

Femme in Training



Rachel Varga

An "Adult TV" Novel



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FEMME IN TRAINING

by Rachel Varga

At nineteen, Shawn was just two and a half years out of high school. After his graduation with only mediocre grades, he realized he was not cut out to go to college. As he reflected on the last two years, he was grateful to his older sister, Janet. She had had the foresight to encourage him to enroll in a prestigious secretarial school. She also had the personal contacts to ensure he was accepted at the formerly all girl school.

Janet, who was three years older, had always looked out for her little brother. She had always been the ambitious, successful one. She graduated from college near the top of her class. A business major, Janet was now well on her way to making her first million. She was the major shareholder in her own corporation. Lady Love, Inc. manufactured and retailed it's own line of ladies fashions. With five retail outlets in New York and California it was doing a thriving business.

At the secretarial school Shawn had done very well. Much of the credit for his success though, must go to his tutor and mentor, Ms Jacqueline Thomas.

She was very strict, but loved her work of molding young people into productive human beings. She had helped Shawn over a number of rough spots during his years at the school. Under her firm guidance Shawn had learned well the secretarial trade. Her motto was practice makes perfect. And Shawn practiced endlessly.

In exchange for her close guidance, Shawn spent nearly every weekend cleaning her home, washing her clothes, and cooking for Ms Jacqueline (as she had given him permission to address her when in private). When not working weekends for Ms Jacqueline he was required to live in the school dorm.

Not surprising to Jacqueline, Shawn quickly became accustomed to the rigorous routine. He had never really minded housework, and cooking was a welcome break to the school's curriculum. Besides, Ms Jacqueline always said that a good secretary was obedient, submissive, and always on the lookout for ways to assist her boss.

Shawn realized that the domestic nature of his weekend work helped him to develop these qualities. He was grateful for the opportunity, as well as for the academic benefits of having his own tutor.

From the start Jacqueline insisted Shawn dress appropriately for his tasks in her home.

It started, the first time Shawn had prepared dinner.

Being just a little nervous, he had spattered sauce on his shirt and slacks.

Controlling her anger at his sloppiness, Ms Jacqueline immediately sent him to her room with orders to remove his dirty clothes. Retrieving the pinafore from the back of the kitchen door, she passed it through the bedroom door to Shawn with orders to put it on.

Hesitant, Shawn held the garment before him. It was a concoction of frills, ruffles, and lace. It had a high ruffled collar. Sleeveless, there were matching

ruffles at the shoulders and hem which came to just above his knees. At first he put it on backwards, with the buttons to the front.

“How silly you look,” giggled Ms Jacqueline as she entered the bedroom to see his silly mistake and confused embarrassment, “the buttons go to the back. Here let me help you.”

Shamed by his near nudity, and somewhat dismayed by Ms Jacqueline’s casual acceptance of it, Shawn quickly corrected his error.

As she buttoned him up the back, Ms Jacqueline instructed him.

“From now on, when you are working here in my house, you must wear clothing suitable to your tasks.”

Shawn would always remember his first birthday with Ms Jacqueline, which they had celebrated at her house. She had complimented him on the excellent dinner he had prepared and after cleaning up the dishes Shawn brought Ms Jacqueline a second cup of coffee while she was relaxing in the study by placing an array of pretty packages upon the coffee table to surprise him..

“Happy birthday, Shawn!” she greeted, handing him the gifts.

Without hesitation, Shawn flung himself on the couch with glee, carelessly letting the hem of his pinafore rise high on his thigh. He excitedly began ripping the pretty pink ribbon and wrapping paper.

To his astonishment he found the box contained three sets of matching underwear. Each set consisted of a lacy chemise and matching brassiere, half slip and the prettiest panties he had ever seen. There was one set in virgin white, another in the softest shade of pink, and the last was a pale pastel yellow.

“I thought it was about time you had something suitable to wear under your pretty pinafores, Shawn. I hope you like them.” Ms Jacqueline smiled.

Not knowing what to say, Shawn flustered. “Er...uh they’re very pretty Ms Jacqueline, they look awfully expensive.”

“I’m glad you like them Shawn. Now open your other gifts.”

The next box contained three pairs of extremely sheer nylons and three garter belts which exactly matched the lingerie he had just opened.

The last box, Shawn correctly guessed contained a pair of shoes. They were beautiful. Black patent leather pumps with a very narrow heel that Shawn guessed to be about four inches high.

“Those will look so much better than your silly loafers and socks when your wearing a pinnie, don’t you agree Shawn?” she asked with a knowing smile.

Once again lost for words Shawn stuttered, “I think they’re beautiful, Ms Jacqueline. But these are girls things. I would never wear anything like this!”

“Shawn, I feel it’s time we had a little talk. You know that I want you to do well in school and I want you to succeed in the business world after graduation. That’s the whole reason for your training. And I do mean training as opposed to learning. You must not only know the skills of the secretarial trade, you must change your lifestyle to become obedient, and ever eager to please.

“This is merely a matter of your accepting my authority to make the right decisions regarding your actions. During our relationship, in the interest of developing your ability to please others, I will offer you many chances to exercise your naturally submissive traits. When you fail to make the correct choice, the obedient one, then you are no longer capable of being trained by me. And our relationship will be terminated. Do you understand?”

“I will always do my best to please you Ms Jacqueline. Please forgive me.”

“You’re already forgiven, Shawn. Just remember always, when you are required to compromise yourself to the advantage of your superior, you must do so with joy, regardless of the consequences to yourself. I know you will find happiness in abandoning all concern for yourself as you develop a lovely submissive attitude.”

“Uh... aren’t the heels kind of high?”, he asked with acceptance.

“You’ll get used to them quickly, Shawn. Soon you’ll feel uncomfortable wearing anything else,” she announced with knowing authority as she secretly smiled. “Let’s see how your new things fit. You may use my front guest room to change. I have placed your new wardrobe there.”

Meekly he led the way to the front guest room only to notice that the mirrored closet was opened to reveal dresses, skirts, blouses and an array of other all too feminine belongings.

“But, Ms Jacqueline, these are ...” he began.

“No buts, Shawn. You look so silly with your unsightly male shoes and socks sticking out from the skirts of your pretty pinafore. Whenever you visit me you will be wearing these things. Go try on your pretty new things right now!”

Soon she followed the embarrassed Shawn guessing that he could not negotiate the buttons on the back of his pinafore. Seeing that she was right Jacqueline entered the room to find poor Shawn struggling and about to pop a button.

“You seem to be having some problems Shawn, let me get those buttons for you.”

As her nimble fingers undid the buttons, she continued:

“Eventually you’re going to have to learn how to dress and undress on your own Shawn. But, for now, I kind of enjoy helping you. It’s as if I am molding and developing you to become a more responsible and at-

tractive person. I know your going to like the silky soft feeling of your new things, and I think they will help remind you of your position and your responsibilities as a housekeeper and a secretary.”

Falling into the mood of her little talk, Shawn selected the pink ensemble.

Jacqueline smiled to herself as he modestly turned his back to slip on the lacy pink briefs revealing the fact that he had followed her standing instructions that he shave his body each morning with his daily scented bath. She could even smell the soft feminine scent of the toiletries

‘How sweet,’ she thought, ‘he has so much to learn and I’m going to enjoy teaching him.’

“The brassiere is next Shawn. Although you don’t yet need the support, it will help fill out the bodice of whatever dress or blouse your wearing and it will lend symmetry to your figure.”

As she slipped the satin shoulder straps up his arms and reached around back to fasten the bra, her own firm breasts pressed against Shawn’s chest.

“You’re going to be so pretty,” she softly whispered into his ear.

Her closeness. Her perfume. And her breath in Shawn’s ear were almost more than he could handle. He was mesmerized for just a moment as he felt her tummy pressing against his rigid excitement through her dress and the thin nylon of his pretty pink panties.

She said nothing about his hardness as she handed him the matching pink garter belt.

“You should always put on your garter belt and stockings before your panties.” she chided, “Now thread the straps through your panties and get your stockings on.”

She observed his embarrassed state with pleasure as he did surprisingly well with the stockings. She

knew the feelings of femininity he must have felt as he twisted to fasten the tabs to his stockings.

She held the chemise for him to stick his arms and head into. Shawn felt the softness envelope his upper body as Jacqueline adjusted the shoulder straps.

“And now step into your pretty petticoat Shawn.”

As he did so Jacqueline positioned his new shoes so that he could place his feet into them. The feeling of the slip swishing over his panties and nylons, the tightness of his brassiere, and the strain on his leg muscles from the high heels made him swoon.

“I’m happy to see you’re pleased with your presents, Shawn. You almost too pretty to cover up with a pinafore. But I’m afraid we must.” She smiled with approval as she held it out for his arms.

As she buttoned him up the back and tied the belt in a large fluffy bow, she whispered into his ear. “After all you wouldn’t want to be caught in your undies if someone should happen to drop in for a visit.”

Shawn tried not to think about her taunt as he tried to take a step in the high heels almost falling on his face if it were not for Jacqueline’s strong arms that saved him.

“Oh my Shawn, I’m afraid your going to need quite a bit of practice walking in your heels. First of all try to take shorter steps. Don’t try to stand on your tip toes. The heels look fragile, but they will support you. Try to relax your calf muscles and take a few short steps.”

She took his hand and led him to the living room.

“I think perhaps we need to have you wear some skirts that are not quite so full, Shawn. They will help you remember to maintain a shorter stride. I think it’s really cute the way your hips sway. Men so love to watch women walking in real heels. You’re going to grow to love your new shoes. Now let me watch you practice walking for a while.”

Poor Shawn tried not to think about the awful thought of men seeing him walk with wanton sway as he tried hard to please his mistress.

After about thirty minutes she began to coach him more.

“Keep your elbows in and your wrists turned forwards. Place one foot in front of the other trying to point your toes out with each step. That’s it! Your doing just fine. Keep up the good work.”

After another fifteen minutes Ms Jacqueline directed Shawn to go into the den to bring her a martini. With growing pleasure she watched his hips sway as he fetched her drink to return quickly. “Thank you, Shawn. Isn’t it nice this is only Friday and you’ll have all day tomorrow and Sunday to practice in your heels?”

“Yes Ma’am,” Shawn agreed uncertainly, unsure of his new found excitement while standing in front of the reclining Jacqueline.

“It’s nearly time for bed Shawn. I want you to select a night gown from your wardrobe and join me in my room ready for bed.”

As she casually reached under the skirt of her dress and lifted her hips from the couch, she removed her pantyhose and a beautiful pair of pale blue panties, and with amused eyes studying the feminized youth before her she suggested, “Be a dear and rinse my things out with your stockings and hang them in the shower. Run along now, I’ll be there as soon as I finish my drink.”

Shawn was so proud of himself. After much struggling, he found that he could reach the buttons of his pinafore by first untying the bow and then reaching over his shoulders to pull it up. After rinsing and hanging their things, Shawn went to his new wardrobe and selected a pink, waltz length nightgown with matching panties. He had just let it settle over his form and was straightening the hem when he

rushed to her bedroom obediently just as Ms Jacqueline entered.

“You have such nice taste Shawn, what a pretty gown. I think you enjoy being my little sissy.” She smiled her approval. “Now come here and help me out of this dress.”

Shawn blushing went to his mistress' aid. After unzipping the back he reached down to lift the hem over her head. Folding the dress over his arm he next eased the straps of Ms Jacqueline's full slip over her shoulders so she could step out. She was so beautiful. Shawn's member, which had been rigid all evening, throbbed as he hastened with renewed embarrassment to stand behind Ms Jacqueline to unfasten her brassiere.

“I'll have my light blue pajamas Shawn.”

He quickly retrieved them from the dresser and held the pants for her to step into. Next, he helped her into the top, his fingers trembling as he fastened the buttons over her firm, upturned breasts. Casually, she massaged her breasts and tweaked the nipples through the nylon as Shawn was finishing with the last button.

“Breasts are nice Shawn. The nipples are so sensitive.” She reached into the low cut bodice of his nightgown to roughly twist his own nipple, smiling with pleasure at his surprised reaction.

“Now into bed with you. We have a lot to do tomorrow. That's it, on your side now, I will be the spoon, you're the soup.”

Shawn felt her breasts crushed against his back. Lower down, her pelvis was firmly pressing his bottom. Ms Jacqueline's left hand snaked over his arm and into the bodice of his gown. As she gently toyed with his nipples she leaned to where her lips touched Shawn's ear.

“Sleep well, princess”, she breathed.

After an almost sleepless night for Shawn, Jacqueline was the first to awake. She smiled lovingly down on Shawn as he had just fallen into a deep slumber.

‘He looks so feminine in the lacy pink nightgown,’ she thought. ‘Today is going to be quite an experience for my little Shawn.’

“Rise and shine my little sweet” she softly whispered into his ear. “Today is going to be a new beginning for you.”

As Shawn groggily regained consciousness he was confused to be wearing a pretty nightgown. As the memories of the previous evening came flooding back to him he felt a growing firmness beneath his gown.

“Good morning, sleepyhead” smiled the beautiful Jacqueline, “Why don’t you go splash some water on your face and then fix us some coffee?”

Her words were less of a question than a polite command.

“And Shawn, don’t forget your slippers, the floors are chilly in the morning,” she reminded.

Jacqueline smiled as he hesitated only a moment before submissively stepping into the high heeled bedroom slippers. As she watched him sway tipsily out of the room she was delighted to observe that Shawn was trying hard to practice the things she had taught him the night before.

‘How sweet, my little Shawn, you’re going to be such a pleasure to teach.’

Ms Jacqueline was seated at her dressing table just finishing her face as Shawn brought a gleaming silver tray into her bedroom.

“How thoughtful!” she exclaimed, observing the dainty way Shawn had arranged the service with a white linen napkin and a single pink rose.

As he poured, Jacqueline spoke.

“Shawn, your legs look very nice in your new high heels. I’ve been thinking that since you will be wear-

ing them almost exclusively, it would be a good idea for you to remove that unsightly shaving stubble. Your girlish legs will look even nicer and you'll appreciate the feeling of your nylons on your smooth skin if before you take your shower this morning you massage this nice cream over your entire body. It will dissolve the hair and leave you with a soft glowing feeling."

She took the depilatory cream jar from the night stand where she had placed it the evening before.

"Now, make the bed and then hop along into your bathroom. I want you finished quickly so you can help me dress after I've enjoyed this delicious coffee."

Shawn hastened to make up the bed and was soon in the bathroom rubbing the pungent smelling cream all over himself.

"Let it set for about ten minutes before getting into the shower Shawn," Ms Jacqueline advised from her bedroom.

As he emerged from the shower and began patting his sensitized skin with a large fluffy towel, he marveled at how soft he felt all over until he realized that the cream had left him as hairless as a puerile child!

When he returned from the bathroom Jacqueline was waiting for him smiling broadly as she noticed he had wrapped the towel around himself enough to cover his now shamefully hairless body.

"Slip into your new underthings, Shawn, darling, and we'll find something pretty for you to wear."

From the top of his dresser, where he had laid them last night, he selected the pretty yellow panty and chemise vest set. Remembering Ms Jacqueline's instructions, he blushing secured a matching garter belt around his waist under the towel he was still wearing while Jacqueline watched with pleasure as he pulled his new nylons up his smooth, hairless legs.

Ms. Jacqueline was so right, marveled Shawn, shivering at the smoothness of his nylon covered legs as he pulled the pretty yellow panties into place. Turning his back in modesty, Shawn removed his towel as he reached for the brassiere. He slipped the straps up his now hairless arms and began fumbling with the snaps behind his back.

Jacqueline, realizing he must learn to dress himself, remained seated, watching with a tolerant smile as Shawn twisted first one way, and then the other until finally Shawn managed to close the snaps behind his back.

Anxious to cover the prominent bulge in his panties, he quickly stepped into the pretty half slip. It must have four inches of lace at the hem Shawn observed, smoothing the slip so that it fell to two inches above his knees. He pulled the lacy chemise over his head, tugged the satin shoulder straps into place over the straps of his bra, and smoothed the hem which fell just below the waistband of his slip and panties.

His senses were flooded with feminine feelings as Ms Jacqueline sprayed a generous amount of perfume behind each of his ears and on his wrists until he realized in surprise that it was the same scent that he had worn to school. Now, he knew why some of the girls seemed so amused when he sat next to them!

“Very pretty, Shawn,” she noted with a smile knowing that he had discovered the truth about the fragrance, but her words stilled any protests as she instructed him further. “Now step into your heels. Since you were such a good boy last night, you may select anything you like from your closet.”

Overcome by his feelings of feminine joy Shawn floated to his knees in front of his mistress and pressed his cheek firmly against Ms. Jacqueline’s tummy through the blue nylon of her pajamas.

“Oh, Ms Jacqueline!”, he began, “I feel so...”, but he did not have the words to describe his emotions.

“I know, Shawn”, she smiled down at him, holding his head against her firm tummy.

“Would you like me to choose something for you?” she asked.

“Mmmm, yes Ma’am” he respectfully whispered.

“Okay, but first sit down at the vanity, Shawn, we have to do something with your hair and face.”

Shawn’s sister had thankfully encouraged him to let his hair grow long. Light brown, almost blond, it now fell to just below his shoulders.

Ms Jacqueline was able to shape it into a feminine style. Then she applied light make-up to his already girlish face. For a finishing touch she added a pretty yellow satin bow. The ends of the wide ribbon trailed over his back providing a tickling reminder of his feminization.

