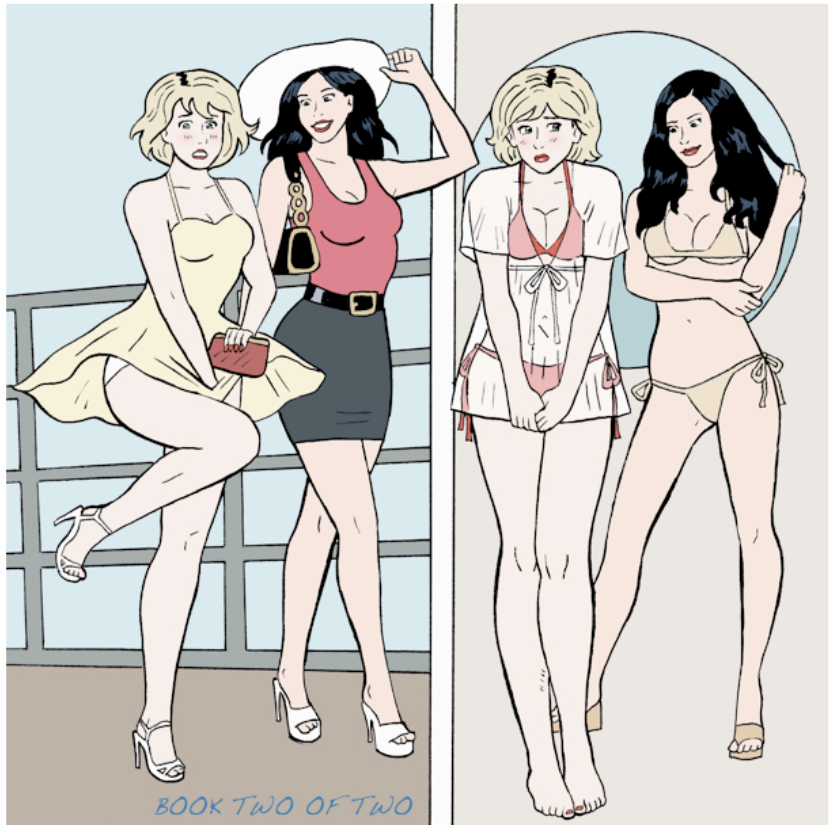


# TITILLATING TV TALES

## DISTRESSED IN DRESSES



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TITILLATING TV  
TALES

Volume 22

**DISTRESSED IN  
DRESSES**

*Book Two of Two*

By KK & Alice Trail

Illustrations by Debbie



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## ***“DISTRESSED IN DRESSES”***



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### **QUOTE BOARD**

I gave my blonde crossdressing friend a book for his birthday, but he took it back. With a ditsy smile, he said “I already have a book.”

# DISTRESSED IN DRESSES

## BOOK TWO of TWO

By KK

and

Alice Trail

(Continued From Book One.)

“I don’t want any dresses, skirts or blouses,” Elliot whined, “and I would be too embarrassed to wear a skimpy bikini!”

“Don’t be silly!” Judith teased. “All pretty girls wear bikinis, and with your growing boobs, narrow waist, and broad hips, you’ll be a hot babe!”

Elliot’s couldn’t believe the number of girl’s clothes and accessories his stepmother, Judith, bought him over the next few hours, especially since he couldn’t wear most of them when he returned to school ... *if* he returned to school! “Now, you have lots of pretty things to wear on the cruise, I *insist* that you relax and enjoy the masculine attention.”

“Yes, Judith,” Elliot gasped with a blush as he looked down and adjusted his short skirt from habit. ‘I just have to find a way to avoid returning to that awful school!’ he pondered while racking his brain. ‘If I could only talk to Dad, I’m sure he would change his mind about me becoming a girl!’

“You now have oodles of lovely Caribbean fashions, not to mention your sexy bikinis, so be happy and enjoy them,” Judith said.” When he hesitated and appeared ready to defy her, she snapped, “Change into that yellow sundress you just had to have and Get your cute buns aboard the ship. I *insist!*”

Elliot's trigger phrase once again made him unable to refuse her command or assert his will. Not understanding why, he blushed brightly as he slipped into the skimpy sundress. His beautiful sexy stepmother walking beside him as they boarded the large ship, he just knew he was in for a traumatic cruise and that she would push his femininity to the limit!

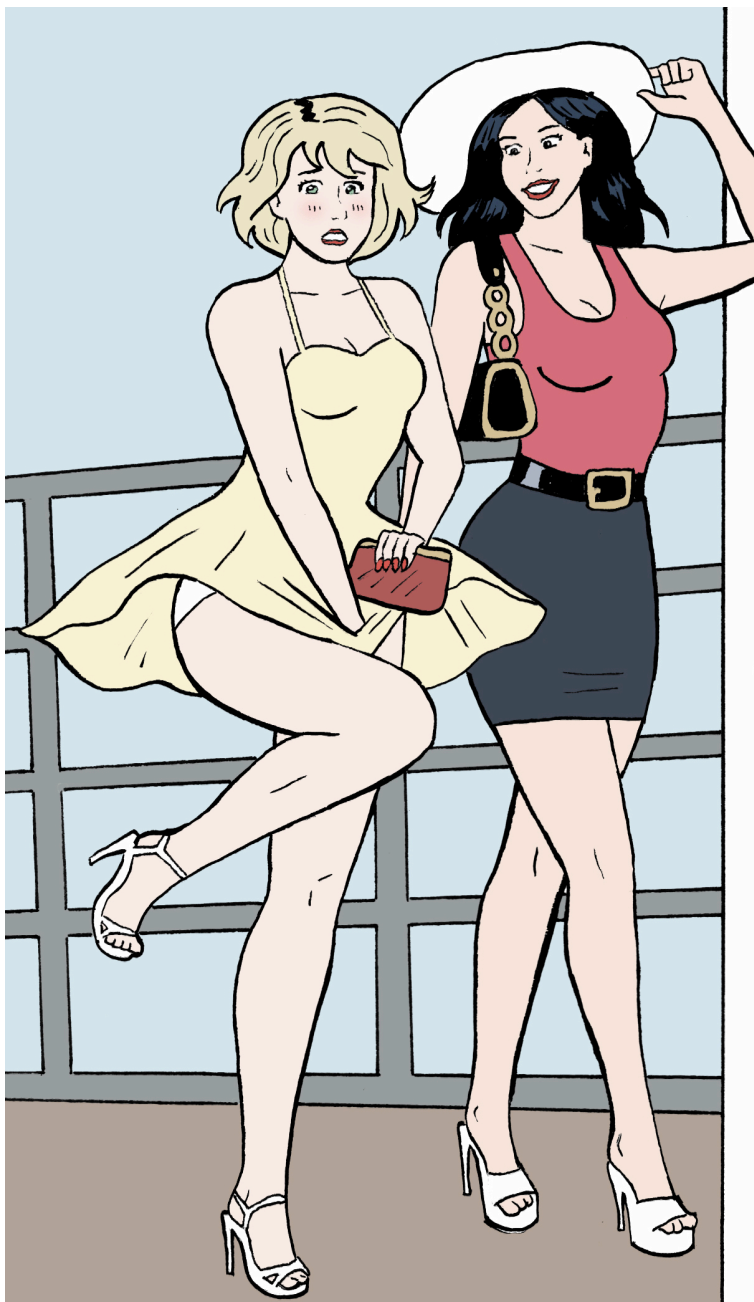
"Don't be such a stick in the mud!" Judith scolded as confetti floated by and the people on the dock waived and called out '*Bon voyage!*' "I *insist* that you smile prettily and wave goodbye."

His programming taking over, his bright red lips in a formed a dazzling smile, he waved a neatly manicured hand with radiant nails. Being inexperienced at managing full skirts in stiff winds, he was startled when his skirt blew high, exposing his nylon panties. Thrusting his hand down, he only succeeded to manage the front and his panties were still in plain view to his *admirers* from the rear. Frantic to control his wayward skirt, he ran back into the ship and out of the wind.

Leaning against the door of his cabin a short time later, Elliot sighed, 'I'm glad that's over, but thanks to Judith, I don't have anything to wear but girl's clothes. Maybe, I can just hide in here until the cruise is over.'

At that moment, he heard a knock at his door and Judith's voice call out, "Open up! I've come to help you put your things away. The sooner we get that out of the way, the sooner we can start enjoying our cruise."

"Go away!" he snapped. "I don't want anyone to see me in the clothes you bought ... especially the *bikinis*! I just want to hide in here and die!"



Elliot knew there was nothing to hide...but the Smoothie'd line of his white nylon panties.

“Oh no, you don’t!” Judith declared. “I *insist* that you open this door and let me in.” Again, the trigger phrase compelled him to obey her command. “Kick off your heels, remove your dress, hang it in the closet, and we’ll store your other things away,” she said as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

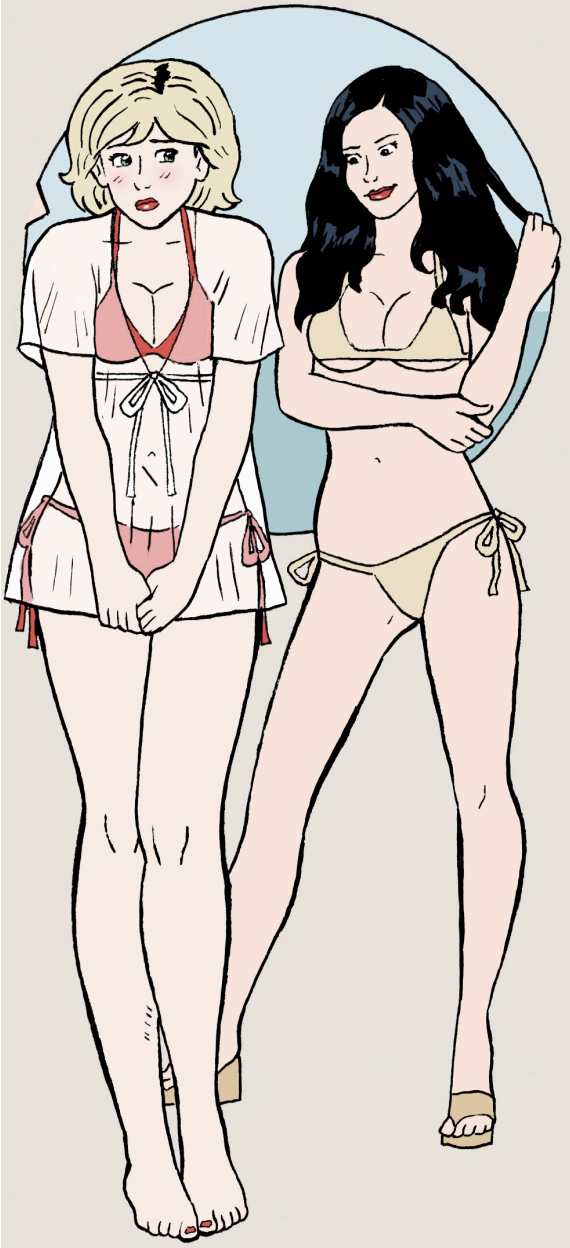
“Why do I have to take off my dress?”

“Because you’ll be more comfortable, silly. Besides, I want to see your pretty sexy undies.” Understanding her logic, he was soon storing his feminine garments in his closet and drawers. As they worked, with him in his bra, panties, garter belt, and nylons, she chatted gaily, keeping up a steady stream of questions about his growing femininity. She wanted to know things like how often he waxed his legs and colored his dark hair roots, what brand of makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and perfume he preferred ... all sorts of humiliating details.

When his clothes were unpacked and stored away, Judith said, “Since your nails are red, put on your red bikini, and spruce up your makeup with red lipstick. I’ll go to my room and change, and we’ll go out and bask in the sun while the ship gets underway.”

Dejected that his plan to wear jeans had been foiled, Elliot gloomily undressed and slipped into his new red bikini. After a glance in the mirror, he saw how little it covered and turned as red as his bikini. Tears of shame filled his eyes as he dolefully sat on his bed and tried to envision the fate that awaited him.

Judith soon returned in a tan bikini every bit as brief as his, and it showed her voluptuous figure to full advantage. Over it, she wore a short transparent *cover* that concealed *nothing*.



Judith giggled at Elliot attempt to hide his “obvious” embarrassment.

“Look at me!” he wailed upon seeing her. “I look and feel *naked!* I can’t wear this skimpy suit out in public where everyone will see me. Not only that, what if I slip up and use a boyish mannerism, gesture, or voice inflection and someone recognizes me as a boy?”

“Just rely on your Chrissy Institute training and you’ll be fine,” Judith smiled as she removed her transparent robe. “And if you’re so shy about your bikini, wear this cover.”

After anxiously slipping on the cover, he checked his reflection in the mirror and wailed, “I can’t wear this! It doesn’t cover anything! You can see right through it!”

“Darling, you look just adorable,” she encouraged. “Come on, let’s hit the sun. I *insist!*”

With his trigger phrase and intense programming directing his actions, Elliot looked in the mirror and adjusted his bra. The potent doses of estrogen had really done a number on him! His formerly flat backside had been molded into attractive rounded sexy contours, making his hips undeniably girlish. Due to a strict diet, his waist was slender and his growing breasts were seductively spilling out of the minuscule bikini top. He had curves in all the right places, a body most teenage girls would kill for ... and guys drool over!

‘Gawd, Judith is right’ Elliot thought dejectedly. ‘I would look silly if I wore anything else to the pool! Look how girlish I’ve become. I look like a hot babe, and I’ve lusted after enough sexy girls in bikinis to know! I won’t be able to take a step without having to fend off some horny guy! I’ve turned into a cute, sexy beach babe for real boys to ogle, and there’s nothing I can do about it! Looking at his provocative reflection in the mirror he said, “I can’t wear this in front of people!”

“Not without proper accessories,” Judith smiled as she handed him a pair of white sunglasses and chunky wedges with three-inch heels. His bracelets jangled as he took them, sighing nervously. “You had best stick to sunbathing. I didn’t expect your cup size to be so large! You’re nearly spilling out of that top.”

Elliot flushed as though he needed a reminder of the fleshy weights on his chest! He slipped the wedges onto his dainty feet and put on the sunglasses. Judith carried the towels, leaving him with nothing to cover up with as he followed her out of the cabin and to the pool. He had never felt so exposed as he was barraged by girlish sensations.

