs. Mason's words intimated that Merle had fought much harder than I over being dressed as a girl, and that disturbed me greatly. Was I a sissy and not Merle?

While we waited for his return, mother and Mrs. Mason made small talk, and I thumbed through a teen girl's magazine that was lying on the table beside me. The book was filled with pages and pages of beautiful models wearing lovely clothes, and despite myself, I pictured me in many of the lovely styles. As I sat quietly, thumbing through the fascinating pages, several times, I heard muffled screams of, "You can't!", "I won't wear that!", "Not in front of Dana!", and "Please!" coming from upstairs. Each time, a wave of fear swept over me. What were they doing to poor Merle?

After what seemed like an eternity, Greta led a meek, yet very embarrassed Merle back into the room. He was wearing a long-sleeved aqua silk dress with a mid-thigh length flowing skirt, matching two-inch pumps, attractive makeup, red lipstick, and his blonde wig had been brushed to fall to the tops of his shoulders. Except for his awkward manner and the tears that still filled his eyes, he looked very much like a pretty girl. With prompting and warnings from Greta, he walked dejectedly before his mother, mother, and me, and said, "Will you ladies please forgive my inconsiderate behavior? I will be on my best ladylike conduct, and I promise it won't happen again."

"Very well, Merle!" his mother admonished. "But I will have more to say on that subject later. For now, we have kept these ladies waiting long enough for their tea."

Merle smoothed his skirt beneath him and took his seat. Though he sat properly with his knees together, his shoulders were slumped forward, his eyes down-cast, and he was obviously in total dejection.

When Mrs. Mason asked, "Why can't you be as sweet and ladylike as Dana?"

He glared at me with tears running down his cheeks and spat, "Because I hate these dreadful clothes!" His



voice was filled with rage and his eyes were shooting flames. "I hate them, do you hear? I hate them! I hate them! I hate them! I'm a boy, and boys don't wear sissy things like these!" He fell back in his chair sobbing his heart out while absently allowing his skirt to ride high on his smooth hairless nylon clad thighs and reveal a lace adorned nylon slip. I knew life would be easier for him if only he would come to realize, as I had, that there was no escape from the clutches of these determined women. When he looked up at me, he had to be thinking, 'Dana, why didn't you help me? We could have beat them. I know we could. Oh, what have they done to you to break your spirit so?'

After our tea and refreshments, mother and I said our goodbyes, and we departed. As we took our seats on the soft cushions in the car, mother smiled and said, "Merle looked so very sweet in his dresses. You know, I think he will come to love them quite as much as you love yours, don't you?"

"Oh yes, I'm sure he will," I replied with appropriate meekness, knowing that's what she expected.

"Well, I would think after two weeks of wearing pretty dresses and things, he would be more reconciled to his fate," Mother huffed with disapproval. "Oh well, I must say, you behaved in a most ladylike manner for the most part. I *was* a bit disappointed that you didn't greet your friend properly with a ladylike kiss like you greet Judith and Jo. On the other hand, I was pleased that you didn't participate in his juvenile tantrum."

'Why does mother insist on me kissing other boys?' I wondered. 'Even if they are dressed as girls, kissing them is totally embarrassing for me! What does she think I am anyway?' As we rode along, I became lost in my own thoughts. I knew perfectly well I was a boy, yet I experienced strange sensations from time to time that thrilled, rather than shamed, me to be arrayed in silk, satin, nylon, and lace. At those times, I would feel

that all skirts were lovely ... the silk ones that blew easily in the wind ... the pleated ones that rippled so deliciously with every movement ... the sheaths that reduced my steps to a minimum. All these feminine things were coming to be more and more a part of me, day after day, binding me to mother in the roll of her daughter. At times, I even found pleasure in the knowledge that her word was law for me and that I had no recourse or appeal. Yes, I found myself enjoying these things and this strange way of life. As long as I could sense the pleasures of these things in that certain region, I would be quite happy with my lot! Then, quicker than a flash, total disgust would engulf me for those repulsive thoughts and feelings!

"Dana darling, I have invited the Masons and the Smythes to tea for the day after tomorrow," mother informed me a few days before Thanksgiving. "Since I know you will want to look your best when your friends visit, we must shop for a lovely new autumn dress."

"Yes, Mother," I answered politely, while secretly dreading for Merle to see me looking even more elegantly feminine.

Upon entering La Flaire, I found that the clerks no longer made fun of me. I guess with Judith, Merle and myself coming in so often, boys in dresses were no longer a novelty. As a result, I felt much more relaxed. After trying on several nice frocks, I found myself staring in the mirror at myself in a burnt orange satin knee length dress with a form fitting skirt. Even though I detested wearing dresses, seeing my reflection in this stylish ensemble brought a slight smile of approval to my lips. Mother was quick to seize the moment and said, "Yes, you look very lovely in that dress, Dana darling."

She had interpreted my expression of pleasure, and in effect, read my mind! Still, she was right! I *did* look good ... for a *girl*! Despite the fact that I was a boy, I had to admit, even to myself, that I looked good in this dress. "Thank you, Mother. It is quite lovely. May I have it?" I asked demurely, knowing my compliant attitude would put me in good stead with her.

"Of course, you may have it, darling," she gushed happily at my request. Then, turning to Monique, she said, "This is Dana's choice, so we'll take it."

A bright flush rose to my face as I shamefully added, "Thank you, Mother."

On the appointed day, Merle arrived in a lovely dark green satin dress with a full above the knee length skirt that was filled out with several petticoats. His waist appeared smaller, he walked easily in three-inch spike heels, and he was much more subdued than when I last saw him. I was amazed that the boy I played football with, could look so much like a girl. In spite of all that, his cherry red Cupid's bow mouth, long curly wig that framed his face and fell onto his neck, full makeup, and pale red lipstick achieved that girlish image. Then, I remembered that the same transformation had been wrought on me, although even more so! Merle acted surprised and jerked away when I greeted him with a light kiss in accordance with Mother's instructions, but he made no move to attack me as I had feared he might.

Mother quickly noticed the changes in Merle and made a comment that brought a blush to his face.

Judith was his usual bubbly self in a beautiful lavender gown. When we kissed each other in greeting as had become our custom, Merle sighed as if to say, "Something else I'll have to put up with while wearing dresses!"

"Oh Nicole, aren't our darlings simply precious!" Mrs. Mason gushed. "Who would ever dream of them being boys?"

As always, when reminded that I was a boy underneath my feminine finery and in my silky panties, I blushed with embarrassment. Judith, on the other hand, had grown accustomed to this kind of flattery over the years, and he smiled in appreciation, while poor Merle sat glumly staring at his feet, obviously unhappy with the whole situation.

While we were having our tea and cakes, mother smiled brightly and said, "Ladies, I must admit that I find much pleasure in having Dana looking so pretty and mincing daintily around in his lovely dresses, makeup, and heels. Now that he has two boyfriends who look equally pretty as girls, I am rather tempted to do as Lady Smythe has done."

"Oh no, Mother, you can't mean that!" I cried. "You promised that I would only have to dress this way until I was properly punished and had made a commitment to my future. In the meantime, I've been doing everything you asked! You know I have!"

"Have you?" she huffed. "That outburst wasn't very polite or ladylike!"

"Immediately grasping her inference that, as bad as it was already, my situation could rapidly worsen. I quickly lowered my eyes and meekly apologized, "I'm sorry for my outburst. I promise to be more ladylike in the future."

"See that you do!" she snapped in an angry tone.

As mother reprimanded me, a shocked expression crossed Mrs. Mason's face, and she exclaimed, "Are you thinking of keeping Dana in girl's clothing for an extended time like ... like *Judith*?" The timbre of her voice was a perfect match for her expression of disbelief.

“Why Nicole, I think that would be a wonderful idea!” Lady Smythe injected before mother could answer. “I can assure you that Judith isn’t unhappy that he must wear pretty dresses, and he is much more delightful to be around than a boy in coarse attire running and shouting about the house, making a total nuisance of himself.”

“I agree with you to a point, Lady Smythe, but I do have certain reservations.” mother remarked, shooting me a piercing stare of warning to keep silent. “If I should require Dans to wear his pretty dresses from now on, do you think he would become as sweet and gentle as Judith?”

“Most certainly!” Lady Smythe answered. “I have seen many such cases, and I have no reason to suspect otherwise.”

With only the greatest of efforts did I restrain myself from rushing over to mother and begging on my knees for her not to do such a horrible thing to me. She had promised that I could return to my pants after refining my manners and ambitions, but now that she had met Lady Smythe and observed Judith, was she thinking of keeping me as a girl for the rest of my life? Oh, that was just too awful to contemplate! I looked at Judith with tears forming in my eyes, only to see him sitting quietly with a slight smile on his ruby red lips and his hands gracefully folded in the lap of his skirt. Could he truly be happy living a girl’s life in dresses after ten years of being forced to do so?

“But, what about his life, his future, his happiness?” mother asked in an uncertain tone.

I breathed a sigh of relief. Was she still undecided? Was there still a possibility ... a chance that ...?

Lady Smythe’s voice broke my meditations. “Really Nicole, I see no reason why you should have doubts about the ramifications. Dana is a charming young lady, in your own words, he is more enjoyable to have

around. Why shouldn't you continue your methods? Take my word, the future has a way of taking care of itself. If there is sufficient money behind him so he can continue to live in the style of a beautiful young woman, all the other problems seem to resolve themselves. Believe me, I have seen many such cases from start to finish, and they invariably work out satisfactorily. No matter how difficult a boy might be when he is first introduced to dresses, without fail, after a few years, he will come to enjoy his skirts and silky lingerie as much as any girl. If not actually enjoy them, he will become so passive that he will endure his dainty existence without undue complaints."

"Oh well," mother sighed. "That decision shouldn't be made in haste. I'll give it more thought before making my decision."

"As you wish, my dear," Lady Smythe rebuffed, obviously annoyed by mother's procrastination.