“One of these days we’ll have to have your ears pierced, Shawn” commented Jacqueline as she snapped a dangling earring to each of his ears.

She smiled knowingly as Shawn, with a girlish tilt of his head, fingered the pretty jewelry trying not to think about her teasing promise.

“We have a busy day ahead of us Shawn”.

He rose to follow her as she proceeded to the closet nearly tripping for a moment as he forgot that he was wearing high heels.

Ms Jacqueline selected a pretty white cotton house dress causing Shawn to note that it had a very full skirt as he stepped into it, tucking down his pretty yellow slip. To save time, Ms Jacqueline zipped him up the back.

“Your so pretty Shawn, you really should have been a girl, you know?” she observed noting that the fullness of the skirt effectively concealed his turgid member bringing to her mind the thought, *‘We shall have to do something about that nasty thing.’*

Lost for words, Shawn simply blushed in acceptance of her compliment not realizing her further plans.

“Now help me out of these pajamas. Then I want you to help me in my bathroom before I take my shower.”

Seemingly unconcerned with her complete nudity, Ms. Jacqueline casually went to her bathroom sink and began preparing her toothbrush.

“Stand close behind me now, Shawn. I want you to support my breasts as I brush my teeth.” she directed.

Hesitantly, Shawn stepped behind his mistress to where he felt the warmth of her soft bottom pressing the firmness beneath his skirts. Ever so gently he cupped her breasts with his hands. He relished this task of being literally a human brassiere for his mistress.

“This is something you will do each morning, Shawn,” she said after rinsing her mouth. “Now run along and get me another cup of coffee while I take a quick shower.”

As Shawn busied himself in the kitchen, Jacqueline enjoyed her warm shower, reveling in her new found power over this pretty male. She had just finished drying as Shawn returned with the coffee service.

“Mmmm... that’s nice Shawn,” she said sipping her coffee. “And, please get me some underwear and my dark blue slacks. I’ll let you pick out my top.”

He selected a pretty beige pair of panties from her dresser along with a matching bra and some knee-highs while Jacqueline enjoyed watching as he teetered on his heels to her closet, his hips swaying pleasantly under his pretty skirts. With the slacks, he chose a light blue cotton top with a button-down collar.

‘Somewhat masculine,’ he thought to himself, *‘but it will go nicely with the pants.’*

Much to his surprised embarrassment he found himself facing her furry mound as he knelt to help her into the panties, yet he tried to control himself as he continued helping her dress while she spoke to him in a casual tolerant voice as if addressing a willful child.

“Shawn I’ve noticed your aroused state when you are serving me. This is something we will have to deal with. While you are in my house, I want you to think of yourself in feminine terms. *You must grow to accept your male member as a useless appendage,*” she stressed before continuing, “I believe this will help you in your studies as well, and even later in life as you enter upon a career. Your pretty things will help you remember to think and act as a young lady but you must also make an effort to adopt your mind to accept your feminine role. As we train you in the skills necessary to become a successful secretary I want you always to remember that we are training your mind as well. As you become more and more feminine you will find joy in pleasing others and submitting to their wishes. Do you understand?”

“Yes, ma’am” he heard himself say as without thought he found himself holding out his skirts as if in a small curtsy.

“That’s very sweet, Shawn, you should practice curtsying properly,” she noted encouragingly, “please bring me the newspaper in the living room and then go fix us some breakfast.”

“Yes, Ms Jacqueline”. As he left to do her bidding his curtsy was a submissive acknowledgment of his desire to please her.

His perfume, the tautness of his sheer nylons, the swishing of his pretty skirts, and the earrings dangling against his neck as he traipsed with a feminine gait in his high heels all fed fuel to the fire of his passions. As he worked in the kitchen his thoughts dwelled on Ms Jacqueline’s words. He realized that

he was quickly falling under her spell, though he didn't understand why these things were having such a turgid effect on him.

"Breakfast is ready, Ms Jacqueline," he called hoping she would be pleased with his efforts.

Laying aside her newspaper, Jacqueline sauntered into the dining room. Noticing the single setting she gave permission for Shawn to join her.

He politely sat next to her, remembering to smooth and adjust his skirts as he did so.

"Aren't you hungry Shawn?" she asked, rather surprised and knowing he had such a restless night.

"Yes Ma'am. I am a little, but I think it would be good for me to lose just a few pounds."

"How nice Shawn", she smiled taking his hand in hers' with a light squeeze, "I'm glad to know you're becoming conscious of your truly feminine figure. While it will be relatively simple to reduce your waist, it may be a little more difficult to add curves in the right places."

He blushed as he saw that she was looking at the bodice of his dress.

"Don't worry your pretty little head about it now though. I have a very close friend who is a doctor. I'm sure we'll figure something out."

She continued as she enjoyed the delicious meal and the uncertain worried expression on his lovely face as he considered her plans for his future.

"By the way Shawn, did I tell you I have a date tonight with Professor Anderson. I think he is sooooo handsome. I've been hoping he would notice me for quite some time."

She rambled on and on in her excitement completely unaware of the pain and hurt her words inflicted on Shawn. At last, looking up from her clean plate, she saw the tears beginning to form in his eyes.

“Oh Shawn” she smiled softly, not realizing before that he had such deep feelings for her. She placed her hand on his cheek and spoke in an effort to cheer him up yet advise him of her true expectations. “Just think Shawn, we’ll have so much fun getting me ready for tonight. I’ll even let you pick out my clothes. And you can do my hair and nails. Won’t you enjoy that?”

He tried hard to smile as a single tear escaped down his face.

“Yes Ma’am” he whispered, secretly wishing she could be as excited about him as she was about Prof. Anderson.

“Now, now, that’s quite enough,” she said through an understanding smile as she handed him her napkin. “Let’s be a dear girl and clear up these dishes. By the way you act one would think you were my lover instead of being a girl just like me. Come on we’ll work together, just like two sisters!”

Trying hard to smile, Shawn began to clear the table. He felt bad that he had put such a damper on her excitement. In reality, he knew she did not want to hurt him, she was merely sharing her excitement just as though he were a trusted girlfriend. Her words had conveyed the truth of her expectations for him, he was a mere girl. Trying to adopt a more sisterly outlook to please his mistress, Shawn smilingly suggested the Professor would like her black cocktail dress.

“And we can do your nails in a deep red! Won’t it be exciting,” he exclaimed trying to hide his disappointment. “And tomorrow I want to hear all about your date.”

Encouraged by his submissive change of mood, Ms Jacqueline renewed her conversation and her expressions of excitement to be going out with the handsome professor. The rest of the morning they worked together, just as two loving sisters.

Shawn slowly began to overcome his jealousy with the joy of sharing girlish feelings. After lunch, Shawn suggested he get started on her hair. The afternoon was filled with joy, excitement and feminine camaraderie. By six o'clock Shawn had helped his mistress become a vision of loveliness for her date with the dashing young professor.

Ms Jacqueline was just finishing her jewelry and Shawn was obediently shining her sexiest pair of high heels when the door bell rang.

“Quickly Shawn, go answer the door,” Jacqueline directed.

Almost forgotten in the excitement of the day, Shawn was suddenly aware of the feminine way he was dressed.

‘This is too much,’ he thought, ‘I just can’t let someone else see me dressed this way.’

“Please, Ms Jacqueline, I’d be too embarrassed to be seen by anyone in these clothes. What if he recognizes me?” Shawn begged in terror, assuming it was the professor at the door.

“My sweet little Shawn, you look absolutely lovely in your pretty dress, and you’ve been doing so well all day with your heels. No one would ever think you are anything other than the attractive young girl you appear to be. Just speak in a throaty voice like you have a cold. Now, I want you to go answer the door.”

Left little choice by her words, Shawn quickly peeked in the mirror, straightening his skirts and patting his hair. ‘I do make a rather attractive girl,’ he thought uncertainly with growing fears of discovery as he went to let the professor in.

He received the shock of his life as he opened the door!

Standing there with a huge grin on her face was Denise, the girl who sat behind him in dictation class.



“Good evening, Shawn. Aren’t you going to ask me in?” she inquired politely with amused tolerance of his trembling embarrassment over being seen dressed so by a classmate.

Shawn was not only surprised by seeing his extremely attractive classmate but even more so because she recognized him so readily.

“Please come in Denise,” Ms Jacqueline greeted happily seeing poor Shawn’s blushing shame as she entered the living room.

“Oh, Ms Jacqueline, you look positively radiant this evening,” exclaimed Denise. “Big date with the ‘Professor of Love’, huh?”

Returning her gaze to Shawn, Denise announced, “And I must observe that you look exceptionally pretty tonight in your lovely new clothes, Shawn, dearest.”

It was Ms Jacqueline who spoke first.

“Why thank you for the kind words, Denise. I’m afraid I must give most of the credit to our little Shawn though. He has been so helpful in getting me ready. He even selected my outfit, didn’t you Shawn?”

Lost completely for words, Shawn felt betrayed and angry.

“Oh Shawn, no wonder you seem to be upset. I forgot to tell you. I asked Denise to come over and sit up with you while I’m out. Now, be a good girl and thank Denise for the compliment on your pretty outfit and also for coming to stay with you.”

Overcome with a strong feeling of feminine submission to his mistress, Shawn did as he was told wondering why she felt that he needed a *‘sitter’*.

“Thank you, Denise,” he replied with a renewed blush.

“Ms Denise,” Jacqueline corrected firmly as if to remind him of his station.

Shawn's knees felt weak in the high heels he had been wearing all day.

"I'm sorry, Ms Denise," he corrected himself. It wasn't until afterward he realized that, with his skirts in hand, he had actually curtsied to his classmate.

"How sweet," Denise observed with smiling approval as she took the initiative by placing her hand on the small of his back, escorting him into the living room.

"We're going to have a wonderful time tonight while Ms Jacqueline is out with her guy."

Denise was so very attractive even in her blue jeans and sweat shirt causing Shawn to feel even more strange by wearing a dress in front of this beautiful person with whom he had occasionally flirted after their dictation class.

"Your legs are lovely in those heels, Shawn. I can't get over how pretty you are. And from the things Ms Jacqueline tells me about your housekeeping skills, your gonna make some lucky guy very happy."

Remembering his manners, Shawn blushed very deeply as he thanked, "*Ms Denise*", for the compliments.

"Shawn, go fix a drink for Denise. Vodka tonic, isn't it, honey?" Ms Jacqueline asked turning to Denise.

"Yes, Ma'am, that would be nice," she replied, still watching Shawn.

"And Shawn, I want you to obey Denise in every respect while I'm out. I have asked her to give me a full report on your behavior. When I return I want to hear only praise. Do you understand?"

Somewhat shy of disclosing his submissive nature to Denise, he hesitated for a moment.

“Yes Ma’am,” he agreed with a dutiful curtsy, much to his own continued embarrassment and Denise’s glowing smile of satisfaction.

As he returned with the drink, the door bell rang once more. Knowing it would fall on him to do so anyway, Shawn went to the door without argument.

“Good Evening, Sir,” he greeted in his throatiest voice. This time he was conscious of his actions as he executed a charming curtsy to the handsome professor. Leading the way back to the ladies poor Shawn announced Jacqueline’s guest.

As he entered, the professor complimented Ms. Jacqueline on her appearance and asked who the lovely person was that answered the door.

“Professor Anderson, meet Susan, my niece”, introduced Ms Jacqueline. “She’s staying with me for the weekend. Perhaps, even longer, as my maid on a work scholarship while attending secretarial school,” she added with a knowing smile towards Shawn.

“Pleased to meet you, sir,” was the curtsied response.

“Well,” said the handsome man. “The pleasure is all mine. I only wish we had more time to get acquainted, but the concert begins in just twenty minutes. Perhaps we can get together tomorrow.”

Saving poor Shawn from this man, who obviously was quite taken with Shawn’s beauty, and exposing a bit of jealousy herself, Ms Jacqueline quickly agreed that it was late and they really should be going.

The professor winked at Shawn as the *maid* held open the door for them, and poor Shawn blushed to the feel of the man’s strong hand as he passed close by to pat an all too feminine rear with masculine interest!

Ms Denise took in the whole scene with a knowing smile on her face.

“Come here Shawn, I want to hear all about your day”, directed Denise as she reclined on the large sofa.

Shawn was so happy to be off of his heels, he literally flung himself on the sofa, his skirts flying up to expose the lacy hem of his pretty yellow slip.

“No, no, sweet Shawn, I would like it better if you were here on the floor, close to me.”

Remembering Ms Jacqueline’s words and knowing deep down it was good practice for him to display feminine submission as frequently as possible, he rose from the sofa and, spreading his skirt in a pretty circle around him, floated to his knees in the spot Ms Denise had selected.

“That’s better,” she noted while smiling down at him, resting her hand on his prettily styled hair.

“Such a pretty ribbon, and I just love your earrings. Tell me Shawn, do you enjoy being a girl?” she asked, her fingers playing with the dangling earrings.

Shawn blushed deeply. Her question struck the very core of his manhood. He had never considered himself to be anything other than a healthy red-blooded American male. But now, as Denise toyed with the lovely, yet undeniably feminine adornments attached to his ears, he looked down at his smooth nyloned ankles with their high heels peeking from beneath his pretty skirts.

Denise continued to smile silently down at her charge realizing she had thrown his thoughts into a state of turmoil which dealt with his most basic value system. She knew that her question gave him the opportunity to enter more deeply into the world of feminine surrender by recanting his masculinity. It also gave him a chance to rebel by denying the joy he had experienced at the hands of his beloved Ms Jacqueline.

“I’m so confused, Ms Denise. You and Ms Jacqueline have a way of making me feel weak and girlish. I can’t deny I am beginning to feel very comfortable

and even experiencing a great deal of joy as I submit to your wishes. And I realize the more I learn to obey you the better secretary I will become. But sometimes I feel I should rebel and refuse to continue surrendering myself to you. I try so hard to suppress these rebellious feelings. I want very much to please Ms Jacqueline and make her happy.”

“That’s very nice, Shawn. And I think you do make her happy. I like you as a girl and I want you to continue to develop your obedient nature while you overcome your silly macho feelings. Now go freshen my drink and then fix us some snacks to nibble as we watch TV. You may fix yourself a glass of milk.”

Shawn felt so strange obeying his young classmate. He had thought of her as a peer. He felt he should at least be on an equal footing with her. But he remembered that Ms Jacqueline had placed her in charge. He quickly regained his feet, and with strong feelings of humility he executed a charming curtsy to the amused Denise before carrying out her instructions.

“You’re doing very well in your new heels Shawn”, she observed, taking pleasure in his swaying stride. Following him to the bar, she stood next to him placing her arm around his waist and resting her hand on his hip through the material of his thin dress and petticoat. Secretly he enjoyed the sensations as her hand lightly caressed him while Denise sensed his growing excitement as she caused his skirts to lightly rub against his panties, further reminding him of his feminine role.

“You have good taste in clothes Shawn. I really liked the dress you picked out for Ms Jacqueline to wear for the professor. I’m certain she’ll make a great impression. Don’t you think they make a lovely couple?”

How did this young woman know to ask such piercing questions? Didn’t she realize the strong feelings of affection he himself had for Ms Jacqueline? He wanted so badly to be in Professor Anderson’s

shoes right now. He should be the one to take Ms Jacqueline in his arms and ravish her with his kisses. He felt so weak once more as he felt Denise's hand on his hip.

"She seemed very taken with him," she continued with a knowing smile towards Shawn as he fought the tears from rising.

She accepted the drink guiding him with her hand to the kitchen.

"Yes, I think its good for Ms Jacqueline to have some companionship with a man. Especially such a strong, handsome and intelligent man like the professor."

Denise continued on the topic as Shawn busied himself with their snacks. As he worked at the counter Denise approached him from behind. She encircled his waist with her hands letting them rest on his tummy through his skirts and panties. The denim of her blue jeans pressed against his bottom. "Oooo, you're wearing a garter belt, Shawn. Isn't that a bit old fashioned?"

"It was a gift from Ms Jacqueline."

"Stockings too?"

"Yes." He blushed. The tightness of the garter belt and stockings invaded his consciousness.

As her hands continued their exploration she was shocked to discover his rigid member. "Oh my Shawn, you're so hard."

Though finished with his chore, Shawn remained facing the counter submitting to her ministrations in trembling realization that she was fully aware of the effect she was having on his feminized form. Remembering the times he had boldly flirted with her at the school, she delighted in the roles being reversed. Nibbling at his ear, she softly suggested that they go watch some TV.

“The men’s body building contest is on tonight Shawn. We girls can watch all those gorgeous hunks strut their stuff just for us!”

It didn’t really sound that appealing to him. However he made no objection to her selection of viewing for the evening.

Upon entering the living room she directed him to turn the TV to the proper channel and to seat himself once again submissively at her feet while the screen revealed to Shawn such spectacular specimens of masculinity, as he had never seen before causing him to realize how frail he was in comparison.

“Isn’t the one in the white satin briefs absolutely male,” she enthused as Shawn watched in disbelief trying to pull his eyes away from the all too obvious male briefs while Denise idly toyed with Shawn’s taunt nipples through his dress and brassiere noting with amusement the aroused state of his lap as his hands tried to conceal this shame.