The sunlight glittered on his painted nails, cool air slipped over his smooth hairless legs, long blonde hair tickled his shoulders, and his breasts jiggled enticingly with every step, straining against the flimsy straps of his top. Even without his heels, the Chrissy Institute’s intense training ensured that he minced placing one foot directly in front of the other while attractively swaying his hips and keeping his wrists limp.

Elliot had grown accustomed to his feminine appearance among fellow students and instructors, but nothing prepared him for the lustful stares of the men and boys aboard ship. Neither did he know how to react to the leers and catty jeers from the girls. Once he would have thought they were checking him out, but now they were sizing up him and his outfit and judging him as a rival for the attention of the men!

Judith was torn between amusement and pride at his blatant femininity and the way he blushed when boys wolf whistled at him. “Don’t let it bother you,” she advised. “Toss your hair and give them a little attitude! They’ve given you a compliment, so show your appreciation.”

‘I don’t want them to think I’m easy,’ Elliot thought, but he found himself flicking his hair and allowing a teasing smile to cross his glossy red lips. The boy’s jaws practically dropped to the floor. Why did he feel pleased about that? The Chrissy Institute training must have really messed with his head!

His mouth fell open in awe as he followed Judith to poolside. Virtually every girl and woman there had removed her bra and was sunning topless! ‘I...I can’t remove my bikini top,’ he gasped. ‘I just *can’t!*’

Judith knew she could force him to remove his top by using his trigger phrase, but she decided to use a more subtle approach. ‘I suppose you want me to keep my top on as well,’ she sneered. ‘If you do, you’ll be sorely disappointed.’ With that, she unfastened her bikini top freeing her huge assets.

‘What would Dad say if he saw you topless in public?’ he stammered with a bright blush as her bountiful beauties came into full unfettered view.

‘Oh, he would be pleased,’ she smiled. ‘He’s seen me topless on cruises, beaches in the south of France, and several other places. I’m his trophy wife. He puffs up with pride when he puts me on display.’

Elliot had tried to get a peek at Judith’s breasts many times since he first met her, but in vain. Now that they were in full view, he was wearing a top over his own budding beauties and could do nothing but look. ‘I’m still not doing it,’ he insisted as he reclined on a lounge.

‘Be a prude if you like,’ she scoffed with a smile. ‘See if I care.’

Blushing brightly, he tried to avoid looking at her bare breasts by looking down at his exposed body. Even

though his enticing mounds were covered by his brief top, he could see his cleavage, his feminine shape, and long legs! Almost everything was on display for anyone who wanted a look. He had once loved checking out girls in skimpy bikinis, but now that right was reserved for *real* boys!

Before long a handsome boy in Speedo trunks came by where they were sunbathing while Elliot watched nervously through his sunglasses. The boy appeared to be slightly older than Elliot, but that's where the similarity ended. While he was soft and delicate with enticing curves squeezed into a skimpy bikini, this boy was tall and muscular. Elliot looked at the hair on this boy's leg, as his shapely legs were kept smooth and soft with waxing and moisturizing. He couldn't remember the last time he wore shorts, miniskirts yes, but not shorts!

"Hey there," the boy said. "I'm Rod. I couldn't help but notice you lovely ladies sunbathing. I thought you might need some company."

"Rod?" Judith asked with a cunning grin. "Is that your name or something you're packing?"

"Actually, both," Rod grinned.

"Well *Rod*, it is so nice of you to think of us. I'm Judith and this is my stepdaughter, Ellie. I was afraid she might get bored with just me for company on the cruise, so I'm glad there's someone her age around! Why don't you two get acquainted while I grab a drink?" She gave Elliot an encouraging smile and made her way to the bar.

Elliot couldn't believe Judith was so brazen as she walked away topless! A blush crept from the tops of his breasts to his prettily made up face. He felt like a piece of meat as Rod took the vacated seat and gave him a

very meticulous *look over*, lingering on his long sexy legs and exposed cleavage.

“How about a dip in the pool, Ellie?” Rod proposed.

Knowing he would have to act as girlish as possible to bely suspicion about his true gender, Elliot quickly decided against it. “Sorry,” he said, pouting his pretty red lips. “I want to work on my tan.”

“Let me help you with that,” Rod grinned, picking up the sunscreen. “I know it’s hard to get to your back, so allow me.”

Elliot blushed furiously, but he could see no way to refuse. Meekly, he rolled onto his flat stomach. The unfamiliar feeling of his breasts pushing against the lounge was quickly replaced by the sensation of Rod unfastening his bra top.

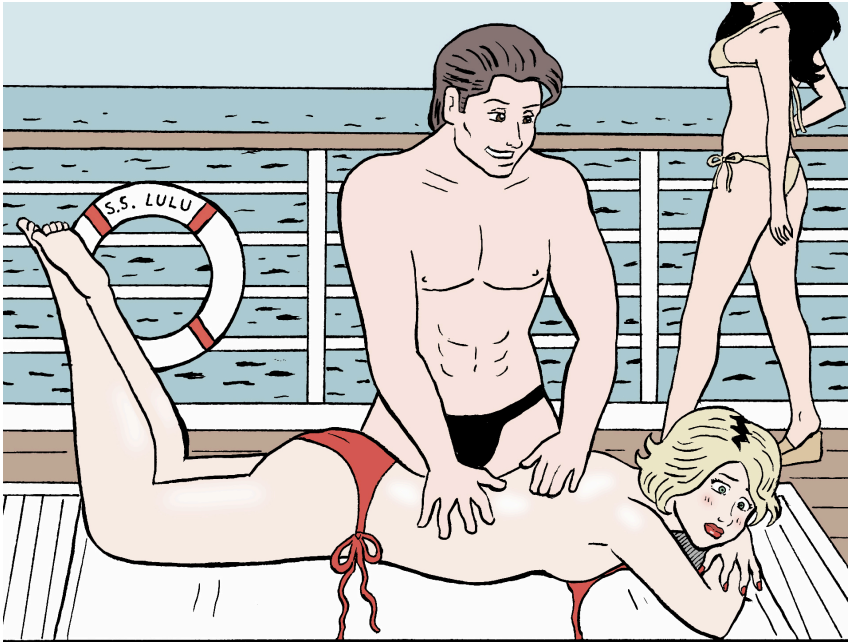
“No, don’t!” he exclaimed in a panic filled voice.

“You don’t want tan lines, do you? Just lie there. I’ll do the work.”

“It...it’s okay, just caught me off guard.” Elliot gasped, trying to sound casual. He let out a squeak as the cold lotion touched his bare back.

“Sorry,” Rod laughed.

Elliot could only blush imagining Rod’s lustful gaze as he was now completely helpless! If he sat up, he would be topless, so he had no choice but to let this boy finish applying the lotion. More than once, he felt hands moving slyly down onto his pert, scantily clad, buttocks.



Elliot's soft, enticing curves were now being appreciated by Rod. The potent estrogen had done its dastardly single focus.

"Here with your parents to get out of the snow?"

"Just my stepmother and me," Elliot explained, trying to concentrate as masculine hands moved over his back, down his spine, and dangerously near his near naked buttocks. "Dad is busy with work in Switzerland."

"Your dad is working through Christmas?" Rod asked, seemingly astonished.

"He's a real workaholic," Elliot didn't mention that his dad's conference meant he didn't see him in a skimpy bikini being felt up by a hunky young man! Wait a second, did he just think of Rod as a hunk? Confused beyond belief, Elliot let out a sigh.

"You don't sound too disappointed about him not being here," Rod chuckled.

"I guess I'm not."

“I know what you mean. I’m here with my parents, but they spend all their time on the phone or at the bar with people their age talking business and investments. Maybe we can hang out on the cruise.”

“Thanks,” Elliot said, with a mixture of relief and embarrassment as Rod fiddled with the strings and refastened his bikini top.

“Believe me, it was my pleasure, but are you sure you don’t want me to do the front?” Rod grinned.

Elliot blushed again and said, “Maybe another time.” Judging by the tent in Rod’s Speedo, it had indeed been his pleasure to do his back!

“Have dinner tonight,” Rod proposed while noticing Elliot’s modest interest in the bulge in his Speedo. “There’s a live band at the topside restaurant, so we can dance afterward if you like.”

“I don’t think I can,” Elliot stammered, terrified at the prospect of going on, what sounded dangerously like a date, with another boy.

“Dinner and dancing?” Judith inquired, having returned with a drink in hand, still topless and wearing a devious smile. “Of course you should go, Ellie, especially since Rod was nice enough to apply your sun lotion! What time are you picking her up? Her cabin is 506 and mine is 507 across the hall.”

“Great,” grinned Rod. “How does eight o’clock sound, gorgeous?”

“Um, okay, I guess,” Elliot squeaked, blushing at the compliment. Rod swaggered away and Judith returned to her lounge with a satisfied smile. Realizing he had just accepted a date with a boy, Elliot felt numb with dread.

“How exciting,” Judith smiled. “You really know how to pick the cute ones, don’t you, Ellie? If I were only five years younger...”

“If you were five years younger, we would be the same age!” he snapped.

“Don’t be catty,” she admonished.

“Why did you tell him my room number?” Elliot moaned. “I can’t go on a date with a boy!”

“I’m not sure you understand what is intended for you, darling,” Judith said sternly. “Your life is moving in a new direction. You have become a cute, sexy girl, and you are expected to accept and respond to the attentions of men and boys. I know it must be difficult to adjust, but really, it is for the best. With the remarkable progress you’ve already made at that wonderful school, I’m sure you’ll have no problem landing a handsome, wealthy husband once you’ve graduated.”

“A h...husband?” Elliot gasped. The file at the Chrissy Institute came back to his memory, and he shuddered at the implication of her words.

“Why yes,” Judith smiled. “Darling, you were never much of a boy, but you’ll make an absolutely stunning wife for some up and coming executive or rich playboy. That’s what your father wants for you, so the sooner you accept that and grow accustomed to flirting with, and dating men, the easier and more exciting your life will be. Besides, isn’t that Rod just *dreamy*?”

“I don’t know,” Elliot admitted, close to tears. “Sometimes I find myself thinking like that about *real* boys, but I don’t know why! I *swear* I was only attracted to girls before I was sent to the Chrissy Institute and made to wear dresses!”

“Well, now that you’re a girl, it’s only natural for you to be attracted to strong, masculine guys,” Judith giggled. Little did Elliot know that potent cocktails of female hormones and a constant barrage of subliminal messages were behind his confusion. Lying back on the lounge, he tried to make sense of his emotions. The feeling of Rod’s hands on his back had been strange and maybe even a little exciting. Still, he was certain he could never be sexually attracted to another boy, despite the gorgeous girl he appeared to be. This was all so devastating! His only hope was that his father would realize that and put a stop to this feminine nonsense!

Once Judith had enough sun, Elliot was well on his way to developing an even sun kissed glow on his back. He had also grown accustomed to the exposure of his skimpy bathing suit, and the way men’s eyes kept wandering over his body with obvious lust. He still felt very vulnerable as he followed Judith back to their cabins, extremely aware of every jiggle of his breasts and the sensation of his bikini bottom wedging itself between his cheeks with every step.

After a short rest, Judith reminded him of his date and suggested he get ready, giving him a sinking sensation. “I...I don’t know what to wear for a date with a boy on a cruise,” he said timidly. “What dress should I wear, should I wear my hair up, do I need nylons, and what shade of lipstick should I wear?”

“Those are natural questions that go through the mind of every pretty girl before a date with a hot guy,” Judith chuckled. “Don’t worry, I’ll get you so dolled up, your date will have to pick his jaw off the floor after he sees you.” As Elliot reluctantly followed her into his cabin, he couldn’t believe that he was really about to go on a date with a boy...as a *girl!*

When he was hesitant to remove his bikini in her presence to take a shower, she chuckled at his timidity and said, “Come on, don’t be silly. It’s just us girls here.”

Blushing furiously, Elliot slipped out of his bikini top and crossed his arms across his budding breasts as he hurried to the shower. While he was gone, Judith selected a strapless black push up bra and matching nylon panties. When he returned, he quickly slid the silky panties up his smooth legs and adjusted his bra with deftly practiced fingers.

“Very nice,” Judith smiled. “That bra works wonders for your cleavage and will be perfect in this scrumptious little black dress if you wear the matching five inch *domme* stilettos you brought from school.”

Elliot blushed again, not sure he wanted to wear a sexy outfit for a boy who was already obviously very attracted to his feminine appearance! “I don’t want him to get ideas,” he said anxiously, holding up the extremely brief black dress she had chosen for him. “I mean, what if he, um, tries to...to...?”

“Honey, he’s seen you in a bikini and had your top off,” Judith giggled. “You can rest assured that he already has *ideas*. Whether or not you want to make some or all his wishes come true is entirely up to you. He *is* awfully cute. Now let’s get you ready for your date.” Elliot sighed, but he had to admit that she was right. Thinking about Rod’s broad smile, muscled abs, and wavy tousled hair gave him a strange fluttering sensation in his stomach.

About an hour later, after hair and makeup, Judith proclaimed him ready and led him before the mirror. Elliot gasped at his reflection. She had advised against nylons, meaning his slightly tanned legs were completely exposed beneath the sinfully short skirt that moved

appealingly about his smooth sexy thighs. His legs looked even longer and sexier thanks to the strappy silver five inch stilettos with open toes that displayed his painted nails to full advantage.

The top of his dress was a see through net fabric that exposed his entire back and dipped suggestively at his neckline. Judith used false lashes dripping with mascara to give him a sultry look and plenty of gloss on his lips to give them a wet and kissable appearance. His hair had been fluffed out in a sexy style, and large silver hoop earrings completed the *look*. "I can't go to the club like *this*!" Elliot gasped. "I look like a complete *slut*!"

"Honey, that's how girls your age dress to get a hunky boy's attention," Judith insisted. "And I know for a fact that you'll really get Rod's motor running in that sexy little black dress."

"B...but I don't want to... I don't want him to...to..." Elliot trailed off, confused, simultaneously humiliated and attracted to the picture of sexy femininity in the mirror, the precise image of the girl he once would have killed to date! Before he could put articulate his protest, there was a knock at the door.

"Answer it," Judith smiled. "That will be your date."

Taking a deep breath, Elliot steadied his nerves and minced to the door on his heels. Rod's mouth fell open just as predicted, and he grinned, "Wow, Ellie! You look...wow...incredibly hot, and I'm so glad I'm the guy who'll be your escort."

