

# CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

## "GIRLIE GIRL"

WHO WOULDN'T WANT TO BE YOUNGER?  
NORM'S WIFE HAD A UNIQUE IDEA!



Volume 54

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION  
P.O. Box 2309  
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GIRLIE GIRL

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION -- 1

***CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION***  
**VOLUME 54**

***GIRLIE GIRL***

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*“You're so pretty...I'd just like to go one round with you!”*  
Muhammad Ali to Sandy Thomas

## Girlie Girl

By Kristi Love

### *Chapter 1 – A Woman’s Lament*

“My life is ruined!” Leah Barnes cried forlornly to her spinster sister, Mae.

“Leah, surely you exaggerate,” Mae soothed, putting her substantial arms around her sister.

“I’m not exaggerating, Mae!” Leah moaned, “You know how desperately I want children!”

So...?” Mae soothed, “You will conceive soon.”

“That’s just it,” Leah cried, “Norm’s impotent! His lab results arrived this morning.”

“What? Oh...!”

“Yeah!” Leah moaned, “I suspect that he has known for a long time.”

“Before you were married...?”

“Even then! I found a previous doctor’s results buried in the back of his desk. I’m sure he hid it from me.”

“The bastard!” Mae exclaimed, “How often did you tell him before the wedding that you wanted a large family?”

“I know, Mae, and he promised me children,” Leah cried, “but that’s in the past. We are married and I’m not getting any younger.”

“What possessed you to marry that wimp?” Mae growled. “He’s what, 10 years younger than you, and such a puny runt! Hell, I bet he never went through puberty.” Obviously, Mae didn’t think much of Norm.

“I’m only 8 years older,” Leah stopped sobbing. “I was desperate. I was approaching 30! Besides, he is quite handsome, and was quite rich too.”

“That’s no reason to tie yourself to a guy!” Mae sneered, “besides, I wouldn’t call him handsome; cute is more like it, and ‘*was*’ is the operative word when it comes to his wealth.”

“How was I to know that he would lose most of it speculating in doc.com companies?”

“So where do you go from here?” Mae poured a cup of tea.

"David Baxter, my boss, wants me to help him open a new office in Denver. I turned him down because Norm wouldn't be able to go with me. Besides, I so want to conceive. But now..." Leah groaned.

"What's to stop you from accepting his offer now?" Mae smiled, "David is quite a manly man. I've seen the way he looks at you."

"Mae! I'm a married woman! Norm dislikes David and would be so mad if I accepted the offer."

"So?" Mae grinned, "Norm deserves a little payback for the sneaky way he treated you. Imagine not telling you that he is impotent, knowing how much you want children."

"Really, Mae!" Leah smiled for the first time. "On the other hand, we need the money, what with Norm out of work and losing all that inheritance money..."

"Besides, you need time to yourself to consider your future," Mae giggled.

"What about our apartment? We can't afford to keep it and another in Denver with Norm not working."

"Norm can stay with me," Mae slyly grinned.

"Stay with you! Mae, you and Norm can't stand each other! I have to commit to 6 months away? You would be at each other's throats long before I returned."

"I'm sure Norm and I can come to terms," Mae smiled.

"He'll never go for it!"

"Does he have a choice? No money, no friends, no family, and no wife to leach off of. On the other hand, you must be strong and not give in when you tell him about accepting David's offer. He will rant and rave, but if you want to regain your life, you must insist."

"I'll do it, Mae!" Leah finally announced. "It's the only way to make ends meet, and I do need time to reconsider my options for having children."



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### *Chapter 2 – The Plot Thickens*

Two weeks later, a disgruntled Norm followed Leah up the stairs to Mae's house. Leah looked distraught as Norm slunk behind, carrying his suitcases. "I'm taking my car with me," Leah announced. "I'm afraid Norm is without wheels until his Corvette sports car returns from the shop. That may be a few weeks."

"I'll take Norm wherever he needs to go until then," Mae cheerily smiled. Norm leered at Mae. Why was she being so cooperative?

"Set your bags down in the entryway, Norm. I'll take care of them once Leah is on her way. Take a final few minutes together before she leaves."

Half an hour later, Leah pulled from the driveway. Norm watched from the stair steps, obviously not happy to see her leave him here like this. "Well, Norm, let's get reacquainted," Mae grinned, as he forlornly reentered her house.

"Drop it, Mae!" Norm growled, "I know you're behind Leah accepting this job. I had her talked out of it until she returned from visiting you."

"What do you mean?" Mae sweetly smiled. "She's the breadwinner of your little family, so she has to go where the work is. Besides, I hear that David offered her a very nice raise."

"Just drop it!" Norm mumbled at her jab at his breadwinning skills. "Where do I take these bags?"

"Leave them for the time being, dear boy," Mae slyly grinned. "Follow me, and I'll show you your new bedroom."

Norm slowly followed her up the stairs and down the carpeted hallway, hating the very idea of spending the next 6 months under the same roof as this woman.

"We will get to know each other much better in the days to come," Mae sweetly smiled as she opened the bedroom door.

Norm followed her inside and emitted a loud gasp at the sight that greeted him. The bedroom was decorated in 'little girl' fashion. The walls were painted light pastel, white deep plush carpet covered the floor, lace curtains adorned the windows overlooking the backyard, and pastoral scenes decorated the walls.

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A four-poster bed stood at one end of the room while a dainty white vanity sat at the other. The posters were trimmed in coral lace, and the bed was covered with a matching comforter. A teddy bear and large doll decorated the pillows at the top of the bed.

"Mae, what's going on? I can't sleep in this...this..." Norm sputtered, unable to finish his sentence.

"It's the only spare bedroom I've have," she nonchalantly informed him. "I'm afraid it will have to do."

"You never had any children. Why is it decorated so...so..."

"My sister and I have many things in common, Norm, one of which is a deep desire for children. Unfortunately, my biological clock has run out, unlike Leah."

"Don't go there, Mae!" Norm stormed. "I don't want any kids in my life! I've got places to go, things to do!"

A dark cloud covered Mae's face. "You knew how much Leah wanted children..."

"Look at me, Mae!" Norm growled. "How many chances does a guy like me have at catching a gorgeous woman like Leah? I did what I did, and I'd do it again! She'll learn to live with having no children."

Mae looked him over as he made his point. Barely 5 feet tall, he couldn't have more than 120 pounds on his slight frame. His luxurious raven hair framed his 'baby face', giving him a urethral look. "I can see what Leah saw in him. He would produce beautiful children, if he could produce children," Mae thought before returning to reality.

"It's late, Norm, so why don't you sleep here tonight, and we'll discuss it in the morning," Mae smiled. Norm reluctantly agreed, starting to strip out of his clothes even before Mae exited the room.

"Wake up, sweetheart," Norm faintly heard through his cobweb-filled mind. He hadn't slept well, spending most of the night trying desperately to find a way out of staying with Mae. He knew his life would be 6 months of misery if he had to spend it with this most intimidating woman.

Mae was everything Norm wasn't. At 5' 9", she towered over his small stature. Not only taller, she was big! She weighed at least 180 lbs., and not much of it was fat. Norm would not admit it, but her imposing frame and forceful manner intimidated him.

"What?" Norm groggily opened his eyes to see Mae standing beside his bed. "What are you doing in here?"

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"It's time that you and I came to an understanding, sweetheart," Mae grinned, waving a pair of silky nylon panties before his blurred vision.

"Understanding? What..." he groaned.

"An understanding of your position in my house, sweetie," she grinned, waving the panties closer to his face.

"I'm your brother-in-law and your guest until Leah returns," he scowled while brushing the panties aside in irritation.

"That's what we need to resolve, sweetie," she soothed in a condescending tone. "You see, I have other plans for my little darling."

"Little darling? I'm a man, and I'm a guest in this house, for darn sake!" Norm protested groggily as he rubbed sleep from his eyes and focused on the panties.