“Can you imagine what it looks like, I’ll bet he is circumcised,” she giggled softly almost to herself while sharing her fascination with her all too feminine companion allowing her fingers to continue their play with the erect nipples to sustain Shawn’s high level of sexual excitement. “Wouldn’t you love to have a date with him? I’ll bet he would love to play with your little titties before he showed you what a real man is. Maybe the ‘Love Professor’ is showing Jacqueline what it is like to be with a man.”

Shawn found himself wondering what it would be like to have one of these ‘supermen’ doing to him the things that Denise was doing, and he tried not to think about her suggestions, or what Ms Jacqueline might be doing. As the camera swung in on the man’s white briefs to pan up his muscular chest poor Shawn closed his eyes in near feminine fears...

The evening flowed by as he watched each man flex his body in near perfection upon the wide screen until Shawn’s thoughts were in total confusion of femi-

nine desires and masculine response to each perfectly formed male before him.

“Its getting late, Shawn. Go get ready for bed and then come clean up these dishes,” Denise’s voice announced.

Still in his excited state, Shawn was quick to obey, fleeing the orgy of masculine prowess.

Hoping to impress Denise he chose a lacy, see-through nightie with matching panties and sleeping bra that Ms Jacqueline had indicated were his to wear. The gown, of pale green chiffon fell in wide folds to just above his knees. It accentuated rather than covered his bra and panties.

Quickly checking the mirror, he decided to leave the dangling earrings but opted to change the pretty yellow bow in his hair. He carefully replaced it with a pale green satin bow which matched his sleeping apparel. The two inch high bedroom slippers were so different from his high heels and he felt naked without the taunt nylons.

As he returned to the living room, Denise greeted him with a low whistle.

“Shawn, you look completely edible! Come closer and model for me.”

Demurely, Shawn grasped the voluminous skirts of his nightgown and did a slow pirouette for his guardian.

“So very nice Shawn. Go fix me a nightcap before you clean up the dishes.”

Feeling her eyes on his body Shawn hastened to obey. After giving the drink to Denise he quickly washed up the few dishes and returned to the living room.

“Shawn, go fetch me the pretty ribbon you used on your hair.”

Curiously, but without question, he did as directed.

“We must add a final touch before you are ready for bed. I think perhaps in your aroused condition you might opt to *take matters in hand*, as it were. To reduce that temptation I’m going to tie your hands with this pretty ribbon. While I understand you could easily break free, it would be very difficult for you to replace the bow exactly as I’ve tied it. You must realize Shawn, the bow is not a physical restraint so much as a mental restraint. You must make every effort to ensure the bow does not work itself loose during the night. For if it does you will be severely chastised, and perhaps even rejected by Ms Jacqueline. Do you understand?”

As the full impact of her words descended upon him Shawn marveled at the ingenuity of this young woman. He ached for sexual release. But now, as Denise finished the large fluffy bow behind his back, all hope for relief had been effectively crushed. Turning to his governess with a feeling of complete helplessness he respectfully answered.

“Yes, Ma’am. I will do my best not to disappoint you and Ms Jacqueline.”

“That’s good my little Shawn.” She smiled while knowingly reaching beneath his gown to adjust his pretty satin panties.

“Tonight you will sleep at the foot of my bed in the guest room. No telling how late Ms Jacqueline will be out with her man. And, of course, she might bring him home. So, I don’t want you to be a bother for her when she gets home.”

Gently encircling his waist with her arm Denise guided the prettily bound young man to her room. After spreading two blankets at the foot of her bed and tossing a pillow to the floor she helped Shawn to his knees. Patiently she removed his slippers and placed them on the floor next to his pillow.

“You may stay up for just a few more minutes Shawn, and then I want you to have a good nights rest,” she ordered, as she casually began getting ready for bed herself.

Shawn watched with turgid excitement as Denise removed her sweat shirt, tennis shoes and blue jeans.

In her lacy white bra and panties, Denise retrieved a soft cotton nightshirt from her overnight bag. She also removed a small flask of perfume. With the nightshirt over her arm she removed the cap as she approached the kneeling young man. Smiling down at his helpless figure she rested one hand on his cheek as she generously applied the perfume.

“It is called, Sweet Love. When I smelled it on you in class I had to ask Ms Jacqueline all about you.”

Toying with his earring she gently hugged his head to her firm tummy through the white nylon of her panties.

“Sleep well my sweet lovely Shawn. I hope you have nice dreams.”

Taking her nightshirt with her, she blew him a kiss as she turned out the light.

Shawn knew that if he slept on his stomach he would surely have an embarrassing accident by morning. Laying on his back he could not get comfortable because of the lump formed by his beribboned wrists. Finally deciding to lay on his side he was able to fall asleep.

His busy day and the sleepless night before allowed him to sleep very soundly.

Long after sunlight entered the bedroom he felt someone shaking his shoulders. Groggily he squinted up to see his smiling classmate.

“Time to rise and shine lazybones! You’ve got a busy day ahead.” Denise grinned with satisfaction.

Ms Jacqueline entered the room and stood looking down at his still half asleep body. She was wearing a beautiful lavender baby doll nightie covered only by a matching see through hip length robe. From his position on the floor Shawn could clearly see the matching bikini panties she wore.

“I’m glad to see you didn’t soil your pretty green panties, Shawn. And your pretty bow is still as Ms Denise tied it.”

Flushed with embarrassment, Shawn looked down to see that his nightgown had ridden up to his waist during the night and the front of his pretty lace panties was on display for all to see. Feeling so helpless with his hands still bound behind him, he did his best to clamor to his knees allowing the skirts of his nightie to fall over the panties.

“You look so sweet and vulnerable, Shawn. Don’t you think Ms Denise had an excellent idea to help you from abusing yourself during the night?”

He looked up at Denise. She was wearing a short white pleated skirt and top. She looked so fresh and alive as she smiled down at him.

“Come along now Shawn,” urged Ms. Jacqueline as she brought him to his feet and began unfastening the pretty bow that bound his wrists. “Ms Denise has to go now. I want you to thank her for taking such good care of you and tell her how much you look forward to having her come to baby sit you the next time.”

Shawn found himself faced with another humiliating decision for he was happy to have his hands free but he abhorred having to thank his classmate for baby sitting with him.

“Thank you, Ms. Denise. I hope you can come to visit again very soon.” He tried so hard to be convincing.

“Not to visit, Shawn. To take care of you and to make certain you don’t get yourself into trouble while I’m out. I certainly hope you showed Ms Denise more respect than that last night.”

“He was a perfect angel,” assured Denise, as she rested her hand on his cheek. “I look forward to taking care of our little Shawn again real soon. Maybe we can watch another muscle building championship, with all those real men in bikini briefs to drool over.”

With a soft laugh and a kiss on his forehead Denise was quickly out the door and on her way.

“Now Shawn, you may visit the bathroom if you must and then I want you to bring us some coffee in my room. Please prepare the service for two. And don’t forget your pretty slippers,” she reminded, sending him off to the bathroom with a loving pat on the bottom.

Shawn was on cloud nine to think Ms Jacqueline was going to share morning coffee with him. As he left the bathroom he noticed the white bra and panty set that Denise had worn last night. He thought it strange that she should forget to take her underwear.

Happily his thoughts turned to Ms Jacqueline. It was so good to have her back home that he wouldn’t even object if she were to share the experiences of her evening with the attractive young professor. He hummed happily to himself as he quickly prepared the coffee service. To make it extra special he included two pretty carnations in a small vase.

Foolishly he entered her bedroom without even considering the need to knock.

For the second time in as many days he was shocked beyond words. There snuggled in her bed, his beloved Ms Jacqueline was locked in the torrid embrace of Prof. Anderson!

They continued their passionate kiss as if no one else was in the room while Shawn stood in dumfounded shame, knowing better than to flee despite the skimpiness of his nightclothes, for what seemed an eternity until at last Ms Jacqueline acknowledged his presence.

“Oh, why thank you, Susan. Please set the coffee here on the night stand and for heaven sakes, remember your manners and say good morning to the professor, will you?”

Shawn desperately fought the tears rising to his eyes as he did his best to submissively curtsy before the handsome man, bidding him a good morning, as

Prof. Anderson half sat up on a pillow to survey `Susan' with a ready masculine smile wondering what the *girl* really looked like under all the peignoir, gown, and underthings.

Despite Shawn's trembling shame he could not help but notice the man's strong hand gently resting on the lovely breast of his cherished mistress.

"Susan, before you fix breakfast, take Prof. Anderson's suit and give it a good pressing. And also shine his shoes nicely. We'll be ready to eat in an hour or so," Ms Jacqueline noted with amused delight over Shawn's total embarrassment in being seen thus by a man. "And for heaven's sake put on a dress," she ordered placing her arms about her lover saying, "God knows she may think I want to share you by the way she runs about in her nightie. Girls are so wanton now days." She kissed away his half invitation, "That will be quite enough, Susan."

"Yes, Ma'am," Shawn managed before he curtsied and quickly turned to pick up the strewn clothing and shoes. He did not want the lovers to see the tears which had begun to stream down his cheeks.

On closing the bedroom door, Shawn could contain himself no longer. He burst into a bout of gut wrenching sobs. Somehow he made it to the bathroom where with gasping breath he sat on the edge of the tub.

'How could she do this to me,' he agonized. *'Does she have no feelings? Doesn't she know how much she means to me?'*

He was locked in the bitterness of these thoughts for some time when he realized Ms Jacqueline had referred to him as `Susan'.

Was she merely playing a terrible sadistic game? Why had she rubbed salt into the wounds of his humiliation by insisting that he iron this man's clothes and shine his shoes? Was this another test in his training?

Through tear filled eyes he looked down at the suit and the shoes. Suddenly with strength he did not know he possessed, he picked them up.

'*This is the wish of my most beloved Ms Jacqueline,*' he admitted in surrender. With resolve, he hugged the clothing tightly to his breasts feeling the roughness through the diaphanous material of his nightgown. '*I will make Ms Jacqueline proud of her Susan,*' he promised himself.

He felt so humbled as he carefully pressed the expensive suit. After hanging it up, he reached for the shoes. He felt so weak as he applied the polish and buffed them to a high gloss.

'*My mistress will be so proud of me,*' he thought, admiring the excellent job he had done. He noticed a tear had fallen onto the toe of his finished work. As if in a trance, he lowered his face to the shoe and gently kissed it away.

Before fixing breakfast for Ms Jacqueline and her lover, Shawn thought it best to follow Ms Jacqueline's orders and get some clothes on. Realizing he must continue to be *Susan* as long as the professor was in the house he decided to go all out to look his very best.

A current of excitement flowed through his body as he donned the beautiful white set of lingerie that Ms Jacqueline had given him. He marveled at the wonderful feeling of the sheer nylon over his smooth hairless skin. He quickly replaced the green bow in his hair with a white satin one which matched his lingerie.

From the closet in his new room he selected a pretty powder blue outfit. The white blouse was all ruffles at the collar, cuffs, and bodice. The ruffles looked so pretty billowing out from the stylish feminine jacket. The skirt was tight at the hips but flared widely at the hem. He turned before the mirror enjoying the pretty lace of his petticoat as his skirt floated away from his nylon covered thighs.

'My legs do look great in heels,' he thought to himself.

As usual Shawn found himself lost in lovely feminine thoughts as he worked in the kitchen. It had been nearly an hour since he had taken coffee to his beautiful mistress and her lover. He was working against the clock to have everything ready in time.

He wanted to make Ms Jacqueline happy and he realized that to do so he must also please her man. What an odd situation he thought to himself, tying the attractive chiffon apron at his waist.

His thoughts drifted to the weight lifting exhibition that he watched on TV last night. He was so excited as Denise introduced him to the sensitivity of his nipples, gently rubbing them as he watched the powerful men. Almost without realizing it his hand drifted to that sensitive spot beneath the lapel of his powder blue jacket. He allowed his fingers to lightly caress his breast through his blouse. As the crisp lace of his brassiere came into contact with his nipple, his knees nearly buckled.

Prof. Anderson was fully dressed as Ms Jacqueline led him to the dining room. She had covered herself with a modest but attractive knee length robe.

"Breakfast is nearly ready," Shawn greeted with a curtsy before he poured their coffee. He was trying hard to be as pleasant as possible.

Ms Jacqueline could sense it. She smiled and complimented him on his pretty outfit as he served the food.

"Thank you, Ma'am," he answered with another curtsy. Thinking that Ms Jacqueline would appreciate being left alone with her man, he quickly left for the kitchen.

Just like a good waitress he checked on their progress every ten minutes or so asking if there was anything else he could get for them.



Ms Jacqueline seemed pleased that he appeared to accept his role so fully.

The professor commented on what a nice job “Susan” had done with his clothing. “And especially the shoes”, he smiled.

Returning once more to the kitchen, Shawn overheard Ms Jacqueline’s words.

“Yes, Susan is a many talented young lady. Perhaps one of these days I’ll loan her to you. I’ll bet a bachelor’s home could really use a talented feminine hand.”

Remembering the deep feelings of feminine surrender which he felt while pressing this man’s clothing, Shawn experienced an involuntary shivering through his body.

‘What is happening to me,’ he thought. ‘Why do these humiliating things have such an effect on me?’

As he leaned to wash the dishes he felt his hardened shaft press against the counter through his skirts and panties. Silently he thanked his lucky stars that his apron hid the unsightly bulge. Lost in his thoughts, he was unaware of Ms Jacqueline’s presence until he felt her hand at the small of his back.

“I must compliment you Shawn. You did quite nicely.”

As she lowered her hand to caress his bottom through his skirts, she moved her lips to where they touched his ear. “Your such a pretty sissy Shawn.”

He was on the brink of climax as he felt her tongue in his ear. She continued caressing his bottom. Her hand through the skirt and the layers of nylon caused his insides to melt.

Almost as suddenly as she began, she stopped, just at the edge leaving him totally frustrated.

“When you’re finished here, Susan, I want you to come help me get dressed.”

She smiled with knowing amused delight as she gaily swirled out of the kitchen.

Shawn wondered at why she had left him so frustrated and he thought it rather odd that the professor had left without saying good-bye to him. Last night he had seemed so friendly. However he did not ponder long. He quickly finished up the dishes and was off to help his lovely governess.

He helped Ms Jacqueline remove her robe and lifted the pretty lavender nightie over her head. As always he was awed by her statuesque beauty. Her breasts were high and firm. Her waist, almost too narrow, sloped gently to broad hips and strong thighs. Following her to the bath he wondered why she was not wearing the matching bikini panties he had noticed earlier.

As Ms Jacqueline prepared her toothbrush he assumed the position behind her and gently lifted her breasts.

Shawn was certain she could not escape noticing his turgid member as her bottom wiggled naturally against his skirts. However, she chose not to comment on his aroused condition as she finished rinsing her mouth.

“While I’m in the shower Shawn, I want you to strip the beds and throw the sheets in the washer.”

“Yes Ma’am,” he replied, helping her with the pretty pink shower cap.

After removing the pillow cases he pulled the covers aside and gathered the sheets to be laundered. From beneath the bundle of linen fell Ms Jacqueline’s pretty lavender panties. As he bent to pick them up Shawn was surprised they were so wet. As he continued his chores his thoughts drifted to the scene earlier that morning when he had brought coffee to his mistress and her lover. How happy and content she seemed as she snuggled in the strong arms of this handsome man. Pangs of jealousy tore at his heart.

The washer was soon humming and Shawn returned to help Ms Jacqueline.

“I feel like wearing something light and feminine today Shawn. Perhaps that pretty yellow cotton dress.”

Shawn selected her lingerie accordingly and from the closet he retrieved the dress Ms Jacqueline had requested. He helped her into the lacy yellow panties and slipped the straps of the matching bra over her shoulders.

“Oh Shawn, I’m so happy! Prof. Anderson is such a marvelously virile man. You can’t imagine how wonderful it is just being close to him. I love to feel his strong manly arms around me.”

She declined the pantyhose Shawn had selected and asked for her white sandals. As he placed them on her feet, he looked up over the hem of her fluffy yellow skirt to see the glow of happiness on her face. She looked down at him and placed her soft hand on his cheek.

“You know Shawn, we really should find you a nice boyfriend. I would like you to experience the thrill of surrendering to a big strong man. I will keep my eyes open. Who knows? Perhaps we can go on a double date next weekend!”

Secretly revolted by the idea, Shawn did not want to destroy Ms Jacqueline’s reverie. Deep inside he knew that she thought of him as a girl and was simply sharing her joy with another female.

‘If only she realized my anguish,’ he thought. ‘If only she knew the cruelty of her taunting words?’

Her voice awoke him from his thoughts...

“Shawn, I noticed your erection this morning as you were helping me in the bathroom. You’re really not doing too well with trying to control your thoughts, are you?”

“It’s so hard Ms Jacqueline”, he frowned, still kneeling at her feet. “I really do try. Its just that...”

well, its hard to explain. When I'm near you... and the things you do to me, the way you make me feel, sometimes I just can't help it."

"I don't think it is only with me Shawn. Ms Denise gave me a full report. Including your fantasies about muscle men. Which is most appropriate for a girl, but hardly maidenly in appearance."

She smiled down at his troubled and blushing face.

"Although I am flattered that you find me sexually attractive, it doesn't help your appearance, especially in a tight skirt. But more than that, it tells me you are not accepting your role seriously. We talked before about how you should grow to accept your masculine parts as nothing more than useless and distasteful appendages."

"But, Ms Jacqueline... "

"No `buts', Shawn. As your training progresses I want you to become accustomed to your feminine role as a dutiful secretary and as my housekeeper. I deeply enjoy having you and training you, Shawn. And I must say you've been an excellent student so far. However, you must learn to conform. Surely you must be embarrassed by having your maleness destroy your otherwise pleasant appearance."