"Thank you," Elliot said with a shy blush. "You ... um ... you look really handsome." That wasn't a lie. Rod looked like a male model in his casual shirt and slacks with fashionable gel in his hair. The contrast between his utter masculinity and Elliot's own lack of it was even more pronounced as he took Elliot's neatly manicured

hand and led him out the door, pausing only to wave goodbye to Judith. Elliot allowed the taller, stronger boy to steer him along, focusing on his heels as they navigated the stairs.

In the restaurant, Rod wolfed down a thick steak while Elliot nibbled on a Caesar salad with lemon juice dressing. Before Elliot knew it, he was being plied with drinks and ended up in Rod's arms. The music was loud enough that they had to lean in close to speak. Rod used the opportunity to look down Elliot's low cut top and tickle his smooth cheek with his breath. "Let's dance," Rod said, pulling Elliot unsteadily to his feet.

"Oh, I really don't know..." Elliot protested. The alcohol was making him dizzy.

"Oh, come on!" Rod laughed. "Whoever heard of a sexy girl like you not wanting to dance? They're playing a slow song, so we can get close." He led Elliot onto the floor and put his hands on his date's shapely hips.

This was completely different from the stately ballroom dancing Elliot experienced at the Chrissy Institute, but with the drinks in his system and Rod's free hand massaging his buttocks, he began to gyrate and shake his hips as he saw *other* girls doing. He tossed his hair and noticed that nearly every guy was eyeing him in his incredibly provocative dress.

While they were dancing, Elliot saw Judith at the bar in a figure hugging lavender minidress designed to stimulate and attract men. He wanted to watch to see what she was up to, but Rod diverted his attention by feeling him up and encouraging him to drink more. He did see a man in his late thirties leading her onto the dance floor.

The next couple of hours were a blur to Elliot as Rod kept feeding him drinks and dragging him onto the

dance floor. He saw Judith and a guy sitting at a back corner table with a bottle on it. With a closer look, he saw that they were passionately kissing, and his hand was caressing her breasts. ‘What would Dad think if he saw *that*?’ he wondered.

“Can we go, please?” Elliot asked nervously, fluttering his lashes. This was all too much! He didn’t want to flounce around on the dance floor in a short skirt and heels while men lusted over him. Rod, thinking he knew what was on his date’s mind, smiled and nodded. Soon, they were in the cool evening breeze.

“Don’t! I need to clear my head!” Elliot scolded as he pushed Rod away while thinking of the secret in his panties. “I’m not used to drinking, and I’m not easy. Judith insisted on me wearing this dress, but I’m not a slut! If you continue to treat me like one, you can take me back to my room!”

“To your bed?”

“Not even close!” Elliot fumed angrily as he stormed away, his stilt heels clicking briskly on the deck. “Go away! I’ll find my way to my room on my own! Goodnight!” As his feet landed hard on the deck in his fury, he wondered, ‘Did that come out right? Does that mean I think I’m less capable of finding my way in a dress and heels than I would be in pants?’

Just then, Rod caught up to him and said, “Look, I was out of line, and I apologize. You’re just so damn beautiful and sexy, and the alcohol made me forget my place. I’m sorry. What can I do to make it up to you?”

“You can go away and leave me alone!” Elliot huffed as he continued to make his way toward his room. A few moments later, realizing that Rod was following him, he turned and screeched in a shrill voice. “What part of no

do you not understand, and what do you think you're doing?"

Contritely, Rod said, "I'm escorting you back to your room where our date began. I don't care if this is supposed to be a secure ship; it's dangerous for a young girl to walk about unescorted."

Elliot saw the wisdom of Rod's words, 'He's right. What if some drunk or pervert accosted me and discovered what I don't want revealed?' He slowed his pace to allow Rod to walk beside him. "No monkey business!" he insisted.

"No monkey business," Rod agreed as he put his arm around Elliot's narrow waist and silently, yet passively, guided him along.

Elliot was in a confused state when he and Rod reached his room. Dazed, he removed the key from his clutch purse and handed it to Rod. After unlocking and opening the door, Rod pulled Elliot close and kissed him passionately without warning.

Elliot was caught off guard, but he couldn't resist Rod's advances. Unknown to him, the subliminal messages from the Chrissy Institute were influencing his emotions, causing him to feel a deep fondness for this handsome young man who had been his escort for the evening. Almost as a reflex, he placed his arms around Rod's neck and returned his kiss.

When the kiss ended, Rod moved to guide Elliot into his room, a move Elliot didn't oppose. A moment later, the reality of his situation hit him. Stepping back, he held his hands up in mock surrender, and said, "I said no monkey business, so no monkey business!" At that, Rod gave Elliot a quick peck on his lips and walked away.

‘What just happened?’ Elliot asked himself as he leaned breathlessly against the door and watched Rod walk away. A stirring in his panties gave him a strong desire to call Rod back, but he resisted with a great effort. ‘Why do I want him back?’ he wondered. ‘I’m a guy no matter how I’m dressed! Besides, he got me drunk and tried to take advantage of me.’ Just as desire was about to prevail over logic, Rod turned the corner and was gone. With a dejected sigh, Elliot went into his room and removed his dress as if in a trance.

When Elliot was in his room, Rod returned and knocked lightly on Judith’s door. Inviting him in, she praised, “You’ve done well for the first day. I peeked and saw you kissing him at the door. I also watched you feel him up at poolside with that ruse to apply his sun lotion. Good move. Here is your thousand dollars.”

“I kept him off balance like I promised I would, and you saw the result after only one day,” Rod bragged. “I had a lot to work with because he’s had intense programming and is on a concentrated program of potent hormones. Still, he’ll look a lot more feminine and will have had quite a few amorous adventures in his dresses, skirts, and bikinis by the time we dock. Easiest ten grand I ever made.”

“I’ll have him on deck in another bikini tomorrow like I promised. Good night.”

Elliot awoke the next morning feeling refreshed but confused about the events of the night before. Had he really wanted to invite Rod into his room? Had Judith come on to a man in the bar? Dragging himself out of bed, he took a quick shower, toweled off, and wondered, ‘What should I wear?’

After due deliberation, he decided on his new gold metallic bikini, thinking, ‘Rod will like me in this, and it goes with my hair. He applied light morning makeup, bright red lipstick, added large gold hoop earrings and several matching wrist bangles, put some things in a bag, slipped into his transparent cover, slid his feet into four inch wedged sandals, and headed for the pool.

While he was laying on the lounge soaking up the early rays, a handsome waiter came by and asked, “Would you like to order coffee, juice, or breakfast, Miss?”

Since he had eaten very little since coming aboard, he felt starved at the mention of food. Even though he wasn’t comfortable being addressed as *Miss*, he thought, ‘Judith isn’t here to stop me, so I can eat whatever I like.’ He smiled, “Yes, please, I’ll have a ham and cheese omelet, hash browns, wheat toast dry, freshly squeezed grapefruit juice, and coffee with cream and sugar.”

When his food arrived, instead of attacking and devouring it, he only nibbled at the toast and sipped the juice. ‘Why can’t I eat?’ he wondered. ‘I know that stuff is loaded with the three C’s, calories, cholesterol, and carbs, but no one is here to stop me. In the past, I would have downed every bite and asked for a stack of buttery flapjacks loaded with syrup, but now...’

Just then, Rod approached him and, with a bright smile, he said, “Hello, gorgeous! You are looking fine this morning. Blonde and gold with an accent of red is my favorite color!”

“Good morning, Rod,” Elliot blushed while thinking, ‘My efforts paid off. He likes the way I look.’ Immediately, he scolded himself, ‘Why should I care if he likes how I look as a girl!’ While pondering the answer, he said, “Have some breakfast. I can’t eat all this.”

“You sure?”

“Go ahead, I’m not as hungry as I thought,” Elliot took a bite of his toast.

Without further encouragement, Rod took a large bite of the omelet and a fork full of hash browns. After washing his fare down with a gulp of coffee, he smiled again and said. “This is great! How did you know how I take my coffee?”

“Lucky guess,” he blushed without revealing that the coffee was for him when he ordered it. He hadn’t had coffee with sugar or cream since being enrolled in the Chrissy Institute, and he had been looking forward to giving it a try. Sadly though, he couldn’t bring himself to drink it.

“Have you been sunbathing with your top on and without lotion?” Rod asked while giving Elliot the once over.

“Yes.”

“Do you want to burn and get strap marks in the process?” Rod scolded. “Let me oil you up.” Rod wasted no time unfastening Elliot’s bra and massaging lotion into his back. When Rod was *finally* finished, he moved onto Elliot’s smooth hairless legs. Then to Elliot’s utter disbelief, Rod said, “Sit up, and I’ll do your front.”

“Are you crazy or a sex fiend?” Elliot spat. “I’ll do no such thing, and neither will you! I thought we settled this last night!”

“I may be a sex fiend, but look around!” Rod declared, feigning anger. “Every female out here has her top off except you. I thought you were just shy, but you’re a prude like Judith said. Go ahead and get tan lines for all I care. I’m outta here!”

“W...where are you going?” Elliot gasped, the Chrissy Institute programming taking over.

“To get a drink! I’ve had it with you! I know your boobs aren’t as large as Judith’s, but that’s no reason to be ashamed of them!”

“I’m not ashamed, I’m shy. I’ve never been with my top off in public.”

“Suit yourself,” Rod declared as he turned to leave.

Panic set in. ‘I can’t have strap marks when I return to pants and my life as a boy now or after I leave the Chrissy Institute!’ Elliot wailed inwardly. ‘Those tan lines could take years to go away. I could never remove my shirt.’ Turning bright red, he gasped and called Rod back saying, “N...no please don’t go. You win. I’ll take off my top and let you apply lotion.” Hearing that, Rod returned with a bright smile, having won a major battle.

When Judith joined Elliot a couple of hours later, she found him lying on his back with his budding breasts bared to the sun and to anyone who cared to look. Removing her top, she lay on the lounge beside him and observed, “I see you’re all oiled up. Did Rod do that for you?” When he remained silent while turning bright red, she laughed and said, “I was teasing, but he really did massage lotion on your little boobies, didn’t he? I would love to have a video of that! Where is he?”

“In the pool,” Elliot replied with a blush. Having had enough of her humor at his expense, he turned over to lie on his breasts to conceal them, to avoid facing her, and to focus the sun on his back.

“You shouldn’t get too much sun too quickly,” Rod said when he returned a bit later. “Put on your cover and let’s go for a stroll to explore the ship.”

Eager to put on his top, Elliot quickly agreed. After slipping into his transparent cover and wedge sandals, the pair went their way, leaving Judith topless at the pool. At first, he was hesitant to be seen in his skimpy bikini, but as Rod found fun things for them to do; he relaxed and went with the flow. After all, what's a bikini when he had sunned *topless!*

They visited a video game room, played shuffleboard, hit a few tennis balls, enjoyed a water slide, and finally relaxed while watching an old movie, *The Seven Year Itch*. As Elliot held popcorn in one hand and a drink in the other, Rod's hands were free to roam over his date's supple, scantily clad body. When Marilyn's skirt floated up from the subway blast in the movie, Elliot thought, 'That's the way my skirt blew all about as we were boarding the ship, and like her, I couldn't hold it down.' A moment later, he thought, 'Without thinking, I'm identifying with the sexy female star in a full skirt! This Chrissy Institute crap is going too far!'

As Elliot and Rod walked along looking at the romantic moon, they were surprised to see Judith and the man from the bar, stumble by. "Where are you going?" Elliot asked.

"To my room, silly," Judith slurred. "Walter's wife wouldn't like it if we went to his room."

"Wake up, sleepyhead!" Judith called out as she entered Elliot's room the next morning. "We have lots to do, so take a quick shower and pop into your bikini!"

"Which bikini should I wear?" he groggily asked.

"The white to show your purity," she replied. "I'll get dressed and be back in thirty minutes. When I return, we'll have a hearty breakfast in the sun."

“Even if I have to pretend to be a girl and wear bikinis on this cruise, at least, I should get enough to eat,” Elliot sneered as he slipped into his see through cover when Judith returned. “I’m starving, and I’m sick of eating like a bird.”

“Eat whatever you want if that’s your attitude!” Judith scornfully snapped. “I encouraged you to continue your healthy diet to maintain your cute svelte figure. Don’t blame me if you return to the Chrissy Institute looking like a total blimp.”

“This is my vacation, and I plan to live it up, eat like a horse, and nothing you say will change that!”

“Okay, pig out, and eat whatever you like,” she declared, purposely omitting his trigger phrase. “I’ve said my piece.”

On the pool deck, as he absentmindedly hung his cover over the back of a lounge chair, he conjured up the image of a large calorie laden breakfast. However when the waiter arrived, his trigger phrase kicked in, and he ordered a grapefruit half, a slice of dry wheat toast, and a cup of black coffee.

Rod joined them while Judith ate a substantial breakfast and he nibbled at his meager fare. Still hungry from lack of food when plenty was available, Elliot salivated as Rod wolfed down a three egg Mexican omelet, a mountain of hash browns, and topped it off with butter and jelly-laden toast. ‘Why can’t I eat like that?’ he wondered. ‘Wearing dresses and skimpy bikinis can’t be affecting me that much!’

When they finished eating, Judith looked at Elliot in his tiny bikini, smiled and said, “You need to work off the massive calories you’ve consumed since coming aboard, Ellie. I hear they have a very effective fat burner

aerobics class at the spa. It starts about now. Why don't you escort her over there, Rod?"

"I only had a salad last night, and I didn't eat anything fatty for breakfast," Elliot reasoned. "I don't have any fat to burn!?"

"No problem," she countered. "An hour of vigorous exercises will tone that luscious body, and keep it fit and looking hot in those little bikinis you love to wear to keep Rod interested. I *insist* that you allow him to escort you to your aerobics class. Go on, now!"

Upon hearing his stepmother assert his trigger phrase, he was powerless to defy her *suggestion*. Assuming a blank expression, he slipped into his transparent cover, took Rod's hand, and allowed himself to be escorted to the aerobics class.

For the next hour, Elliot sweated and gyrated rapidly to fast beat music. He had endured hour upon hour of aerobics at the Chrissy Institute, so this was nothing new. Still he had never exercised in a bikini, and this one barely concealed his growing breasts. A few times, he thought they would bounce out and be exposed, embarrassing him no end.



Elliot was extremely worried that something would bounce out of his tight fitting low cut dress...

While Elliot was enduring an energetic workout in his bikini, Rod returned to Judith to discuss his role in the feminine ordeal she planned for her stepson on this cruise. “First things first,” she said. “Are you gay?”