"Not for the next 6 months, you aren't, dearie," Mae broadly smiled. "I have other plans for you, and they don't include you being anybody's guest or brother-in-law."

"What's with this 'dearie' crap, and why are you waving those stupid feminine panties in my face?" Norm growled, as he sat upright in his ridiculously feminine bed. "I'm not a girl!"

"They are *your* panties, Normie dear, and if they are stupid and feminine, so are you," Mae giggled "They're so soft and sexy! I can't wait to see you wearing them."

"WHAT!" Norman shouted, now fully awake, "You're full of crap, lady!"

"That will be enough foul language!" Mae sternly reprimanded. Grabbing him by his pajama collar, she forcefully dragged him from under the covers and pulled him into the bathroom. "Obviously, you haven't learned manners yet, but that's about to change! First lesson, I will not have foul or disrespectful language from the likes of you!" she growled, as she forcefully pulled him before the bathroom sink. After turning on the water, she pushed a bar of soap into his mouth and didn't withdraw it until a hefty lather foamed through his lips.

Norm gagged and spit into the sink before shouting, "What the hell is going on? Let me out of this shithouse!" He struggled to break Mae's grip, but to no avail. Before he could speak again,

she reintroduced the soap bar into his mouth and the foam built up until he gagged.

“It’s time you learned the new rules of the house, Normie dear. I’m the boss, and you are the child. As such, you will do as I say without question or you will be punished.”

“WHAT? Punished! You’re crazy!” he shouted.

She took him by the neck and pushed his head into the toilet up to his neck and held him under until he stopped struggling. At long last, she lifted his head so he could cough and catch his breath. “Now, its time for your bath, silly boy.”

Holding him securely, she filled the tub with steaming water and generously added scented bath salts. As she thrust him into the tub, she instructed, “Use plenty of lotion on your entire body, then shave your legs, chest, and underarms.”

“I won’t do it!” he screamed. “Men don’t shave their legs and underarms! I won’t do it!”

“In my view, you are a child, not a man! Unless you want to be reintroduced to the toilet, you will obey.” Her threat accomplished its intent as he lowered his eyes in silent submission.

Half an hour later, thoroughly soaked, cleanly shaven, and completely humiliated, Norm reentered the feminine appointed bedroom to find Mae standing beside his bed. Once again, she was dangling the silky panties.

“Time to get dressed in your pretty panties, Normie darling,” she cooed.

“Panties? They’re for girls and women, not *men!*” he cried while running toward the door. “I’m not wearing those sissy panties!” When he found the door locked, he suddenly remembered his nudity in the presence of his domineering sister-in-law. Blushing brightly, he tried to cover his genitals with his hands

Mae, immediately recognizing her advantage, grabbed him by his shoulder, spun him around to face her, handed him the offending panties, and spat, “You have no choice, my little man. Step into your pretty panties like an obedient sissy or I’ll turn you across my knee for a severe spanking before and after you put them on.”

Hoping to lull her into complacency, he took the silky garment and despondently pulled it up his cleanly shaven legs and adjusted it about his hips. To console his dwindling masculine pride, he told himself that wearing panties was better than standing naked before this domineering woman.

"Now for your bra," she smiled as she watched Norm dejectedly, thread his arms through the straps and guide them onto his slumping shoulders.

When he had trouble fastening the clasp behind his back, she said, "For now, you can pull the strap around front, secure the clasp, and twist your bra back into place. However, I expect you to practice until you can fasten your bra behind your back like a proper sissy or a real girl. Failure to make satisfactory progress by tomorrow will earn a severe spanking on your pretty panties." Norm cringed at the thought of having to practice fastening such a feminine garment behind his back, but realizing that Mae currently had the upper hand, he remained silent.

"Put on this lovely nylon slip," Mae demanded. "Since you are to be a girl, you must quickly grow accustomed to the feel of soft fabrics against your skin."

"I don't want to be a girl or wear silky clothes," Norm growled as he gloomily took the silky slip and slipped it over his head. It barely covered his chest, and he felt absolutely stupid standing before in sister-in-law wearing these sissy feminine garments.

While Norm was trying to accustom himself to the feel of the shimmering slip, Mae produced a pretty pink dress and said, "Hold out your arms so we can get you into your dress."

"I'm not a girl, and I don't want to wear a dress!" he insisted half-heartedly as he obediently held his arms out to receive his first dress.

"Good!" Mae exclaimed as Norm looked about with a shamed face. "Now, walk about to get used to the feel of your pretty new clothes."

"What's going on, Mae?" Norm groaned, "Why are you dressing me as a girl? Is there a masquerade party today?"

“No, darling, these clothes aren’t for a party, although you may very well wear them to one. These clothes are part of your new life.”

“New life? Now wait a damn minute!” he shouted. “You have gone off your rocker!”

SLAP! No sooner were the words out of his mouth than he received a resounding slap across his face. “I told you I would abide no swearing or other disrespectful from you, young lady!” Mae stated emphatically.

“I’m not a young lady, no matter how you make me dress!” Norm countered as he wiped a tear from his eye.

“You will soon accept your new status, dearie,” she countered. “From now on, you will wear the clothes I give you and act as I tell you.”

Starting to visibly shake before this domineering woman, Norm stammered, “...And how...how is that, Mae?”

“Why as a girl, of course,” she laughed. “I thought you could guess that from the clothes.”

“A woman? I don’t want to be a woman!” Norm stormed.

“I didn’t say a woman, silly,” Mae laughed, “I said a girl. A sweet, demure, petite little girl!”

“What! A girl! I don’t want to be a girl either!”

“What you want is irrelevant. What I want is all that matters.”

“B...but,” he stammered, “I’m a fully grown man!”

“I wouldn’t say ‘fully grown’!” she snickered, “You may consider yourself to be male, but that will soon change. Now, do as I said and walk around to become accustomed to your new clothes. From now on, it’s frilly dresses, pretty skirts, and silky undies for you.”

Half an hour later, Norm wore dainty white ankle socks with pink trimming, covered with pink Mary Jane shoes. A small pink bow was pinned to the back of his head. The final insult was when she dabbed a light amount of makeup to his deeply embarrassed face.

“I must do something with your facial features,” she mused as she applied pale pink lipstick to his lips. “Makeup won’t hide your obviously masculine features, so for the time being, we’ll

use it sparingly and otherwise do the best we can with skin lotions and such. Now follow me to start the first day of your new life."

Norm emitted a nervous murmur at her ridiculous statement. Obviously Mae harbored a deep resentment of men, and she was taking it out on him. It was best to play along, maybe lull her into a sense of complacency, and then he would make his escape. Even if he didn't escape, surely this silly travesty would be over by the end of the day or tomorrow at the latest.

She walked him to a large full-length mirror. The way his wide skirt and fluffy petticoats brushed his bare legs as he walked unnerved him. The tightness of his dress about his chest was a constant reminder of how he was dressed.

The first time he saw his reflection completely floored him. Mae looked huge, so adult standing next to him. He, in turn, looked the epitome of an adolescent girl standing next to a grown woman. "Ahh...!" he gasped as he stopped in his tracks to observe his full-length reflection in the mirror. "That can't be me!"

"But it is, sweetie," Mae laughed. "I knew you would look cute in a dress, but I never dreamed that you would look so girlish. The clothes suit you."

"But I'm an adult, a man, a married man! I'm married to your sister," Norm cried. "Why are you doing this?"

"You may be married to Leah at the moment, but you certainly are no longer an adult."

His dress danced about his legs as he stared at his reflection. He touched his curled hair with his pink colored fingernails. "Let's go, young lady, we have lots of housework to do. You'll have plenty of time to admire your girlish reflection later."

At the bottom of the stairs, Norm noticed that his suitcases were gone. "What happened to my clothes?" he stammered.

"I discarded them," Mae lightly jibbed, "You no longer need male clothes, and I won't have them in my house. Pray tell, what would a woman and her niece want with suitcases of male clothes?"