Ignoring the slight, mother turned to me and said, "Dana, why don't you take Merle and Judith up to see your pretty room? That will give you boys a chance to talk without us old folks around."

"Yes, Mother," I answered politely while silently thinking, 'Why did she have to remind us that we are really boys underneath all this feminine finery they force us to wear!'

Petticoats whispered musically as we tripped up the stairs in our heels, three boys in skirts, each blushing brightly over mother's gender betraying comment. As we made our exit, I couldn't get the previous conversation out of my mind. Was mother seriously thinking of keeping me in skirts like Lady Smythe had done to Judith?

"Wow!" Merle exclaimed upon entering my room. "I thought my room looked like a girl's, but Dana, *this* is totally feminine! How do you stand all ... all *this*? Or ... or do you *like* it?"

"Heavens no! I don't like these frills, Merle!" I gushed forth. "What do you think I am? I've been going along with mother so she would let me have my pants back, but now, I'm worried that she'll keep me this way. You heard what she said. Another thing, she's spent so much money on this room and my clothes. I don't mind telling you, I'm really worried!"

"I see what you mean!" Merle gasped. "But you do really look like a girl ... a pretty one, and your legs in that cheerleader skirt! How long have you been wearing these clothes, anyway?"

"Since you went away to play college football last June, and believe me, I can't wait until it's over!"

"College football!" he wailed. "I should never have quit! The poundings I took on the field were better than wearing this sissy stuff!"

"Well, I like being a girl and wearing pretty dresses and soft lingerie," Judith answered before Merle could respond. "In fact, like Mumsie said, I really *love* it!"

"What?" Merle exclaimed in an unbelieving voice. "How could you ... a *boy* like all this silky stuff?"

"I know it's hard for you to understand Merle," Judith answered. "I have worn girl's clothes most of my life, and continuously for the past ten years. I don't even remember how it feels to wear trousers. I don't expect you to understand, I'm just telling you how I feel."

"By the way, Merle," I asked. "What brought on your change of attitude. The other day, you were totally defiant, but now you seem relatively content in your pretty dress."

Merle blushed, looked down, and toyed with his skirt before saying, "Mother and I finally reached an agreement."

"How so," I asked.

She said I should be dressed this way as punishment, but she wouldn't say for how long, only saying indefinitely. I pressed for an end date, and to make my point, I fought for all I was worth. I tore dresses and had to be forced to put them on every day. When she asked how long I would fight, I answered, *indefinitely*."

"The next day, she approached me with a compromise. She said if I would agree to be her dutiful daughter and wear whatever she said for three months, until the end of February, I could return to pants. Well, I figured I deserved some kind of punishment for my behavior after I quit football, and I knew you were going through the same thing, Dana. To make a long story short, I agreed. Now do you see why I will never come to love this crazy stuff? I won't be doing it long enough!"

"I should have fought like that," I mused. Then, maybe I would know when my punishment will end."

"Then, you don't object when your mother insists on you dressing and acting more and more like a girl every day, Merle?" Judith asked sincerely.

"Oh, I *do* object," Merle answered. "I don't mean to ... but some of that stuff is just ... just too *icky!* That's where the sp... uh ... the punishments come in," he confirmed with a blush. "If I refuse or hesitate to do something she wants, I get punished. Oh, you might as well know. Greta will make me raise my skirt and lie across her lap so she can spank me on my panties. Sometimes, mother will simply embarrass me in public by announcing that I'm a boy who likes to wear dresses."

"Sounds like mother's tactics," I offered. "Do you think they could be in cahoots against us?"

"It's not only possible, it's *probable!*" Judith surmised. "In fact, I've seen a band of women allied against an unsuspecting boy or group of boys, and before they even had an inkling that anything was awry,

they would be mincing about in dainty dresses and heels much the same as we three. I tell you; boys don't stand a chance against a group of conniving women!

"I can believe that!" I gasped.

"By the way Judith," Merle asked. "Was your mother serious about a lot of boys wearing girl's clothes in England?"

"Oh yes!" Judith answered honestly. "This type of punishment is quite common over there. In fact, I have seen the meanest, most robust bullies reduced to pantywaist sissies who run crying to their mommies or younger sisters at the slightest provocation."

"Wow!" Merle exclaimed in total understatement. "Tell us about some of them."

"Very well," Judith replied. "This one particularly vicious bloke was taken in hand, forced into petticoats, and placed under the authority of his younger sister. He had been very cruel toward her, and did she ever get her revenge and make him pay!"

"What did she do?" I gasped.

"First of all, she put him on a strict diet and saw that he was laced to the last breathless inch at all times," Judith stated while Merle and I listened in open-mouthed astonishment. "She insisted that he wear only the frilliest dresses and wouldn't hesitate to make him show off his silky panties to her friends, or his friends for that matter. In fact, he was in the garden jumping rope in a short pink dress that bounced up to show off several layers of elaborate petticoats when she invited his former friends in to watch. Upon seeing their former leader reduced to wearing such a feminine costume and having to obey his younger sister, they laughed, teased, and ridiculed him unmercifully. He was totally humiliated. That was her way of separating him from his mates and his former life. Then, with him having no friends to return to, she trained him in a very demure, passive, and obedient lifestyle."

“What else did she make him do?” Merle asked.

“Oh, she would put on fashion shows for her friends and make him model dresses and lingerie for them. During these sessions, she allowed him no privacy before the onlookers and required him to strip to his panties, bra, and corset and change right in their presence. As you can imagine, this caused him much anguish. During other parties, she required him to perform humiliating tasks or put on shaming exhibitions. At one tea I attended, she made him give pedicures to more than a dozen of us. Another time, he gave a demonstration on the most efficient way to sew lace on the leg and waist openings of one’s panties. At the end, he raised his skirt to his waist and displayed the finished process on his own panties. On each of these occasions, he was required to tie on a lace adorned pinafore and serve tea and cakes to everyone present. Also, his sister always found an excuse to make him lie across her lap for a spanking before all the giggling girls.”

“Was he ever allowed his pants back?” I asked.

“Oh yes!” Judith answered. “After about a year, he returned to boy’s clothes, but by then, he was completely broken and was never the same. In fact, his former victims started beating him up. Instead of fighting back, the poor dear would run crying to his sister for protection.”

“Whatever happened to him?” I questioned, wanting to hear more as I might get a clue about my own future.

“The last time I saw him, he was dating the president of the Young Feminists Club who sought him out,” Judith concluded. “She was obviously the dominant member of the pair, and if they later married, I strongly suspect that she rules the roost and keeps him under some form of dress discipline to guarantee his obedience and possibly even chastity.”

“How would that assure his virtue?” Merle asked.

“Can you imagine how humiliated a man would be if he removed his clothes before a potential lover and revealed that he was wearing panties, a silky camisole, nylons on smoothly shaved legs, and a lacy garter belt to support them?” Judith concluded. Enough said! Merle and I shuddered at the thought.

While Judith related his story, I noticed Merle strolling about my room looking at the feminine decorations in detail. For instance, he turned back my lace covered spread to determine if I slept between satin sheets, and while inspecting my lingerie filled chest, he took out a pair of ornate panties, held them up for a close inspection, folded them neatly, and replaced them without comment. I suspect that, before he was required to wear these same items, he would have disgustedly thrown them down in a tousled heap if he had the nerve to pick them up to begin with. Obviously, he was trying to determine if my existence was as daintily feminine as his own. “Wow!” he finally exclaimed. “You have so many pretty feminine things, Dana.”

I blushed from his statement even though he was wearing the same things.

Not long after we joined the others, Merle, Judith, and their mothers departed. To my embarrassment, not before we kissed each other goodbye as when we met.

“How much longer before I can have my pants back?” I asked mother during the ride back home. “The uncertainty is very frustrating, and I really need to know. I can’t bear the thought of wearing dresses permanently like Judith. I’ve really learned my lesson, and I won’t cause you any more trouble. I promise.”

She turned to me with a determined expression and said, “Dana your outburst before our guests when we

were trying to intelligently discuss your future was impolite as well as being contrary to my expressed wishes! How can you say you've learned your lesson after behaving so discourteously ... so *unladylike*?"

"But Mother!" I pressed on, "You were talking about keeping me in girl's clothes forever like ... like *Judith*!"

"So we were!" she spat. "But that doesn't give you license to act like a spoiled brat. That kind of behavior only proves that you should remain in skirts for at least a while longer."

"How *much* longer?" I asked. "I have to know!"

"At least until you learn to be polite and courteous in the presence of guests, that's for sure!" she proclaimed.

"But, not for ten years like *Judith*!" I declared. "I couldn't stand that. Mother, please tell me how long this awful punishment in dresses will last!"

"Dana, I'm growing tired of this conversation," she responded with annoyance entering her voice. "You know your behavior is my only consideration in deciding the duration of your punishment, and this demonstration is doing nothing to hasten that end."

So many of our conversations on this subject had ended on this note, and after hearing the earlier inference that I might be kept in dresses for an extended time like *Judith*, I had to get an answer. I just *had* to! As I pondered the possibility of living the rest of my life in skirts, a rare torrent of courage sweep over me, and I demanded, "Mother, this has gone far enough! I insist on knowing how long my punishment in dresses is to continue! The uncertainty is so terribly distressing!" I stamped my foot for emphasis, but in all honesty, what can a dainty four-inch pump beneath a form fitting skirt add to a firm ultimatum? In the end, my bravery came off as more girlish tantrum than masculine defiance.

"Dana, what has come over you?" Mother screeched.

Her harsh words, along with the realization that my protest had fallen far short of its intended impact, propelled me back to reality. From past experience, I knew I would be severely punished for my outrage. My only hope was to lessen its severity and to maintain any masculine pride that remained after my months in dresses. "I'm sorry, Mother," I quickly apologized. "I don't know what came over me."