“Actually I’m bi,” he replied with a cunning smile. “Otherwise, I couldn’t make out with your stepson, another guy. I may be bisexual, but I prefer my lovers to be on the girlish side. I’m more turned on if they wear dresses and skirts. With Elliot, I’ve hit the jackpot! Not only is he being forced to dress as a girl 24/7, he looks great in sexy minidresses or string bikinis. I’ll keep him trying to look more and more feminine to keep me from learning his *secret* and earn ten grand in the deal.”

“Glad to see you’re happy in your work, but I don’t care about your sexual orientation,” Judith smiled. “I’ll see to it that Ellie dresses provocatively and listens to

his subliminal CDs. You keep making sexual moves on him and keep him occupied with activities a teenage girl would enjoy with her boyfriend, like dining, dancing, walks on the deck in the moonlight, and lots of sexual interaction. As promised, you'll receive a bonus for every compromising position or circumstance documented by photographs or videos."

"Get out your wallet, lady. I intend to run my take up to the limit!" Rod exclaimed with a smile. "You keep our little Ellie in sexy dresses and bikinis, I'll have him responding to my advances like he was really the blonde bimbo he appears to be, and have the entire affair on film! My associate is always around with his spy cameras, but you never see him."

"Produce the proof, real or not, and you'll be amply rewarded as we agreed," Judith smiled.

"I'm exhausted!" Elliot huffed as he dried the perspiration from his body with a fluffy towel after returning from aerobics. "I think I'll lie in the sun until lunch."

"I was hoping you'd jog a few laps with me," Rod said. "They have a running track aft."

"Jog?" Elliot gasped. "I'm so worn out. I couldn't walk a lap, much less jog!"

"Tired?" Judith scoffed. "Don't be so dramatic."

I can't go. These wedgies aren't for jogging," he declared looking for any excuse.

"No matter!" Judith countered. "I *insist* that you jog at least a couple of miles to get the kinks out, plus, you can work off some of those fat grams you've consumed since boarding the cruise."

“What fat grams? You know I haven’t eaten anything but rabbit food since coming aboard!”

“I’ll go with you to get your sneakers,” she insisted while ignoring his complaint. “Rod, go ahead and run a few laps. We’ll meet you at the track.”

Every muscle in Elliot’s body ached, but he slipped into his transparent cover, and grudgingly followed Judith to his room to fetch his sneakers. ‘At least, I didn’t have to take off my top,’ he sighed silently.

Rod was sweating when Judith and Elliot arrived at the running area. Seeing Elliot still in his revealing white bikini, he smiled and called out, “Come on, lazy bones. I’ve already run a mile.”

On the track, Elliot was quite embarrassed with the bouncing of his unaccustomed, unnatural, unwanted boobs as he jogged alongside Rod at a faster pace than he was accustomed. When they finally stopped after a two mile jog, he was exhausted and gasping for air.

Elliot thought he would get to rest after his jog, but he was disappointed again as Rod kept him busy with other physical pursuits. To his regret, there were all sorts of games, all played in his bikini. Finally, coming up with an excuse to stop and rest, he said, “Let’s go back to the pool. I want to work on my tan.”

Seeing the lounge, Elliot rushed over, lay face down, and relaxed for seemingly the first time that day. Just as he got comfortable, Rod surprised him by unfastening his bra and massaging lotion onto his body until he was satisfied that lotion was sufficiently applied, even to his bare breasts. Seeing Elliot again without his top, Rod said, “While you soak up rays, I’m going to the gym for a workout.”

Elliot had been sunning for quite a while when Judith sat beside him with a cool drink in her hand. "Getting a bit red on that side," she slurred. "Better turn over and bare those budding beauties for a while." When he was hesitant to follow her suggestion, she asked in her alcohol slurred voice, "Still shy about having your pert little boobies exposed after you bared them for your lover?"

"He's not my lover," Elliot insisted as he turned over to once again bare his breasts.

"Well, he should be!" she insisted as she removed her bra. "You must learn that by making him happy, you'll make yourself even happier. Every girl knows that."

"I'm not a girl!" he declared.

"Maybe not, but your father sure intends for you to be one," Judith asserted. "Look at all the effort and expense he's encountered sending you to that exclusive charm school and buying your pretty dresses, skirts, and lingerie. Don't forget the pretty penny he laid out for this cruise and your island wardrobe."

Elliot felt a strong surge in his bikini bottom at her words. That sensation only intensified as he stared at her huge well sculpted boobs. Viewing his budding breasts with a devious smile, Judith stammered, "Better put more lotion on those beauties before they sunburn." Watching his hardening nipples with amusement as he massaged his boobs with lotion, she chuckled, "Bet you wish Rod was here to do that like he did before." Elliot could only blush in response.

When Rod returned, he was understandably intrigued by the two topless *females*. Barely able to tear his eyes away, he summoned a waiter and ordered a

round of drinks. More than three drinks later, Judith said, “I don’t feel like getting dressed up. Let’s stay in our swimwear for an informal dinner and just bum about the ship until we’re ready for bed.”

Elliot was happy that topless *females* weren’t allowed outside the pool area on the ship. Along with Judith, he gladly replaced his bra as they prepared to leave. ‘At first I was ashamed to be seen in a bikini, but after going topless for hours, I feel fully dressed now,’ he thought. ‘What is happening to me? I definitely have to talk Dad out of this feminine insanity before it’s too late.’

While the trio was eating, the man Elliot had seen Judith cavorting with joined them. Pulling his chair close to Judith, he put a hand on her smooth thigh, gave her a quick kiss, and said, “Hello gorgeous.”

Appearing slightly nervous, Judith introduced, “My stepdaughter, Ellie, and her cruise boyfriend, Rod. This is my shipboard lover, Walter.” Handshakes followed, and Walter kissed Elliot on the cheek.

Elliot was taken aback that Judith would so openly admit this man was her lover and that she was cheating on his father. Anger welled inside him, but before he could say anything, Rod took him by the hand and said, “Let’s go for a walk and let these lovebirds be.”

“It’s a good thing you pulled me out of there when you did,” Elliot declared. “I was about to let him have it like Dad would have if he were here.”

“There you go being a prude again,” Rod chuckled. “Look, Judith is young and beautiful, and she has needs. Besides, she’s here in the tropics where she can show off her smoking hot body while your father is off in the Alps freezing his balls off. Relax and cut her some slack.”

“It still doesn’t seem right,” Elliot sighed.

As the pair strolled along, Rod grinned, "Let's go up on the top deck. I want to show you something." Holding Elliot's hand, he led the way to a secluded area where a Jacuzzi was located. It was closed off for the night, but Rod paid no heed and easily hopped over the small gate while holding onto his date's manicured hand. Elliot pulled away and opened his mouth to protest, but not before Rod's tongue invaded his mouth yet again. Feeling his knees buckle, Elliot swooned as he melted into Rod's embrace.

Pulling slightly away, Rod gently lifted Elliot over the gate, and pushed a button to turn on the Jacuzzi. Taking his prey into his arms, Rod kissed him passionately while unfastening the back clasp of his bra. Elliot gasped as Rod's eager hands groped his body, especially when he caressed his breasts and rolled his pert nipples between his thumb and forefinger.

Feeling hot breath in his ear, Elliot tried to pull away, but the Chrissy Institute had done him no favors in the strength department. Due to his intense *programming*, Elliot was turned on by Rod's bold antics. Feeling weak and vulnerable, yet somehow safe, he melted into his date's strong muscular arms!

As Elliot slipped into the steamy hot tub, Rod pulled him onto his lap where something very hard poked at his bottom. Elliot gave a little squeak of surprise, which made Rod chuckle. "Just relax and enjoy yourself," Rod said as he placed Elliot's perfectly manicured hand on his bulging crotch. "You're a beautiful girl and you deserve a good time."

Knowing he should be revolted by the sensation of another boy's hard on in his hand, he immediately pulled it away and snapped angrily, "Don't! I told you I'm not that kind of girl! What if someone sees us?" Despite his

vehement protest, he felt completely helpless and desirable in Rod's arms.

"Who cares?" Rod chuckled as he pulled Elliot closer and cuddled his date against his toned body. Elliot had never felt so confused by the rush of emotions going through his body. Everything happening was so wrong, but he felt secure and safe in Rod's arms. To his delight, Rod lifted his chin with one finger, kissed him again, and adoringly massaged his bare breasts.

Elliot moaned contentedly until a sudden click brought him back to reality. "What was that?" he asked in near panic.

"Sounds like some people taking pictures along the rail," Rod shrugged. "Anyway, who cares? You're getting me so turned on..." He replaced Elliot's hand on his bulging member, nuzzled his slender neck, causing the feminized boy to shudder with ecstasy.

Elliot knew he shouldn't be responding this way to a boy's touch, but he was putty in Rod's hands! As he was kissed and fondled, he shivered to the hot breath whispers and tongue in his ear. With great effort, he came to his senses and pleaded that he needed to get back before Judith came looking for him. Rod didn't let him go until he promised to see him again the next day.

At last, their long day together was at an end, and Rod escorted Elliot back to his room. Following a hot blooded goodnight kiss, a very confused boy went through the motions of slipping out of his dress, removing his makeup, creaming his face and body, rolling his hair, and pulling on his nightie in preparation for bed. As he drifted off to sleep, his head was spinning with the events of the day. How could Rod have affected him so? Was it proof that his dad was right in saying he was meant to be a girl all along?

Elliot awoke the next morning feeling groggy from the unaccustomed alcohol of the previous evening. After a refreshing shower, he looked around for something to wear, finally deciding on a yellow polka dot bikini. He applied light makeup, pink lipstick, and tied his blonde tresses into a high ponytail before making his exit.

Stepping across the hallway, he knocked on Judith's door. Upon entering, he was surprised to see her and her bed looking totally disheveled. Seeing him, Judith slurred, "Have a seat, and wait here," as she got up and made her way to the bathroom. When she returned, she said, "I *insist* that we have a talk." At her use of his trigger phrase, his eyes went blank.

Assuring that he was mesmerized, she instructed, "You will forget that you saw me acting inappropriately with Walter or any other man on this cruise. You will also forget that you saw me sunning topless. You will not utter a word of my actions to anyone after we exit the ship. Do you understand?"

"Yes," he replied in a monotone.

"Okay," she said snapping her fingers. "Go up to the pool, remove your bra, and get some sun. 'I'll join you in a few hours after I get some sleep."

The night after their first port of call, there was a dance in the main ballroom. Although a lot of boys were coming on to Elliot, he was directed to attend with Rod as his escort. After slipping into a fresh bra and matching panties, he chose a pink low cut silk floral minidress with a narrow skirt. 'A slip is definitely out, and nylons would be totally out of place on my tanned legs, especially in this climate,' he decided.

Sitting at the mirror, he brushed his blonde tresses into a trendy style and applied his makeup, using pink lipstick, eyeshadow, and nail polish to compliment his dress. He opted for white five-inch stilettos, gold two-inch diameter hoops to decorate his ears, and a matching chain with a pendant that drew attention to his blossoming cleavage. As if in a trance, he checked his *look* in the mirror before knocking on Judith's door.

Rod was handsome in his jacket and tie, and Judith took many photographs of the handsome couple when she wasn't busy flirting with some guy. She even hired the ship's photographer to take shots of them posing together, dancing, and even *kissing!* After a few slow songs, to which they danced very close, they took a stroll in the moonlight. Thus went the remainder of the cruise.

At the end of the cruise, Elliot said a passionate goodbye to Rod. After a return four hour flight, Judith dropped him off at the Chrissy Institute.

While making a graceful exit from the limo, his newly tanned legs flashed as his formfitting charcoal suede miniskirt rode high to reveal the lacy hem of his slip. He caught the chauffeur peeking and blushed brightly. Feeling helpless to alter his situation, he brushed a strand of hair into place with his long French tip nails and went inside. It was obvious that everyone now viewed him as a sexy teenage girl.

Elliot's skirt paired with a stretchy red sweater with a scooped neck gave an enticing glimpse of his breasts nestled in the cups of his lacy red bra. A wide, chic belt accentuated his trim waist, and he walked sexily in red five inch pumps. Judith was extremely pleased with the oversized rhinestone hoops in his ears. Only the cutest,

most fashionable ensembles would do for her Chrissy Institute *girl!*”

‘Another five months in this place, and I’ll be Ellie for good,’ Elliot bemoaned. “I’m already far more feminine than I ever thought possible, and the things I did with Rod on that cruise...!”

“Ellie? Is that you?” came a high, lilting voice. Elliot turned on his high heels and saw Paul stepping out of a taxi. The driver, a young man, had hurried around to help his gorgeous passenger exit the car. He laid a dainty hand on the driver’s arm and accepted his assistance with a seductive smile. In his short gray wool skirt, white satin camisole, and stylish cardigan, he was the picture of abject femininity. He tossed his dark hair in a girlish gesture that had the driver’s eyes glued to him as he straightened his skirt about his attractive nylon clad thighs.

“*Polly!* I’m so excited to see you!” Elliot squealed as he minced over in his heels so they could exchange pecks on the cheek. Their programming was irresistible yet again, making them want to gossip with their friend.

“You look so sexy with that tan,” Polly giggled. “You must have gone somewhere with sun!”

“I certainly did,” Elliot said. “My stepmother and I went on a Caribbean cruise, and she insured that I spent lots of time sunning in a bikini, and that explains the tan!” he finished. “She even had my belly button pierced, see?” Elliot furtively lifted up his top to expose his flat midriff with its sparkly stud. His bold display almost caused the taxi driver, who was now carrying several heavy suitcases, to trip on the curb.

“I can’t say I enjoyed my holiday activities much,” Polly said darkly. “It seems as if I spent the entire time

clothes shopping! My sisters are so pleased that I attended the Chrissy Institute, they treated me like I was their own personal Barbie doll, honestly!” He shook his head sadly, making his dark tresses bob attractively around his prettily girlish face.

“And your family insists on you finishing your year here?” Elliot questioned.

Polly blushed and sighed, “If you must know, I agreed to come back. Mom wants me to enter several beauty pageants this summer, and to be honest, I’m excited to wear gorgeous gowns and show them off on the runway!”

“But you’re a *boy!*” Elliot gasped. “Have you forgotten?” He couldn’t imagine that Paul, who had been bullied into attending the Chrissy Institute by his mother and sisters, could actually be excited to be one of those airheaded bimbos parading around in revealing swimsuits and elaborate evening dresses!