"Niece? I'm not your niece. I'm..." Norm stammered.

Mae grabbed him by his lace-trimmed shoulders and shook him until he couldn't stand straight. "Its time you understood the way things are now, girlie," growled Mae. "I no longer have a brother-in-law! My sister no longer has a husband! I have a nice sweet niece and you are she! So get with the program, dearie, if you know what is good for you!"

"But, Mae..." Norm started.

"And what's with calling me Mae? Children do not call their elders by their first name. You will call me 'Auntie Mae' at all times!" She stared directly down into his eyes so he had no doubt that she meant what she said. "Understand!!"

"Uh...yes, I...I guess," he shook from fear.

"Yes what?" Mae growled.

"Uh...yes, Auntie Mae."

"That's better, sweetie," she smiled, "Your new name is Chrissy Anne. Isn't it a sweet name, dear?"

Flushed with shame, knowing he could do nothing to change his present condition, Norm stared at the ground and merely nodded his head in compliance. "I expect to be answered when I ask a child a question!" Mae lost her smile. "Do you like your new name, Chrissy?"

"Yes, Auntie Mae," Norm whispered barely loud enough to be heard.

### *Chapter 3 – Resistance is futile*

Mae had worked Norm relentlessly his first day in dresses. He was required to learn how to iron clothes, clean the bathroom porcelain, and vacuum the carpets. During his free time, he was made to preen before a full-length mirror, making his skirt and petticoats swirl about his quaking knees.

Not unexpectedly, he didn't find an opportunity to escape before bedtime finally arrived. Truthfully, he was too tired to take advantage of any opportunity, had one developed.

The next morning, Mae greeted him, "Rise and shine, Chrissy, dear. Your girl schooling has just begun."

Norm rubbed the sleepers from his eyes to see the Mae's imposing figure hovering over his bed, a bra dangling from her fingers. "I want you to put your bra on properly, Chrissy. All girls know how to do it correctly."



“This will hurt you a lot more than me!” Mae growled.

“I don’t want to be a girl! I don’t want to wear girl’s clothes,” he whined.

“What you want is irrelevant,” Mae informed as she injected the girl juice into Norm’s buttocks.

Groggily getting out of bed, Norm felt the silky blue babydoll nightie up about his waist and silky panties encasing his rear end. He tentatively reached for the offered bra, realizing that resistance was futile.

Taking the bra, he didn’t see Mae withdraw a hypodermic needle filled with a blue liquid from her robe pocket. Only when she grabbed his arm with the intent of injecting him did he realize what she was doing.

“What are you doing?” he shouted twisting to break away.

“Stand still, you silly girl!” Mae demanded. “These are vitamins to insure that you don’t catch the flu.”

“Bull shit!” Norm shouted in alarm, “I know what a flu shot looks like, and that isn’t it!”

Never loosening her grip on his shoulder, she laid the needle on his vanity, grabbed him by the waist, and lifted him over her substantial knees. “I told you to quiet down, and I expect to be obeyed!” she growled in his ear. “It’s time you learned your place in my house.”

Grabbing a brush from the nightstand, she proceeded to warm his rear end through his silky panties. “From now on, you will do as you are told! Do you understand?”

Norm struggled valiantly to free himself from this large woman holding him firmly in her grip, but as the blows rained onto his exposed ass, tears appeared in his eyes for the first time in many years.

“Also, you will refrain from further use of foul language!” Mae demanded, still warming his rear end with the brush. “You will only speak when spoken to, and you will do whatever I tell you to do! Do you understand?”

Norm was squirming on her lap, his ass red from the unrelenting rain of blows. Large tears rolled down his cheeks as he cried, “Yes, yes, Mae, whatever you say, only please stop!”

Puffing from the struggle and red in the face, Mae finally let up. “Will you be quiet while I administer your medicine?”

"Yes," Norm sobbed, his ass stinging from this most humiliating punishment.

Mae allowed him to stand, never releasing his arm, as she grabbed the needle once again. Norm didn't feel the needle enter his arm as his free hand softly rubbed his throbbing rear end. When the syringe was completely empty, she freed his arm to allow him to rub the deep imprints her fingers had made in his soft smooth skin. "He hardly has any muscles at all," she thought as she placed the empty syringe on the vanity.

"We will finish dressing," Mae said holding up a slip with starched full petticoats. After fixing the bra about his chest, she dropped the frilly slip over his reluctantly raised arms and allowed it to settle about his body to hang a couple of inches above his knees.

"Hold your hands up so I can drop this lovely dress over your head." Resistance was futile, so Norm passively followed instructions, and soon the frilly, lace covered pink party dress covered his petticoats to sway about his knees.

Mae hummed as she tied a large bow at his back. "Now for some shoes, then I will do something with your hair. It's long enough to work with, and it will grow."

"Good! Now, Chrissy, let's teach you how to work in the kitchen. You will need to know about cooking. All girls need to know how to please a husband," she snickered.

#### ***Chapter 4 – Escape! Really?***

Norm originally thought this charade would last only a few days before Mae would tire and he could get the hell out of Dodge. Unfortunately, the first few days turned into a week, then into another. Mae never seemed to tire of ridiculing him and forcing him to learn the most silly, girlish things.

The first two weeks were grueling, as this large, domineering woman always kept him under her watchful eyes. His days were filled with household duties, learning to dress properly, apply his scant feminine makeup, perform feminine hygiene, and of course, the constant reminders of how he was dressed. Every time he passed a mirror, he couldn't help but see his most frilly, girlish clothes as they swayed about his cleanly shaven legs. His hair

always sported a pink ribbon, while small amounts of makeup and pale pink lipstick adorned his face.

Finally, an opportune moment arrived. Mae went to the basement for some wine, Norm was alone, and the side door was unlocked. Making sure he was alone, he scampered to the door, opened it, and was outside alone. He started running down the street, when he suddenly realized how he was dressed...alone, on the street, wearing a girl's dress, shoes, and lingerie.

He hesitated for just a minute, confused as to what his next move should be when a woman came out of a nearby house, saw his confusion, and approached. "Are you lost, little girl?" she asked.

"Uh..." Norm started to say, and then realized that his voice would give him away. Surely the woman would consider him a pervert, call the cops, and he would be taken to jail.

"My, but aren't you the cute one?" the lady smiled, "Quiet too. Do you have a name, little girl?"

"Uh...Chrissy," Norm tried a falsetto, cringing as he heard the sound of his voice. Surely now this woman realized he was a man in little girl's clothes.

"Chrissy? Such a lovely name," she gushed, apparently not phased by the sound of his voice.

He was about to bolt when Mae came up behind him and grabbed his shoulder. "Hello, Marilyn," Mae greeted the woman, and looked angrily into Norm's eyes. "Has my niece been bothering you?"

"Hello, Mae, is she your niece? She looked confused and lost. All I could get from her is her name. Such a lovely little girl," Marilyn gushed. "Will she be staying with you long?"

"Oh, for quite some time," Mae cracked a smile, realizing that Marilyn didn't suspect her 'niece's' true nature. "I'm looking after her while her mother is away."

"No wonder she looked lost. She hasn't had time to make friends and see the area."

"That's true, Marilyn, but we will rectify that soon," Mae evilly grinned at Norm, "but Chrissy and I have to come to an understanding before I'll allow her out alone."

"Don't be too rough on the darling," Marilyn said, "You know how curious little girls can be. She was just trying to find some girlfriends her age to play with."

"I'm sure you're right, Marilyn," Mae smiled as she led Norm back to her house, her fingers tightly holding his shoulder. "Come, Chrissy, we must talk!"

Norm was about to shout that he was a man, and that he was being held against his wishes, but Mae roughly propelled him away before he could make good on this idea. Mae was fighting mad and Norm knew he was in for a world of hurt. Unfortunately, it was too late to do anything about it. Mae was so much larger and stronger, so he meekly followed her back to the house, up the stairs, and into his bedroom.