"Neither do I!" she screeched. "For some time now, your demeanor has been in accordance with my wishes, and I thought my message was getting across to you, especially when you asked for that pretty pink dress you're wearing. I had even begun to consider granting your request for the return of your trousers, but this outrage only serves to prove that assumption to be premature. After this disgraceful scene, I'm sure you realize that I cannot let you go unpunished! Therefore, not only will your tenure in dresses be extended for an indefinite period. After lunch tomorrow, you will change into your cheerleader uniform and visit the football field where the football team is practicing for the Thanksgiving Day championship game!"

"But Mother!" I pleaded. "Don't you understand? If the team sees me in these clothes, it won't matter how long I have to wear dresses. They'll all know ... and my life will be *over!*"

"That's too bad! You should have considered the consequences of your actions when you defied me. Now, not another word! Further quarreling will only worsen your punishment!" She was boiling mad as she added, "Be sure to pin a red ribbon in your hair so it won't blow away, and of course, take a matching purse. Without another word, young lady, go to your room and get ready for bed!"

I was almost in convulsions from humiliation at the thought of attending football practice in my cheerleading uniform and sobbing as I entered my room. The most horrible thing imaginable had happened, and nothing could be more demeaning. My whole world had come crashing down on me like the boy in Judith's tale when his friends saw him jumping rope with his skirt bouncing up to reveal his panties. Oh, how could I withstand such a shameful ordeal? My whole world was over!

The whole time Maria helped me into my nightgown and with my beauty ritual at my vanity, I cried uncontrollably, and tears streamed from my eyes. She tried her best to console me, but even as she helped me between my satin sheets, I was unable to control my tears. I eventually cried myself to sleep, but I awoke several times during the night and found my pillow wet from tears. I merely switched to a dry one, and continued crying.

When Maria woke me the next morning, my eyes were red, swollen, and irritated from my tearful night and while contemplating suicide, I began crying anew. I tried to stop when Maria attempted to do my makeup, but I couldn't. I was crying or shaking beyond control. After several tries to perform her task, and being unable to do so because of my spasms, she left the room. She returned shortly with mother who demanded that I dry up and behave properly, but her assertions only made me cry harder. No matter how hard she tried to quiet me or how much she threatened to keep me in dresses forever, I wailed breathlessly, "It won't matter what you do to me if all my friends know I wear dresses!" I wailed. My tears continued, and I was shaking like a leaf when they finally left me alone in my misery.

I don't know how long I slept, but when I awoke, I was lying on my bed, still in my nightgown and negligee with my head in mother's lap. Before I could start

crying again, she was wiping my face with a warm cloth and saying in a soothing voice, "Now, Dana darling, don't start crying again until we've had a chance to talk out our little problem."

Bolting upright to face her, I shouted in a voice very uncharacteristic of me since I had been put into dresses, "*Little* problem! I'll never be able to face my friends again after today! In fact, I won't have any friends after they see me in my cheerleading uniform with girlish makeup! Do you call that a *little* problem? My life will be *over*! Do you hear, *over*! I just want to *die*!"

"Please dear, listen to what I have to say before you get upset again," she said quietly. "If you'll only listen, I think we can reach a compromise that will solve your concerns about attending football practice in your cheerleading uniform. Will you please listen?"

As usual, I had trouble rejecting her when her manner was so affectionate, even though she was responsible for my current dilemma in dresses. I sniffed and nodded my head in assent.

"Very well," she said, her voice remaining soft and warm. "You know that I love you very much, and that I only want the best for you. As a result of my love, I probably over reacted last night and imposed too harsh a punishment for your outburst."

Her words were gaining my attention and raising my hopes. "You mean I don't have to go to football practice in a skirt after all?" I blurted.

"You should know by now that interrupting me like that won't win my favor," she said a bit more tersely.

"I'm sorry Mother," I mumbled.

"As I said," she continued, "I may have overreacted last evening. On the other hand, you deserve to be disciplined for your insolence. You know you do. Therefore, in the interest of harmony, I have decided for this

one time to give you a choice of punishments. If you wish, you can go to football practice in your cheerleading uniform and have this affair over and done with. If not, you may choose to visit La Flaire and request to be fitted with a twenty-two-inch corset. Be properly dressed for the destination of your choice when you come downstairs. Remember, the choice is yours."

The choice was mine? There was no *choice*! My sides ached at the mere thought of being crushed into a twenty-two-inch corset. I knew from experience that the constant and unrelenting pressure would be extremely painful and that the accompanying weight loss would further deteriorate what remained of my masculine muscles. Still, there was no choice. Attending football practice in my cheerleading uniform was definitely not an option! I could only gird myself for the humiliation of asking for a smaller corset, standing before a group of jeering women, clad only in panties and bra while it was installed, and the pain and discomfort of wearing it for ... for how long? I only wished I knew!

Before she left, mother pulled my nylon clad body to her, hugged me tightly, and kissed me. Oh, how could I have let myself be transformed from a boisterous young male into this dainty bit of quivering femininity?

When mother was gone, Maria came in to help me dress and suggested I thoroughly wash my face with cold water and use drops to help clear my tear swollen eyes before I got into my bath. The water and drops felt good, and I enjoyed a long soak in the scented bath I had come to love over the past months. Despite my restless night, I felt refreshed when I returned to my bedroom, wearing only my confining gaffe under my soft negligee. "What do you wish to wear this morning, Miss Dana?" Maria asked.

From past experience, I knew mother would expect me to wear something dressy to the exclusive La Flaire. With this in mind, I said, "I think the charcoal grey knit skirt, a pink silk blouse, and the black suede pumps."

"A very elegant selection, Miss Dana," she answered. "I'm sure your mother will be pleased. Go ahead and select your lingerie while I get your outer things from your closet."

I quickly pulled a pink bra and nylon panties from my lingerie drawer, and after looking out the window at the dark blustery weather, I also selected a matching slip for warmth. When I was dressed, Maria helped me with my makeup and, as usual, neatly styled my ever-lengthening dark hair attractively. After slipping my nylon clad feet into my stilt heeled pumps, a quick look in the mirror confirmed that my eyes were still puffy, but otherwise, I appeared ready to go downstairs.

"Oh, Dana Darling," mother greeted me happily as I entered her study. She was acting as if we were meeting for the first time that morning and had not just had our very serious heart to heart discussion. "And where would you like to go this morning?"

I was trapped, and she knew it! In fact, she had set me up. I uneasily swallowed my pride and said, "If you don't mind terribly, Mother, I would like to go to La Flaire and be fitted for a new corset. My old one has become dreadfully loose, and I do so want a neat waist."

"Of course, I don't mind when you ask so politely!" she exclaimed.

"All of my dresses and skirts will have to be taken in, and that will be terribly expensive, you know," I stated, giving her an excuse to deny me the *pleasure* of buying a new corset.

"Don't worry your pretty head about the cost, sweetheart!" she exclaimed. "No expense is too great where my lovely stepson's beauty is concerned. Now, come along."

Horrors! Again, she had denied me the opportunity to lose myself in my feminine role by reminding me that I was a boy.

As we descended the steps to the car, I saw Blair's glum expression as he waited by the rear door of the limousine with his kilt blowing merrily in the wind to occasionally show a hint of lace. While observing the embarrassing lace, I noticed that his legs were shaved, and he was wearing sheer nylons with an obvious seam in back. Also, I was quick to notice his feminine pumps with a three-inch heel. When he saw the direction of my gaze, he burned bright red and gone were his teasing smirks of the past.

I thought I had cried myself out during the night, but as I thought of the hopelessness of my situation, tears began to fill my eyes once again. I tried to salve my feelings by glancing out the window, only to see the football team hard at practice as we drove slowly by the field. Looking quickly back inside, my eyes moved across my skirt, my nylon clad thighs, and slender, delicate suede pumps. Being identified as a boy while I was dressed this way, the clothes themselves, were the thing that disturbed me the most.

"And what can we do for you ladies this morning?" Monique asked as we entered the boutique.

While I was hesitant to make my disturbing request, Mother admonished, "Dana! We're waiting."

"I...I want to be fitted with a s...smaller corset," I managed to utter.

"*Very* good, Miss Dana!" Monique exclaimed happily. "I'm so happy that you take such pride in your

girlish figure. Go right into the dressing room and disrobe. Anna will assist you, and I will be with you presently."

Minutes later, when Monique tightened the strong laces, I felt as if the life was being squeezed out of me! "I...I'll need a new dress to wear home, Mother," I said thinking it would please her. "This one will be too loose at the waist, even with a belt."

"Of course you may have a new dress, my dear!" she exclaimed. "All you had to do was ask. What did you have in mind?"

"I was thinking of something dressy," I heard myself saying. "We will be seeing Judith and Merle over the weekend, and I want to look nice."

"Something dressy that will fit my lovely stepson's new figure, Monique." mother instructed.

There was that damnable reference to my real sex! Would these humiliations never end?

For the next hour, I tried on dress after dress while Mother looked on. Whenever I would ask for her opinion or advice, she would only say, "The choice is entirely yours dear. You're the one who made me so happy by asking for a new dress, you know."

Finally, I decided on a mint green knit dress with a fitted bodice to accentuate my supposed bosom and a straight, mid-thigh length skirt that wouldn't blow away in the cold stiff winds. Although mother had remained silent through the selection process, she appeared pleased with my choice as we departed.

"Jo is to return home from school this weekend, and she wants me to meet her at the airport." I told mother during the first week of December.

"That's wonderful, darling!" she answered happily. "You know what that means, don't you?"

"Oh yes," I replied. "She will be home until just after New Year's, and she says we can spend a lot of time together. You know, shopping and things like that." I couldn't tell her about the bedroom scenarios Jo had described in her texts. Knowing full well that I was a boy in feminine lingerie, a stylish dress, heels, and makeup, admitting that my girlfriend was coming home was traumatic enough without revealing any intimate secrets.