Shawn had to admit his member did present a very unfeminine appearance when he was aroused.

"And that seems to be most of the time since you began wearing skirts Shawn. You know tomorrow you must return to live in the dorm and your classes. It's a shame you are registered as a boy. You really do make a lovely girl. Being one of only three boys in the entire school, I want to see to it that you try to fit in."

"I always try my best to make friends and obey the rules just like the other girls Ms Jacqueline. I don't know what more I can do."

"I think we can improve you in several areas, Shawn.

“First of all I think that even though you are male,” she continued. *‘At least in some respects,’* she mused with a smile. “You need to gradually move towards a more feminine appearance at school. We can start you out with slacks and a boyish blouse. As your classmates grow to accept your femininity we can add some pretty jewelry and perhaps some low heeled sandals.

“Since Ms Denise has practically the same classes as you, I have asked her to help coach you and correct you when it becomes necessary. She will help you develop and practice obedience. That is why I have selected Ms Denise to supervise your training while you are living in our dorm.”

“But Ms Jacqueline, Denise is...”

“Miss Denise,” she quickly corrected.

“But she is my own age, and learning the same skills I am. I want to obey you because you are older and so knowledgeable and I respect and admire you. You’re such a wonderful, powerful person. But Ms Denise (he corrected himself distastefully) is just a student like myself. I don’t think I could obey her even if I wanted!”

“Now, now my little Shawn. As you enter upon a career as a secretary, you will be faced with many situations which you will resent terribly. I appreciate your resentment of having to obey your classmate. However, it will be an excellent experience for you. I have the utmost confidence that Ms Denise will always have your best interests at heart. I want you to try your best, do you understand?”

“Oh Ms Jacqueline, I will resent it terribly. It will be very difficult for me. I will try so hard for you.” He hugged her pretty knees to his cheek.

“That’s very sweet Shawn. One other thing. From now on, to help you with your little problem and to remind you that you are under feminine control, I want you to always wear a girdle. Now before you put

the sheets in the dryer I want you to go to your room and find one in your bureau drawer slip it on.”

“Yes Ma’am,” he blushed.

Automatically, he kissed the hem of her dress as he rose to fetch the girdle. The gesture was not lost on the smiling Ms Jacqueline.

‘You are doing just fine little Shawn,’ she thought to herself as she followed him to his room.

He chose a white high waisted, long leg style. It had pretty lace at the waist and legs with a white satin panel at the tummy.

Ms Jacqueline enjoyed his long struggle with the tight garment as he tried to hold his skirt and petticoat up with his elbows. She was happy to notice, as he modestly turned his back to her, that he tucked himself between his legs.

Finally the restricting garment was in place and he sweetly began straightening his skirts to hide the shameful girdle. He immediately noticed how much nicer his skirts fit and looked.

“Come here Shawn, I want to see your pretty girdle.”

As he approached, she directed him to lift his skirts. Smoothing her hand over the shiny satin tummy panel and lower to his now quite feminine mound.

“Very nice, Shawn,” she complimented him on his appearance as she smiled with satisfaction, letting her hand rest on the smooth mound. “You will fit in much better now. And I’m sure you feel much prettier, don’t you?”

Once again his knees felt so weak as he continued to hold his skirts high for Ms. Jacqueline’s inspection. She took her time, letting her hand smooth over the feminine mound and between his thighs. Finally she allowed him to lower the lacy white half slip and the skirt of his light blue suit.

“Yes, Ma’am. It really does make my skirts hang much better,” he confessed from his chagrin.

“Now run along and finish the laundry. I want you to gather all of our lingerie and put it to soaking. Then come back here and we will pick out some things for you to wear next week.”

Shawn noticed immediately how the girdle affected his hip movement. He now moved his legs from the waist, prompting a delightful sway to his hips as the hem of his skirts danced wildly about his knees.

He emptied the clothes hamper and began sorting all the lovely undergarments. Those he received as a gift were certainly among the prettiest. Suddenly he remembered Ms Denise’s underwear and went to the spare bedroom to get it. *‘Might as well do it all.’*

Once the lingerie was soaking in warm water, Shawn returned to Ms Jacqueline’s room.

She was busy sorting through her closets.

He noticed the pile of clothing on her bed. Mostly slacks, blouses and pantsuits.

“Ms Jacqueline, I hope you don’t mind but Ms Denise inadvertently left her underwear in the guest room. I put it in to soak with our things.”

“Of course not Shawn. Why should I mind. I think its very sweet of you to do Ms Denise’s laundry for her. I may have her bring all of her things over for you to wash. Also, it will give you an opportunity to thank her this evening when you return her things.”

After the memories of the previous evening and the discussion earlier with Ms Jacqueline, Shawn would be quite happy if he never saw his pretty classmate again.

“Pardon me Ms Jacqueline, but don’t you mean *‘for her to thank me?’*”

“Of course not silly. You wash her things as a sign of respect and obedience. It is you who owe her

thanks for accepting you as her charge and for helping me mold you into a better person.”

Shawn flushed with embarrassment and anger. Truly it was going to be very hard for him to accept Ms Denise’s domination. He swallowed his anger as he remembered his promise to Ms Jacqueline.

“When you take her things to her tonight I want you thank her profusely for accepting you. Also I think it would be a nice gesture if you asked her nicely to clean her room for her. She’s really not a very good housekeeper, you know.”

Much to Shawn’s disdain, they continued to discuss the role that Ms Denise would play in his development including the task of checking to be certain that he always wore his new dainty lingerie under his more masculine things. They also discussed the clothes he would wear during the following week. At Ms Jacqueline’s insistence an outfit was determined for each day of the week. She also selected for him two very attractive negligee sets with directions that he would alternate wearing one of them each night he was away.

As it was previously an all girls school, there were no restrictions on room visitations except for the lights out at ten o’clock rule. Ms Jacqueline told him that Ms Denise would be very careful each night to ensure he was *properly* tucked into bed.

Shawn was steeped in humiliation as Ms. Jacqueline continued outlining his life at the hands of his classmate. Ms Jacqueline knew what she was doing by going into so much detail about their relationship. She wanted Shawn to submit completely to Ms Denise and accept her as he did herself.

Later in the afternoon, as evening approached they sat on Ms Jacqueline’s freshly made bed folding the lingerie which Shawn had washed and dried. Shawn enjoyed this chore, especially with his beautiful Ms Jacqueline sitting beside him, helping him. She reached into the pile and withdrew Ms Denise’s things and held them out to him.

“You fold these Shawn. But before you do I want you to kiss each one as a sign of your submission to Ms Denise.”

He accepted the lacy panties and brassiere. They're so pretty he thought. Looking up from the matching set of sparkling white lingerie his eyes met Ms Jacqueline's. Returning his gaze she smiled softly and touched his cheek with her hand. Slowly, realizing the finality of his actions, he lifted the bra to his lips. With his eyes locked to hers he softly kissed the bra.

“For you Ms Jacqueline” she heard him say as he lifted the panties to his lips.

“Turn them over Shawn, I want you to kiss only the bottom.”

The symbolism was not lost on Shawn. His eyes still drowning in the pool of her own, he did as directed. As his lips touched the soft nylon tears poured from his eyes. He fell to his knees before the beautiful woman and buried his face in her skirts.

“Yes, my little one, go ahead and cry.” She smiled softly as she stroked his pretty beribboned hair. She knew now that he was completely her possession. She would mold him to her liking. And he would be grateful.

Shawn cried his heart out. He cried for the love he could never possess. He cried for the jealousy of the masculine professor. And his sobs shook his very soul as he cried for submission to his classmate, Ms Denise.

Jacqueline knew his thoughts as he wept bitterly. She comforted him with the soft cotton of her skirt. As the tears subsided she offered him a lacy pink handkerchief.

“Dry your eyes now Shawn. We must pack your things.”

She was happy to notice that Shawn kissed the seat of the panties once more before folding them neatly with the pretty brassiere.

His hands were shaking as he approached Denise's room. He was thankful that the hall was empty as he timidly knocked on her door.

"Well what a surprise! Its nice of you to stop by Shawn. Please come in."

Denise was bubbly as she led him into her room.

'*What a mess,*' Shawn thought as he looked around at the scattered clothing, books, stuffed animals, etc. He had to agree with Ms Jacqueline, Denise was definitely not into keeping house!

She complimented him on the dark blue satin jump suit which Ms. Jacqueline had given him to wear back to his dormitory knowing full well how he must have feared being seen dressed in such a feminine outfit. She immediately noticed the smooth fit of the tight material at the juncture of his thighs. There was no hint of anything beneath the material except a soft feminine mound. She wanted to ask if he was wearing a girdle. '*Perhaps later.*'

"And to what do I owe this unexpected pleasure?" she asked.

Shawn flushed with embarrassment. He was certain she knew very well why he was here. '*She's playing a game.*' As suddenly, he remembered his promise to Ms. Jacqueline. He knew he must submit to any game Denise cared to play.

"Ms Jacqueline said you would kind of take me under your arm at school. To help me with my studies and develop my talents."

"Yes, I guess that's true.", she smiled at his difficult speech.

“Well I just wanted to thank you. And also to return some things you left at her house.”

“Oh?”

Shawn held out the clear plastic bag. The lacy white lingerie was plainly visible.

“Did you wash them yourself?”

Shawn felt his knees weaken. He knew the moment of submission was at hand.

“Yes Ms Denise” he answered respectfully. He executed a curtsy as best he could wearing the jump suit.

“How sweet Shawn”, she beamed as she raised a hand to his ruby cheeks.

Noticing his difficulty with the curtsy she joyfully suggested skirts would be more suitable for that sort of thing. Seeing his blushing shame in response to her teasing she placed her arm around his waist and led him to her dresser.

“They go in the second drawer”, she whispered into his ear.

He opened the drawer and was about to insert the panties and bra when he let out a gasp. It was as much of a mess as the rest of the room. Panties, bras, slips and petticoats all scattered together. As she watched, he began sorting and folding the lingerie. Her hand caressed the soft satin at his waist as he worked.

“It will be nice to have a little chamber maid around,” she commented half seriously. “I think you’ll be spending quite a bit of time here Shawn.”

As her hand continued to explore his waist she had to ask him.

“Shawn, are you wearing a ladies’ girdle?”

“Yes Ma’am.” He blushed even more deeply as he continued to sort and fold her lovely underthings.

Noticing his acute abashment she tried to comfort him. With her right hand still resting on his waist she used her left to gently rub his tummy. The feeling of his satin jump suit over the satin panel of his girdle nearly made Shawn swoon as he watched his busy fingers. Beneath the tight girdle, folded between his legs, his member throbbed with ecstasy.

“There’s no reason to be embarrassed Shawn. I have three girdles myself. Though I hardly ever wear them anymore. But they are very handy if you find yourself on a date with an overly aggressive guy. I think your girdle does wonders for you, Shawn. You’re so flat and smooth. You’ll wear one from now on for me, won’t you Shawn?”

Remembering Ms Jacqueline’s direction that he would always wear a girdle, he wanted to say no. He would not wear them for Ms Denise, but for his love of Ms Jacqueline. It was a major distinction for him. However, recognizing the opportunity to further his submission to his classmate, he lowered his eyes and whispered.

“Yes Ms Denise.”

She felt his knees buckle. She knew exactly what she was doing to him. She took great pleasure in forcing him to submit to her will.

“Now tell me, how would you like me to help you.”

Again, he was quite sure Ms Denise had her own well thought plans for his future. But she was forcing him to ask for the treatment he so resented. He remembered his earlier conversation with Ms Jacqueline.

“Ms Jacqueline suggested that I try to fit in more here at the school. She thought perhaps that I should gradually progress from being an outsider, a boy at a practically all girl school, to becoming more like the rest of the students. Also, Ms Jacqueline mentioned you might tuck me in each night.”

“Why of course, Shawn. I think that is an excellent idea. Too bad you didn’t think of any of these things

yourself. From now on I want you to start thinking for yourself. And Shawn, I want all of your thoughts to be feminine in nature. Do you understand?"

"Yes Ma'am, I will try."

"That's my good boy. I really think it will help you to enjoy your training. And besides I'm looking forward to having a sweet girlfriend. Thank you for folding all my things, Shawn. You did a very neat job."

She moved her hand from his tummy to his right breast. His nipple felt like a hard little pebble through the shiny satin.

"Shawn, your not wearing a bra!"

"No Ma'am, Ms Jacqueline didn't want me to appear too girlish on the long walk home, as it was getting dark."

"You can never appear to be too girlish. Nor do I approve of your going about without proper attire. However I don't think a girl should be on the streets alone after dark. You never can tell what might happen. From now on if you think you have to go out at night I want you to come get me. We'll go together if I think it is really necessary. Do you understand?"

"Yes Ma'am", he answered obediently, heavily resenting her remark about she determining whether or not his actions were necessary. But as her fingers toyed with his nipple he felt so weak. He really had no choice but to agree. She recognized his feminine need as he yielded to her stronger personality.

"You look so frail Shawn. Perhaps you should sit down." she suggested leading him to her sofa. This time she let him join her rather than making him sit at her feet. He was grateful as he looked into her twinkling eyes.

"Thank you Ms Denise."

As he sat he lightly groaned at the pain caused by the tight girdle reminding him cruelly of his intense erection.

“I do hope you are all right” she asked with a grin knowing full well his problem. “Is your girdle bothering you Shawn?”

“Oh, it is a little tight”, he admitted, not wanting her to know what she obviously did.

Resting one hand on his satin covered thigh, Denise fondled his ear with her other hand.

“What happened to your pretty earrings Shawn?”

“I took them off just after I left Ms Jacqueline’s. I didn’t want anyone to see me wearing them.”

“I don’t understand Shawn. I thought they were very pretty. Didn’t you like them?”

Shawn blushed. He was sure she understood very well. She was merely playing another mind game. He did not want to tell her the real reason. However, as her warm hand gently massaged his thigh through the cool satin he realized he had no choice.

“Oh Ms Denise, of course I thought they were very pretty and I loved wearing them for you and Ms. Jacqueline. But I’m a boy! I would be terribly humiliated to be wearing such feminine, dangly earrings in public! Men just don’t wear such things.”

“Shawn, how you disappoint me. After your week-end with me and Ms Jacqueline and after all of your promises to *think feminine*. I really don’t know if you are capable of becoming a good secretary. Just wait until I tell Ms Jacqueline that you’re ashamed of her pretty earrings.”

Shawn was immediately on his knees before his frowning classmate.

“Oh please! You wouldn’t! Ms Denise, I will do anything if only you don’t say anything to Ms Jacqueline.”

“Shawn, don’t be ridiculous. I’ve never had any secrets from Ms Jacqueline. What makes you think I would start now?”

“Ms Denise, I’ll do anything” he pleaded.

“But my dear Shawn, you’ve already shown that your promises don’t mean anything. Why should I give you another chance to break your word?”

“Please Ms Denise, just give me one more chance!”

“Very well, Shawn. I will make you no promises but I will think about it for a while. In return, I want you to do something for yourself. Something that might partially absolve your lies and will help to prove your sincerity.”

“Anything Ms Denise! I’m so sorry for breaking my promise. Please let me prove to you that I am sincere.”

“Okay, Shawn. Tomorrow right after school, I want you to meet me at ”La Feminique” beauty salon. Do you know where that is?”

It was only two blocks from the school. Shawn had passed it several times and he knew many of the students were patrons.

“Yes Ma’am, I’ll be there.”, he promised. He was beginning to have reservations already. But, as he looked up into her sparkling eyes he knew he had spoken the truth.”

“all right Shawn. Now run into my bathroom and get my nail polish. I want the bottle labeled, Rose Petal Pink.”

Relieved, he quickly did as she asked. Upon his return Denise indicated for him to sit at her feet.

“Poor little Shawn, it seems that you spend so much time on your knees. Perhaps we should buy you some knee pads,” she joked, patting his soft blond hair. “Seriously though, Shawn I do think it is awfully sweet of you to show such respect for women. Each day I want you to come up with a new way to show your respect and admiration for all things feminine. While you are doing my nails I want you to hatch your first idea.”

Without objection he opened the polish. Taking her soft hand in his, he began his chore. This is kind

of fun he thought to himself being very careful not to get polish on her cuticles.

Denise smiled down on him as she watched him become lost in his work and his thoughts. She was delighted when, after he finished her last finger, he began to remove her sandals. *He didn't even have to be told. How sweet!*

Once more he concentrated on his work. It seemed no sooner than he had started when he had finished the last toe and began to replace the bottle cap.

“Ms. Denise, I hope you won't think me bold if I say you have lovely nails and such nice taste in color. The polish adds such a refined charm to your appearance.”

“Why thank you Shawn. What a nice thing to say. But please don't put the polish away yet. You're not quite finished. Have you come up with any ideas yet?”

Shawn was speechless. From her words, he was sure that Denise wanted him to suggest that he paint his own nails. However, knowing he must attend classes tomorrow, he could not bring himself to do so.

“Shawn, Shawn. What am I going to do with you. You ask me to help you...”

Before she could finish he blurted out the embarrassing request.

“Ms Denise! May I use your polish?”

She sat back as if taken by surprise.

“Why Shawn! Whatever would you do with it?”

He blushed deeply. Perhaps that is not what she had in mind. However, he decided to continue.