Before he could explain or lie, she roughly removed his dress, not caring whether she messed his hairdo or not. He tried to break away, but she grabbed him by his arm and pulled him across her lap like a child.

"Swap!" the first blow landed on his silky panties, followed by "Whap!" "Swap!" "Whap!" The blows fell hot and heavy for almost five minutes, leaving Norm a blubbering mass of tears and a burning rear end.

He rolled on the floor, rubbing his fiery red ass as Mae fumbled through his closet, producing a rather large package. Mae hadn't said a word since leading him away from the neighbor woman. "You refuse to act like a proper girl, so I'll treat you like a child!" she announced pulling a diaper from the bag.

"No! No! I won't be treated like a baby!" Norm cried upon seeing the large white triangle.

"Won't? I don't see as you have any recourse, Chrissy dear," Mae growled. "You refuse to accept who is in charge. You will do and be whatever I say! Understand?" She then grabbed him by the short hairs on the back of his neck and guided him to his bed. "Remove your panties and lie on the bed!!"

Completely naked and helpless before this imposing woman, Norm did as instructed, his face turning a deep pink that matched his rear end. When he tried to squirm as she attached the offending garment, she slapped him firmly across the face and

told him to be still. Realizing that he had absolutely no say in the matter, he quickly did as ordered.

Very rapidly, she had the awful diaper wrapped about his hips and tied off with locking snaps. “That’s so you cannot remove it without my help, Chrissy dear,” Mae smiled for the first time. “Now, I have the most darling little dress for my little baby girl!”

Silenced by shame, Norm stood still as she lowered the frilliest, baby dress over his head and snapped up the back buttons. The dress barely covered his hips and flared out to expose his awful diaper.

After rolling white ankle socks and black Mary Jane shoes onto his feet, she allowed him to stand while she smoothed out his dress. No amount of tugging or pulling would hide the diaper from full exposure. He was completely browbeaten as she took his hand and walked him to his dresser and watched while he repaired his minimal makeup.

An hour later, Norm, looking exactly like a large baby girl, followed Mae from his bedroom into the main part of the house. Ribbons tied his hair into two ‘angle wings’, rose-colored blush made his cheeks appear flushed and baby-like, and this most ridiculous dress swayed about his hips, while his bulky diaper made walking as an adult completely impossible.

“Now, Chrissy,” Mae sat him in a kitchen chair, “So far I’ve been rather lenient with you, but that’s about to change.”

‘Lenient?’ Norm thought, ‘This is a living nightmare, not leniency!’

“Starting right now, you are on a crash course in little girlhood, beginning with your voice.”

“My voice? What’s wrong with my voice, Mae?” Norm gasped.

“Mae?” Mae growled and grabbed him by the little curls at the back of his neck.

“I mean, Auntie Mae!” Norm quickly recovered.

“That’s better, and don’t forget it,” Mae exclaimed. “Your punishment will escalate every time you forget.”

“Yes, Auntie Mae,” a completely cowered Norm agreed.



**“I don’t want to sound like a silly girl!” Norm cried. Swat! “What you want is irrelevant,” Mae growled. Swat!**

**“Ouch! My name is Chrissy. I’m a little girl!” he squealed.**

“Your voice, Chrissy dear,” Mae returned to her original subject, “is entirely too masculine. You will start training your voice to match your lovely feminine appearance.”

“How?” Norm gasped. “I’m really a man...” he started to explain when Mae again approached him with fire in her eyes. “I mean that I don’t know how to speak as a girl, Auntie Mae.”

Mae backed off from further punishment, and said, “I’ll teach you, plus you will have lots of practice. Come, Chrissy Anne, you will start right now.”

Norm followed her into the den where he saw two recorders and a microphone on the desk. “I’m sure you recognize your tape recorders, Chrissy. A series of tapes of little girls talking is on the left recorder, and a blank tape tied into the microphone is in the right one. You will listen to a girl speaking, and then speak the phrase into the microphone. We will compare your speaking with the girl’s voice to evaluate your progress.”

Norm turned on the tape. “Hello, my name is Chrissy,” said a cute little girl’s voice.

When Norm hesitated, Mae shoved the microphone into his face and said, “Your turn, Chrissy!”

Flustered, Norm stammered, “Uh...hello, my name is Chrissy...”

“Swap!” a hairbrush struck his diaper enclosed rear end hard enough to sting and cause him to yelp, “Oooow!”

“That’s better, Chrissy,” Mae stood behind him with the brush in her hand. “See, you can speak at the proper pitch when properly motivated.”

Tears streaked his cheeks as he rubbed his ass with one hand and grabbed the microphone with the other. “Hello, my name is Chrissy...” This time his voice was at a much higher pitch, but still nothing like the girl on the tape.

“You’ve a long way to go, Chrissy, so start talking. You will be spanked whenever you sound like a boy. Understand? I’ll be in the kitchen, but I can hear you. If you stop or allow your voice to drop, I will be back with Mr. Brush to help you reach the proper pitch.”

"Yes, Auntie Mae," Norm sobbed, watching as she left the room. From the kitchen, Mae heard a little girl say, "I am a girl," followed by Norm trying his best to imitate her, "I...I am a girl!"

### *Chapter 5 – A Snip here and a Tuck there...*

When not speaking into the recorder, Norm spent the following two weeks learning every aspect of being a little girl, from reading childish books to watching only television shows edited by Mae, to dressing and undressing the three dolls Mae gave him.

When he had to go to the bathroom, he had to ask Mae to undo his diaper. Often she wouldn't do it, forcing him to do his duty in the diaper. He was deeply embarrassed every time he had to let her remove the diaper, clean him in the offending area, and place clean diaper on his powdered rear end.

During the third week after the neighbor incident, Mae woke him with a cheerful, "Rise and shine, sweetheart. We are going on a little trip together."

"Where? How will I be dressed?" Norm gasped, shocked from a troubled sleep.

"A little surprise," Mae smiled, "Let me check your diaper and help you get dressed."

An hour later, a completely girlishly dressed Norm snuck out of the house, and ran as fast as his diaper would allow to Mae's car parked in front of the house. He only hoped that nobody saw him in his silly attire. Mae smiled at his paranoia, knowing that anyone seeing him from a distance would only mistake him for a girl dressed in infant clothing.

After tightly fixing Norm's seatbelt, Mae hummed a delightful tune as she drove away. Norm looked to the left, then to the right, to see if anyone was watching them. He would die of embarrassment if anyone saw him in his obvious diaper and little girl dress, and with his growing hair in pigtails.

Half an hour later, Mae drove into a medical building at the outskirts of a neighboring city. She took his hand and led him to a doctor's office. He was told to take a seat while Mae introduced herself. "Mae Monroe to see Dr. Brown. My niece, Chrissy, has an appointment," she nodded towards Norm seated in the waiting

room. The receptionist glanced at him, cracked a small smile, and announced that the doctor was waiting for them.

The doctor gave Norm a complete physical. Obviously he knew that Norm was really a male, but he gave no indication that anything was out of the ordinary.

“Chrissy is quite healthy, Ms Monroe,” he summarized. “I believe we can fit him in this afternoon. Is that satisfactory?”

“Why yes, doctor, that would be lovely,” Mae gushed. “Follow the doctor, Chrissy. He needs to make some further tests.”

When Norm hesitated to do as ordered, Mae gave him a scowl that would melt iron. Reluctantly, Norm slowly followed the doctor, not happy at all with this turn of events. Something wasn’t quite right here.

He felt a shot in the arm, as he was about to ask the doctor a question, and then nothing. Five hours later, he groggily sat in a wheelchair as Mae wheeled him to her car. A week later, he was composed enough to realize he was covered with bandages from head to crotch.

“What happened?” he croaked, still very blurry about the past week.

“The doctor made some minor adjustments,” Mae spoon-fed him some soup.