"I know you'll enjoy shopping and doing girl things with Jo silly, but that's not what I mean!" she said with a teasing smile. "Haven't you been a girl long enough to know that special occasions, like greeting a dear friend, are a perfect excuse to buy a new dress and get a special hairdo?"

I should have known! Since I began wearing dresses more than five months, every occasion, no matter how trivial, was an excuse to buy at least one new dress and, although I routinely went at least once a week, to make an additional trip to the beauty parlor. I further knew the futility of mentioning I had several perfect dresses for the occasion in my closet.

"His corset should be removed for this fitting," Mother informed Monique at La Flaire that afternoon. "He won't be wearing it when he is with Jo through Christmas even though his waist will be an inch or so larger without it."

"But Ms. Fontaine, surely you don't want to waste months of hard-earned progress!" Monique protested.

"We won't waste anything!" Mother rebutted, "He can wear it at night and when he isn't with his fiancé. We want her to think his neat waist is natural from his obvious weight loss, not artificially created."

"Only a woman could think of something so devious and deceiving," I thought silently while my corset was removed.

Although the corset and dress I had worn into the boutique had been replaced, I left with a substantial addition to my already more than adequate feminine wardrobe. For instance, there was a dark gray wool dress with a knee length swirling skirt, a red suit with a straight above the knee length skirt, a tight green cashmere sweater that accentuated my apparent breasts, and a short black pleated skirt that ended four inches above my knees.

Apparently, Mother wanted to show off my feminine form to its fullest to Jo, so for on my trip to greet her, I wore the red sweater to show off my larger falsies and the short black skirt to reveal my smooth trim legs. Now that my weight loss had melted my sinewy muscles, I had to admit that, with four-inch pumps, my legs were quite attractive ... for girl's legs, that is! There it was again! Every time I was reminded that I was, after all, only a boy in girl's clothing, a feeling of remorse swept over me, and my happy mood changed to gloom.

In spite of the dejection brought about by these constant reminders of my true gender, I was very anxious to see Jo. I didn't know why, but, from her messages and phone conversations, I knew she wanted me to appear at my feminine best. With this in mind, I went all out in dressing for her arrival, and even the selection of my lingerie was a long tedious process. Finally, I chose my frilliest black silk panties, bra, garter belt, slip, and my sheerest nylons. Stepping into soft sexy panties, fastening the back clasp of a bra, filling the cups with jelled falsies, and securing a garter belt about one's waist were strange activities for a boy, but all these things were now routine for me. Without a second thought, I was quickly dressed. Being amazed by how well I could bend without my restricting corset, I found kneading the flimsy nylons over my legs to be no trouble at all.

“My, aren’t we anxious this morning!” Maria exclaimed, entering the room without knocking, as I pulled the delicate black mini slip over my head.

“Oh Maria!” I responded, no longer being ashamed to be seen by her in my feminine clothes. “I’m glad you’re here to help with my makeup and hair. Jo’s arrival has me so nervous, and I do so want to look my best for her. In my state of anxiety, I just know I could never get everything right.”

“Don’t worry your pretty head, Miss Dana,” Maria answered calmly. “Just relax, and when I’m finished, you’ll look like you just stepped out of a fashion magazine.” Her composure had a soothing effect on me, and I managed to relax a bit as she performed her task to perfection.

Walking through the concourse with my short pleated skirt swirling about my thighs, I received many glances, smiles, and outright stares from both men and women. In the past, I would have been terrified of being recognized as a boy in feminine finery, but past success in carrying out this strange deception had taught me that unless mother or one of her friends purposely revealed my secret, I was safe from discovery. With that in mind, I accepted their scrutiny as a compliment to my ability to portray a member of the opposite sex. With my weight and muscle loss, I wondered if I would be half as convincing as a boy, if I were wearing pants.

Jo got off the plane in grey pants, white blouse, and flats. Even though she was wearing light makeup and diamond stud earrings, I was quick to notice that she was definitely the more masculine appearing of the two of us as she rushed over to greet me. After a bone crushing hug and a hard lingering kiss on the lips that I knew was inappropriate between two girls, Jo held me back at arm’s length and said, “Dana, this has been

the longest school session I've ever endured because I missed you so terribly." As she carried on, a thrill coursed through my veins and aroused a painful excitement within my tight gaffe. "You're just too, too sweet for words!" she raved on, kissing me again.

She greeted our mothers with much lesser hugs and kisses than she had bestowed on me, and off we went to collect her baggage. All the way back through the concourse, Jo kept her arm around my reduced waist and guided me along as if she were my escort. At first, I was hesitant to follow her lead, but her pants and flat shoes allowed her to take long strides I was denied by my stilt heels. She altered her pace to match mine, but I still had to take two rapid steps to her one. As I became comfortable in my acquiescent role, she kept me aroused and in a passive disposition by whispering things like, "Oh Dana, I can hardly wait to get my pretty girlfriend alone!"

"But Jo, I'm not really a girl," I protested. "I'm only an imitation female."

"Don't be silly!" she rebutted while encircling my slim waist with her arm and drawing me close. "There's nothing boyish about you, and you should thank Nicole for all she's done for you!"

As I stood quietly by while the Darby's chauffeur directed the porter loading the suitcases into the car, a strange thought entered my mind. "A few months ago, I would have been expected to help with the heavy lifting, but now, I can only stand idly by on skyscraper heels and watch while *real* men do the work. Oh, will this awful punishment ever end?"

Jo was unable or unwilling to take her eyes off me as we rode along. Looking me over lovingly, she said, "Oh Nicole, I didn't think it possible, but Dana is even more beautiful than when I left for school. He's just so *precious*, and his every gesture is decidedly feminine! You simply *must* keep him dressed this way forever! It

would be shameful to ever let him have his nasty old trousers back! Besides, I know he could never look so beautiful in these lovely clothes unless he had come to love them.”

As she carried on, a girlish flush darkened my cheeks in the knowledge that she was right. Wearing nothing but exquisitely feminine things for months, while constantly drilling in feminine gestures and mannerisms had instilled many feminine habits in me. On top of that, I was happy in my pretty dresses and soft lingerie most of the time. Despite all my efforts to the contrary, the gentle caress of silk, satin, and nylon against my body aroused exciting sensations within me, but I knew I could never allow myself to reveal these humiliating facts to this group of women.

“Jo is really a lovely girl, and she’s obviously in love with you,” mother said as we ascended the steps to the house after exiting the Darby’s limousine. “If you think she’s enthralled with you in your pretty clothes, just wait until she sees Merle and Judith.”

“Will Jo like Merle and Judith better than me?” I wondered in a mild panic. “She professes to like me better the more feminine I become, and since Judith has been wearing girl’s clothes for ten years, he’s both prettier and more feminine than me.”

My worries were dispelled in the weeks to come. Jo was thrilled to learn of my two masculine friends, but that in no way diminished her affection for me. Just as she had promised in her texts and e-mails, we did everything together. We shopped, ate at the club and other fancy restaurants, went to movies, and visited with Merle and Judith. Most importantly, we made love often and passionately in her bedroom as well as my own.

While Jo and I spent considerable time together, Merle and Judith became close friends. To the delight

of their mothers, they did everything together, even frequently sleeping over at each other's house.

This association, to the heed of everyone, had a profound effect on Merle. His actions and appearance rapidly become more feminine, and he seemed to grow fond of his dresses, heels, makeup, and jewelry. For example, at an afternoon party at Judith's just before Christmas, I asked why he often wore short skirts that rode high on his thighs or long skirts with splits to mid-thigh that constantly put his legs on display.

At my question, he broke into a bright smile. His cherry red lips framed his white teeth as he said, "I have nice legs. Why not show them?"

"But Merle, you're a *boy*! Don't you think you're enjoying this girl business a little too much?" I gasped, unable to comprehend his change of attitude. This was, after all, the same Merle who boldly stood up to his mother only a few weeks before and ripped a pretty dress from his body.

"Don't be such a prude Dana!" he scolded. "If we have to wear these clothes, we might as well have some fun."

'Can you believe this?' I thought. 'Merle is chiding me! He's only been dressing as a girl for just over a month, and he's scolding *me*!' I had been dressing this way for half a year, and I just couldn't let that moment pass. "But Merle, these are *girl's* clothes!" I countered. "We shouldn't be *wearing* them, much less enjoying them!"

"Think about it rationally, Dana," he answered calmly. "You have been wearing dresses since last summer, and you have fought every minute to get out of them. Now, think! Where has your defiance gotten you? You're still wearing dresses with no end in sight. As for me enjoying these silky clothes, mother has agreed that I can go back to boy's clothes at the end of February if my attitude continues to improve. I'll bet

your mother would let you have your pants back in no time if she saw you relaxing and having fun.”

I had thought about what Merle was saying many times, but every time I tried to enter into the spirit of my punishment and enjoy my dresses, something, or someone, would remind me of my status, and rebellion would consume my mind. Somehow, Merle had found the secret to enduring, and even openly enjoying, his enforced feminine lifestyle. Maybe I could get him to share it so I could finally get back to being a boy. “What should I do, Merle?” I asked with genuine curiosity.

“You could start by letting your hair down and enjoying yourself,” he said after looking me over and with a girlish giggle.

The Christmas season was indeed a busy time for me. I accompanied mother on numerous shopping trips to purchase new dresses and gowns for each of the numerous parties that were arranged for the three of us boys in girl’s clothes. I also had to buy gifts for Jo, Merle, Judith, Maria, and Bridget. For Blair, I purchased a six pack of the silkiest laciest panties available and added a note that I would check to assure that he was wearing them under his kilts.

In addition to all that, there also were almost daily shopping trips with Jo and my routine weekly visits to the beauty parlor for new hairstyles, facials, and manicures. For these excursions, mother opened accounts in my name at all the most exclusive shops. After that, all I had to do was identify myself as Dana Fontaine to receive prompt, courteous assistance. If the clerks at these shops, other than La Flaire, were aware that I was a boy underneath my feminine finery, they gave no indication. I was referred to as *Ms. Fontaine* and treated with utmost respect. This was a welcome relief

after my many past humiliating exposures as a boy in dresses.