“I think maybe you’re the one in denial,” Paul said delicately. “Do you really want to go back to boring old male clothes? Don’t you enjoy wearing soft sexy clothes and receiving attention from men and boys? I mean, not that I would ever want to go on dates with boys, but...” He trailed off as the taxi driver returned.

“So you never plan on wearing pants again?” Elliot asked, shocked.

“Why would I?” Polly sighed. “For that matter, why would you? We may have been boys when we came here, but we certainly aren’t now. You look so good in that short skirt and tight sweater with your boobs poking out, most real girls would be jealous of you! Plus, we’re certainly more at home in dresses and heels than a most girls our age! It’s like Ms. Duke said, we were sent here because we’re destined to be pretty, dainty girls. How

else could you explain how quickly we have adjusted to looking pretty in dresses and skirts?"

"But they force us to wear these clothes, apply makeup, and style our hair!" Elliot protested.

"Maybe at the start," Polly pointed out. "But I enjoy finding cute, sexy outfits now. And don't bother denying it, I know you do as well!" Before Elliot could reply, Paul turned to the taxi driver and thanked him sweetly, batting his long sultry lashes.

"No problem at all, Miss," said the driver, grinning from ear to ear.

"You're so much stronger than me," Paul giggled. "I could never lift even one of those!" And before Elliot's very eyes he went up on tiptoe and planted a shy thank you kiss on the young man's cheek. As blushing driver left with an obvious bulge in his pants, Elliot gave his roommate a questioning look with one femininely shaped brow cocked. Paul blushed, but said nothing as the two *girls* headed inside the Chrissy Institute.

"Welcome back, ladies," said Ms. Duke. "I hope you enjoyed your holidays because classes begin with a vengeance tomorrow. I suggest you unpack your pretty things and perform your beauty rituals a little earlier than usual so you'll be fresh and alert."

"Yes, Ms. Duke," Elliot said meekly dipping a slight curtsy. He went to his dormitory and found that Larry was already and in the midst of unpacking. He was bending, and turning with ease in his stiletto pumps, and when he saw Elliot, he dropped the frilly babydoll nightie he was holding with a girlish squeal.

"Oh, Ellie, it's so good to see you! I missed you so!" Larry said, pulling his roommate into an embrace. Elliot felt the curious sensation of having his sensitive breasts

pushed up against Larry's own budding beauties, and wondered if they were wearing the same perfume. The two air kissed girlishly to avoid smearing their lipstick.

Larry's auburn tresses had been straightened in the side bang style now trendy among teenage girls. He was wearing a tight pink tube top that exposed his midriff and flirty white pleated skirt that swirled provocatively around his smooth nylon clad thighs. His chunky platform sandals displayed pink toenails, that matched his fingers, and glistening lipstick. Once Elliot would have been aroused by having a ravishing redhead hug him tightly, but now, he didn't feel so much as a twitch!

"So you didn't manage to convince your father?" Larry asked sadly, pulling away and trying to tug his stretchy top down to no avail.

"No," Elliot said, blushing deeply. "I...I guess I just have to make the best of things! Once I graduate I might be able to...oh, I don't know. What about you?"

Larry's pretty face fell. "I can tell you the whole story in three words," he sighed as he daintily sat on the edge of the bed and crossed his legs. "It was *awful!*"

"Tell me everything," Elliot prodded.

"Larry pursed his glossy lips and sighed, "We should finish unpacking first. I wouldn't want my things wrinkled or get Ms. Stone on my case and start the new term with a spanking."

"Oh, gosh! You're right!" Elliot exclaimed as he jumped to his feet.

Blushing, Larry admitted, "Linda, my sister who set me up to be sent here, bought me a three pack of matching sexy bras and nylon panties for Christmas. She was only trying to humiliate me, but I've sort of

gotten to like the feel of soft silky underwear. It's silly, I know, but I was happy to receive them."

While they gossiped, the *girls* scurried about in a flurry of feminine activity unpacking, folding, and hanging up their things. Only when their closets were packed with dresses, skirts, sweaters, and blouses, and their drawers were laden with lingerie did they rest.

Larry resumed his perch on the edge of his bed and told his tale of woe. His legs were crossed seductively and his skirt rode high on his nylon-clad thighs. One of his feet bobbed up and down nervously, and he spoke with his hands in an animated manner. "My entire family was waiting for me when I arrived. Mom had a sign with Lacy on it in bright pink letters. I think they were afraid they wouldn't recognize me. Even so, everyone was very surprised that I was wearing a flirty minidress, stilt heels, and makeup."

"Your father was happy to see you in a dress?" Elliot gasped.

That conniving Linda had four months to convince him that I had a true desire to be a girl!" Larry sighed. "He believed her and only wanted me to be happy, at least that's what he claimed. Ooh, when I saw Linda, I was so mad I could just ... just *scream*! I wanted to tell everyone right then and there how she had tricked them, but I couldn't bring myself to make such a scene."

"What happened next?" Elliot asked curiously.

"Mom and Dad oohed and aahed over the *new* me, while Linda looked at me with that gotcha look of hers." Larry admitted mournfully. "Linda and Mom took great delight in asking me questions about my clothes, heels, and lingerie, and complimenting my brilliant auburn hair and my graceful mannerisms. Mom said I was more graceful in heels than she is!" Larry tossed his hair,

embarrassed, but Elliot thought he detected a note of pride in his roommate's girlish tone.

“Believe it or not, Linda looked a bit jealous when she saw my growing breasts,” Larry sighed. “Imagine! When we arrived home, I wasn't much help with my bags due to my lost weight and long nails, so Dad did the lifting for me.”

“That must have been so humiliating,” Elliot said sympathetically, laying a hand on Lacy's smooth nylon clad thigh.

“It was! Larry sniffed. “He started asking me if I wanted to throw the old pigskin around in the yard, but then realized how ridiculous it sounded and stopped before mom could cut him off. In my tight skirt and stilt heels, there was no way I could engage in such boyish activities! I was mostly silent as I tried to find a way to get my parents believe I didn't want to be a girl and wear dresses. When Mom suggested that I run upstairs and change, I saw my opportunity to get back into my old boy clothes and prove it. I would then march back downstairs, and demand that Linda tell the truth!”

“That was when I got the shock of my life,” Larry admitted. “The family had completely redecorated my room while I was away! It was now replete with pink carpet, frilly lace edged curtains, a lighted vanity, and two large mirrors! There were even posters of boy bands and scantily clad male body builders all over my walls!”

“Linda followed me, giggling at my quandary and teased, “How do you like your new room, *Lacy*?” When I didn't answer, she said, “Daddy did the painting. He said he never used so much pink and lavender paint in his life. Mom did the decorating, and I selected your posters. And to think, you used to make fun of me for having a

girly room with hunky men on the walls! Isn't your room just to die for, *sis*?"

"This charade has gone on long enough!" I told her. "You may have somehow convinced Mom and Dad that I wanted to be a girl and attend the Chrissy Institute, but they'll listen to reason if you own up to your lies. Please, you have to tell them you faked that diary and planted those panties and things in my room! You were always Dad's favorite, and that's why he believed you."

"Maybe daddy will believe you if you're his princess in your pretty dresses and silky panties," Linda chided.

"I'm not a girl or a princess," I hissed at her.

"You harassed me and made life hell for me and my girlfriends, but I think we'll have a lot less trouble getting along now that you're my cute redheaded sister!"

"Get out of here and let me change into some jeans and other boy's clothes!" I demanded.

"Good luck with that," she giggled. "Since you want to be a girl, Mom and I donated all your boy clothes to Goodwill. I can't wait for all your friends to meet the new you in your pretty dresses and skirts."

"What does that mean, meet me in dresses and skirts?" I squeaked in a trembling voice.

Just then, the doorbell rang and Mom poked her head in and said, "Your guests are arriving, honey."

"What guests?" I gasped.

"Didn't Linda tell you? We invited your friends over to see the *new* you and offer their support!"

"But you said you would tell everyone I was away at a tough boarding school, not a sissy institute where I had to wear dresses and be a girl!" I wailed.

“Oh, sweetie, it’s not as if you could have maintained that charade after returning home,” Mom laughed. “Anyway, don’t worry. With your beautiful feminine appearance, nobody will tease or make fun of you. I’d be more worried about your former baseball buddies developing a crush on you!” Turning to Linda, she said, “Dear, help your *sister* freshen up while I get drinks for our guests.”

“You invited my friends over?” I gasped weakly, my voice cracking and my nylon clad knees knocking.

“You bet, Lacy, so you had best freshen up before you make your big entrance!” Linda giggled.

As furious as I was with her, I knew she was right. My hair was mussed from sleeping on the plane, and I hadn’t touched up my makeup in hours! She watched in amusement as I flounced around the room repairing my makeup. As I brushed my lengthening auburn tresses and added a bit of body with the curling iron, she was completely smug. “Do you have to stand there and laugh at me?” I snapped angrily, wishing my voice didn’t sound so airy and girlish.

“I thought you might need help, *sister* dear, but I see you’re perfectly capable of fixing yourself up to be a fresh and pretty girl,” she smirked. “That Chrissy Institute is everything they claim in that brochure, and more! Look at you, mincing about in your little skirt and high heels, fussing with your hair and makeup. It’s so precious!”

“You conniving bitch!” I exclaimed. “You know I’m only dressing like this because you threw all my other clothes away! I can’t go down there naked!”

“I’m sure you want to look your best for the cute boys from your old baseball team,” Linda giggled.

“When she left my room, I was close to tears, but held back. I couldn’t afford for my mascara to run and tear streak my freshly applied makeup. Instead I smoothed out my skirt, straightened my blouse, and reluctantly went downstairs.”

“The living room was full of my former friends and schoolmates, and they were all stunned into silence as I entered the room, heart hammering wildly behind the constriction of my pushup bra and tight form fitting blouse. I felt so utterly feminine with the light catching on my dangling earrings, lipstick, and painted nails. My hair bounced in auburn waves around my face, mascara weighed down my curled lashes, and my heels clopped noisily on the hardwood floor. I was too embarrassed to meet a single pair of eyes!”

“With everyone standing around with lemonade in hand, I was unsure of what to say, until, Kathy, my former girlfriend from the tenth grade said, “Lacy, you are absolutely gorgeous. I’m so proud of you and I support your decision to be a girl and wear pretty dresses completely. Who would have thought my old boyfriend would look better in a skirt, heels, and makeup than me? You’re hot stuff, girly!” She hugged me and gave me a kiss on the cheek.”

“Face burning, I thanked her for the compliment as the others came over to congratulate me on my *coming out*. I was shaking with embarrassment...it seemed like it would never end! All the girls were saying how lovely I was, and my former teammates mumbled something and offered awkward handshakes. Any strength I once had had been moisturized right out of my hands, and the best I could offer was a girlish limp wrist. My hand looked so small and feminine inside theirs with my bright polished and manicured nails! Even worse, most

of them were obviously doing their best not to check out my legs and growing boobs!”

“By the time they left, I was completely drained both physically and emotionally! My knees were shaking beneath my short skirt, and I was so angry with Linda that I could have screamed! How was I supposed to convince anyone of the truth after what she set me up to happen? They had all seen me dressed as a girl and thought I truly desired to be a pretty, dainty girl!”

“Welcome to your new life, *Lacy*,” Linda said smugly when once our parents left for the kitchen to wash the dishes. “Good luck trying to convince anyone this is all a mistake or that I set you up after how completely girlish you just acted. Now, everyone knows you were really a sissy all along.”

“But I’m not, I *wasn’t!*” I exclaimed, tears prickling my eyes. “I only dress and comport myself this way because you set me up and those horrible women made me! I’m going to march into the kitchen and tell Mom and Dad the truth right now!”

“Don’t get your panties in a wad, *Lacy!*” Linda giggled. Mom and Dad didn’t believe you before, so why would they believe you now that you’re wearing a chic skirt, frilly blouse, heels, and makeup? No, sister dear, I’m afraid you’ll just have to get used to being a girl. When you go back to school, it will be as a pretty auburn haired girl in a short skirt, heels, and makeup. Revenge is so sweet!”

“I’m not letting this go any further,” I said, frustrated beyond belief. “I’m telling them what really happened!” Just as I turned to go to the kitchen, the doorbell rang.

“*Lacy*, dear, would you get that?” Mom called causing Linda to smile at me.

Angrily blinking my tears away, I minced to the door, opened it, and saw my old buddy Phil Blake! He had been completely distant during the disastrous party, barely looking at me, and now he was staring bashfully at his feet. “Phil?” I asked, confused.

“Hello, Lar—Lacy, I mean ...” he said. “We, um, we didn’t get a chance to get acquainted when everyone was here, so I was hoping maybe you would come out for pizza so we can talk. Will you?”

I felt relieved. I had been worried that Phil considered me a total sissy and wanted nothing to do with me! Instead, he wanted to take me out! “Sure,” I said, sighing. “I haven’t eaten pizza in ages! I’m afraid I have to go like this, though. I, um, they gave all my boy clothes to charity.”

“That’s okay!” Phil exclaimed, a little too quickly. “You look great the way you are.”

“Okay,” I said happily. “Let me run upstairs and change!” As I minced to the stairs, I was unaware of the way his eyes were glued to my feminine sway as I walked away! I hurried up the stairs, looking for a more casual outfit, my gaze gravitated towards this cute dress in the back of my closet. “Well,” I thought, “I may as well look nice if I’m going out with a guy!”

With that in mind, I quickly zipped myself into this tight figure hugging black halter dress. I knew it was extremely clingy and would show off my legs to advantage, but it was so cute that I just couldn’t resist. Since we would be at a restaurant, I needed to redo my makeup, I reasoned. As I was picking out matching pumps, my sister showed up again.

“I see you’re getting all prettied up for your date with Phil,” she smirked.

“Get serious!” I scoffed, adjusting my earrings. “Phil has been my friend forever, and if anyone will believe how you set me up, he will! Once I explain what happened, he’ll understand. We’ll be tossing the old ball around in no time, and your little scheme will be over!”

“Somehow I don’t think Phil has baseball on the brain,” Linda giggled. “He could barely take his eyes off you, like a boy who likes a girl. He thinks you’re cute, and he’s laying his claim before any of the other boys move in on you.”

“I glared at her in disbelief. A date? Did Phil think we were going on a date? I looked at myself in the mirror and blushed furiously. With my slinky dress, smoky nylons, high-heeled pumps, and silver bangle earrings, I looked like one hot number! I was dressed up like a girl to be some guy’s sexy, date, and I had done it all without thinking what I was doing!”