“Minor? My body aches and I’m covered with bandages!” he reached to pull a bandage from his face.

“Now, now, Chrissy, do not touch. The doctor will remove all of them in a week or so when you are healed.”

“Healed? What did he do to me?” Norm cried, frightened at the many prospects.

“Nothing major, dear,” she continued feeding him. “Merely some minor facial enhancements.”

“Facial...?”

“Yes, he enhanced your cheeks, shaved your jaw line, touched up your nose, opened up your eyes, and shaved your Adam’s apple to help raise the pitch of your voice.”

“...And down below?” his voice trembled. “Did he...?”

“Remove anything?” Mae interrupted. “Nothing major, a rib to reduce your waist, and he tucked your useless manhood away.”

**“Useless? I beg your...”**

“Yes, useless,” Mae again interrupted. “My sister told me about your impotency.”

“What! How dare Leah...” Norm started to storm.

“What did I tell you about addressing adults, young lady?” Mae was making a habit of interrupting Norm before he could voice his concerns, “Especially a single adult woman?”

“Single? She’s my wife...uh...what am I to call her?”

“Naughty, naughty,” Mae warned. “A little girl can’t have a wife! You will refer to her as ‘Miss Leah’ or ‘Miss Monroe’.”

“Monroe? That’s her maiden name. She’s Mrs. Barnes, my...” Norm again started.

“Tsk, tsk, Chrissy. How do you refer to her?” Mae warned.

Observing Mae’s imposing frame, Norm decided discretion was the better part of valor, and submitted, “M...Miss Monroe.”

“Or Miss Leah is okay too,” Mae said with finality. “Now, let’s get you properly dressed to continue your transition into a sweet, demure little girl.”

Two weeks later, Norm sullenly sat on a chair in his bedroom as the doctor removed the bandages covering his face and body. Bandages covering his throat followed his face, then his waist, and finally his crotch. “My, my,” Mae gushed, “my little niece is really starting to take shape.”

Norm didn’t understand, and he didn’t want to find out either. Nonetheless, once the doctor completed his task and left, Mae took him by his hand and led him to a full-length mirror. He nearly fainted when he saw their reflections. Reflected from the mirror was a mature woman, and standing to her side, nearly lost in her presence was an adolescent girl.

His eyes grew as large as saucers as he took in his image. His scraggly hair hung down his neck to his shoulders in sweaty strands. Nevertheless, it framed a pixy face with large doe eyes sporting fading black eyes, high cheekbones, a delicate chin, and a petite, perfect nose. Not a facial hair was visible, even after two weeks covered with bandages.

He had obviously lost considerable weight, but his chest sported small, adolescent cones with medium size nipples, his

waist was impossibly small, and only a slit showed between his legs, with not a hair seen there either.

“Oh!” he emitted a slight high-pitched gasp that he brought up short at hearing its pitch. “What have you done to me? How can I return to being a man when Leah...uh...Miss Leah returns?”

“Silly girl,” Mae laughed, “what do you mean by ‘returning to being a man’? You are a little girl, my niece, Chrissy. You will put out of your mind such silly ideas!”

“But...” Norm croaked, feeling the smoothness between his legs.

“Don’t worry, darling, it’s not gone, just hidden. It was so small, I can’t see how you could ever pleasure my sister, but its diminutive size made hiding it quite easy.”

Norm blushed deep red at her demeaning description of his manhood. So he wasn’t the most endowed of men, that didn’t make him any less a man, did it? But now, even that was gone or at least hidden from sight, which was the same.

“Let’s start with a soothing bubble bath.”

Unlike previous bathes, Mae walked Norm to the tub, helped him into the bubbly water, and proceeded to sponge bathe him. It must have been because he was still weak from my recent ordeal, yet she seemed almost gentle, almost like he was no longer her despised son-in-law, but really her niece.

As she gently ran the sponge over his soft smooth skin, she babbled on about what a lovely dress she had saved for this special occasion. He sat silent, wondering just what was so special about this particular event.

His throat was still scratchy, so he sat in silence as she babbled on and on about girl’s clothes, some new dolls she bought him, and some girls ‘my age’ she had seen in the neighborhood.

He wanted to ask whether she had heard from Leah, but held his tongue. “Auntie Mae,” he whispered, not wanting to ignite her wrath, “Why hasn’t my beard grown?”

“Silly girl,” Mae laughed, “Girls don’t have facial hair.”

**“But I used to...”**

“No longer, sweetie,” she cooed. “The good doctor took care of that before he did your face.”

“Permanently, like forever?”

“Yes, dearie, like everything else,” Mae stated.

It was a long, luxurious bath, the longest Norm remembered ever taking. When he stepped from the tub, his skin glowed pink. “I’ll show you how girls dry themselves, Chrissy dear,” Mae took a huge towel and started lightly dabbing his soft skin.

“First we must color your finger and toenails. I think a light shade of pink will be just right to match the pretty dress Auntie has selected for her pretty niece.”

Norm used to cringe at her reference to him as a ‘little girl’, and ‘pretty niece’, and ‘lovely young lady’. These phrases of affection were all he had heard for nearly two months, and they were starting to affect his self-image. Now he almost yearned to hear them, afraid that if Mae didn’t say them, she was mad at him, and a punishment was on the horizon.

“Now let’s get you dressed. No more diapers for my little girl, only the frilliest, prettiest, silkiest clothes. I brought you this lovely dress for the debut of the new you. My little butterfly must look her prettiest when she emerges from her cocoon!”

“Do I have to, Auntie Mae?” Norm moaned upon seeing the frilly,issy outfit she had selected for him.

“Yes, Chrissy,” she sternly answered, “but your conduct will determine your age. If you act like a baby, I will dress you in baby clothes. If you conduct yourself as a proper young lady, then I will allow more mature clothing. I’m starting you with the clothes of a 10 year old girl, and you can go up or down in age, depending on your attitude and how diligently you learn your lessons.”

“Can I graduate into my male clothes?” Norm hopefully asked.

“Nice try, Chrissy, but no! You are a girl, and girls don’t want to wear boy’s clothes. Your question was out of character, and has earned you one demerit. Another demerit and you are in diapers for a week. Understand how it works?” Mae explained.

Bowing his head, Norm submissively agreed, “Yes, Auntie Mae. How old a girl can I achieve if I’m really good?”

“Oh, I’ll allow you to age to say fourteen years old if you really apply yourself. On the other hand, I will take you all the way to being a toddler if you continue to resist.”

“Oh, please don’t do that, Auntie Mae,” Norm cried, thoroughly tired of wearing diapers.

“Then be a good girl and always act properly,” Mae concluded, holding out a pair of yellow nylon panties for Norm to step into.

Norm meekly held onto her arm as he stepped into the silky garment and allowed her to settle it about his hips. “I’m allowing you a training bra to start out with. If you are a good girl, you can graduate into more mature bras. Do you want to grow your own breasts, so you can be more like Auntie Mae?” Mae asked.

Norm knew that this was a test, and he would be in diapers if he didn’t answer correctly. “Oh, yes, Auntie Mae,” he generated as much enthusiasm as he could. “I can’t wait until my tits grow as large as yours.”

“They are breasts, dear, not tits!” Mae warned. “You will remove all that awful male thinking from your mind. A girl never thinks of her body in such vulgar terms. I’m sure an A-cup size will be fine for now. You must wait until you grow up before you can hope for breasts as large as mine.”

“Yes, Auntie Mae,” a chastised Norm answered, “I meant my breasts...”

Once the bra covered his distended nipples, Mae dropped a cotton slip over his head and about his shoulders. “If you are a good girl, Auntie Mae will let you wear silky underwear. Won’t that be nice?”

“Yes, Auntie,” Norm blushed because he really thought they would feel nice.

After fluffing his slip about his thighs to remove wrinkles, Mae dropped an adorable white dress with soft pink spots over his shoulders and about his body. She buttoned up the back to secure it to his body. The sleeveless dress bared his slim, feminine shoulders. It had a gathered waist and reached to only mid-thigh to expose most of his shapely smooth legs.