In addition to shopping, Jo and I found ample time for our lovemaking. On these occasions, she quickly and firmly took the initiative. Since her return from school, she mainly wore slacks, plain cotton panties, athletic bras that compressed her already small breasts. She also cut her light brown hair short, and when we made love, she would brush it into a masculine style. She further insisted on being the sole aggressor, seducing me with kisses and caresses, and teaching me to respond as she slowly stripped me of my feminine apparel. During the act, she would always assume the top position.

On other occasions, Jo would encourage me to wear dresses that enhanced my padded figure, hairstyles that softened my facial features, light makeup with heavy red lipstick, and matching nail polish. Sensing that compliance with her wishes would intensify our sessions in the bedroom, I found myself striving to be my feminine prettiest, eagerly spending more time selecting my ensembles, applying my makeup, and styling my lengthening hair. In this way, I gradually became subjugated to her much as I was to mother, only I was a lot more willing because of the sexual aspects. My change of attitude was further motivated by her masculine style of dress and her assertive, overbearing demeanor.

As I came under Jo's spell, I found myself wanting to make her happy and please her in every way. I would see that her food was prepared to please her or, instead of ordering one of the servants, bring her a drink myself. If we were alone at these times, she would slip her hand under my skirt and fondly caress my nylon clad buttocks and genitals.

At night, lying between satin sheets in my soft nylon gown, I would hug a lacy perfumed pillow to my breast and envision ways to please my lover. Before



drifting off, I would find myself speculating if she would like me in a particular dress or hairstyle as I planned my ensemble for the following day. Imagine a boy having such thoughts even though I hadn't been much of a boy these past seven months. Still, given my strange circumstance and my limited contact with girls my own age while being forced to dress and act like one myself, there is small wonder that I fell in love with Jo.

Spending time with Jo, shopping, exchanging gifts, and attending the many parties mother, Lady Smythe, and Ms. Mason gave for Merle, Judith, and me, the holiday season passed all too quickly.

As one gala event ran into the next, I found myself getting ready for the country club Christmas dance. For this occasion, I was to wear a sleek green satin gown with spaghetti straps and a straight ankle length skirt. I knew the tiniest bulge in my smooth tight skirt would betray my secret, so before stepping into my silk panties, I made certain everything was secure beneath my ever-present gaffe. Finally satisfied, I fastened my matching strapless bra behind me, expertly popped my jelled falsies into place, secured my waist cinch garter belt, and carefully threaded my silk hosiery over my smooth legs. After pulling the dangling garters beneath my panties, I attached them to the tops of my sheer nylons. My green five-inch pumps, although taller than my usual heels, gave me no trouble since I had worn heels for so many months. Not wanting to wrinkle my dress or muss my hair while pulling my dress over my head, I summoned Maria for assistance.

When I was finally dressed and made up, I sauntered over to my dressing mirrors to scrutinize my overall appearance. As I gazed at my reflection, I saw that all traces of masculinity had been erased. With that knowledge, I could discount the odds of being discovered even though, as mother had predicted,

several of the men would probably ask me to dance. She also warned that I was not to refuse any invitations to be whirled about the floor in the arms of another male, and that thought did cause me some concern.

Shortly after entering the ballroom, we located Merle and Judith. Like me, they were wearing lovely long gowns, although theirs had high front slits to reveal their thighs with every step and especially when they sat. Mother and I joined them and their mothers. Just as we were ordering our drinks, Jo and her mother joined us.

Jo was wearing a black knee length cocktail dress that was pretty but not nearly as elaborate as the ones we three boys were wearing. Taking the chair beside me, she whispered softly, "Dana, you look absolutely scrumptious! I wish I could take you in my arms and keep you all to myself, but I guess that will have to wait."

True to mother's prediction, along with Jo, Merle, and Judith, I was asked to dance by men several times. At first, I was a bit tense, but as I allowed myself to relax, I found that following the masculine lead was easy.

While we enjoyed ourselves, I noticed that a particular man was paying a lot of attention to mother, dancing with her at every opportunity. He appeared to be in his mid to late twenties, somewhere near her age. After several dances, she invited him over to our table and introduced him around. His name was Bert Murphy, a successful broker, dealing in imports and exports.

When I was introduced to him as mother's daughter, he took a heightened interest in me and asked me to dance. As we moved slowly about the floor, he paid little attention to me, spending his conversation on subjects relating to mother. He wanted to know her

likes, dislikes, hobbies, and so forth. That he was romantically interested in her was an understatement!

During the days that followed, Bert invited Mother to almost nightly dates for dinner, the theater, and the opera. With the attentions of a suitor, mother wore more elaborate dresses than usual, constantly checked her hair, makeup, and overall appearance in the mirror like a teenager in love, and paid less heed to me. To tell the truth, I was amazed that she could generate such affection for a male, especially after what she had purposely and systematically done to me. My main concern throughout this torrid courtship, as one might imagine, was whether she would reveal to this man that I was really a boy beneath my feminine finery.

Constant activity made the holiday season pass quickly, and once again Jo was off to college, leaving me alone. Given our steamy relationship, I now missed her more than ever. By that time, I had become very adept at portraying a girl and no longer needed lessons in feminine deportment, dress selection, or makeup. With my growing confidence in these feminine arts, I seldom feared discovery when I was forced to appear in public. My most distressing moments came when I was reminded that I was a boy in feminine dress or if others were informed. With my increasing skills and total obedience to mother's wishes, my spankings and other punishments were mostly a thing of the past. This being the case, after I bathed, dressed, and made up for the day, I had precious little to do most of the time. My only alternative to total boredom was to write e-mails and texts to Jo, read the feminine novels and magazines mother provided, or spend time with Merle and Judith.

During my visits with them, I felt like an outsider, as the two had become almost inseparable. While their friendship grew, Merle appeared to become more and more accepting, if not actually fond of his dresses. Still,

despite these appearances, he made no secret that he was counting the days to the end of February when he could return to pants. He maintained that he had lived up to his bargain and that his mother fully intended to honor her promise, even though she had grown extremely fond of her pretend daughter. With the end of his enforced dresses in sight, Merle's happiness understandably increased with each passing day.

On the last Saturday night before Merle's happy reclamation of his trousers, not surprisingly, Mrs. Mason gave him a party that Judith and I were expected to attend. For me, this meant a visit to La Flaire for a new dress, but as mother was busy doting over Bert, I was to go alone. I had long ago learned that every *special occasion* called for an elegant ensemble, even though I would usually wear it only once, or twice at the most. Because of my prolonged exposure in dresses and my growing confidence in my mandated feminine role, this shopping excursion didn't cause me alarm as in the past.

When I approached the car, I saw Blair, glorious in his uniform skirt, heels, and makeup holding the door for me. As he helped me enter the car, I asked, "Are you wearing the panties I gave you?"

"Turning bright red, he said, "Before I received your gift, I was wearing the plain nylon panties your mother gave me. Now, I have to wear the elaborate silky and lacy panties you gave me, and they are totally embarrassing. I'm sorry I teased you. I just didn't know how embarrassing it is to have to wear such feminine items."

I had now developed a preference for certain styles, fabrics, and colors, and I was allowed to select the dresses I would try on. Once they were chosen, I found that I was no longer self-conscious about undressing to my bra and panties before Monique and Anna, nor did I have to be told to do so. In fact, although I would never admit it, I enjoyed slipping on these luxurious

gowns and prancing about the boutique in them. Yet, by their knowing smiles, I knew my feelings were obvious to the on-lookers. Their expressions would once again make me aware of my true status, and I would blush as brightly as when I was first required to dress as a girl months ago.

As I stated, Merle and Judith preferred long split skirts, and mother hinted I join them by putting my legs similarly on display for Merle's last feminine party. With that in mind, I finally chose a sleek silver satin dress with a plunging neckline, long sleeves, and a straight ankle length skirt that featured a front slit to mid-thigh. Walking about the room in five-inch heels, I studied my reflection in the many mirrors and had to admit that I did look pretty as a girl in this stylish dress. 'As long as I have to dress as a girl, it's nice to be attractive and have pretty clothes to wear,' I thought.

On the way home, I couldn't help thinking how lucky Merle was to be regaining his pants. Due to past embarrassments, I had been hesitant to ask about the duration of my own punishment for some time, but now, with Merle returning to pants and mother's preoccupation with Bert, I decided to take a risk. "Mother," I asked sheepishly at breakfast, "As you know, Merle has been dressing as a girl for a much shorter time than me, and now his mother is allowing him to return to boy's clothes. Since I have tried really hard to please you, I was wondering how long you intend to keep me in dresses."

Instantly, her whole attitude changed, and her cheerful smile became a dark frown. "So!" she spat in the grim voice I had learned to dread. "After all I have done to show you how much nicer it is to be a pretty girl and wear lovely clothes, you have the *audacity* to suggest that I allow you change back into disgusting *trousers* just because your friend is doing so! The very idea that his wearing dresses has anything to do with you! What has come over you, Dana?"

Her harsh response had almost turned me to jelly, but since I had mustered the courage to bring up the subject of my pants, I couldn't let it drop ... not *now!* "But Mother, I'm really a boy!" I insisted with much more bravado than I felt. "I shouldn't be wearing dresses!"

"Silence!" she shouted, the anger in her tone making me cringe with fear. "In your misguided logic, you point out that Merle hasn't been wearing dresses very long, but you fail to note that Judith has been in dresses for ten years! Now, I will hear no more of this absurdity! And you, my pretty Dana, will regret bringing up the subject. Of that, you can be assured!"

'I'm in for it now,' I thought, knowing from her tone that I would be severely punished. 'Oh, why did I have to upset her by asking how long I would have to wear dresses? But then, how was I to know she would go ballistic over such a simple question?'