“I... I just thought maybe... Well the polish looks so nice on you. I thought you might like me to...”

“Tell me what YOU want, Shawn. Not what I might like.”

Finally, in complete surrender he broke. “Oh Ms. Denise, may I wear some of your polish on my own nails?”

“How sweet Shawn! I think that would be lovely! But what about school tomorrow? You won’t mind the other girls seeing your pretty nails?”

“Oh yes Ms. Denise. I will be terrified. But I just wanted to show you and Ms Jacqueline how much I want to fit in and become a good secretary.”

“Very well then, Shawn. You may use my polish. And by the way, I think that was a very nice idea.” She nodded her approval while stroking his hot red cheek knowing full well how difficult it was going to be for him to face the amusement of the other girls in school.

“You must hurry though. It’s nearly time for lights out.”

Sitting at her feet, Shawn once more opened the bottle and began applying the polish to his own fingernails. As he finished Denise was happy to see him remove his penny loafers and knee-hi’s. Soon he had finished his toenails as well.

“Blow on them nicely Shawn. We must hurry to get you into bed. Its nearly nine-thirty.”

Once the enamel hardened Shawn replaced his stockings and shoes. Denise offered her hand, helping him to his feet. After he replaced the polish in her bathroom Denise took his hand leading him to his room three doors down on the opposite side of the hall.

“I’ll take your key Shawn. You won’t be needing it for a while.”

Realizing that he was surrendering complete authority over himself and his possessions, Shawn slowly removed his room key from the tiny waist pocket of his jump suit.

“Thank you,” she stated inserting the key into the lock.

She ushered him into his own room. Shawn was overcome by an intense feeling of helplessness as he watched her place his key in her brassiere since she had no pockets in her short pleated skirt.

“Quickly Shawn. I want you ready for bed in five minutes.”

She noticed how neat and organized the room was. Walking about as if inspecting a newly acquired property, she freely opened drawers and closet doors while Shawn busied himself with his clothing; the tight girdle was a real struggle.

“Its a good thing Ms Jacqueline lent you some lingerie, Shawn. Although I can see we’ve got some extensive shopping to do to help make your room to look like the other girls’.”

Shawn blushed as Denise continued by complimented him on his lacy blue panties while he tried not to think about what she was suggesting to do to his room. He quickly chose the pale yellow sleep wear that Ms Jacqueline had given him and Denise helped him fasten the sleeping bra. He modestly slipped the knee length gown over his head before removing the blue panties and donning the ruffled yellow ones that matched his gown.

“Do you have to use the bathroom Shawn?” she asked, removing the pretty white silk scarf from her neck.

Slightly embarrassed, he said that he did.

“Quickly then Shawn. Its past time for bed.”

After he had finished, Denise asked him to place his hands behind his back. Gently but firmly she tied them together with the beautiful silk scarf finishing the knot in a fluffy bow. Placing her arm around his waist over the softness of his pretty yellow gown, she guided him to his bed and folded back the covers.

“I want you to sleep well Shawn. We have a busy day tomorrow and it will begin very early.”

She sat him on the bed and helped him to lay back on the pillow as he lifted his legs. Sitting on the bed at his side, she let her hand gently rest on his right breast. She spoke softly to him as her fingers toyed with his nipple through the soft nylon of his gown and brassiere.

“As you fall asleep tonight, I want you to think of the wonderful day you’re going to have tomorrow and how you will try to become as one with the other girls.”

She continued to plant feminine thoughts in his mind as both hands now began to pull and twist his firm little nipples causing Shawn to become extremely hard beneath the diaphanous folds of the pretty gown and his ruffled yellow panties. Unexpectedly Denise leaned over and covered his mouth with her full soft lips forcing his own lips to yield her probing tongue as she explored deeply. Denise lingered for several minutes, trusting her tongue deeply between his lips.

Shawn felt so weak. He was a willing receptacle of her aggression.

As suddenly as she had begun Denise ended the embrace. Her warm eyes smiling down at the breathless boy. She smoothed his gown around his knees as she lifted the covers to just beneath his chin. Resting her hand briefly on his hardness through the covers, she planted a soft kiss on his forehead.

“Sleep tight my pretty sissy.” She blew him another kiss as she closed the door behind her.

Shawn was so enraptured he didn’t hear the key turn in the lock.

It was five thirty in the morning when Shawn slowly awakened to the feel of his nipples being gently caressed. As he reached to cover his breasts he



remembered his hands were secured beneath him. Slowly he opened his eyes.

There smiling down on him was his pretty classmate, Denise. By her side there was a neat pile of what appeared to be boy's clothes.

"You're so cute when you are sleeping Shawn. I really didn't want to wake you. But we must get ready. Our first class is at eight."

She was still in her robe. It was light blue, brushed cotton. She looked so clean cut Shawn wondered how she was able to keep her hair so nice after a nights sleep. As she continued to fondle his nipples Shawn remembered the torrid kiss of the night before feeling that his lips were still pleasantly sore from her passion.

"Good morning Ms Denise."

"How is my sweet sissy this morning", she smiled. "Do you like me to stroke your breasts?"

"Oh, Ms Denise. It makes me feel so weak inside. My tummy turns to jelly. I never realized until you took care of me the other night just how sensitive they were. Its as if you've created a need in me. Mmmm... if you only knew the feeling..."

How well she knew. With just a hint of cruelty she suddenly squeezed them roughly causing Shawn to wince helplessly at the pain, but he did not attempt to resist. Denise smiled down at his contorted face. She basked with pleasure in the power she exercised over her charge.

"Just a little something to remember me by as you go through the day, Shawn. Now its time to get up. We'll leave your scarf on for a little longer. I want to shape your eyebrows just a little and you don't need to be fidgeting around with your hands."

Helping him to his feet, she led him to the small desk where she had placed her overnight bag. From it she withdrew some things that were foreign to Shawn.

“Now this is going to hurt just a little. Lets see if you can be a big boy and not complain.” She was so bubbly, carrying on a conversation as she worked it seemed to Shawn that she was enjoying his discomfort.

“As we make certain changes in you appearance, Shawn, you’ll begin to notice these things in other girls. For example your pretty Rose Petal Pink finger nails. And soon, being aware of your own finely plucked eye brows. I think you will be surprised at how many girls you notice with penciled eyebrows. You will begin to appreciate the things a girl goes through to be attractive. Have you ever noticed eye brows before?”

A very frightened Shawn had to admit that he had never really given them any thought as he now wondered what the others might think about his new found effeminacy, and as she held up the small mirror, he was astonished at the difference the plucking had made. He looked so much younger. ‘Oh, I don’t even look like a boy, now!’

“Oh, Ms. Denise, this is so permanent! How will I ever be able to show my face in public again?”

“Silly Shawn, I’m not finished yet. You’ll appreciate what a little make up can do. Especially for such a pretty face as yours.”

“Don’t you think this is going a little too far though?”

“Well, the girls will probably notice. But I doubt if any of the men will perceive anything other than you appear to be a little bit effeminate. After all, that’s why Ms Jacqueline and I have selected such boyish outfits for you to wear this week.”

Releasing his hands, she told him to have a nice hot shower. She also suggested that he would feel much better if he gave his legs and underarms a quick once over with the razor.

After hesitating only a moment he began to carry out her wishes. As he did so, she began laying out his

underthings from his dresser drawer where he had packed them the night before. Yellow nylon panty briefs with a cute little buttercup embroidered above the left leg, a matching chemise, what looked like a training bra, and pantyhose!

A broad smile crossed her face as she added his dreaded panty girdle. From the pile of clothes that she had brought with her from her room she selected a pair of denim slacks. They appeared to be blue jeans, except the zipper was in the back! The blouse was yellow cotton with a button down collar. It would have been a man's shirt if the buttons were on the other side.

Shawn emerged from the bathroom with the fluffy white bath towel wrapped around him high enough to cover his sensitive breasts.

Denise handed him the soft panties, complementing him on his attractive legs.

"It's really a shame you must wear pants, with legs like those you would look much better in skirts," she suggested with an amused smile as she thought, *'But, they will come later.'*

Once the panties were in place he tried to figure out the unfamiliar pantyhose.

"Sit down on the bed, Shawn, and gather one leg at a time until you reach the toe. Then begin pulling them up smoothly over your legs."

After the first leg, he found it a little easier. He was amazed at how much easier it was to slip into the girdle.

"Don't forget to tuck yourself back before you fasten the girdle," she giggled with delight as she reminded him. "You'll need a smooth figure to look nice under your slacks. I guess that's one more advantage to wearing skirts."

Nearly embarrassed to tears, but appreciating the truth of her words he modestly turned his back before obeying. Once again she mentioned his legs.

“You have such lovely legs, Shawn. They certainly were meant to be shown off. Won’t you be happy when you’re able to wear skirts all the time?”

She smiled at his red cheeks as he picked up the training bra designed for a much younger girl. “I thought that you should become use to wearing a bra to cover those pretty little sensitive titties I love to squeeze. I am certain that under your pretty chemise they will hardly be noticed, all things considered.”

Poor Shawn wondered what she meant by ‘all things considered’, but decided not to ask as he picked up the denim pants.

“The zipper goes to the back by the way.”

“Oh, Ms. Denise. Everyone will know these are girls’ pants. What will I say when people point at me or ask why I’m wearing girls’ things?”

“I don’t know that you need to say anything, Shawn. But if I were you I would thank them for the compliment and just tell them how happy you are that you can borrow such nice things from a friend. If you try real hard, maybe no one will notice that you’re a boy. After all, I think that would help you to fit in much better.”

Their tummies and breasts pressed together as she reached behind him to close the zipper. He felt himself growing inside the tight girdle.

“And now your blouse.”

She delighted in his fumbblings with the ‘backward’ buttons of his new blouse as she noted how the outline of his lovely bra and chemise top showed through the fabric.

“Your nails are very becoming, Shawn. I think nail polish is one of the most important ways a girl can express her femininity.” She waited until he finished buttoning his blouse before saying, “you can wear your penny loafers today. I think flats would be more appropriate with your pants. Besides, no one will be able to enjoy seeing your pretty legs anyway.”

After repacking her overnight bag she handed it to Shawn.

“Now you can help me get ready,” she suggested leading him to the door.

Shawn was thankful she remembered to lock his door as they left, replacing the key in the pocket of her robe. It was then that he noticed that there were no pockets in his jeans nor in his yellow cotton blouse. Noticing his discovery, Denise reassured him.

“Don’t worry Shawn, while you were in the shower I gathered everything you will need. When we’re ready to go I’ll give you something to carry your things in.”

Resigned, he followed Denise to her room.

“While I’m in the shower I want you to straighten things up. Start by making my bed. If you don’t know where something goes just lay it on the bed until I return,” she directed, casually removing her robe to reveal her pretty blue baby dolls. Her firm breasts as well as the furry ‘V’ between her legs were clearly visible through the thin material.

Shawn began his chores as he longingly watched her trim, athletic form disappear into the bathroom. Soon the bed was made, soiled lingerie in the hamper, and books put in order. He found himself happily humming to himself as Denise emerged carrying a large green towel.

“It looks a lot better Shawn, thank you. Now please come here and dry my back.”

Shawn was elated by the opportunity to be so near her soft, moist skin. She smelled so nice and clean as he rubbed the towel over her back.

“That feels nice Shawn. I like having a girlfriend to help me out, it’s like having your own ladies maid. Now fold the towel and hang it up nicely. Ms Jacqueline told me how you help her brush her teeth in the morning. Would you like to help me too?”

Shawn throbbed within the tight girdle. He tried not to show his excitement.

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Then come along silly, we haven’t got all day. That’s it. Oh, your hands are so soft, Shawn, just like a girl’s.”

Her firm bottom rubbed vigorously against the smooth flat surface of his jeans as she brushed her teeth. Shawn was fighting a climax as he held her breasts gently in his hands. Soon she had finished and was rinsing her mouth.

“Thank you Sweetie. That was very nice! Now run along and pick out some underwear for me, will you? I think I’ll wear jeans and a top, then we can be twin sisters,” she suggested with a laugh.

Shawn chose a very pretty bra and panty set in mint green. He helped her into the panties and had just fastened her brassiere when she indicated her preference for knee-hi’s over pantyhose. As she put them on, Shawn selected an outfit for her. *‘How sweet, he didn’t even have to be told.’*

The blouse was styled almost identically to his own but it was light green instead of yellow. The slacks were denim, the same shade of blue as his own, but he noticed they had pockets and the zipper was in the front.

Denise quickly finished dressing. She had chosen a very pretty set of dangling ear rings. Hoping to impress her with his new found powers of observation, Shawn bashfully complimented her on them.

“Well thank you Shawn, what a darling thing to say. You know, ear rings don’t hurt your ears at all if they are pierced. I think it’s a real shame that you are too embarrassed to wear ear rings in public. That reminds me. Do you remember your promise to go with me to the beauty shop?”

Shawn remembered well. He had begged her for an opportunity to show his sincerity.

“Yes,” he replied, apprehensively.

“Well, just so you can have something to think about today, we’re going to have your ears pierced. Won’t you like that?”

He was shocked. He had to figure out some way to get out of his promise. There was no way he would allow his ears to be pierced.

Denise smiled at his loss for words. She realized full well the thoughts that were going through his mind. Without another word she handed him a small brown leather bag and ushered him to the door noting with some amusement how his panty girdle molded his narrow waist while lifting and gently cupping his pretty rear as it wiggled cutely in a near rotating fashion when he walked all too femininely before her.

The day did not pass quickly for poor Shawn. He tried to stay as close as possible to Denise, desperately needing her moral support. During the morning he was able to evade the other male students. But many of the girls observed his new look and clothes complementing him upon his pretty eyes and lovely nail polish. Surprisingly, only a few were sarcastic. At any rate, Denise was absolutely correct about one thing. Shawn noticed the eyebrows of every girl he saw.

He also noticed that some of the girls reacted to him as if he were another female. He began to feel comfortable and even looked forward to becoming closer to those girls who accepted him.

Denise encouraged this closeness. She insisted that whenever he received a compliment he should in turn compliment the other person as well.

And so it began. Shawn was quickly becoming one of the girls.

Things seemed to be going very well until the bell rang after the last class. Mike McCallister, one of the other two male students, had been eyeing the pretty

Shawn all through typing class. As the bell rang he made a beeline towards Shawn's module.

"Shawn, I saw you earlier this afternoon at lunch. You look so different. I was wondering maybe if we could talk?"

Poor Shawn blushed to the roots of his hair. He didn't know what to say or do. He just sat there speechless for a moment, his pretty eyes looking up into the handsome face of this assertive young man.

"Uh, okay Mike. What would you like to talk about?"

"Come on. I'll walk you to the dorm."

Before he could object Mike grabbed Shawn's books and pulled his chair back so that he could rise.

Denise, who sat in the back row, looked on with amusement. How sweet she thought, Shawn has his first suitor. She decided to tag along and keep an eye on her charge.

As he rose to follow the burly young man, Shawn felt Mike's eyes on the smooth juncture of his thighs. Does he think I'm a girl Shawn wondered. He wanted to grab his books back. It just didn't seem right to have another boy carrying them. And besides, without any pockets, Shawn was at a complete loss as to what to do with his hands.

Mike solved part of the problem for him. He took Shawn's left hand, leading him toward the door. Shawn could feel the strength of the young man's grip. His own hand felt so soft and weak in the other boy's grasp. He decided to follow, noticing as he left that his typing instructress, Miss Carstair smiled at him with an encouraging wink.

Shawn wished he could just disappear as Mike led him down the corridor and out into the bright afternoon sunlight. This was definitely not the way two boys should be acting he thought. As they walked, he was stunned that no one else seemed to notice anything unusual. Did he really look that much like a

girl? He was sure that Mike knew he was a boy because they had met several days ago. And Mike certainly wasn't the swishy type. As a matter of fact Shawn had noticed many of the girls absorbing the handsome young man with hungry eyes.

Mike interrupted his thoughts.

"Thanks for letting me walk you home Shawn. I just wanted to get to know you a little better. I noticed you look so different today. There's something about your face. Your eyes. I just can't put my finger on it. But I really like the change!"

Shawn knew exactly what it was. Silently he cursed Denise as her memory reminded Shawn that he was to return compliments received.

"Why thank you Mike," he softly answered with a shy blush of embarrassment over being mistaken for being a girl. "It's very nice of you to carry my books. You must be awfully strong."

Not too far behind them, Denise happily observed the couple walking along hand in hand. She noticed how Shawn tried to be as feminine as possible so as not to bring unwanted attention from onlookers. Satisfied that Shawn was all right in the hands of the handsome young man, she decided to stop by Harvey's drug store. Most of the girls went there after school to have a soda or a snack.

Perhaps twenty minutes later, after stopping by a fashionable ladies clothing store she headed alone towards her room in the dorm. The halls were all but deserted as most of the girls were still in class or out socializing.

Thank Heavens! she thought as she turned the corner of her own corridor.

There, just outside Shawn's door, Mike had his arms about Shawn's waist. Tummy to tummy Mike had poor Shawn pressed against the wall. He was whispering something in Shawn's ear in a very intimate manner as Denise approached.

Upon seeing Denise, Mike released the trembling young Shawn. With some embarrassment he bid Denise a good afternoon while Denise could not help but notice the prominent bulge in Mike's jeans. And she was happy to see the smooth feminine appearance that Shawn presented.