"Twirl for Auntie, Chrissy," Mae ordered. "Auntie wants to see if your dress hangs correctly."

Norm did as directed, afraid of earning another demerit and diapers if he didn't. The skirt flared about his legs as he twirled before this imposing woman who a few weeks earlier was his despised sister-in-law, but was rapidly becoming Auntie Mae in his confused mind.

Very pretty, Chrissy," Mae smiled as she noticed a secret smile play about the edges of his lips. "My little niece is blossoming."

Mae rolled white ankle socks with matching lace trim onto his feet, followed by pink slippers with 1" heels. The shoes set off his ensemble, giving him the look of a perfectly lovely preteen girl.

"Walk about, Chrissy," she ordered. "Those are new shoes, and your first with heels. You must break them in, plus learn to walk on heels. Norm did as instructed, prancing about his bedroom, allowing his skirt to flutter about his bare legs.

"Keep your arms to your side and bend your wrists so your pretty fingers point out, Chrissy. Walk with your hips, not your shoulders. See how swiveling your hips make your skirt play about your hips? That really turns the boys on."

"Boys? I...I don't want to...uh...boys won't..." Norm started to protest, and then remembered the demerits. He was so frustrated! He wanted to shout that he didn't want to attract boys, and that he was a guy himself, but he knew such a protest would merely land him in diapers, a humiliation worse than the one he was enduring.

"You were saying, Chrissy?" Mae smiled, knowing the conflict he was suffering.

"Uh...nothing, Auntie," Norm said.

"No, you wanted to say something, darling. You should always feel free to express your girlish desires. Now what were you going to say?"

"I...uh...can't wait to have boys...uh...admire me, Auntie," he stammered, his face burning red with embarrassment, yet he knew that any other answer was sure to land him in toddler clothes.

“Yes, well don’t rush Mother Nature, dear,” Mae smiled, “You will have boys fighting over you in time. Enjoy your childhood while you can.”

“Yes, Auntie,” Norm whispered, happy that boys would not be slobbering over him at his assumed age.

“Sit down, Chrissy, while I apply a little makeup and do your hair.” Norm did as instructed, and soon his face was brightened with just the right amount of blush and lipstick to give him that fresh glow of girlhood.

He sat as Mae started to work on his growing hair. It now hung to his shoulders. “My, Chrissy, your hair is growing like weeds. I can now style it in cute girl’s styles. You are going to look absolutely adorable when I’m through with you.”

“Yes, thank you, Auntie,” Norm blushed. Maybe people would think he was a girl. If he had to live as a girl for the next few months, it was much better if he passed as one. He wouldn’t know what to do if he was discovered as a man in little girl’s clothes.

Mae gave him a Walkman to listen to while she worked on his hair. Unknown to Norm, the CD contained subliminal messages hidden amongst the children’s songs on the tape. The messages conditioned his mind to accept his status as a little girl, his pretty clothes, and Mae as his real Aunt. His face became limp and his unseeing eyes seemed focused at a distance as he listened to the music.

Mae brushed his hair with 100 stokes and formed a fringe in front as bangs before parting it in the middle and forming ‘angel wings’ on each side of his head. She finished by tying each off with a pink ribbon, which allowed them to flutter about his head as he walked. “Stand up and walk to your mirror, Chrissy,” Mae instructed.

Sitting at his vanity while Mae styled his hair, Norm didn’t realize how much he had changed, how much like a girl he had become.

“My pretty niece is going to have all the boys chasing her in a few years,” Mae chided.



"Listen to the music while Auntie styles your hair, Chrissy dear," Mae instructed. "Soon you will forget about being a nasty man and enjoy the pleasures of a prissy, sissy girl."

"Okay, Auntie," Norm sighed as he turned on the tape player.

“Yes, Auntie,” Norm obeyed, noticing his hair sway about his face and his skirt sway about his hips as he pranced to the mirror.

His stomach was full of butterflies as he approached his reflection. Would he look atrocious? Would he look like a man in a dress?

He quietly turned toward the mirror, observed his image, and immediately fainted away, slumping to the floor. He hadn’t seen a man in a dress although in his eyes, he may have looked atrocious. He saw the perfect image of an adolescent girl, a real girl. Mae had succeeded in transforming him into that girl!

### ***Chapter 6 – Sugar and Spice and Everything Nice...***

“What happened?” Norm moaned as Mae pressed a wet towel to his forehead.

“You fainted when you saw how lovely you have become,” Mae soothed, “Soon you will become used to your pretty reflection and expect to see a little girl when you look at yourself. The first time is a shock.”

“But, Auntie,” Norm whimpered, “I look like a real girl.”

“Of course you do, Chrissy dear, because that is what you are. Your body is responding to the treatments because you are meant to be that girl. Soon your mind will accept your new gender, then you will really become the lovely girl you appear to be.”

“But, Auntie, I never wanted to be a girl!” Norm cried.

“Maybe not consciously, dear, but subconsciously you have always yearned to be the girl you now appear to be,” Mae reinforced the subliminal messages that he was continually bombarded with for the past month.

“Really?” he whimpered, almost believing her subterfuge.

“Really!” Mae smiled, noting that Norm was starting to accept his new status, although reluctantly. “Now sit up while Auntie straightens out your pretty dress, then we will go to Happy Burger to celebrate my niece’s emergence as a sweet young girl.”

Norm still looked to the right and left when he left the house for the car parked on the street, even though he was sure nobody would mistake him for anything but the girl he now appeared to

be. He hugged the doll that Mae insisted that he always carry with him. Somehow, holding it gave him a sense of peace.

A breeze swept his skirt, forcing him to keep it down with one hand while holding his doll with the other. He wore a concerned frown on his pretty face, but obediently followed Mae to her car without protest.

Happy Burger was only a short drive from the house, so a few minutes later he was holding Mae's hand as she led him into the fast food place. Boys and girls were playing in a play area next to the restaurant. Some gave him a glance, but nobody paid him much attention.

"My niece will have a Happy Burger and fries," Mae ordered, "while I'll just have a coke. This is her birthday, so we are celebrating at her favorite restaurant."

"Oh, what a lovely little girl!" the waitress gushed, looking Norm over from his long wavy hair to his prissy shoes. "We have a special treat for birthday girls. How old is she?"

"Chrissy is 10 years old," Mae smiled, "although sometimes she acts much younger and must be appropriately punished." Norm cringed at Mae's reference to his diapers.

"Little girls can be forgiven for being flighty," the girl grinned, "she will be going through puberty soon."

"Yes, little girls grow up so quickly. Chrissy can't wait for her breasts to grow, wear makeup, and date boys. Won't that be nice, Chrissy?" Mae asked.

Norm knew that if he didn't respond, he would be in diapers before the end of the day. Shyly dropping his eyes and blushing a little, he answered, "Yes, Auntie Mae, I don't know about boys, but having breasts and wearing makeup will be nice."

The waitress didn't hear anything strange in his voice, and she giggled, "Take my word for it, Chrissy, soon boys will become a big part of your life. You can't live with them, and you won't be able to live without them." Norm blushed a deeper shade at her insistence that boys would soon infatuate him.

The waitress returned with their food, plus a small box. "I noticed that Chrissy hasn't had her ears pierced yet, so Happy Burger wants to present her with her first set of pierced earrings."

She opened the box to reveal a set of Winnie the Pooh earrings. “I’m sure she will look lovely with these earrings on her ears.”

Norm was taken aback when she first mentioned pierced earrings, but when she opened the box, he couldn’t help but emit a small squeal of delight and cover his mouth with his delicate fingers. Only as an afterthought did he realize that his reaction was exactly the proper response expected from a girl his apparent age, and Mae’s beaming smile showed that she was pleased.