Later that day, Mother told Maria of our dispute, and upon hearing this, the maid promptly grabbed my wrist and forcefully led me up to my bedroom. After roughly removing my clothes and slipping my soft nightgown over my head, she admonished me saying, "By now, you should know better than to ask for your silly pants, *Miss Dana!*"

Mother's tirade had distorted the facts of the incident because I had not actually asked for my pants. My question had been how long she intended to keep me in skirts now that Merle was returning to pants. Feeling the need to explain, I said, "Look Maria, I only asked her..."

"Don't waste your breath!" she chastised. "The very idea of pants for you is reprehensible! You should be happy to have such beautiful clothes. Why, any girl would be envious of you."

"But Maria! I'm a *boy* ... not a girl!"

"Perhaps!" she chided, "But, real boys don't enjoy the feel of soft lingerie on their person, nor do they find the swishing of skirts about their legs fascinating." I opened my mouth to disavow her embarrassing accusation, only to have her laugh and say, "Don't try to deny it! I've seen you twisting, twirling, and lifting your skirts to admire your pretty legs before the mirrors many times." A crimson flush rose to my cheeks, and I cast my eyes downward at the realization that I had been observed. It was true, I had come to find certain aspects of my feminine existence to be exciting and enjoyable, even if being forced to wear them was terribly humiliating. No more was said on the subject until I was ready for bed. Then, to my surprise, Maria quickly and ruthlessly pulled me across her lap and applied my first painful spanking in weeks.

"Now *Miss Dana*," Maria announced when she was finished, "You will remain in bed and contemplate your indiscretion for the remainder of the day. Also, you will be without dinner, or any food for the entire night." With that, she left me alone in misery and uncertainty over how long I would remain in dresses. The next morning, I entered the breakfast room in my nightgown and negligee, kissed mother on the cheek, and even though I considered myself to have done nothing wrong, I apologized for my rude misbehavior of the day before. Further, I pledged to refrain from such disruptive conduct in the future. To my relief, nothing more was said about the incident.

Merle's *going away* party was a resounding success, as we three boys fluttered about in our stylish dresses and heels with the grace and delicacy of debutantes. Still, I was puzzled. Here was Merle, a boy who had fought with all his strength to keep from being dressed as a girl, but now, he was acting as though he loved his dresses. 'Will he miss his soft feminine life tomorrow when he returns to pants?' I wondered.

In contradiction to my suspicions, while we were having refreshments, Merle nervously toyed with his silk skirt, pursed his red lips, and said, "I'm so happy to be getting my pants back." Then trying to conceal the eagerness in his voice, he added, "I am, I really am getting them back tomorrow, aren't I Mother?"

Mrs. Mason stared thoughtfully at her son who looked so pretty and sweet in his dress and makeup. A tear formed in her eye and a catch rose to her throat as she replied sadly, "Yes Merle, you are getting your pants back. You have fulfilled your agreement, and even though I will miss my pretty daughter very much, I will keep my promise."

As the days passed, I often thought of Merle and how he must be enjoying his life as a boy in pants. I didn't expect to hear from him, as seeing me in dresses would be too vivid a reminder of his girlish life. Therefore, you can imagine my surprise when I received a phone call from him several days after his party. "How does it feel to be a boy again?" I asked eagerly after we exchanged greetings.

"It's great for the most part," he responded hesitantly. "But I have to concentrate to act like a boy now. If I'm not careful, I'll walk, sit, or stand like a girl. I also have to be alert not to use some feminine expression that I was encouraged to use while forced to wear dresses. Boy, I sure didn't realize that stuff could become habit so quickly. I guess the worst thing is now that the hair on my legs is growing back, they are awfully prickly."

"Dana dear, we're having lunch at the Mason's today," Mother informed me as I sat in my nightgown and negligee at breakfast one morning.

"But, Mother, I'll be embarrassed for Merle to see me in a dress now that he is back in pants," I complained. "Do we really have to go?"

"Of course, we have to go, silly," she replied. "I've already accepted the invitation, and Ms. Mason is expecting us. You know how she loves to see you looking sweet and feminine. And don't worry about Merle."

"Yes Mother," I answered with meek resignation, knowing further protests would be futile.

As so often was the case since Mother forced me to wear dresses and assume the guise of a girl, I began to relax and accept the reality of my unusual predicament as I lounged in my bath. The warm scented water somehow made my punishment seem less severe, if not less bizarre. Finally, I dried myself on a fluffy towel, lightly powdered my body, slipped into my filmy negligee, and went back into my room to dress for my outing.

The weather was still very cold and blustery and not wanting Merle to see me in anything too feminine, I chose a rather simple long sleeved navy blue wool dress with a straight mid-thigh length skirt, as if any kind of dress or skirt wouldn't be feminine. Still, my choice was limited by the fact that, despite my reservations, dresses and skirts were the only clothes I possessed or was allowed to wear.

My dress chosen, I moved to my chest to select my lingerie. In the past, when I wore boy's clothes, I would simply reach into a drawer and take out the first pair of briefs or boxers in reach, as they were all very much alike. Now that I was forced to dress as a girl, there were many different styles, fabrics, and colors, and everything was expected to match. Oh, how my life, as well as my manner of dress, had changed! With that in mind, I chose a baby blue lace adorned bra, matching nylon panties, below the knee length

slip with a band of lace at the hem, and a garter belt. I opted for flesh-colored nylons and navy pumps with my usual four-inch heels. Since I had plenty of time before I needed to get dressed, I decided to replace the polish on my fingers and toes with a darker red.

I had finished my nails and was curled up on my bed blowing warm air on my toes with the hair dryer when Maria came in to help me dress. "Very pretty indeed for a luncheon with friends, Miss Dana?" she smiled.

"Oh, I thought so at first, Maria," I answered, no longer bothered by being called *Miss Dana*. "My dark red nail polish and lipstick along with a triple strand gold necklace, hoop earrings, several bracelets, and a gold satin hair band should sufficiently soften my appearance. Also, I plan to take my gold clutch purse."

"I suppose you're right," she answered thoughtfully. "Anyway, you've put a lot of thought into your ensemble, as is natural for a girl."

Her words referring to me as a girl snapped me out of the feminine reverie I had assumed while planning my attire for the day. Once again, I was abruptly reminded that I was a boy who had to wear girl's clothes, even though I had no desire to do so or for Merle to see me dressed in such a manner. At that moment, I was tempted to rip my flimsy negligee from my body and demand to be allowed to return to a normal boy's life. Months of wearing dresses and soft lingerie along with the harsh and embarrassing punishments that insured my cooperation quickly combined to soften my resolve, and I remained silent. Would this torture never end? After Maria's comments, I remained on edge while she helped me dress, do my makeup, and style my hair.

"My, don't we look charming this morning!" mother exclaimed with a devious smile that added to

my uneasiness when I joined her in preparation for our outing. "Darling, your dress is positively simple, but your choice of makeup and accessories combine to give you a really enchanting appearance! Come, let's have a closer look."

As I approached her, she took my hands in hers and gazed deep into my eyes. However, due to the many punishments and humiliations she had imposed on me for attempting to assert my will or confront her, I was unable to maintain eye contact, and I sheepishly lowered my lashes. With my gesture of submissiveness, she gave off a triumphant chuckle. From past experience, I knew her victorious display was shrewdly designed to remind me how she had deliberately and methodically transformed me from a headstrong aggressive masculine athlete into a pantywaist sissy cry-baby who wore only girl's clothes and was afraid to ask for the return of his pants. The very thought of what I had allowed her to do to me turned my cheeks bright red.

Understandably, I was still filled with apprehension and dread as my heels clicked on the steps to the Mason residence, my tight skirt and stilt heels restricting my stride. The prospect of meeting Merle in pants while I still had to wear dresses was deeply disconcerting. Oh, why hadn't I been allowed to return to pants along with him?

As Mother and I were escorted into the drawing room where Mrs. Mason and Merle were waiting, I received the shock of my life. I had expected to see Merle in a sport jacket and slacks, but there he was ... dressed as radiantly femininely as I! To my great astonishment, he was wearing an above the knee pink silk cocktail dress with a revealing sweetheart neckline, matching four-inch satin pumps, elaborate makeup, and his shoulder length blonde wig. But why? Why?

Before I could find my voice to inquire, Merle rose and hurried over to greet me with a hug and kiss as we

had been taught to do when we were dressed as girls. "Dana darling!" he purred as if he really meant it. "It's so wonderful to see you again."

As we embraced, I wondered what he had done to be put back in dresses and how he felt about it. When we parted, I thought I saw a slight smile cross his red lips, further adding to my confusion. Finally catching my breath, I asked, "Merle! Why are you wearing a dress, and when did it happen? I was envious because I thought you were enjoying life as a boy!"

"I...I guess I did for about a week, but I soon realized that I missed my dresses and soft lingerie," he stammered, blushing and lowering his mascara laden lashes. "I soon unconsciously began wishing I could wear dresses again. Believe me, I fought those feelings with every ounce of my energy! Finally, all I did was brood in my room, crying and feeling sorry for myself. I just had to figure a way to get my dresses back ... at least part time."

I was filled with astonishment and disbelief as I listened to Merle explain that he missed his feminine clothes and desired to wear them again! Had he dressed as he was by his own choice? Why any boy with the opportunity to wear pants would choose dresses instead was beyond my understanding!

"After days of agonizing ... unable to think of little else, I finally accepted the fact that, like many of those boys in England that Judith knew, I could never be content without the opportunity to wear girl's clothing, at least from time to time," he admitted, growing more at ease with his confession. "I even wore panties under my jeans a few times. Since Mother had obviously enjoyed having a daughter for the past three months, I summed up all my courage, admitted my obsession with feminine clothes and asked if I could wear dresses occasionally at home. I was honestly expecting her to eagerly accept my suggestion, but to my surprise, she adamantly refused! She said the emotion

involved in my changing back and forth between the sexes would be too disconcerting for both of us, not to mention the problems involved in keeping it secret. Further, she declared that I must decide if I wanted to dress as a male or a female and do so full time."