Mike made a hasty retreat, promising to see Shawn at lunch tomorrow. As he passed Denise she motioned for him to stop. Shawn could not hear as she leaned to whisper in Mike's ear. Before leaving he shook his head, eagerly agreeing to whatever it was that Denise had said. With a last smile and wave to Shawn, he was on his way.

"It looks like you've made quite a little conquest Shawn." She grinned over his blushing response.

Shawn was overcome by embarrassment as he realized he had allowed himself to succumb to the ministrations of the aggressive young man.

Denise knew the feelings he was experiencing. "Don't be embarrassed Shawn. I'm happy to see you are getting along well with the boys as well as the girls. I think it is very important to maintain a healthy relationship with members of both sexes. And besides, it certainly looked like you were enjoying your self!" she teased. "Come now, we have an appointment. Or perhaps you forgot about it in your excitement?" Removing Shawn's key from the pocket of her jeans, she unlocked his door and held it open for him.

"I want you to wear something pretty to have your ears pierced Shawn. You're going to experience complete femininity as you feel your ear lobes being permanently marked. And I want you to realize you are doing it because it is my wish. Do you understand?"

Shawn felt so weak as her words caused him to throb painfully within the tight girdle. "Yes Ms Denise." He curtsied as if he were wearing skirts.

Denise smiled knowingly at his meek acceptance. “You may wear the jeans you have on, but I think a more feminine blouse is in order.”

From her packages she removed a beautiful satin blouse, a brassiere, and a chemise. All were a lovely shade of lavender. The blouse, which buttoned all the way up the back, had see through lace at the shoulders. Just above the breasts, the lace turned into sleek shiny satin which flowed to the pretty elasticized waist.

“It’s so feminine Ms Denise! How can I wear that in broad daylight?”

As she began unbuttoning his yellow blouse and removed the chemise and training bra her cool fingers gently tweaked his hard little nipples. “With pride Shawn. Knowing that you are submitting to my wishes.”

His knees felt weak as she slipped the straps of the lacy bra over his soft shoulders and fastened it by reaching around from the front, her firm breasts crushing the gently padded lace cups against his chest. She held the chemise for him to slip his arms into. Finally the magical blouse. Shawn reveled in pleasure as the soft tunnel of satin enveloped his upper torso. Denise quickly buttoned him up the back and selected a matching satin hair ribbon from her shoulder bag.

“On your knees, Shawn,” she smiled as her soft hand applied a gentle downward pressure on his shoulder. She brushed his hair until it was glistening with highlights and then tied the ribbon finishing in a large fluffy bow. If only I could be so pretty she thought to herself. While he was still on his knees she snapped a pretty string of pink pearls around his neck and applied matching lipstick to his soft lips. After spraying him with a liberal dose of perfume she offered her hand to help the pretty boy to his feet. “Your nails still look very nice Shawn. Did Mike like them?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Well, silly? What did he say about them?”

Shawn was nearly embarrassed to tears as he spoke. “He said my hands were very soft, and that they looked so pretty and feminine with the nail polish. He asked me to wear it again tomorrow.”

“How sweet Shawn! Did you tell him of course you would wear it just for him?”

“No, Ma’am,” he answered uncertainly beginning to realize that she had transformed him to look just like any other girl in the school!

“I can see you’ve got a few things to learn about being with boys, Shawn. But don’t worry, I’m going to teach you well. And you’re going to get a lot of practice!”

Depositing the lipstick and perfume into a small pink plastic purse she gave it to him and suggested he change into heels for the short walk to the beauty shop.

“You really need to become more accustomed to your high heels, Shawn, and besides you’ll feel so much more feminine in heels now that you are wearing a dressier blouse and proper make-up for a young lady on her way to the beauty shop.”

Shawn couldn’t resist a quick peek in the mirror before they left. His hair was very becoming with a shoulder length pageboy flip. The ribbon, which exactly matched his blouse, was a perfectly feminine touch. Pink pearls at his neck matched his nails as well as his lips. The straps of his lavender brassiere and chemise were clearly visible through the lace at his shoulders. The shiny satin of the blouse flowed smoothly to his waist, its luster broken only by the small mounds of his breasts. His jeans were fairly tight but the punishing girdle insured smooth girlish lines.

Turning slightly, he admired the way his girdle and heels forced his bottom into even more prominent display. He had to admit there was certainly nothing boyish about the stunning reflection in the mirror.

Maybe no one would recognize him? Remembering the purpose of his appointment, Shawn tilted his head to one side and with prettily enameled fingers fondled the soft ear lobe.

Denise, realizing his thoughts, smiled at the typically feminine gesture.

“We must go now Shawn, or we’ll be late for your appointment.”

As they walked hand in hand, they discussed the events of the day. In order to intensify his fears of discovery and feminine acceptance of his fate Denise asked probing questions about Shawn’s feelings when Mike walked him home. How did he feel having the handsome young man carry his books and hold his hand? What did Mike whisper into his ear as he held him so intimately? Did Shawn enjoy the embrace? She even mentioned Mike’s obvious arousal and asked Shawn how he felt about that.

Shawn noticed that the sharp tapping of his heels on the sidewalk caused many male heads to turn to see the all too feminine girl walk by with pretty swaying hips and a provocatively rotating rear! It was difficult for him to follow Denise’s line of questioning as he was aware of the attention he was drawing to himself. Trying to walk more sedately, he did his best to respond to her shameful questions, but he was completely overcome by the feminine web which Denise had spun around him.

His first visit to the beauty shop was an experience Shawn would remember for a very long time.

Denise had cautioned him to act as feminine as he could lest he be recognized as a male. In the shop Denise did all of the talking, instructing the technician on every detail of the operation. Shawn, reclining in the operating chair, became fidgety as he watched the beautician work. Once all the items necessary for the piercing had been assembled Denise requested to be left alone in the private cubicle with

her friend. The operator, sensing Shawn's extreme nervousness, nodded in agreement.

Denise smiled down into Shawn's frightened face. She raised her denim covered thigh and placed her knee between Shawn's legs, applying firm pressure to the smooth vee of his jeans. Slipping her hand beneath his blouse and underthings, she began to fondle his nipples as she spoke softly.

"I'm glad you're nervous Shawn. I only wish Ms Jacqueline could be here to witness your piercing. She's going to be so happy to see how well you're progressing. And Shawn, as you are being pierced I want you to think about Mike. Pierced ears just drive the guys crazy." She leaned over, putting most of her weight on her knee. Their lips met. As Denise forced her tongue between Shawn's soft pink lips she cruelly squeezed his sensitive nipples. The pain at his breasts and crotch caused Shawn to wince as Denise took her time penetrating his mouth with her strong tongue.

He tasted her lipstick mingled with his own. He smelled her perfume or was it his? He lost track of time and space. He knew only that his body was being masterfully used. He found joy in surrender.

After several moments Denise ended the embrace but left her knee in place as she straightened his pretty blouse and lingerie. Shawn was putty. He did not even hear Denise call the beautician back into the room.

The attendant was amazed at the calm figure who lay before her. Without further ado she deftly picked up cork and needle. Shawn felt the cold steel. But one could not tell it by looking at him. His eyes were lost in Denise's smiling face. As if in a trance, he didn't see the small box which Denise handed to the technician.

"Oooo, they're so pretty!" exclaimed the beautician.

The earrings were long and dangly. A delicate gold chain from the post held a small golden cage. Inside the cage was a pretty pink pearl which matched the pearls around Shawn's neck. The symbolism of the caged pearl did not escape the entranced young man. Softly, he spoke his first words since entering the salon. "Thank you Ms Denise."

The attendant was somewhat puzzled by the obvious tone of respect in Shawn's voice. After all, they appeared to be classmates of equal stature. Observing Shawn's devoted gaze, she sensed an underlying current in the seemingly innocent relationship. *'No doubt they are lesbians.'*

After paying the bill along with a generous tip, Denise helped Shawn to his feet. The sun had already set as hand in hand they left the shop. "You did very well Shawn. I'm proud of you. As a special treat we'll stop by Harvey's on the way back and have an ice cream soda."

Shawn was aware only of the tapping of his heels and the sway of the pretty earrings against his neck. He followed Denise, now willing to accept any decision she might make on his behalf. He realized, now that she had had him permanently marked, he was her possession as much as Ms Jacqueline's. He knew he would obey her in the future without question. Denise, knowing his thoughts, smiled disarmingly at the pretty boy.

"Your earrings are very becoming Shawn. Tell me, do you like them?"

Shawn's knees felt so weak. They nearly buckled as he tried to convey his feelings. "Oh, Ms Denise. They make me feel so..." He did not have the words. But they were not necessary. Denise understood perfectly.

"I'm happy for you Shawn."

They continued their walk in silence, each knowing that their relationship had been bonded as per-

manently as the as the piercings in Shawn's soft ears.

On entering the drugstore, they headed for an empty booth at the rear of the fountain area. Denise ordered for both of them and paid the check.

Shawn, still in a semi hypnotic state did not notice as Denise smiled invitingly at the two young men sitting at the counter.

Mike McCallister was the first to approach their table. "Mind if we join you?", he smiled. His voice shattered Shawn's reverie. Mike had already slid into the booth next to him before Denise answered.

"This is my friend Dan Willoughby," Mike introduced, "he's going to school over at VoTech. Dan meet Denise and Shawn."

"Glad to meet you," Denise greeted with an alluringly feminine smile.

Poor Shawn was completely lost. He just did not know what to do or say. Obviously Dan had taken him for a girl, although he was sure Mike knew that he was a boy. He remembered earlier that afternoon. Mike had definitely not treated him as another guy. Mike's strong hand on his thigh made up his mind for him. He secretly vowed to follow Denise's lead and try to act as feminine as possible. *'It shouldn't be to hard the way Mike is coming on to me,'* he thought worriedly to himself.

Mike interpreted Shawn's silence as acceptance. Sliding even closer to him he allowed his caresses to become bolder.

Shawn felt terribly uncomfortable at having another man's hand fondle him so intimately. Yet he didn't know how to stop it without making a scene.

Denise enjoyed watching the pretty boy squirm self consciously under the attentions of the aggressive young man. "You know, I really meant to tell you earlier this afternoon. I think you two make a lovely couple!" She smiled at Mike.

“Thank you Denise. Shawn certainly is the prettiest little thing I’ve seen in a long time,” Mike said as he looked directly into Shawn’s eyes.

Shawn could not help noticing Mike’s masculine features. Those lips. He had noticed Mike this afternoon that they were so much firmer than a girls. The slight beard and short clean hair. As Shawn looked into his eyes he saw a hunger, a strong desire. He was afraid of this handsome young man. But at the same time, he was becoming curiously excited thinking about the muscle men in their tight briefs the night before. Almost with feminine interest Shawn glanced down at Mike’s lap in wonder while suppressing a little giggle as Mike’s hand, now at the juncture of Shawn’s thighs, was not helping the situation.

Denise perceived what was happening. Politely, she asked Dan to walk her back to the dormitory. However, before they left she asked Shawn to be sure and stop by her room. This was more for Mike’s benefit than Shawn’s. Shawn knew that Denise still had his key.

Shawn was even more frightened now that Denise had left them alone and nervously after a very short time Shawn asked Mike to walk him home also.

He was only to happy to oblige. As they left Mike put his arm around Shawn’s waist and pulled him close.

‘Oh Denise, how could you do this to me,’ he thought to himself. ‘Here I am, alone with a man on a dark night. What will I do if he becomes more aggressive?’

Shawn knew he was no physical match for this burly young man who held him so closely. He wanted to run as fast as he could but the tapping of his high heels made that idea ludicrous. It seemed he had no choice but to make the best of a very awkward situation.

“Your perfume is driving me crazy,” Mike murmured. “It’s such a nice evening and I’m glad we get

to be alone for a little while. You are such a beautiful girl, Shawn. I want to wrap my arms around you and never let go!”

“But, Mike...”, Shawn tried to interject. Before he could speak however, Mike stopped, turning to face him. Shawn felt his strong arms encircle his waist. They looked deeply into each others eyes. Maybe it was the warmth of the Indian summer evening? Maybe it was the soft moonlight? Shawn wanted to resist. But as Mike’s strong arms crushed him tightly to his hard chest, their lips grew close. Shawn’s tummy melted as he felt the young man’s mouth on his own. Perhaps Shawn could have broken the embrace. Perhaps not. As their bodies fused together his arms betrayed his needs by slowly wrapping themselves around the young man’s muscular neck. He was aware of the crisp lace of his brassiere crushing his nipples beneath the pretty satin blouse. He was aware of Mike’s hands. One at the closure of his bra, holding him close. The other gently fondling the soft curves of his bottom. He was aware of the excitement, the need building inside. And at his tummy he was aware of Mike’s turgid need also.

Mike held the embrace for several moments feeling Shawn melt in his arms. Shawn was painfully aware of his tight girdle as Mike whispered soft words in his ear. Mike’s lips toyed with his new earring, pressing it to his neck. Mike ended the embrace leaving Shawn completely breathless. However as they continued their stroll in silence, Mike’s hand remained on the gentle swell of Shawn’s soft bottom.

Shawn was enthralled. For the remainder of their walk he noticed little of his surroundings. He felt only Mike’s hand holding him so intimately and the hardness of Mike’s chest as he nuzzled closely to this strong man. Before he wanted it to happen they were at Denise’s door. Shawn leaned against the wall as Mike pressed into him.

Mike realized he had mastered this feminine creature and he knew that Shawn would now yearn for the next time. Feeling happy but a bit cocky at his

new power over the pretty boy, Mike boldly allowed his throbbing manhood to press against Shawn's soft tummy. Without words they looked deeply into each other's eyes. Both were aware of Mike's hardness. Both new that Shawn would eagerly submit to future advances from the handsome young man. Shawn's soft pink lips longed to once again be crushed by this forceful man.

Shawn was disappointed as Denise opened her door, peeking into the hall. She was already wearing a pretty yellow nightgown.

"I was afraid you were lost," she laughed with a happy grin actually knowing better. She was happy though to see they were obviously getting along so well. "You had better say good night Shawn. We have to get an early start."

Slightly embarrassed by her presence, Mike gently kissed Shawn on the forehead.

"I'll see you tomorrow at lunch," he whispered as a promise that thrilled Shawn.

As Mike left, Denise escorted her charge into her room.

"I think you'll be spending the night with me Shawn. That way you'll be handy when I need you in the morning. Please get ready for bed now. You know where the nighties are."

Shawn was only too happy to get out of the terrible girdle while Denise smiled as she watched him shed the dreaded garment and Shawn became thoughtful as he changed into a pretty pink baby doll with matching panties.

"Ms Denise?"

"Yes, my sweet one."

"Doesn't Mike realize that I am a boy?"

"I'm sure he does Shawn. He has known you since you first came to this school. But if you're in doubt, why don't you ask him?"

“Well, I was about to ask him tonight but I didn’t really get a chance. And then something happened that would have made it a very embarrassing question.”

“Tell me more Shawn.”

Turning beet red, Shawn looked at his pretty classmate.

“He kissed me.”

“Is that all?”

“Well, Ms Denise, it wasn’t like that. I mean he really kissed me!”

“Did you like it?”

“Not at first. I was afraid. Then as he became more aggressive I felt so weak and submitted as things happened. Almost before I knew what was happening I started to really get into it. Oh! Ms Denise, I’ve never experienced anything like it before. He was so strong. I felt so weak and soft. So helpless. I only could melt in his arms!”

“I think I understand Shawn. You experienced something that most girls experience at one time or another. I’m very happy for you! Don’t you enjoy being an attractive young lady?”

Shawn hadn’t really thought of it that way before. But he knew he would never be the same after this night. And Denise had made it all happen. Throwing himself at her pretty bare feet, he thanked her profusely.

“Shawn, Shawn. How sweet you are! Enough of that now. Bring me a pretty pink ribbon from the bureau. We must complete your sleep wear.”

After tying his hands in a pretty bow, Denise helped him into her double bed.

“On your side now”, she smiled, turning out the light and climbing into bed behind him.

She pressed her breasts into his back through the nylon of their nighties. Shawn found that with his hands tied behind him, his fingers were trapped at the juncture of Denise's thighs. Lifting her gown, Denise reached down and guided them against the crotch of her panties.

“Yes, Shawn. That's very nice.”

Once his fingers were busy Denise relaxed and let her hand drift into the low cut bodice of Shawn's nightie. Late into the night she massaged his breasts and nipples as his fingers delivered her to many satisfying peaks.

After Monday night, the week literally flew by for Shawn. He spent the remaining nights with Ms Denise, his own room becoming only a place to change clothes and redecorate for her amusement with lovely lace curtains, shimmering satin for the drapes and bedspread, while pretty little dolls and stuffed animals filled in here and there with school books and his newly acquired romance novels.

Each day he had worn a different outfit as directed by Ms Denise. Each ensemble was slightly more feminine than the next. Shawn was beginning to accept and even enjoy his new feminine world. He especially enjoyed the closeness that had developed between himself and Ms Denise.

Mike had become more assertive, insisting that he be allowed to carry Shawn's books home every night.

Shawn enjoyed the masculine attention but somehow it just didn't seem right to the pretty boy. However he was quickly approaching the point where he could not resist the advances of this handsome young man.

Denise noticed that Mike was having a growing affect on Shawn. She encouraged the relationship and made helpful feminine suggestions to Shawn. Shawn

in turn shared all of his inner feelings with Denise. In addition to being his guardian and master, she had also become a big sister to Shawn.