Norm didn’t understand his reaction; it was spontaneous, and certainly not something he would have done given time to think about it. Its spontaneity was exactly what had him so worried. Surely he didn’t want earrings, and certainly not pierced ears!

He didn’t have long to ponder his dilemma, since Mae gushed, “Oh, they are lovely! I will take Chrissy straight to the jeweler to get her ears pierced. The earrings will look so lovely gracing her delicate ears. Thank the nice lady, Chrissy.”

Norm had to respond or face Mae’s punishment later, but it didn’t matter, he really liked the lovely gift and *wanted* to thank the lady. “Thank you, ma’am,” he lightly chirped, smiling as he took the delicate jewelry in his colorful fingers.

Mae and he soon finished their snack, and she took his hand and led him from the restaurant. “You acted perfectly girlish, Chrissy, so I will buy you two additional pair of earrings at the jewelers.”

“Oh, thank you, Auntie Mae,” Norm gushed without thinking, “Can I pick them out?”

“Of course, silly girl,” Mae laughed, “I want my pretty niece to like her jewelry. It’s time you developed feminine tastes in all aspects of being a girl.”

“Oh, goodie,” Norm clapped his hands together. “Can I get a set of grownup earrings?”

“We’ll buy you some new lingerie too. Don’t you want silky babydoll nighties to wear to bed as you cuddle next to your teddy bear?”

Norm blushed pink. How did she know he cuddled his teddy bear before going to sleep? Yes, new silky lingerie would be nice. Being a girl definitely had its advantages.

Mae took him from Happy Burger directly to the mall to have his ears pierced and to shop for lingerie. He felt like a fish out of water as Mae held his hand while they walked side by side through the crowded mall.

Norm occasionally glanced at the passing crowd to see if anyone recognized him as a boy or even worse, a full-grown man. A chill raced up his spine as he realized that not one person gave him a second glance, although a couple of married women with girls trailing behind gave him an admiring glance.

One woman dragging two rowdy boys complimented Mae on my obedient behavior. Her preteen boys were distracted by everything they saw, and were giving her a fit. "Is this lovely girl your daughter?" she asked.

"No, she's my niece," Mae grinned.

"She is so lovely, and so well-mannered," the woman gushed. "You are so lucky to have a lovely girl rather than rowdy boys," she sighed haplessly glancing at her charges.

"Oh, Chrissy wanted to be a tomboy once, but she is learning to be a little lady now," Mae smiled. "Of course, she knows what will happen if she is rowdy."

I guess withholding the rod does spoil the child," the woman wistfully sighed, watching her boys run willy-nilly. "I'll have to consider a new direction for my boys."

"Isn't that the truth," Mae agreed, "Chrissy has become the sweetest little girl. I never see any tomboyish behavior now."

"Lucky you," the woman sighed, and departed.

During this exchange, Norm fidgeted his feet in silence, watching his pretty pink skirt sway about his dimpled knees, as the women spoke of him in such flattering terms.

"Wasn't that the nicest compliment, Chrissy?" Mae squeezed his hand to show she was pleased with his behavior. "How will I be able to let my little niece go when the time comes?"

Norm picked up on that immediately. He had become used to the idea that being a girl might not be as temporary as he had first hoped. Now hope flared again. Would he be allowed to return to being a man? When? When Leah returned? She would return when...in another 4 months. He could hold out that long! Then

he could return to being the dominant husband, rather than the submissive little girl.

Mae didn't seem to see his sudden alertness as she led him into an upscale jeweler. "My niece wants her ears pierced," Mae announced. "She was given her first pair of pierced earrings, and she cannot wait to wear them."

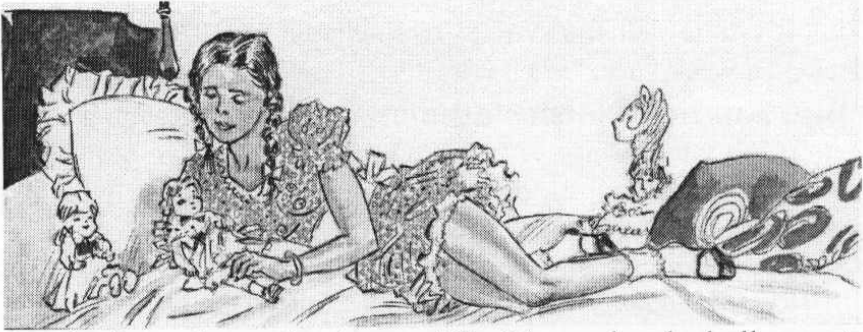
"Oh, what a lovely little girl!" the salesgirl cooed, as she led them to a tall chair with long skinny legs. Mae had to help lift him to be seated. He blushed at his need for assistance at such a simple task, but he would surely have exposed his lacy panties and frilly petticoats without her assistance. Such a brazen display would surely have earned her displeasure with who knows what consequences.

The ear piercing hurt his self-image more than pained him. It was another step into femininity. Half an hour later, he was holding Mae's hand as she led him from the store, each ear sporting little keepers in one set of holes and the Pooh earrings in another.

"You have been such a sweet little girl today, Chrissy, I've decided to buy you another Barbie doll and a set of clothes that match your lovely dress. I know you can't wait to play house with your dollies," Mae smiled at the little girl walking at her side.

Two weeks later, Norm had free time to himself while Mae resolved some legal problem. He was rather quiet in his room, so Mae decided to peek in on him to see what mischief he was brewing. She cracked open his room door to find him lying on his bed playing with the doll she had purchased for him that morning.

He was humming a child's song as he delicately undressed the doll and dressed it in clothes that matched his cute pastel dress. He looked so cute with his skirts pulled up to expose his delicate lingerie beneath. He seemed oblivious of the world and completely involved in his most girlish task. His braided hair was tied at the ends with ribbons that matched his dress, and they bobbed about his face as he tried one dress on the doll, then another.



At first reluctantly, then rapidly, Norm absorbed all aspects of being a girl. Soon it would be difficult to tell him from the other young girls in the neighborhood.

"Chrissy, dear, I have some papers for you to sign, and you must use your previous name," Mae entered the bedroom, which brought Norm from his task.

"What, Auntie?" Norm asked in his light airy voice. "Papers? What kind of papers."

"Nothing to concern a little girl," Mae answered, "but you need to sign them now."

"How should I sign them, Auntie?" Norm had a puzzled look on his pretty face.

"You must use that awful name, Norman," Mae gruffly answered.

"Norman? Do I know a Norman?" he puzzled.

"He is nobody you should be concerned with, dear," Mae answered. "And you won't have to ever concern yourself with him again after today."

Completely obedient, Norm smoothed his flowered skirts, took the pen in his delicate fingers, and signed as instructed. Mae smiled at how immature his signature looked. Hours of practice had degraded his signature to that of a child, but it was still legible as his signature from when he was a man.

"You can return to your dollies, Chrissy," Mae stated as she gathered up the papers. "I'll take care of these silly papers."

"Thank you, Auntie," Norm purred as he delicately sat on his bed, first spreading his skirts to not wrinkle them, picked up the doll, and finished replacing its dress.

“It’s time you found friends your own age, Chrissy,” Mae decided a week later. “It’s not healthy to stay indoors all day.”

**“But, Auntie,” Norm stammered, “I can’t...”**

“Can’t what, Chrissy?” Mae questioned. “You’ve been with me everyday shopping, to the movies, and out to eat. Nobody sees anything but the sweet young girl you have become. I won’t hear anymore. Let’s go, young lady.”

Norm reluctantly followed behind Mae, trying to hide in her shadow as she escorted him to the park. He was sure this would be the day he had dreaded; the day everyone would find out he was really a guy.

“There are some girls jumping rope, Chrissy,” Mae stated. “Let’s see if they will let you play with them.” She took his trembling hand and walked him to where the girls were playing.

“Hi, girls,” Mae said, “This is my niece, Chrissy. She is visiting me for a few months, and she doesn’t know any girls her age. Do you mind if she plays with you?”