'Did that statement from Merle's mother make him decide to wear dresses full time from now on like Judith?' I asked myself. They were good friends before Merle got his pants back. Had Judith convinced him to do this? Why else would he be dressed so prettily and making this embarrassing confession?" I was totally confused!

Merle shifted, adjusted his skirt over his hairless nylon clad thighs, and for the first time, looked at me before continuing his embarrassing narrative. "During the days of agonizing over my dilemma, I never considered wearing dresses full time, and not surprisingly, mom's ultimatum caught me by surprise. True, I wanted to wear my pretty clothes, but not *all* the time. Over the next several days, I pleaded with her to change her mind and allow me to wear dresses on a part time basis, but she said my switching back and forth from male to female would be too traumatic."

Merle's story had a mesmerizing effect on me. I couldn't imagine a boy actually *wanting* or *asking* to wear girl's clothes, and certainly not *Merle*. Yet, for some reason, beyond my mentality, I found his confession sexually exciting, and I experienced tremendous pressure in panties. Being unsure of how to react, I nervously looked down into my lap where I was nervously wringing my red tipped fingers. As had become habit from months of wearing skirts and dresses, I habitually held my nylon clad knees primly together while hoping against hope that my impassioned state would go undetected. 'If Mother took my feminine things away, would I miss them as much as Merle?' As the question plagued my mind, I longed for the opportunity to find out.



“As the days passed, the desire to dress as a girl and wear pretty soft clothes increased until it became unbearable, and I could think of nothing else,” Merle continued. “Finally, I gave in and asked Mother if I could wear dresses full time. Since she had obviously enjoyed having a daughter, I thought she would welcome her return, but again, she said *no!* Reminding me of the times I ripped fragile dresses from my person, she said without assurances that I wouldn’t return to pants whenever I pleased, she adamantly refused. When I asked what kind of assurances she would require, she suggested I have my ears double pierced.”

“Wow!” I exclaimed. “Did you do it?”

“I was hesitant at first, but after considering the alternative, being denied the opportunity to wear dresses and soft lingerie forever, I tearfully agreed. To insure the magnitude of my commitment, mom insisted that I go to the jewelers alone in boy’s clothes to ask for the piercings. Entering the store, I was a nervous wreck, but as I looked at the array of earrings and pendants available, I anticipated the thrill of wearing them and calmed down. All the clerks and customers looked at me strangely when I asked for my ears to be double pierced, but with the thought of wearing those lovely adornments every day, I kind of drifted into a sort of euphoria, and I ignored them. Here, I’ll show you,” With that, he pulled his hair back to revealed diamond studs above lovely pendants dangling from his obviously pierced ears!

“Then, you plan to dress as a girl full time like Judith?” I asked in an unbelieving voice.

“Oh yes, Dana!” he gushed. “That’s what I’ve been telling you!”

“For how long?” I gasped.

“Maybe forever,” he answered.

‘I guess that old book was right,’ I surmised while looking at Merle in disbelief.

"All our friends know you're a boy, Merle!" I injected, realizing that if he were identified as a boy in dresses, my own identity would be in jeopardy. "What will you tell them when they see you wearing dresses?"

"L...I'll..." he stammered, becoming agitated.

"Relax, Merle darling," Mrs. Mason said in a soft, yet commanding, voice. "Relax, and look at me."

Upon hearing his mother's words, Merle's face lost all expression, and he obediently turned to face her.

"That's a good boy," Mrs. Mason continued. "Now, just sit down, relax, and enjoy your pretty soft feminine clothes sweetheart. You're getting entirely too upset over this." As if programmed, Merle maintained his blank expression and slowly lowered himself into his chair while properly smoothing his skirt beneath him and sat with his nylon clad knees primly together.

"Remember how miserable you were when you thought you would never be allowed to wear your precious frillies again?" Mrs. Mason droned on in a soft voice. "Your every minute was spent regretting the loss of your lovely things, and you vowed to do anything to regain them. You also remember how happy you were when I allowed you to wear your beautiful dresses again, don't you? Of course, you do! Now, recall how happy you were when you stepped into your first pair of silky panties after several weeks without them." As Merle's thought over his mother's words, the expression returned to his blank face, and his red lips widened into a bright smile.

With her effeminate son's softening attitude as he re-lived that happy moment in his mind, Mrs. Mason purred, "That's better darling! Now tell your pretty friend Dana how you will respond when your former friends see you in your lovely dresses."

"Oh Dana!" he explained in a monotone voice. "I'll simply explain that I was never truly happy as a boy or

wearing their clothes. I'll say this is the real me and that I enjoy dressing as a girl, and I intend to continue."

Seeing the change in Merle's attitude after hearing his mother's soft-spoken instructions, I realized she had hypnotized him into believing he loved dressing as a girl. Not only that, he wasn't aware of it! "Mother!" I exclaimed. "She has him...,"

"Not now Dana!" mother spat, rudely cutting me off in mid-sentence.

"But, he doesn't...,"

"I said not now, Dana!" she rebutted in an even harsher tone. "This is none of our affair, and we will discuss it at a more appropriate time!" After what mother had done to me, I couldn't argue or even match stares with her. So, following her second rebuke, I meekly lowered my eyes in surrender and remained silent.

Seeming oblivious to our sharp exchange, Merle added, "I'm even taking female hormones to help me *develop* like Pamela. I had my first shot three days ago, and I take these little purple pills every day. Isn't that *wonderful*?"

Wonderful wasn't the word I had in mind. Seeing my old football buddy's mind controlled to the point that he would willingly ask to be allowed to dress as a girl, volunteer to have his ears double pierced, and feel delight in taking female hormones to round out his figure like a girl was ... was *unthinkable*! How could his own mother do such a thing to him?

"You were rude and completely out of line at the Mason's, Dana," mother scolded on our way home.

"But Mother," I countered. "Didn't you see that Merle's mother has hypnotized him into thinking he likes to wear dresses? I'll bet she even made him think

getting his ears pierced and taking hormones was his idea! She is horrible to do that to her own son!"

"Maybe so," she answered as a slight smile crossed her lips. "But she had to do something in the beginning because Merle was so difficult. Punishments, regardless of their severity, simply would not make him accept his dresses and adopt girlish behavior. You saw him rip a pretty dress, remember? Back then, only hypnotism and his association with Pamela would calm him. Now, his mother only uses it to reinforce his feminine instincts."

"She made him think he would be pleased to admit to his friends that he enjoyed wearing girl's clothes!"

"Oh, she was just building his confidence in case of that unlikely prospect. Now, that situation is between Merle and his mother, so don't worry your pretty head about it."

Finally drumming up enough courage to ask the question that was really bothering me, I looked down into my lap and sheepishly queried, "Did you hypnotize me too?"

"Oh no, darling," she answered with a triumphant smile. "With you, nothing so drastic was necessary. Your little punishments at the hands of Marie, a few embarrassments at La Flaire, and threats of taking you to football practice in a skirt were sufficient incentive to keep you in line." Her comments made me feel like such a *sissy*! At least, Merle had the fortitude to fight his feminization even if he did end up under hypnosis. "One more thing, Dana dear. Merle isn't consciously aware of his mother's methods, and he had better not find out from you. Do I make myself *clear*!?"

"But ...," I began, only to be cut off.

"If you tell Merle or if you gossip to your friends that he has been hypnotized by his mother to enhance her ability to control him, so help me Dana, I'll dress you in the lovely gown of a debutante and give you a

coming out party at the country club! To further embarrass you, I'll invite the entire football team, complete with the cheerleaders, and announce your feminine status to one and all. Don't think you can somehow avoid it either, because we both know you have lost the ability to defy me."

She was right! Because of my many punishments and humiliations at her hand, I *had* lost the ability to resist her, a fact that shamed me no end. Adding to my consternation was the thought of mincing into a ballroom on stilt heels in a fashionable gown to face my former teammates while Mother announced the details of my feminine life. To make matters worse, I knew she wasn't bluffing! I lidded my eyes and looked past my ever present protruding jelled falsies, my dress, nylon covered knees, and stylish pumps. I realized that I had become a mere doll for her to dress for the amusement of her and her friends. How could I, a former athlete, have fallen so far under the petticoat? "Please don't give me a coming out party. I won't tell anyone about Merle, I *promise!*" I gasped with panic rising in my voice.

"See that you don't!" she concluded, a triumphant smile spreading across her face. She knew her tactics had worked and that I was defeated once again. Using fear and intimidation, she had doomed me to a life in skirts and silky lingerie for as long as she wished. Her power over me was absolute, and I was helpless to resist or defy her.

Yet, the thought of Merle's mind being controlled to the point that he actually believed he enjoyed wearing girl's clothes and wanted to become more feminine through the use of hormones drove me to speak. "If you will allow me to return to pants, I promise to behave as you wish. I won't play tricks on the servants, make advances on the maids, dash wildly about the house, bound up the stairs two at a time, or do any of those other things that used to upset you so." I

pleaded. To my regret, my pleas rolled off her like water off a duck's back.

Over the next few weeks, mother's romance with Bert heated up considerably, and they were almost constantly together. When she was not with him, she frolicked happily about the house in stylish frocks, singing merrily, and checking her appearance in every mirror she happened to pass. Although her thoughts were obviously elsewhere, she still required me to join her for breakfast in my nightgown and negligee, constantly wear feminine clothes, and made no mention of my returning to pants. She even stopped embarrassing me by reminding me that I was a boy in dresses.

As a mother might describe her romantic encounters to a daughter, she would tell me all about their encounters, including how she felt when he took her in his arms to caress and kiss her, something she hadn't experienced since the death of my father. I don't know if she was trying to teach me how a girl would feel in the arms of her lover or if she just needed someone to confide in. At any rate, I hoped against hope that with her attention so focused on her love affair, she would forget about all my feminine life and allow me to return to my rightful life as a boy before Bert learned of my real gender. On the other hand, how would he react if I suddenly turned up in pants after he had seen me wearing dresses and pretending to be a girl so many times? The mental trauma was relentless!