“I bet he’ll just love you,” Linda teased, “Especially in that flirty little dress.”

“I stared at my reflection and realized just how right she was. Had I really used a darker eyeshadow and extra coats of mascara to make my eyes seem alluring and my lashes dark and luxurious? Had my choice of coral lipstick been intended to make my lips appear soft, pouty, and kissable? I blushed, looking at my glistening lips, the kind any red-blooded guy would love to get his tongue between! With my hair cascading to my shoulders and my dress hugging my figure, I looked like a pretty girl going on a date! The earrings twinkling from my lobes, nylons proudly displaying my shapely legs, and my daring four-inch heels gave me a completely feminine *look*. My pushed up breasts and rounded bottom only added to the picture.”

“Don’t tell me you’re all dressed up like that to bum around with an old baseball buddy,” my sister giggled, observing my distress. “You obviously want a real man’s attentions! I bet you can’t wait to have a big strong arm around your delicate waist, and have him gently kissing your pretty lips. That’s why you added that gloss!”

“Is she right?” I wondered. “Am I actually eager to look my best for a *real* man?” I thought back to the school dance and blushed furiously. “But, but I’m a boy, I don’t have feelings for other...” I stammered.

“Shhh,” Linda purred soothingly. “You, a *boy*? Are you looking in the same mirror I am? I bet you can’t wait for Phil to stroke your pretty nylon clad thighs and have his strong hands all over you to make you feel like the dainty, delicate girl you have become.”

“I...I’m not ... I don’t want...” My head was spinning with confusion!”

“Look, I know you aren’t a sissy, and you didn’t steal my panties and things,” she said in a serious tone. “We both know I hid them in your room and convinced Mom and Dad that you wanted to wear them. I did it to get even with you as a joke, but something happened to you at that school. You not only look like a girl, you move, walk, and talk like one as well.”

“Those women at the Chrissy Institute made me learn all that stuff,” I tried to explain. “They made me practice hour after hour and day after day until all those girlish actions became habit, and I forgot how I did it as a boy. Like that brochure said, I couldn’t resist them!”

“I know sweetie,” Linda said softly as she gave me a generous spritz of floral scented perfume and said with a wink, “There, that scent should really drive him wild. Now, don’t keep your beau waiting.”

“Taking her advice, I gathered my purse and minced down the stairs in utter confusion. I couldn’t believe I was actually going on a date with a boy, a boy who had been my boyhood friend!”

“Wow!” Phil exclaimed. “You look, uh, *wow*. In fact, you’re gorgeous!” His eyes roved quickly over my nylon clad thighs, and I felt a blush creep up my face. My own friend was checking me out!

“Mom, Phil and I are going for pizza,” I called out.”

“Mom bustled out of the kitchen, and when she saw what I was wearing, she broke out in a knowing smile, although her nose wrinkled slightly at the strength of my perfume.

“Enjoy yourself, darling, but remember to be ladylike at all times,” she said. “I haven’t had as much time to teach you these things as I’ve had with Linda, but hopefully those wonderful women at the Chrissy Institute have taught you a few things about boys.”

“I blushed deeply. I was a boy! I should be dating girls, but instead I had been primped, plucked, and prettified to be a real boy’s sexy date for the evening!”

“And Phil, we expect you to be a gentleman,” Dad said sternly. “You’ve known Larry for a long time, but that doesn’t give you any excuse to be overly familiar with *Lacy*, understand?”

“Yes, sir,” Phil said, gulping nervously. He held out his arm and I realized I was expected to take it! Humiliated beyond belief, I laid my delicate, manicured hand on his muscular forearm. I could see Linda smirking as we exited the house, my heels clicking noisily on the porch. The smell of my perfume was making me dizzy, and Phil’s insistence on putting his arm around my waist certainly didn’t help!”

“Let’s get that pizza,” I smiled, awkwardly trying to remove his hand. Keeping his hand in place, he hesitantly admitted, “Lacy, I think you’re really brave to make this decision because you’re the sexiest, most beautiful girl I’ve ever met.”

“I blushed deeply, still very aware of his arm around my waist. “Th...thank you, Phil,” I stammered. “B...but, can’t we just be buddies again and get pizza the way we used to after baseball practice?”

Phil looked confused but eventually agreed saying, “Okay ... sure, if that’s what you want. I just...” He trailed off as he opened the car door for me.

I slipped inside gracefully and folded my legs in after me, being careful not to give him a view of my panties. My heart was thumping wildly with nervousness as I wondered, “How am I supposed to act? How is he supposed to treat me like a baseball buddy when I’m dressed and made up to the nines in a little black dress and sky high pumps?

“The ride to the pizza place seemed unbearably long. I kept thinking about how I had once taken girls out on dates and enjoyed seeing them all dressed up, especially if their skirt rode up to show lots of attractive thigh. Now, the stiletto was on the other foot! I was the one wearing a sexy dress and swimming in alluring feminine perfume. I was the one all dolled up to be the pretty date of another guy! I felt helpless as I looked down at my nylon clad thighs, barely covered by my short skirt that was kept from riding higher by my painted nails.”

“Don’t be nervous,” Phil said, after a moment. “I understand what you’re going through ... at least I think I do. You might still be a boy, but you are the most beautiful, sexy girl I’ve ever seen. I know you’re not quite Larry, but I’m still Phil.”

“You’re right,” I sighed, relieved. “I appreciate your loyalty and your friendship. It...it’s just that this is such a new experience for me!”

“Well, for me too,” Phil laughed. “I’ve never taken a boy ... or a girl as pretty as you out for pizza!”

I blushed, but for some reason I liked receiving the compliments. Phil was a perfect gentleman when we arrived at the restaurant, opening the car door and pulling out my seat at the table ... everything! We ordered a small pizza, but I only nibbled at my slice, saying I wasn’t very hungry. With a hunky guy like Phil, I had to watch my figure! In the end, he ate virtually the whole thing!”

“We shared a milkshake with two straws. I only took a sip, but I couldn’t help but see the jealous looks Phil received from other guys in the place. I also noticed that his eyes seemed to glaze over a little as I sucked the last swallow out of the glass! As was to be expected, my lipstick left a smudge on the straw.”

“Despite myself, I was starting to enjoy the evening by the time Phil drove me home. He kept his hands to himself and had not tried to make any more passes at me, which was a real relief. I was still trying to figure out how best to explain the situation to him when we pulled into my driveway.

“Walk you to the door?” he asked politely.

“Okay,” I said, smiling nervously. How was I going to tell him that my sister was behind this whole ridiculous charade and that she had set me up to wear dresses? He opened my door again and because of my short skirt and heels, I allowed him to help me out of the car.”

“So, you probably don’t have your baseball glove anymore,” Phil teased.

“I don’t know,” I admitted, blushing. “They totally redecorated my room while I was at school! Do you want to see it?”

“Phil seemed surprised, but eager. “Definitely,” he grinned, reaching past me to open the door yet again.”

“Judging by the sound of it, my parents were watching a film in the living room. Thinking Linda was probably in her room, I traipsed quietly up the stairs eager to be out of my high heels. Phil came behind me. “Oof, these were just killing me!” I squealed, kicking off my stilettos when we entered my room.”

“I believe you,” Phil said, sitting beside me on the bed. “Why do girls wear those things, anyway?”

“I blushed and admitted, “To make our legs look nice, I guess,” I said, embarrassed that I had answered as if I were a girl.”

“They do that alright,” Phil agreed smoothly. “All of you looks nice.” He put his hand on my leg and I froze, terrified. I didn’t know what to do as his hand crept up under my skirt!”

“Phil, don’t,” I started to say, but he cut me off. He cupped my cheek softly in his hand and pulled me into a deep kiss. I hate to admit it, but my heart really fluttered as he kissed me! I had mixed emotions. I was revolted to have another boy’s tongue in my mouth, but at the same time I felt butterflies, both from the kiss and the sensation of his hand on my leg. In the middle of his kiss, Linda opened my door, with both of our parents in tow! I gasped and pulled away from Phil, but the damage had definitely been done.”

“Oh!” exclaimed Mom in an embarrassed voice. “We didn’t know Phil came in with you, sweetheart. We just wanted to know if you enjoyed your date.”

“I should go,” Phil said, anxiously eyeing my disapproving dad. He gave me a lingering look, full of desire, and I blushed yet again. Dad saw him out, and no doubt gave him a stern dressing down as well! Left, alone with Mom and Linda, how was I supposed to explain myself now? “It wasn’t what it looked like,” I began. “I don’t like boys ... *that way* ... really I don’t!”

“You certainly looked like you were enjoying that kiss,” Mom said. “Look, it’s perfectly natural for a lovely young girl like you to attract male attention, and even enjoy it, but you need to be careful!”

“But I don’t want to be a girl!” I tried to explain, bursting into tears. “I never did! It’s like I told you, Linda planted the diary and her panties in my room. I never wanted to wear girl’s clothes or be sent to that horrible Chrissy Institute!”

“Honey, I thought we were past all this denial,” Mom sighed. “You’ve been the picture of radiant femininity ever since you returned from school. You have comported yourself in a total girlish manner, and even accepted a date with a boy! We can accept you as a girl, Lacy, but you need to accept yourself as one as well. I won’t hear any more of this nonsense, so undress, remove your makeup, slip into your nightie, and get into bed.”

“But, Mom...” I tried to explain.”

“I’ve put away your lovely wardrobe, and I must say, you have some provocative clothing for a young girl. Linda wears cotton panties, plain bras, and she doesn’t own a slip or a garter belt. You have only nylon panties, lacy bras, full and half slips, camisoles, nylons, and not a single pair of pantyhose. What I want to know is when do you wear that sexy bustier?”

She was blushing! My Mom was actually blushing over my sexy lingerie. “I don’t know what you did to set

him off, but judging by your wardrobe, it's no wonder Phil was all sexed up and kissing you!"

"Mom, I really can explain!" I gushed."

"What's to explain?" she scoffed, cutting me off. "I received a letter from Ms. Duke that said you selected every dress, skirt, blouse, item of lingerie, and pair of shoes in your luggage." Then, without warning, she unzipped the back of my dress, pulled it off my shoulders, and said, "Let's see what you wore get Phil all hot and bothered."

"My dress gone, I had just stepped out of my black minislip when Dad barged back into the room. Seeing me in my bra, panties, and garter belt, he stammered, "Oh ... uh ... I uh ..."

"Coming to his rescue, Mom said, "You'll have to be more careful about entering Lacy's room in the future without knocking, dear. Now, leave us girls alone. We still have some issues to settle."

"I've always thought Phil was a hunk!" Linda said excitedly. "Is he a good kisser? What's it like to kiss him? Does he use his tongue?"

"Girls!" Mom scolded. "We will remain ladies in this house, though I can see that will be difficult with you two! Lacy, go to the bathroom and change into your nightie. You and I will have a much needed mother-daughter talk while you remove your makeup, cream your face, and roll your hair for the night." As I retrieved a baby blue babydoll nightie from my drawer, Mom snapped at Linda, "The talk will benefit you too, young lady, so you may as well stay."

"When I returned to my bedroom, sat at my vanity, and started creaming my makeup away, Mom started her talk. I couldn't believe my ears when she talked

about, vaginas, penises, breasts, sex, oral sex, and other explicit things. I had no idea she knew about these things, much less discussed them openly. By the time she was finished, both Linda and I had been given a candid education in the do's, don'ts, whys, and *whens* of teenage sex. We were also well versed in the natural wants, desires, turn-ons and turn-offs of teens, and we were blushing for all we were worth.

At long last, Mom kissed me on the cheek and left. Linda gave me a last devious smile as they left me alone in my feminized room. Feeling all alone, I sat on my pink sheets and sobbed. My parents had seen me in sexy lingerie with another boy, and they thought I had initiated his kiss, or at least allowed, him to kiss me! My fate was sealed. It was becoming clear that I would never be Larry again!"

Elliot gave his feminized roommate a comforting hug as he finished his tearful story. "That's so awful!" he said. "I'll bet anything your sister intentionally led your parents up to your room to see you with Phil."

"I know," Lacy sobbed. "She proved it by constantly putting me in situations that made it appear that my claim to the truth was a lie. With her conniving, I was caught in several compromising situations with Phil. For example, once she pushed me over onto his lap, causing my skirt to ride high on my thighs to reveal my panties just as Dad entered the room. Linda convinced him that we were cuddling and kissing and that Phil had his hand under my skirt. After that, he was barred from the house and I didn't see him again for the remainder of my visit."

"Did you get to see any of your other friends?"

"I saw a few, but Linda just invited them over to tease me about wearing dresses. There wasn't anyone who believed she had set me up to be a girl like Phil."

"I'll bet being without a friend made you lonesome."

"You don't know the half of it!"

"While you were home, did you get to wear jeans?"

"No. Linda made sure of that. She said that if I wanted to be a girl and wear dresses and skirts, I should wear dresses and skirts. She convinced Mom and Dad, and they forbade me to wear any kind of trousers, not even shorts!"

"Wow, that must have been traumatic."

"Was it ever, and when Mom and Dad weren't around, Linda teased me about how she had outsmarted me and landed me in skirts. She also made fun of me because she wore cotton panties while I had to priss around in *silky bits of fluff*, her words for my nylon panties. No doubt about it, my scheming sister ruined my life and doomed me to skirts and frilly lingerie for life all for some childish revenge. I'm Lacy now, whether I like it or not. I just have to make the best of it."

"I feel the same way about Ellie," Elliot agreed mournfully. "Without my father's money, there's no way I could survive on my own. I don't see any alternative but to go along with his wishes and become an elegant, attractive young lady." He decided not to mention what he had experienced with Rod over the holidays!

"Maybe it's for the best," Lacy sniffed. "I certainly hope so, anyway!"

With their return to the Chrissy Institute, forced in a few cases, the *girls* slowly became resigned to their inevitable femininity. Because of their intense lessons, nightly subliminal messages, and enforced manner of dress, they grew accustomed to their girlish lifestyle.