At school Shawn found that he was beginning to be accepted as one of the girls. Everyone seemed to like the recent changes in his appearance and his personality. The girls loved to give him little tips, helping him to enter deeper and deeper into their world.

Friday morning found Shawn ready for school in a very pale pink pant suit of soft glistening nylon. Through the thin nylon one could easily see the sumptuous lace of his pretty pink brassiere and the outline of the restrictive girdle which Denise insisted that he wear. The suit matched his nails and lips as well as the pretty dangling earrings that Denise had given him. He no longer feared rejection and humiliation for being feminine. On the contrary he found warmth and acceptance from everyone he met. Especially the guys. Denise had been right about pierced ears. They drove the men wild!

With Denise's nightly massages, Shawn's breasts were becoming very sensitive. It seemed he was always thinking of them. Also, because of the tight girdle, to which he was slowly becoming accustomed, he found himself thinking considerably less about the lower portion of his anatomy. As a matter of fact his male appendages were becoming more of a liability. They were very uncomfortable in the tight girdle - especially when he found himself submitting to Denise's advances and more recently to the masculine attentions of the handsome Mike McCallister.

As was becoming the norm, Mike had walked Shawn back to the dorm after classes. Both of the boys were amazed when Denise invited them into her room. To Shawn's acute embarrassment she proceeded to demonstrate her complete control over the pretty boy.

"Shawn, fix your boyfriend a cool drink and make him comfortable while I change" she smiled.

Mike was shocked when with a slight curtsy Shawn responded, “Yes, Ma’am”.

“Just a cola, please,” Mike said as he patted the seat next to him. “Then come sit by me on the couch.”

Shawn quickly retrieved the soda from Denise’s small refrigerator. Handing the drink to Mike, he sat on the spot indicated. It felt kind of funny to be sitting, virtually alone with this young man. Mike boldly rested his hand on Shawn’s thigh. It felt so strong as it gently caressed the sensitive skin through the thin pink nylon of his pants suit and his sheer pantyhose. Flustered, the pretty boy wondered what was taking his roommate so long.

“I love your perfume,” Mike whispered as he began to nibble Shawn’s ear just below the pretty dangling earring. Mike’s other hand encircled his shoulders, drawing him closer. Shawn began to protest.

“Mike, please don’t,” he whispered softly. “It...it’s just not right. I’m not a...”

Before he could finish, Mike’s firm lips covered his own. Mike’s hand moved slowly, now caressing Shawn’s tummy.

The soft nylon of the pretty pink pants suit rubbing over the smooth satin panel of his girdle made him feel so feminine. Shawn was losing control as Mike’s strong hand slowly moved to cover his small breast. Shawn felt so weak. Slowly he parted his lips, submissively accepting Mike’s firm tongue. Shawn was barely conscious of the slow, hungry moan that vibrated through his throat. Mike’s closeness, his strong impulsive hands, and his firm masculine lips were too much for poor Shawn. He found himself returning the embrace with excitement he had not known before. Shawn’s hands went to the young man’s muscular biceps and further until his arms clung with passion around his trunk like neck. Shawn felt himself melting into the torrid embrace. He felt his entire person was impaled on Mike’s searing tongue. He surrendered completely.

Mike enjoyed his new found power over this pretty creature. He took his time savoring the soft painted lips, exploring and exciting his feminine possession. He knew he was in control and that poor Shawn was merely putty in his very capable hands.

How strange thought Shawn. Here I am a young man, perfumed, powdered and pantied at the wishes of two strong and determined ladies. Oh why do I submit to them? And I'm being used by this behemoth. This powerful male animal. As a female! And as Mike's tongue probed his ear he wondered why, oh why, he found it all so terribly exciting!

Shawn did not know how long they had been petting. But he wanted it to go on forever! Perhaps a half hour had passed before he became aware that Denise had returned.

She was sitting on the bed in a pretty white satin play suit. She was smiling at the enraptured couple. "I'm very happy to see that you two are getting along so well."

Shawn turned beet red as he broke the embrace. Mike didn't seem to mind her presence. His hand remained at Shawn's breast, gently toying with the hard little nipple through his blouse and the crisp lace of his pretty pink brassiere.

"Shawn, we're going to the movies this evening. I've laid out your things in the bathroom. Now run along and change while Mike and I plan our outing. Oh, and by the way, you don't need to wear your girdle tonight," added Denise as Shawn observed the broad smile on Mike's lips.

Shawn knew that he was still completely under the control of his pretty young classmate. However he was so overcome by Mike's attention, he could not move as the strong hand continued to rest on his breast gently manipulating his hard little nipple. Finally, to Shawn's regret, Mike released him. He quickly disappeared into the bathroom as Denise had directed.

He knew that Mike and Denise were talking about him but he didn't care. He was in a languid state of sexual bliss as he slowly began removing the pretty pants suit. It was such a relief to be free of the hated girdle. Removing the pink lace briefs, he noticed the crotch was very damp. As he removed the pink chemise and matching bra, he was shocked at the outfit Denise had chosen for him.

The under things were the prettiest he had ever seen. In very pale mint green, the nylon panties had several rows of soft ruffles sewn on the bottom. The matching bra was a sweet confection of lace. The slip was a perfect match. Also of soft shimmery nylon, it was dripping with lace at the bodice and at the hem. Shawn realized that he would have to wear the sheer mint colored pantyhose underneath the thickly ruffled panties. He self consciously tucked himself back between his legs before pulling them up to insure a smooth panty line. The soft panties felt delicious as he slid them up his smooth nyloned legs. He slipped his delicate arms into the straps of the pretty bra and reached behind to fasten the clasps. It's tightness gave him a secure feeling. After donning the slip he was concerned that the hem barely reached the top of his thighs in a micro mini length.

The matching skirt and blouse were of shiny satin, just a slightly darker shade of green than his lingerie. The blouse was long sleeved and buttoned up the back. The front was smooth and sleek, sure to highlight the small mounds of his chest. The blouse waist complimented the flowing style of the full circle skirt.

He stepped into the skirt and tucked in the pretty lace of the petticoat. The skirt was only ten inches long! It barely covered the lace of his slip and the ruffles of his pretty panties. Looking in the mirror he felt so exposed as his soft thighs were completely displayed. Their smooth curves enhanced by the sheer mint colored pantyhose.

The pretty green shoes had very high heels. He slipped into them noticing the lovely curves they

forced upon his calves and thighs. The heels must have been four and a half inches high.

In his hair he tied a satin ribbon which exactly matched the skirt and blouse. He finished it in a big flouncy bow that fell nearly to his ears. Quickly he freshened his lipstick and perfume. He sprayed an extra bit of perfume behind each knee. His lips formed a mischievous smile as he thought how Mike would react to the perfume, while he tried not to think what Mike would want to do when he saw Shawn's pretty new look..

Shawn entered the living room to the sound of low wolf whistles.

"Shawn, You look absolutely beautiful." cried Denise. "Come here and let me look at you."

As he did so Denise directed him to do a little pirouette. The hem of his full circle skirt floated up to his waist as he made the turn. Mike's eyes nearly popped as he observed the pretty ruffled panties.

"Go show Mike what a pretty date he has tonight!"

Walking towards the couch, Shawn felt so weak and feminine. Oddly, he enjoyed the hungry look in Mike's eyes. At Mike's gesture he did another pirouette. More slowly this time, displaying pretty pink fingernails as he tried to hold his skirt down. His hands remained on the sleek satin of the skirt as Mike reached to caress his smooth nyloned thigh.

Shawn didn't know how to react when suddenly Mike pulled him onto his lap. Immediately he felt Mike's turgid member threatening through the ruffles of his panties and the thin pantyhose.

Mike kissed him hard, crushing his soft lips causing Shawn to no longer trying to resist or protest. He felt himself grow firm in the silky confines of his panties. Unconsciously he wiggled his soft bottom causing Mike to redouble his attentions.

"Okay, you two! There'll be enough time for that later! Dan is supposed to pick us up in ten minutes

and I think you need to get yourselves together. Shawn, go freshen your lipstick again and get your small white purse.”

Strange, thought Shawn, how Denise always seemed to be in charge. As she had planned, Mike found it nearly impossible to keep his hands off the shiny satin of Shawn’s pretty outfit. Reluctantly the couple broke their embrace.

Dan had a very nice car. It was a new Camaro. The stereo was great.

Shawn was started as his seat and thighs met the cool leather seat. His sheer nylon pantyhose offered little protection. He felt so vulnerable as Mike slid close to him in the small back seat. Denise sat up front in the comfortable bucket seat. Dan of course was driving.

Shawn felt butterflies in his tummy.

‘I’m actually going on a date. With a man! It feels so odd sharing this tiny back seat with a handsome young man.’ He tried futilely to tug his short satin skirt down. It was so full, it kept riding up to just below the lacy hem of his pretty mint green panties and matching petticoat.

Mike was enjoying every minute of Shawn’s discomfort. Trying to soothe the pretty boy, he placed a strong arm around Shawn’s shoulders, drawing him close. His other hand rested gently on a very pretty nyloned thigh. He softly whispered.

“Just relax, Shawn. You look terrific. We’re going to have a great time!”

Shawn had his doubts. As he felt Mike’s hands gently caress him through the sleek nylon and satin, he was having a macho attack.

‘What am I doing here? I’m a boy! Why is this guy pawing me all over like I was some kind of stuffed toy?’

With what appeared to be a pang of feminine modesty, he observed his own soft white hand remove Mike's strong warm palm from the silky nylon of his own creamy smooth thigh. "Please, Mike. Let's just talk for a while. I'm just not sure that what we're doing is right."

"Shawn, of course it is. You can't tell me you didn't feel anything a while ago when we were in Denise's room. You liked what we were doing, didn't you? You liked the way I took you in my arms... the way I held you, and kissed you."

"Oh Mike, you know I do. You make me feel so..." poor Shawn confessed in feminine shame.

But once again he did not have the words to describe his feelings. And once again he began to feel little butterflies in his tummy as he remembered Mike's bold caresses.

Mike gently raised the pretty boy's chin, looking deeply into his eyes. He knew Shawn was powerless to resist his advances while Shawn knew it too as he felt a strong hand return to his soft nyloned thigh.

"Oh, Mike!" squealed Shawn, but his lips were quickly silenced for Mike would have his way.

Denise, chatting away in the front seat had overheard the little conversation. Her lips formed a satisfied smile as she heard Shawn surrender. *'Your doing just fine my little Shawn,'* she thought to herself, *'Relax and let him mold your feminine will into soft eager submission.'*

Shawn melted into the rugged embrace. Mike's arms surrounded him. He loved the way Mike's fingers toyed with the rear fastening of his brassiere through the shimmery satin of his blouse. His soft painted lips parted hungrily, yielding to Mike's firm warm tongue. Shawn felt so weak and feminine as he welcomed the intimate invasion. After several minutes the firm masculine lips moved to his ear lobes, toying with the pretty dangling ear rings. Mike's

warm breath in his ear made his tummy melt. He snuggled softly into the strong arms.

At some point in the evening Mike's hand had found its way beneath Shawn's pretty satin blouse. Shawn shivered as he felt the rough masculine hand gently caress the soft white skin of his tummy. Upward it moved, towards the small boyish breasts. For a moment Mike's fingers rested gently on the crisp lace of the pretty bra. Shawn sucked in the cool night air, holding his breath in anticipation. Ever so slowly Mike's fingers began to tease the sensitive little nipple. A subdued moan escaped Shawn's lips as he was being led to the heights of ecstasy. He found such supreme joy in surrendering to the heated desire of this strong aggressive man poor Shawn did not even realize when the foursome had arrived at the drive in. Nor did he see much of the movie.

Thankfully, Denise had instructed the aggressive Mike not to remove any of Shawn's clothing. So the couple could not go "all the way". But by the time they returned to the dorm Shawn knew he would never return to being a boy.

They parked in front of the dorm for a long while. Neither Mike nor Shawn could part without just "one more" good night kiss. Finally, Denise took the initiative.

"I can see you two would be happy to neck until sunrise" she smiled. "But unfortunately Shawn and I have a big day ahead. Say good night Shawn, dearest. We girls must go now."

With great reluctance, the lovers separated. Shawn was breathless. He was thankful that the early morning darkness hid the ruby flush of his cheeks.

As Denise helped him from the car, his wrinkled skirt fell from his waist, where it had been gathered most of the evening. Good nights were said and Denise led the trembling boy back to their room. She smiled to herself as she observed her charge.

Just inside the door Shawn had stopped. He turned and looked with longing as the sleek Camaro disappeared into the darkness.

“Come Shawn” she directed, taking the pretty boy’s hand. “We must get some sleep. I must have you at Ms Jacqueline’s by Nine.”

Shawn’s eyelids fluttered to consciousness as golden sunlight penetrated the room. His first vision was that of his lovely roommate happily humming to herself as she packed some of Shawn’s things into a small overnight bag. She looked so fresh and alive. The curves of her athletic form were displayed to perfection in the tight blue jeans. She wore a western style shirt. The top two buttons were left open, showing just a hint of her firm well tanned breasts. As she turned to where he lay on the bed, Shawn was dazzled by her sparkling smile.

“Well good morning lazybones! Welcome to the world of the living. I was just about to wake you.”

Shawn, mumbling something unintelligible, tried unsuccessfully to sit upright on the bed. As usual, his hands had been tied behind him for the night and remained so. The satin ribbon of lemon yellow was a perfect match to his lacy knee length nightgown. Noticing his difficulty, Denise moved to his side.

“Just a minute silly, let me help you.”

His nightgown had once again worked its way to his waist and he felt her eyes on the vee of his yellow satin panties. Denise seemed so strong as she effortlessly lifted him to a sitting position on the edge of the bed. Poor Shawn blushed as she continued to gaze at his smooth white thighs and pretty yellow panties. He offered his bound wrists to Denise, hoping to be released.

“Not just yet Sweetie, I want to play with my little sissy boy for a few minutes.”

Shawn experienced a familiar feeling of helplessness as, with a broad smile, Denise sat on the bed next to him and playfully inserted her hand into the low-cut bodice of his nightie. One arm encircled his shoulders as her hand began to tease the pink tip of his right breast. He could not suppress a sigh of pleasure as she gently pulled and twisted his sensitive nipple.

“My breasts have become so sensitive”, he whispered to the aggressive young woman.

“Yes. I know,” she whispered back. “And I just love to play with them. Just think, Shawn, how it would feel to have nice large round breasts. So firm and bouncy. They would feel so nice in your pretty brassiere, jiggling against the crisp lace as you traipse along in your sexy high heels.”

She continued to manipulate his breasts as surely as her words manipulated his thoughts.

“And think how much nicer your pretty clothes would fit,” she whispered. “You’d drive the guys wild. Especially Mike. I heard he’s a chest man all the way.”

“Mmmm, Oh Ms. Denise, what are you doing to mmmmm...”

‘Oh why do I lose my voice at times like this?’ All he could do was mew softly under her dizzying embrace.

After several minutes she stopped. Smiling broadly at the shivering boy, she released his hands. Still holding the yellow ribbon she twirled gaily about letting the ribbon wrap around behind her.

Shawn sat in silence. His sensitive breasts aching for the return of her caresses. As she turned, her knowing smile did not escape Shawn’s notice.

“Hurry now and get dressed Sweetie,” she chided. “We must be at Ms Jacqueline’s in 30 minutes. And I want you looking your prettiest. She’s just going to love your pierced ears.”

Shawn, happy to have the use of his hands, headed for the bathroom. As he began to close the door, Denise stopped him.

“No, sugar. Leave the door open. I want to talk to you while you dress. Besides, I’m sure you don’t mind since it’s just us girls,” she teased with a wink.

He did mind. But he didn’t verbally object. He knew by now not to argue with his dominating young classmate.

“Oh, and by the way Shawn, from now on you’ll sit to go potty, do you understand?” She giggled over the idea knowing that she was denying him one more masculine freedom.

He hesitated only a moment before the customary, “Yes Ma’am.”

She watched with glee as he lifted the hem of the nightie to his waist, lowered the pretty matching panties, and sat on the toilet.

“That’s good, Shawn. The sooner you get into the habit of sitting down, the sooner we’ll be assured that you won’t make any embarrassing mistakes in public. And you’ll have to admit, it is much more lady-like,” she added noticing a soft touch to his crimsoned cheek. She looked so strong standing before him in her tight blue jeans and cowboy shirt. He felt the stiff denim on his cheek as she held his head gently to her tummy.

Helping him out of the nightie, she insisted a nice warm shower would refresh him.

“Especially after the late hours you’ve been keeping.”

Memories flooded back to him as he stepped daintily into the steamy spray.

“I think you’ve made quite an impression on Mike,” Denise said, trying to talk over the noisy water. “Just wait until we tell Ms Jacqueline about your new boyfriend. She’s going to be so happy for you!”

Shawn felt much better after the warm shower while Denise dried him with a huge fluffy towel as she described his outfit for the day.

“You’re going to be a pretty cowgirl today, Shawn. We’re going to put you into oodles of pretty petticoats so that your skirts will flare nicely. Now slip into your nylons and I’ll lay out your things.”

Handing him the nylons and garter belt, she gave him a firm pat on his soft white bottom. Realizing it was useless to object, Shawn proceeded to do as directed. As he smoothed the sheer nylons up his soft hairless legs he could not help but become hard. He felt so feminine turning to fasten the garters. *“So strange. Why do I find these things so exciting?”*

Denise interrupted his thoughts.