One side effect of Mother's courtship; however, was her absence from the house. Rather than leave me at home with Maria and the other servants on these frequent occasions, like as not, she would shuffle me off to spend time with Merle and Judith who were constantly together. This gave me a chance to see my old friend quite often and observe the considerable changes in him due to his feminine hormones and the

belief that he enjoyed wearing dresses because he was hypnotized by his mother.

Whenever I saw Merle, he was always smiling and appeared to be happy despite, or maybe because of, his hypnotism. His skirts were usually on the short side because, as he put it, his slim nylon clad legs were his best feature since his breasts hadn't developed yet, an event he was eagerly anticipating! His hair was still quite short due to his football crew cut, and to disguise that fact, he always wore a shoulder length blonde wig that was similar in style and color to Judith's long tresses to the extent that they resembled a pair of blonde Hollywood starlets.

I also observed that Judith did everything possible to accelerate Merle's femininity. He was probably acting under instructions from his mother because he was always correcting boyish habits, gestures, and voice inflections or giving hints on how to be more ladylike. In turn, Merle made every effort to comply, albeit in a robotic, programmed manner. No wonder Mrs. Mason wanted those two to spend so much time together!

Whenever we three boys in dresses were together, Merle seemed anxious to talk about his advancing femininity, saying, "I was nauseous for a few days after I began taking testosterone blockers and estrogen enhancers, but now, they don't bother me. My main problem now is that my chest is tender and itches a lot."

"That's nothing to be concerned about," Judith offered. "It just means your breasts are beginning to grow. You do want nice breasts filling your bra rather than those awful inserts, don't you?"

"Y...yes ... I ... guess," Merle would stammer at these times.

These topics, along with related subjects such as feminine clothes and activities, were the theme of most

of our conversations. Even though we were dressed as girls, I found these discussions strange for a group of boys. Merle and Judith, being content with their femininity, merely shrugged off my objections.

“Wake up, Dana darling! I have the most wonderful news for you!” mother gushed excitedly while shaking me out of a peaceful sleep.

“What time is it?” I mumbled sleepily, peering up from my silken pillows and trying to adjust my eyes to the light. Oh, why did she have to wake me at that moment? I was having the most delightful dream that I was in the arms of Jo. She was wearing a pair of plain cotton pajamas while I wore an elaborate satin nightgown, and she was kissing and caressing me while I eagerly responded to her maneuvers. As I sat up in bed, I carefully arranged my covers to hide the embarrassing bulge in my panties resulting from my titillating dreamland fantasy.

“It’s after three o’clock, but that’s not important,” she gushed seeming a bit perturbed by my groggy distracted state. “Bert asked me to marry him tonight, and that is *definitely* important!”

“Did you accept?” I asked, suddenly coming alert.

“Of course, dear, and I feel as giddy as a schoolgirl!” she exclaimed with delight. “As you know, I’ve been alone since your father’s death a year ago. I plan to have the loveliest wedding with you as my maiden of honor. Merle and Judith will be two of my bridesmaids. Isn’t that *thrilling*?”

For a moment, I was caught up in her exuberance as I pictured myself in a lovely gown and stilt heels mincing about tending the bride while a hoard of guests who knew I was a boy looked on. Just as quickly, the vision faded with the thought that she had designated me to be her maiden of honor without asking my

wishes and despite the fact that I wasn't a girl ... much less a *maiden*!

As a cloud of concern crept over my face, mother admonished, "Why Dana, I thought you would be as delighted about my upcoming wedding as I am! What is making you sad?"

"I *am* happy for you, Mother," I answered quickly, hoping she wouldn't get upset and punish me in some painful or humiliating manner. "I was just wondering what Bert will think of me if he learns that I'm not really a girl."

"There, there, darling," Mother cooed, taking me in her arms. "You're only upset because you still won't let yourself believe that I know what's best for you. Besides, I know you love your pretty dresses and silky undies ... at least most of the time."

"I'm so embarrassed," I sobbed. "I *hate* dressing and acting like a girl, and you know it's true!"

"Dry your tears, Dana! I'll not let you put a damper on my happiness! I have done everything possible to make you happy with your situation. You know I have!"

"My situation?" I blurted out without thinking. "My *situation*? The only situation I can be happy with is to get rid of my dresses and return to my life as a normal boy in pants!"

"Don't be impertinent Dana!" she reprimanded, her features hardening. "I'll not have it! Boy indeed! Goodness, I've provided you every advantage imaginable! You have the most exquisite wardrobe of any girl in town, a lovely feminine room, two wonderful friends in the same circumstance, and a charming girl-friend who loves you in your gorgeous dresses and skirts. That said, I will not tolerate another word of this absurd talk about pants! With my wedding on the horizon, this is one of the happiest moments of my life,

and I'll not have it ruined by your insolence! Do I make myself clear, *young lady*?"

I knew she added the last part to demonstrate the futility of my predicament and her total control over me and my life. As she haughtily stood to leave, I lowered my eyes and meekly nodded in response as my sobs would not permit speech. Having thoroughly humiliated and subdued me, she stormed from the room slamming the door behind her.

When she was gone, I curled up in my soft nylon nightgown and pulled the satin covers about me. This maneuver was in no way unpleasant, as I had secretly come to enjoy the caress of soft fabrics on my skin. 'There she goes again, making decisions for me with no consideration for my feelings,' I thought despairingly. 'I may have deserved a harsh punishment in the beginning, but surely, I've served sufficient penance by now. One would think requiring a boy to appear before a festive gathering in a maiden of honor's dress would be extreme, especially if the groom and many others in attendance knew of his real gender. But *no!* She won't listen to reason. How long will I have to endure this terrible punishment?' With those and other dismal thoughts of exasperation over the futility of my bizarre predicament, I cried myself back to sleep. I had become so subdued from my months of forced femininity that no other reaction or protest occurred to me.

The next morning, I descended the stairs in my nightgown and negligee to join mother for breakfast with the soft nylon skirt of my gown swirling enticingly about my smooth hairless legs. I wondered if she would make me dress this way for breakfast with her and Bert after the wedding. Would she tell him I was a boy in feminine guise? After months of this ritual, I was no longer embarrassed to be seen dressed so by the maids, but the thought of a man, who knew who knew of my true gender, seeing me in my day-

time dresses ... not to mention my ultra-feminine bedroom attire was terribly disturbing.

Upon joining mother, I was pleasantly surprised to find her in a jubilant mood. I had expected her to still be upset over my asking for the return of my life as a boy in trousers and impose some humiliating or painful punishment upon me. Fortunately, she seemed to have forgotten that hostile scene and was fully occupied with her upcoming nuptials and made no mention of our confrontation. She did comment on how beautiful I would be in a lovely gown at her wedding, causing me much consternation. "When is the wedding?" I asked in an attempt to keep her mind off of our skirmish.

"In two months, the tenth of June," she bubbled with a bright smile. "Oh Dana, I'm so excited, and there's so much to do. Shopping for gowns, fittings, selecting bridesmaids dresses, guest list, menu choices, caterer, minister, musicians, rehearsal dinner, seating assignments, and on and on!"

"What will happen after the wedding?" I inquired with eager anticipation, hoping she would allow me to return to pants, but was afraid to ask.

"Bert and I will be going to the south of France for an extended six-week honeymoon," she answered happily.

"What will happen to me while you're away" I inquired hoping she would release me from this feminine hell and return to my life as a boy.

"I was thinking of allowing you to return to the trousers you keep harping about, but there has been a complication."

"What kind of complication?" I gasped.

"Jo graduates from her university the weekend before the wedding, and she has secured a position with a large conglomerate in New York. She has requested that you move in with her."

After a moment of deliberation about what she said, I stammered, "Does that mean I'll have to continue wearing dresses in New York?"

"Of course!" she replied in a firm tone. "You heard Jo say if it was up to her, you would remain in dresses forever."

"Jo can't force me to wear dresses," I declared. "I can wear whatever I want."

"My point exactly," mother agreed. "That's why I'm sending Maria along to be your ladies' maid like she is here. Only in New York, she will have full authority over you and your manner of dress. Her principal duty will be to assure that you wear your pretty dresses and skirts and punish any mention of pants."

Her words put me in a deep dilemma. Would I ever be allowed to return to pants? Was I destined to wear dresses for the next ten years like Judith? Feeling I had to protest, to at least seek some answers, I hesitantly stated, "When you first made me wear dresses, you said it was to suppress my boyish antics that annoyed you no end. Now, you're leaving the country where I can't possibly be a nuisance. Why are you still insist on me dressing as a girl?"

"It isn't me who wants you to continue wearing dresses, it's Jo. When or whether you will dress as a girl is no longer an issue between you and me. Jo likes you in dresses, skirts, and soft lingerie, so any change in your manner of dress will have to come from her. You'll be living with her, and she'll be paying Maria's salary. She loves you as a girl, and she will control your manner of dress."

"Oh no! She'll never let me wear pants!"

"Perhaps not, but I think this will amuse you. With you and I gone from here, there will be no need for a chauffeur on staff. Therefore, Blair will become a junior maid here in the house, and Bridget will be his tutor. Jo designed the cutest uniform dress for him that I

just know will thrill you. It has a mid-thigh length skirt, and he will wear a matching padded bra, panties, slip, and garter belt with five-inch stiletto heels, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, perfume, and have a feminine hairstyle. You can see him when you and Jo visit during Christmas.”

“Wow!” was all I could say.

“Now, let’s discuss my upcoming wedding so you can learn all about all the preparations. Who knows, next June, you may be wearing a white gown and preparing to become Mrs. Jo Darby. Just imagine the exquisite bridal lingerie and sexy fashions you’ll wear on your honeymoon and the casual styles you’ll wear afterwards.”

I fainted dead away.

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