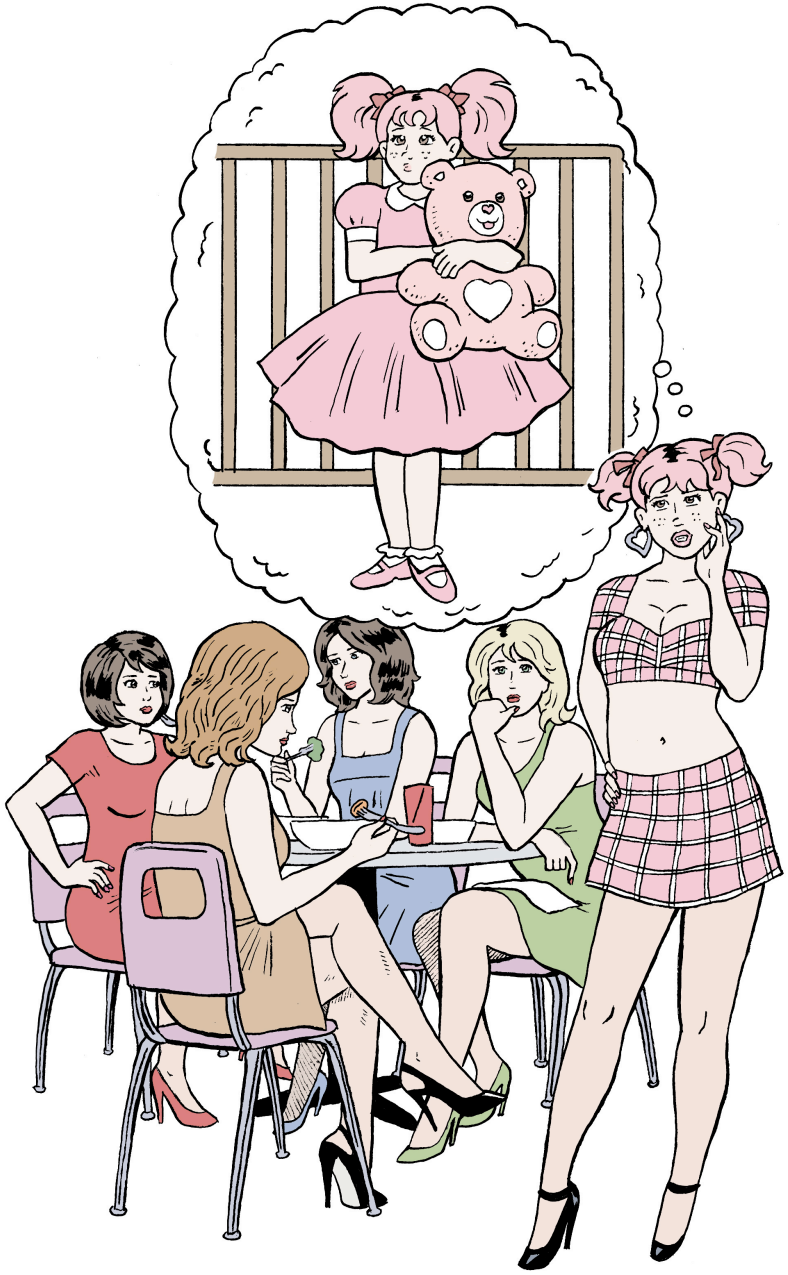
Observing their change of attitude, the counselors began to focus on refresher lessons in comportment, carriage, speech, and etiquette. Within weeks, even Molly could choose an ensemble, makeup, and hairstyle for every occasion, night or day, as well as any girl.

One evening at dinner, as she and Ms. Duke looked over the girlish boys, Ms. Stone sighed, “We have done well. For a group of stubborn unruly boys who swore they would never wear dresses, they have really blossomed into attractive and refined young ladies.”

“Yes,” Ms. Duke agreed. “Even Molly, who was our most determined and headstrong has come around to the fact that we always get our way. Look at him traipsing about from table to table in his brief waitress uniform taking orders and serving food. He has come a long way from when he had to carry a doll or a teddy bear wherever he went and slept in a locked crib with a pacifier in his mouth. The threat to put him in diapers was the straw that finally broke his tenacious spirit.”

“He’s broken alright, and I’ll bet those boobs he’s sporting had a major role in that,” Ms. Stone chuckled. “Given his new attitude, isn’t it about time you let him return to his natural auburn hair color and a hairstyle befitting his age? If not, the only style he’ll be skilled at creating when he leaves here will be angel wings.”

“Yes, I spoke with him on that subject, and believe it or not, he’s thrilled about being allowed to wear stylish dresses, skirts, and makeup like the other girls. You’ve seen the darlings broken before, so you know the drill.”



Molly had been a headstrong boy. Those kind of boys had to go through a complete girlhood.

After a few weeks, even the most experienced observer would be hard pressed to peg even one of the pretty, vivacious students as a boy the bevy of beauties giggled and gossiped over meals, and swished gracefully between classes with their heels clicking noisily. They helped each other with clothes selection, hairstyling and makeup in the mornings and evenings! Despite their original aversion to all things feminine, they were becoming attractive and desirable young ladies.

Elliot had another *adjustment* in store for him before graduating from the Chrissy Institute. Along with Becky, a blonde bimbo far more befitting the feminine name, he was sent to a private clinic for a month. In addition to trimming his pert nose, slimming his jaw, and shaving his Adam's apple, the primary purpose of his visit was to give him breast implants to create full, firm, 38 C breasts!

"Isn't it, like, exciting?" Becky giggled, after having the same surgery. He flounced happily about in low cut tops to show off the eye grabbing additions to his slender frame. Elliot had never expected to see a boy so excited to have real breasts.

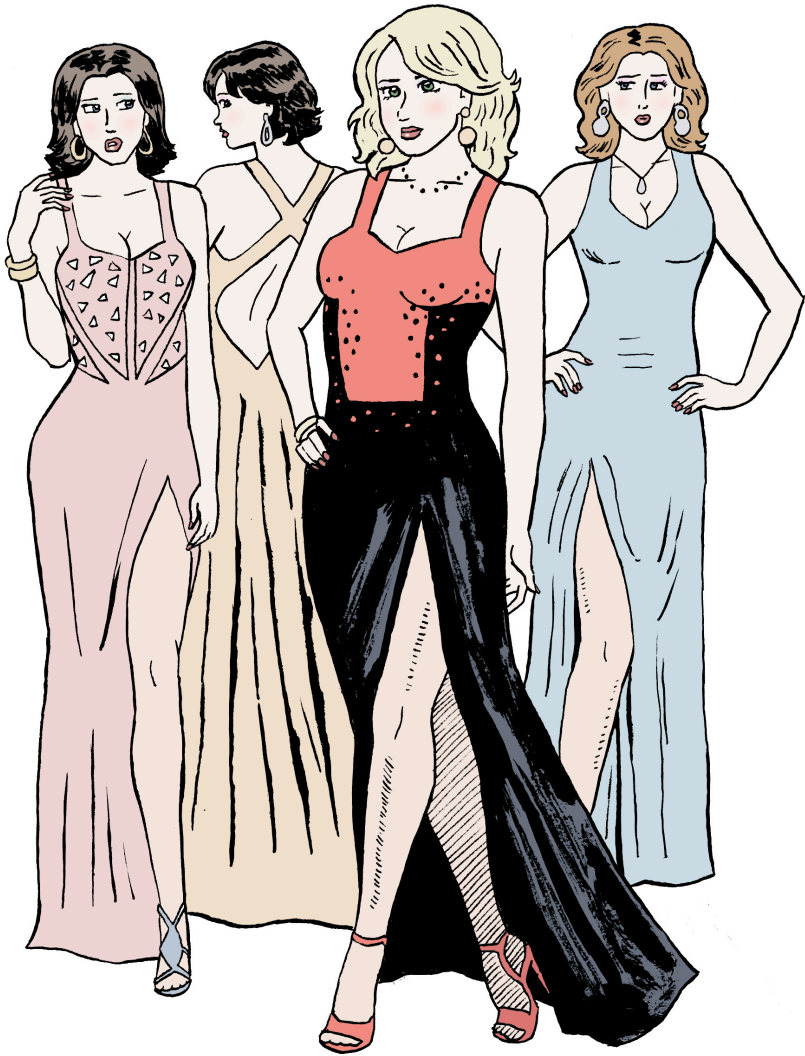
"I don't know," Elliot said miserably, struggling with the clasp of his lacy black pushup bra, never having filled out a bra this size! His new breasts strained against the flimsy straps and jiggled with every move he made, hanging off his chest like fleshy pillows. How was he ever going to get used to this?

"The other *girls* will be so jealous of us," Becky smiled snidely. "Those little estrogen injections will never give them a rack like this. I can't wait to strut my stuff down the beach, and just think of all the sexy revealing tops we can wear!"

“I don’t think I want boys staring at my chest,” Elliot moaned, adjusting his new cleavage. The surgeons were among the best in the world, and his chest looked like it belonged in a lingerie catalogue! The boys would certainly be drooling. He picked at the strap of his bra with one manicured nail, still uncomfortable with the new weight. Jogging would certainly be a new experience, and he somehow doubted he would be able to do pushups anymore!

“You’ll want some totally cute boy to look, just wait and see,” Becky giggled. “Plunging necklines, here we come! Ooh, and I can’t wait to wear a bikini.”

Elliot thought about Rod, who would certainly be impressed by *Ellie’s* new cup size! He imagined Rod’s strong hands roaming over his soft curves and massaging suntan lotion onto them. He blushed when he realized what he was thinking!



When not obsessed with what was between their legs, boys can find wonderful interests in hair design, fashion and even culinary arts.

By the time Becky and Ellie returned to the Institute, graduation was fast approaching, causing Elliot to become very apprehensive about his future. He hadn't seen his father for a year. What would he think

when he saw his only son strutting about in an elegant low cut gown and stilt heels? Would he be proud that he had such a beautiful daughter, or ashamed that he sent his son be turned into a complete and utter sissy? He slept fretfully throughout the week, and not only because he was still adjusting to sleeping on his side with his new breasts.

“Are you nervous?” Larry asked on the eve of their graduation ceremony. He was sitting daintily on the edge of the bed with his shapely nylon clad legs crossed while seductively combing out his auburn tresses. The final six months of lessons had completely eliminated any traces of boyishness he might have had left. He was now a complete ravishing redhead with a knock out body carefully molded into girlish contours and was swathed in delicate lingerie.

Strict diets and cosmetic surgeries had given the *girls* a slender figure most women would kill for. Together with Larry’s gorgeous red hair, pouty Cupid’s bow lips in glossy coral, and wide doe like eyes, everything resembling masculinity was long gone!

The Chrissy Institute *girls* had spent the better part of the last two days preparing for the big night. They had visited the salon to have their brows done, legs waxed, and manicures and pedicures performed. Facial masks, hairstyling, and moisturizing were included. Elliot felt exhausted by the wide array of beauty rituals. There was a giddy excitement in the air as the girls selected lingerie and accessories.

“I’m nervous for my family to see me graduate, but I also can’t wait to wear my dress and sexy heels!” Larry admitted as he let a giggle slip from between her painted lips. The gown in question was draped over his bed, a gorgeous royal blue creation that would be certain to hug his feminine curves in all the right ways.

“None of us wanted this to happen in the beginning, but we’ll look drop dead gorgeous for the ceremony,” Elliot assured his roommate, giggling as well. “It’s just that I haven’t seen my father in a year. I know he sent me here, but I don’t know what he’ll think when he sees me in my sexy gown!”



The boys were now used to seeing soft curves and how to take care of their assets. A bad hair day could be a time of the month or a real bad hair day!

“He’ll be proud to have such a beautiful daughter,” Larry said firmly. “Just wait and watch!”

“I certainly hope so,” Elliot sighed pensively, applying his lipstick. He looked at his pretty reflection and struggled to remember how he looked only nine months prior to his enrollment in the Chrissy Institute, but he failed miserably. There was no trace of Elliot in his sultry eyes, thick, luxurious lashes, pouty collagen enhanced lips, dainty nose or delicate facial features. Only *Ellie* reflected back. “Oh well, if I have to be a girl, I guess I’ll be the best girl I can,” he decided, blending his makeup. “I sure hope Dad is impressed with his new daughter. After all, he sent me here!”

The tables had been removed from the dining area of the Chrissy Institute and the chairs arranged before a stage for the graduation ceremony. Sponsors slowly trickled in, acquired programs, and took their seats. Richard entered with his usual arrogant swagger, although looking rather confused. Judith, on the other hand, was all smiles.

“This place sure looks and smells kind of girly,” Richard frowned. “I’m having a hard time believing a place like this can turn Elliot into an aggressive corporate type. You promised they would scare him straight and make him want to assume his rightful place in management and as the future CEO of my business empire. Are you still sure about that?”

“You can get a take on his wishes and desires for his future after the graduation ceremony,” Judith smiled.

“Alright, but this better not take too long,” Richard grumbled as he checked his phone for messages. “He and I need to get back to work.”

Just then, the doors opened and the twenty four graduates of the Chrissy Institute began filing onto the stage. Murmurs and titters rose from the sponsors and family members. While they watched, the gorgeous *girls* paraded past atop stilt heels, all perfectly dressed, coiffed, and made up for the big event.

Elliot caught sight of his father and stepmother as he minced gracefully past them. He was teetering a bit on his five inch stilettos but was careful to maintain his dazzling white smile even as his heart thumped wildly. Judith wore a smug smile, but his father didn't appear to recognize him in his shimmery gown! The *girls* all looked amazing, but *Ellie* was a real show stopper.

Ms. Stone had carefully selected a slinky, revealing gown for him in shimmering silver satin. It had a plunging neckline to show off his bountiful cleavage and daring thigh high slit to expose plenty of nylon clad thigh with every dainty step. His blonde tresses spilled atop his bare shoulders in perfect waves and elegant chandelier earrings dangled and sparkled from his lobes.

With his pretty face, willowy figure, sexy legs, enticing *development*, and low cut dress, he was aware of more than a few male eyes following him lustfully onto the stage. His acquired feminine poise only added to his allure, making his nylon clad thighs whisper together as his hips rotated seductively. Smoothing his skirt, he sat gracefully with his knees primly together as his long skirt separated and fell away. Taking another nervous glance towards Judith and his father, he whispered to Larry. "I don't think Dad recognized me!"

"Didn't his wife point you out?" Larry asked in total confusion. "Hasn't she been showing him your photos and videos from this place?"

“I don’t know. Maybe I’m just paranoid,” Elliot sighed anxiously.

Seeing his roommate’s distress, Larry supportively took his hand as Ms. Duke began to speak. Once, he would have balked at holding another boy’s hand, but now, it somehow felt natural and made him feel more secure and at ease. Elliot’s heart fluttered excitedly behind his mammoth breasts when it was turn to take the stage. Hearing his name called out, he rose to his five inch stilettos and gracefully minced to the podium. His hard earned diploma in his neatly manicured hand, he dipped a slight curtsy to the audience and smiled brightly, his white teeth framed by dazzling red lips and shoulder length golden blonde hair.