“Here’s your first petticoat, Shawn. It actually is a half slip. It’s made of pretty powder blue satin. You’ll notice it is very slim with a taper sharply inward from the hips along the legs to the knees. That is why they call it pencil styled. It’s usually worn under similar tight skirts and when wearing it a woman is forced to take small mincing steps and her pretty derriere is an absolute delight for male eyes as she wiggles by. That will help you feel much more feminine, don’t you think?”

“Oh, Ms Denise..,” he began to protest as he observed the restrictive but beautiful half slip. But before he could finish Denise was already working the shimmering garment up his nyloned thighs. The tight double layered slipper satin felt so cool on his naked bottom. Looking down, Shawn was terribly concerned that the hem of the slip was so tight it effectively bound his legs together at the knees!

“But Ms. Denise, what about my pant...”

Once again he could not finish as her cool hand slipped beneath the waistband of his slip, taking a firm grip on his turgid member. She pushed it down rather roughly so that the tip was held pointing downward by the tight, unyielding slippery smooth

inner satin of the slip as she firmly zipped it close along the left hip line to his waist.

“How sweet, Shawn. I’m pleased that you’re concerned with your modesty. But you won’t need panties with this outfit. Or your girdle,” she added with a disarming smile. “Your petticoats will be more than sufficient to maintain your feminine form. Besides, I want you to feel just a little bit vulnerable today.”

After he slipped into the matching brassiere and chemise Denise presented him with three multi-layered petticoats. They were of stiff nylon and taffeta. His satin underslip was so tight that he had to sit on the bed and lift both of his feet as, one by one, Denise slipped the pretty petticoats over his slim nyloned ankles. Standing once again, he allowed her to pull the waistbands up to his waist. He was astounded. they weighed practically nothing, yet they floated out from his waist almost parallel to the floor. Looking down, there was no way he could see his feet.

“So pretty, Shawn. You look like a darling ballerina in her tutu!” exclaimed his delighted roommate. “Now into your pretty high heels and then we’ll slip on your dress.”

He felt so tipsy as he tried to steady himself in the four inch heels. They also were of shiny blue satin. It felt so strange looking down to see nothing but lacy taffeta petticoats floating all about his waist.

The dress nearly took his breath away. He had never seen anything so feminine. After unbuttoning the back, Denise slipped it over his head and began adjusting the voluminous skirts over his flaring petticoats.

The bodice was soft sheer chiffon with lace dripping from the collar, cuffs, and down the front. The material was so thin that the pretty blue lace of his chemise and bra were clearly visible. The flowing white skirt flaunted oodles of lace which matched the top of the dress. All around the hem were little powder blue satin bows which matched his underslip and high heels. As Denise proudly kissed him on his

forehead he felt like a fragile doll. An item on display, to be admired and fondled.

Denise, looking into his eyes, realized the feelings he was experiencing.

“Why if you ain’t somethin’, Missy,” she teased in a deep throated western drawl. “You’d jes’ be enough to straighten out any ol’ Texas cowpoke!”

Shawn lowered his eyelids in a feminine blush as he smiled at his beaming roommate. It was not until she led him towards the vanity that he realized how severely his stride was limited by the skin tight satin underslip and the matching four inch heels.

Denise roared with laughter as he sat down at the vanity.

He had smoothed his skirts under him quite naturally as he had been taught. But the skirts and petticoats were so full that they came up under his chin totally exposing his tight half slip from the waist down!

“Oh Shawn! You look so silly!” she bellowed. “Here, stand up and I’ll show you how to manage your skirts. When you sit down in this type of dress you must spread your skirts out so they form a circle around you.”

He did as directed, feeling quite vulnerable. He felt the cool satin of the tight slip press against his soft nude bottom as he sat.

“Much better!” exclaimed Denise, “Now you look like a delicate flower with your pretty skirts flowing around you.”

She stood behind him, hands resting on his shoulders as he deftly applied his make-up. In a moment Shawn stood up to look at himself in the door mirror to see that he indeed looked like a pretty powder blue and white lace ruffled square dance dolly in her lovely floating petticoats, only instead of dainty rumba ruffled pettipants she wore a lovely blue satin half slip that looked a bit like the bulbous base of a beautiful

flower (called ironically enough its receptacle) with the floating petticoats serving as the flower's petals.

Shawn wondered about the tight half slip reflected in the mirror while an amused Denise looked on. It was clear that the floating petticoats were designed to reveal the slip as if it were in fact a lovely under skirt. Then he remembered Denise's words about how a pencil skirt made a woman in heels mince (*'What a word,'* he thought with shame.) about with a pretty wiggling rear. 'Oh, how awful!'

"We must go, dearest," Ms Denise insisted breaking into his fears as she took him by the hand and gave him a little powder blue satin clutch. In practically no time they were on their way.

Shawn felt so helpless trying to keep up with Denise. In his skirts and heels he was forced to take two mincing steps for each of her strides. His voluminous skirts and petticoats swirled madly about to bounce up and down like a dancer's tutu revealing everything from poor Shawn's waist down despite his efforts to hold at least the front of the skirts down with his free hand with feminine modesty while his other hand held on to his little powder blue satin clutch, much to the delight of his pretty classmate.

"You look so sweet and feminine, Shawn. I just want to take you in my arms and squeeze you to pieces!" she laughed with a grin as she took his free hand to give it a tight squeeze just as the morning winds all but lifted his skirts high above his waist!

Ms Jacqueline was amazed at how much Shawn had changed in only one week. She literally bubbled over with compliments on his appearance. She also praised Denise lavishly for her role in the transformation. Shawn, blushing accepted the torrent of praise and reveled in the excitement. The happy trio had so much to talk about. They were soon settled in

the comfortable living room, chatting away like magpies.

Shawn had floated gracefully to the floor at Ms Jacque-line's feet. His billowing skirts were spread in a pretty circle all around him. He rested his hands demurely in his lap as he listened to the chatter of these two marvelous women. Ms Jacqueline unconsciously toyed with his pretty hair ribbon as she talked.

"I just can't believe the changes in our little Shawn" she exclaimed. "Why it's as if she has blossomed overnight!"

Shawn blushed in silence at Ms Jacqueline's use of the feminine pronoun.

"Yes," Denise beamed proudly, "and wait til she tells you about her new boyfriend. He's a real Hunk! Right Shawn?"

Shawn's cheeks reddened even more as he shyly lowered his eyes. It seemed only natural for Denise to continue referring to him in the feminine gender. His hands reached nervously to finger one of the tiny satin bows at the hem of his pretty dress.

Ms Jacqueline placed her hand under his chin and lifted it to where he was forced to look into her lovely smiling face.

"How sweet, Shawn. I'm so happy for you. I want to hear all about it! How did you meet him? What's his name? Is he cute?"

Shawn felt so funny thinking if he should dare describe another guy as being *cute*. That's the sort of thing a girl would say. And yet he began to feel as though he were one of the girls, despite the turgid presence beneath his tight satin petticoat. Unable to avoid Ms. Jacqueline's questioning eyes, his mind rushed to find a response.

"Oh, Ms Jacqueline, he's ummm... he's rather nice looking. And very strong. His name is Mike. We met

one day after school when he insisted on carrying my books for me.”

“How sweet Shawn! Do you really like him?”

Ms Jacqueline knew the impact her questions were having on the pretty boy. She wanted him to overcome his embarrassment and accept the feminine feelings of joy at having a boyfriend. Shawn understood her motives. He realized this was yet another step along the path she had chosen for him.

“Well,” he hesitated, “it’s just that, er... I’m just not sure that it’s the right thing for me...”

Ms Jacqueline sensed his feelings. With a playful tug at his dangling earring she interrupted.

“Shawn, you make such a very pretty girl. You’ve really come a long way in the past few months. I think maybe it’s time for you to get some actual work experience. Would you like that?”

Shawn felt so strange. Still searching for words to explain his feelings about Mike, he was confused that Ms Jacqueline had so abruptly changed the topic of conversation.

Before he could answer, she continued.

“I have a nice surprise for you this afternoon, my little Shawn. I think your going to really like it! Run along now and fix us a cool pitcher of iced tea. Ms Denise and I have a few things to discuss.”

Shawn had much difficulty rising to his feet. The tight petticoat combined with his high heels almost caused him to fall flat on his face. Both of the ladies smiled at his feminine awkwardness. Shawn felt their eyes on him as he quickly headed for the kitchen, his voluminous skirts swirling about his thighs and hips.

Consciously, he let his hips sway just a tad more than was really necessary.

How feminine he felt as he entered the kitchen. He automatically reached for the pretty apron. He

slipped it over his head and reached behind him to tie the lacy streamers into a fluffy bow. How pretty he thought to himself as he spread the hem delicately over the flouncy skirts of his dress.

He loved the feminine feelings he was experiencing as busied himself with the tasks at hand.

“...and I’m afraid our sweet little Shawn has developed quite a crush on her handsome Mike. You should have seen the disappointed look in her eyes when finally I insisted that the two of them separate last night.”

Shawn overheard their laughing conversation as he reentered the living room with serving tray in hand.

“I was just telling Ms Jacqueline about your date with Mike, Shawn. You looked so sweet in your little satin skirt and blouse. And it seemed that poor Mike just couldn’t keep his hands off of you!”

Memories flooded back to him as he carefully served the cool drinks. He was thankful for the make-up as he felt a warm glow rise to his face.

“Oh Shawn! I’m happy to see you remembered your apron. Come here and let me have a closer look at you.” beamed Ms Jacqueline. Setting aside her glass, she used both hands to fluff out his voluminous skirts. In a trice she had lifted the many petticoats and was smoothing the sleek satin of his restrictive under slip.

“And so I see why you take such tiny steps!” declared Ms Jacqueline. “What a good idea, Denise. She appears so fluffy and feminine on the surface, yet she is still constantly reminded of her femininity through submitting to the control of her lovely petticoat.”

Showing mock surprise as she gently stroked the vertical ridge between his tightly bound thighs, she asked Denise what happened to *her* panty girdle.

“Oh, I have one right here in her overnight bag, Ms Jacqueline. I just thought Shawn should experience the vulnerable feeling of being without it for a few hours. I think she’s actually grown quite fond of it lately. And I know she appreciates a good strong gir-dle under the thin slacks and pant suits she’s been wearing this week. Especially going on a date!” She smiled, mischievously.

Ms Jacqueline spoke casually as one by one she allowed Shawn’s pretty petticoats to fall softly over the restrictive satin underslip.

“Shawn, I understand you are excelling in all of your classes. That makes me very proud of you. Your sister, Janet called me last week. It seems her personal secretary is simply overloaded with work. I told her how well you were doing and suggested that perhaps it was time for you to get a little real work experience.”

Shawn, unsure of himself, did not know how to react. He gracefully floated to his position at Ms Jacqueline’s feet as she continued.

“Well needless to say, Janet was very excited about the idea and decided to fly out this weekend. She’ll be arriving on the evening flight. If all goes well you will be returning with her to California for a while. You’ll start as an assistant to her personal secretary, Shirley. I’ve already made arrangements with all of your instructors. They have agreed to give you work experience credit depending on your performance.”

Shawn was shocked!

“But Ms. Jacqueline... what about you.. a.. and Ms Denise. This is all so sudden! She can’t see me like this!” he cried, spreading his arms over his voluminous skirts.

“Well, Shawn, I did tell her to expect a few changes in your dress and personality. However, I guess your right, Janet would find it very difficult to believe that you are the scraggly little boy she sent away to secretarial school. Perhaps we can do something with your

appearance before she arrives,” Ms Jacqueline observed, smiled warmly down upon his terrified face as she checked her watch. Just then the door bell rang. “My he is punctual, Denise. Would you show our guest in, dearest Shawn.”

Shawn managed to arise with easier grace this time before he minced to the doorway to open it revealing Mike’s happy rugged face.

“Hi, I see you are ready for the afternoon barn dance,” he announced showing off his cowboy outfit as his eyes studied his stunned date’s pretty square dance costume. “Wow!”

“She’s all yours, Mike,” Ms Jacqueline laughed handing poor Shawn his little powder blue satin clutch as Ms Denise helped to remove the fluffy apron and half pushed the couple out of the door. “Have a nice time kids. And be sure that you have her back home by supper time, remember she is flying back to California tomorrow morning.”

Poor helpless Shawn wanted to run away, but Mike’s strong hand held unto Shawn’s little hand with masculine possessiveness escorting his date to his car where he actually helped to adjust the front seat belt about *her* lovely form and Shawn’s poor heart began to beat wildly in fears as *her* hands arranged her voluminous petticoats about *her* tight underskirt for protection knowing now why Ms Denis had required it!

Then poor Shawn also realized that if *she* was to square dance, *she* would need to fold the all too tight sheathe skirt to well above *her* knees to allow *her* legs the freedom of movement that the whirling vigorous dances required. And *she* had no panties on, or the protective girdle. No wonder, they teased *her* about not wearing the girdle!

She would have to be very careful. Then *she* thought of Mike’s groping hands!

Shawn not only felt as vulnerable as a girl, *she* was!

Ms Denise opened the front door to see lovely Shawn enwrapped in Mike's powerful arms for a good night kiss. With amused interest she noted that Shawn's tight little skirt was now carelessly at mid thigh causing her to think of the classic ending line from Some Like It Hot when 'Jerry' (Jack Lemon) protests that he can't marry 'Osgood' (Joe E. Brown) because, "I'm a man!" "Well--Nobody's perfect," Osgood obviously replied in matter of fact tones.

Apparently Mike held the same sentiments as Osgood!

"Good evening, children," Ms Jacqueline observed causing the embarrassed couple to part while Mike adjusted his tie and poor Shawn blushed and nervously straightened the tight satin under slip while looking all too guiltily at the two amused women. "I see that you have brought her home all safe and sound, Mike. It is so nice to know that there still are young gentlemen. Perhaps when she returns to school you may date Shawn again. But, for now, we do expect her sister to arrive from California and Shawn must change to meet her."

"Yes, ma'am," he managed to say as he quickly left Shawn and returned to his car to drive away...

"What a pity," Ms Jacqueline almost sighed as she looked lovingly down to the feminine creature before her knowing how unhappy poor Shawn must be to be parted from young love so quickly. "Very well then, dearest, you must change so that we can meet your sister at the airport. Come along with me."

"You too, Ms Denise," she directed.

In Ms Jacqueline's large bedroom, Shawn tried not to show his disappointment as the two women began to remove the beautiful dress.

He felt Ms Denise's cool hands on his bottom as she reached beneath his voluminous skirts to unzip the restrictive satin under slip.

Ms. Jacqueline directed him to raise his arms as she reached behind him to unfasten the many but-

tons down the back of the dress. As she did so, her firm breasts pressed softly into his own. Her breasts played a beautiful tune on his very sensitive nipples.

Shawn let a soft moan escape his lips as beneath his skirts he felt Ms Denise taking liberties with his person as Mike had earlier!

After more time than was really necessary Ms Jacqueline stepped back from the trembling young man, taking the top portion of the dress from his shoulders.

“Such pretty lingerie!” she complimented.

Stepping out of his skirts, Shawn suddenly felt completely naked even though he was still wearing heels, nylons, and the lacy bra and chemise.

Both of the ladies suppressed a feminine giggle as his turgid member bounced into view, framed above and below by his lingerie and nylons.

Shawn tried to cover himself but Denise, still standing behind him, took both his hands in hers. He felt the rough blue denim of her jeans as her firm tummy pressed against his bare bottom.

Ms Jacqueline gently lifted his chin, bringing his eyes to meet her own. With a deliberate slowness she lowered her lips to his. Her lips were soft and moist. *‘So unlike Mike’s strong possessiveness.’* But her warm searching tongue was no less insistent as it penetrated his own soft lips.

Denise slowly undulated her tummy, forcing his turgid member deep into the soft folds of Ms Jacqueline’s voluminous skirts.

He felt so weak and helpless sandwiched between the two beautiful women. They both fully dressed while he was virtually naked. Their little sex object...

Ms Jacqueline let her hands roam freely.

Shawn heard Ms Denise moan softly in his ear as he felt Ms Jacqueline’s hand squeeze between the vee of her jeans and his own nude bottom. The back of



her hand gave Ms Denise pleasure as her fingers teased his sensitive rear opening. The embrace lingered for several minutes as Ms Jacqueline's tongue continued to explore his mouth in a long wet kiss. Ms Denise, after placing Shawn's arms around Ms Jacqueline's neck in a feminine embrace, allowed her own hands to squeeze between the two sets of tender breasts. Her fingers manipulated Shawn's nipples while the backs of her hands massaged Ms Jacqueline's large soft breasts. Shawn felt Ms. Jacqueline's thighs close over his firm member through the soft folds of her skirts. At the back of his throat he felt the vibrations of Ms Jacqueline's low soft moan.

From behind, Denise explored his ear with her warm moist tongue. Her white teeth nibbled just below his long dangling ear ring. Shawn melted as Ms Jacqueline's fingers, first one, and then two penetrated his bottom causing Shawn to remember Mike's more vigorous thrusts!

Denise, feeling his knees give way, whispered into his ear. "Shawn, I'm so glad you're such a pretty, happy Sissy. Just think how delighted your sister will be when she learns how well we have trained you."

As she spoke, her pelvic motion slowly but firmly drove Ms Jacqueline's fingers to the hilt, and the lovely one submitted as Shawn had to Mike's needs...