After the ceremony, the confusion on Richard’s face was replaced by shock and awe. “Is that you, Elliot?” he gasped while trying to discern if this ravishing blonde in her elegant gown, makeup, and heels was really his son. “What the hell is going on? What have you done, and why are you wearing that dress? You look... you ... uh ... are ... are *those* real?” he finished weakly; pointing at his son’s swelling breasts.

“This is, or was, Elliot, and his breasts are indeed real, darling,” Judith smiled, stepping forward. “Only the best implants money can buy for your darling *daughter*. Don’t you remember paying the bill for those beauties or did you think they were for one of your buxom secretaries, mistresses, or playmates?”

“What’s going on?” Elliot inquired pouting his collagen enhanced lips. “Dad, you sent me to this school to become a girl. I saw the letter you wrote to Ms. Duke. I know you did it because I recognized your signature! Why are you denying it now and pretending not to know

what happened?” In total confusion, Elliot stared in helpless alarm from his father to Judith.

“I didn’t write any such damn letter!” Richard boomed angrily. “But I do agree with Elliot about one thing! Somebody needs to explain what the bloody hell is going on around here and tell me what happened to my son and why he’s wearing a dress!”

“I confess!” Judith declared with a devious grin. “I wrote the letter and slipped it in with some other papers you were signing with very little attention to what they were. I must admit that I completely misled you two darlings. As *Ellie* found out the hard way, the Chrissy Institute is a unique finishing school for boys who are destined to become girls by the decision of their sponsors. The inevitable happens regardless of their own desires or opinions on the subject. Look around, what you see here today is the result of time honored methods, treatments, and skills.”

“How....why...?” Richard gasped.

“Remember when you two were arguing and Elliot said maybe he wasn’t cut out to be a boy if he didn’t want to manage your financial empire? Well, that comment made me realize the wisdom of his statement. After a diligent search on the internet, I decided that the Chrissy Institute would be the ideal place for him. With that in mind, I enrolled him while keeping you two in the dark regarding the specific details. As you can see, *Ellie* has blossomed into a beautiful young woman.”

“B...but you said Dad enrolled me!” Elliot gasped.

“Hush, Ellie, and let your father and me talk,” Judith said sternly. As she turned back to her stunned husband, Elliot heeded her command and stood silently by. “As I was saying,” she continued, “Your delinquent son failed at being a boy, and he refused to take the

silver spoon job you offered. Therefore, I decided this was the best possible place for him. In fact, while we were on our cruise, he begged me to let him stay on here for the second semester.”

“I didn’t beg to come back here after Christmas, and I didn’t want to attend this awful school in the first place!” Elliot protested, near tears. “I never wanted to wear dresses or be a girl, and I *still* don’t!”

“I told you to be quiet, Ellie!” Judith insisted.

“*Ellie?*” Richard questioned. “Why are you calling him that? Elliot, take that dress off this instant! Is this some sort of ridiculous prank? Are you trying to tell me that my son is a sissy who wants to be a girl and wear dresses?”

“It’s Ellie now, dear,” Judith said with a devious grin. I signed the necessary paperwork for Ms. Duke to have the court legally change his name to Ellie Sue because I was afraid there might be some last minute attempt at bravado.”

“I don’t know what to believe!” Richard spat in disgust. “Elliot, is this true?”

“Ellie, honey, your father just needs some time to adjust to this revelation. In time, I’m sure he’ll be very proud of your decision to become a girl. I *insist* that you give him this chance.” She turned back to her husband. “Darling, do you really think a few women with clipboards could possibly turn a macho boy into this mincing vision of feminine fluff if it wasn’t destined to be? In truth, Ellie loves his new status as a lovely girl. He’s just worried that you won’t accept him and his new persona, that’s all!”

“Say this isn’t so, Elliot!” Richard demanded, his face turning red with anger.

“What she says is definitely not true!” Elliot protested frantically, shaking his head, his tresses bobbing prettily about his face and his chandelier earrings swinging wildly. “I never wanted to be a girl and wear dresses. I don’t want to now, but they took all my boy clothes away!”

“Can you prove this isn’t something you’ve just cooked up?” Richard demanded of Judith.

“I didn’t want to have this confrontation here and now, but I guess it has to be,” Judith sighed. “To answer your question, yes, as a matter of fact, I do have proof. Here are some photographs of your son with one of his many male admirers on our Christmas cruise. As you can see, he is quite enjoying his feminine role in short sexy dresses and string bikinis. Here are some of him kissing and dancing with a handsome young man, frolicking in the Jacuzzi, and sunning topless by the pool. I also have several videos of his romantic trysts with this young man as well if you wish to see them.”

Elliot felt a horrible sinking feeling in his stomach as Judith produced pictures of him topless by the pool, with Rod in the hot tub, dancing in his revealing minidress, doing aerobics in his bikini, getting dressed in his cabin in his frilly undies, and a lot more! How did she get them, and who took them?

Richard’s face turned stark white at the sight of his son applying makeup and brushing his blonde mane into a chic girlish style in his panties, bra, garter belt, nylons, stilt heels, and transparent negligee like a pinup model, and clambering onto another boy’s lap to be groped, kissed, and fondled without his bikini top. There was even a photo of his wet bra floating on the surface of the hot tub and others of him dancing closely with a handsome cadet in that very room.

Elliot felt his face grow hot and turn red all over. “Please Dad, it’s not what it looks like,” he pleaded.

“My son is a complete and utter sissy, and you knew!” Richard barked at Judith! “This is horrible! I have to head this off with a public relations blitz, before it ruins my reputation and my business!” At that, he stormed out of the room.



Elliot was not a complete and utter sissy. He'd been trained to respond to the world as a female. His curves as attention-getting as his step-mother.

Elliot felt a sob welling up in his throat. “W...why did you tell him all that?” he gasped at Judith. “It’s not true! You know I didn’t want to come here, and I don’t want to wear dresses! As for those photos, you put me in situations where I had to respond like a girl or be discovered as a boy dressed as a girl!” He fanned his face with a manicured hand, feeling as if he might faint. “I never wanted to attend this awful place to start with, and you know I asked to wear jeans on the cruise ... not a string *bikini*! Now, Dad thinks I’m a sissy who likes boys and desires to wear *dresses*!”

“That’s right,” Judith said with a devious smile. “Everything went perfectly according to plan, and you, my dear sissy, played right into my hands. You see, your father married me for exactly two reasons, my beauty and my sex appeal. He didn’t care about me in the slightest. All he wanted was to increase his holdings and have a trophy wife on his arm to escort to swanky social functions. To that end, he insisted on me wearing skimpy, revealing outfits, slutty makeup, and high heels. He tried to impose that image on me for two years, but he finally realized that I was nobody’s *trophy*! That’s when he began to cheat on me with his clients and bimbo corporate secretaries. Now, it’s your turn!”

“What happens to me now?” Elliot whined near tears. “I don’t have any money, and I’m stuck in dresses with these gigantic boobs!”

“Now? Now?” she laughed out loud. “Now, I have my revenge. My husband’s only son, heir to his business empire, is a mincing fashion plate with perfect hair, makeup, and a rack to kill for. I’ve done to you exactly what he wanted to do to me. You are now a simpering female who needs a strong and capable husband to take care of you and keep you in sexy lingerie, stylish dresses,

and expensive jewelry. Instead of suits and ties, you will spend your time in sky high hems and heels being fawned over and pawed at by men like your father.”

“Why did you do this to me?” Elliot asked, beginning to cry. “I never did anything to you.”

“I know, but you were handy and near to Richard’s heart,” Judith smiled. “Now that your father believes you’re a sissy, it should be quite easy for me to arrange your marriage to an up and coming executive who will do anything to rise to the top ... even ignore the secret in your soft silky panties.”

Judith had done her job well. As Elliot realized just how hopeless his situation was, he began to sob in earnest, burying his face in his manicured hands, tears ruined his mascara. “I don’t know how you did it, but you made me be with Rod and his roaming hands on our cruise. Now, you want me to continue wearing dresses and marry another *man!*”

“There, there, honey,” Judith cooed in a sympathetic tone. “It isn’t all bad. I wish there could have been another way to achieve my goals, but your new life doesn’t have to be miserable. Look, you would have ended up behind a boring desk as a man, but now, you’ll get to travel as much as you like and live a lavish life.”

“A lavish life in *dresses!*”

“Oh, shush! You can shop in France, visit the runways of Italy, and dance the night away in Spain, not to mention exciting places in the U.S. like New York, San Francisco, and Las Vegas. Wearing delicate sexy lingerie and stylish dresses isn’t such a terrible price to pay for that kind of luxury. Once you get used to the life, it will be tons of fun! You’ll see!”

Elliot didn't know how to respond to her claim. She stolen his masculinity, and there was no way to get it back. Was it time to give up, give in, and embrace a life as Ellie as she described? In tears, he fled to the ladies' room on his heels, acutely aware of his heels clicking on the tiles, and the breeze blowing across his exposed nylon clad thighs as his long flimsy satin skirt separated at the front slit and blew behind him. Running as fast as possible in his stilt heels, his earrings swung from his lobes, his hair swished about his face and neck, his breasts bounced enticingly in his bra, the aroma of his perfume ... everything about him was now completely feminine!

In the ladies' room, he stared at his tear streaked makeup in the mirror and thought, 'I have no skills and surgery to reverse the damage done during my year at the Chrissy Institute would cost a fortune ... even if I had the money. Even worse, after Judith of my future life in dresses and skirts, I don't know if I want to return to a masculine existence!' Confused and afraid, he searched the mirror for a trace ... any trace of masculinity but saw none. With a trembling sigh, he began to repair his makeup as if programmed ... which of course, he *was*!

"Ellie?" Paul's soft girlish voice was heard from the door. "You were looking totally upset when you ran out of the auditorium. Are you okay, sweetheart?"

"Oh, yes Polly, thanks," Elliot said, trying not to let his voice tremble and reveal his inner turmoil. "I...I think I am. Yes, I'm *finally* okay with being a girl and wearing dresses, skirts, lingerie, makeup, and stilt heels. I said it would never happen, but you have to give those Chrissy Institute women credit. They're good!"

“Wonderful!” Polly exclaimed happily. “I just wanted to let you know that Randy, the handsome cadet you were with at the Christmas dance, is here to see you.”

“What does he want?”

“He seems awfully shy, but from what I could gather, he has been carrying a torch for you since the dance. He finally got up his nerve, and he wants to ask you to be his date to the grand ball at the military academy.”

“Randy, huh...?” *Ellie* smiled happily while enhancing *her* lipstick and checking *her* hair and makeup to assure that they were perfect! As an afterthought, *she* adjusted the strapless bodice of *her* gown to show the tops of *her* large breasts and attractive cleavage to full advantage. With a sly smile, *she* said, “Lead me to him!”

As the two *girls* stepped into the hallway with bright smiles on their pretty faces, they ran into the Chrissy Institute photographer. Stopping them, she snapped several photos in various poses for next year’s brochure. One was a cheesecake shot with them parting their split skirts to purportedly adjust a wayward nylon stocking. Saying they should consider careers as models, she finally sent them on their merry way.

“If we were supposed to be securing our nylons, why did she want us to look up at the camera and smile?” Polly asked as the girlish pair walked away brushing their skirts back into place. “I couldn’t see my garter tab to clasp it?”

“Oh Polly, you’re such an airhead. No wonder your mother and aunt sent you here to become a bimbo beauty queen. Forget all that for now, and lead me to Randy. He’s waited long enough and deserves a reward!”

“You’re so *bad!*” Polly giggled as the two *girls* hurried happily along, their heels clicking rhythmically on the tiles and the splits in their satin skirts separating to flaunt their attractive nylon clad thighs with every step.

THE END

If you liked this story, let me know! Maybe you'd like a sequel? Write to:

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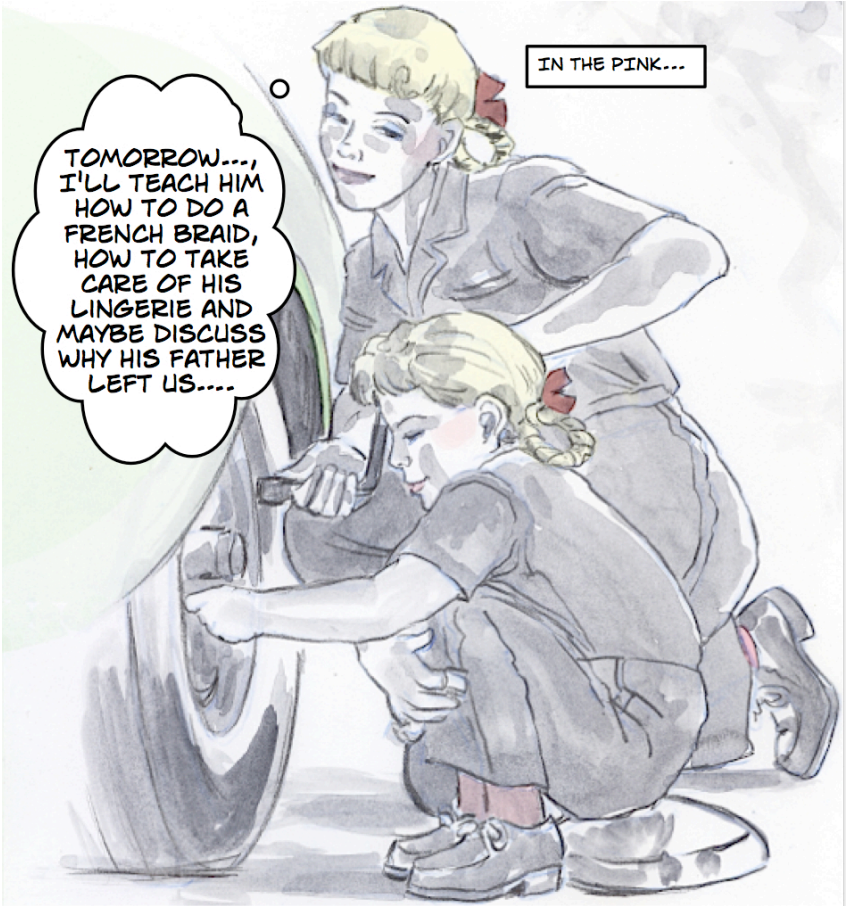
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