The girls, all between 10 and 12, looked at Norm, examining him from head to foot. He was a little taller than the tallest, but none of the girls gave it a second thought. One of the girls smiled at Norm and announced, “Hi, Chrissy, my name is Elaine. Want to play jump rope with us?”

Norm looked pleadingly up at Mae, but only received a stern stare in return. “Chrissy hasn’t had much of a chance to play with girls her own age, so she may be rusty at jumping rope,” Mae announced.

“We’ll teach her,” Elaine smiled, “Won’t we, girls?”

The other three girls smiled in return, and without exception, agreed to help ‘Chrissy’ to learn the intricacies of rope jumping, apparently no one noticing anything out of the ordinary about Norm in his new girlish persona.

“I’ll be sitting on that bench, girls,” Mae announced, leaving Norm in the hands of the four girls. “I’ll return in an hour, Chrissy. Have a good time, sweetheart.”



It wasn't long before Norm was playing and giggling with the other girls...as if he were born one of them.

Norm felt emptiness in the pit of his stomach as he watched Mae abandon him to the devices of these girls. “Come, Chrissy, I’ll show you how to jump while the other girls twirl the rope,” Elaine took him by his hand and led him to the play area.

“Watch me, Chrissy,” Elaine said, as she started to skip to the twirling rope. “Timing is very important. You have to be in the air when the rope touches the ground. If not, you will foul out.”

Elaine spent five minutes teaching Norm the intricacies of rope skipping before Norm took his turn. His palms were sweating, and he took one parting glance at Mae sitting on the bench talking to a woman before he took his turn.

It took nearly five minutes before he finally got the hang of it. It would have taken less time, but it took time to get over his skirt flipping above his waist exposing his panties every time he jumped. He turned bright red the first time it happened and one of the girls commented on his silky, ruffled pink panties. None of the girls saw anything out of place, so obviously his little operation down there was successful. That was the first time he saw any positive benefit from that awful procedure.

Half an hour later, he was giggling and laughing with the girls, acting exactly as them. When he wasn’t skipping rope with the other girls, he practiced on his own, rapidly became quite proficient.

“Come, Chrissy,” Mae had returned. Norm was slightly startled at her voice. Time had passed so quickly, and he really didn’t want to leave. “Don’t worry, dear,” Mae saw the look on his face, “We can return tomorrow. Say good-bye to your new girlfriends.”

“Bye, girls, thanks for making me feel at home,” trilled Norm.

“Bye, Chrissy,” Elaine giggled. “We are a lot of fun, and hope you return often.”

### ***Chapter 7 – Little Girls grow up so quickly***

The following weeks were filled with everything needed to make Norm into the little girl he appeared to be and to forget ever being the man he no longer looked like. With each passing day, Norm found it more and more difficult to remember what it was

like to act and think like a man...or a husband. He would look into his vanity mirror and try to picture himself as a man. No matter how hard he tried, all he could see was a blossoming girl.

Mae had no hesitation to take him with her wherever she went, often introducing him to her friends and neighbors as her niece visiting for the summer. Norm felt quite comfortable being introduced to these strangers as a little girl. No longer would he shyly look at the ground when being introduced. Now he proudly accepted the compliments his auntie's friends would dish out.

Without thinking, he often took his favorite doll with him on these outings. Many times, Mae's friends would ask about his doll, and he would answer, "Her name is Jilly, ma'am."

"Isn't your dolly the cutest thing? Almost as lovely as her 'mother'," they would gush.

Norm took the compliments in stride, dipping a perfect curtsy, and answering, "Thank you, ma'am. Auntie Mae insists that I always comport myself as a proper young lady."

"Well, you certainly do," they would answer, not knowing how true their words really were.

During these outings, Norm would completely forget his true gender, and completely assume the role Mae had dictated for him. At first, it was an act, but with each passing day, the act slowly turned into natural behavior. Norm was truly becoming the girl Mae was forcing on him.

The hormones were affecting him too. He had lost weight, now weighing only 106 pounds, his skin acquired a soft, smooth texture, his hair grew rapidly, and his voice had attained a natural soprano trill characteristic of young girls.

Four months after moving in with Mae, she called Norm to her bedroom. "Christine," Mae smiled, "Remember when I told you that your behavior would determine your true age?"

"Yes, Auntie Mae," Norm's voice trembled. Seldom did Mae call him Christine unless he had done something wrong, or a matter of importance was to be discussed.

"Your behavior has be exemplary, sweetie, so I've decided to allow you to grow up a little."

"Grow up?" Norm asked.

“Yes, dear, I’ve decided that your age is now 14 years old, you are a teenage girl now, dear.”

Norm’s heart skipped a beat. Mae was allowing him to become a teenager, to become a teenage girl. “Do I get to dress as a teenager, Auntie?” he humbly asked.

“Of course, darling,” she gushed. “Tomorrow we will shop for more grownup dresses for my little girl.”

“Oh, Auntie Mae,” Norm squealed, “Do I get to choose my new dresses? Please!” he begged.

“We’ll see,” she smiled. “I’m sure we will agree on proper clothes for such a sweet girl. Now go to your room and practice your makeup. I’ll allow you to wear more makeup now that you are growing up.”

“Oh, thank you, thank you, Auntie,” Norm squealed again. “I can’t wait to try on my new dresses. Can I buy lots of clothes?”

“Not right now, dearie,” Mae said. “We will get enough to last until you start school.”

“School?”

“Yes, dear,” Mae smiled, “You start in September. That’s only a couple of months away. You can buy lots of nice clothes then.”

“School? I’m returning to school? W...what grade will I be in, Auntie?”

“The 7<sup>th</sup> grade, Chrissy dear. You are starting junior high school. Now off to your room.”

Norm knew from past experience when their conversations were over. Wanting to ask more, yet afraid to try, he reluctantly did as instructed.

An hour later, Mae peeked into his room and saw him diligently trying to apply lipstick. “Chrissy, you do that so well. You must really want to wear makeup, dear,” she complimented. “But don’t be garish though. You’re still too young to wear more than just a touch.”

“I...uh...yes, Auntie,” he stammered.

“Let’s remove your lipstick,” Mae smiled, “Then it’s to bed with you, Pumpkin. Tomorrow comes early, and I have a big day planned.”

After removing his lipstick as Mae instructed, Norm stood in his pink babydoll nightie to allow her to tie his hair with a ribbon. "My, but your little boobies are growing, Chrissy," Mae noticed, reaching over his shoulder to cup one breast in her hand.

"It hurts a little beneath my nipple, Auntie," Norm whined.

"That's perfectly normal for a girl going through puberty, young lady," Mae smiled.

"But I'm..." Norm started.

"But what?" Mae sternly interrupted.

Looking at her suddenly frowning face, Norm decided discretion was the better part of valor, and said, "Oh, nothing, Auntie. Will I grow bigger?"

"I'm sure they will as you grow older."

"Will I get as big as...as...Miss Leah?"

"Probably so," Mae giggled, "As they say, 'like mother like daughter'."

Mae's response passed completely over Norm's head, as he crawled into bed and allowed Mae to tug his comforter to his neck. She placed his Pooh bear next to him and turned the lights out.

The next morning, Mae had him up bright and early, so he had plenty of time to perform his now routine daily preparations, from taking a luxurious bubble bath to brushing his hair 100 strokes to dressing in his nicest lingerie and dress. It was nearly 5 months since he last wore pants of any kind. Dresses or skirts had become his normal attire.

"Let me tie your hair in 'angle wings', Chrissy, darling," she finished up after watching him apply a little blush to his cheeks, and a light shade of lipstick.

Norm obediently stood still as she finished first one 'angle wing', then the other. "Auntie, will I be allowed to wear a bra?"

"Do you want to?" Mae asked.

"My breasts hurt, Auntie," he cried, "I want to if it will take away the pain."

"It won't relieve the pain, sugar," she smiled, "but it will give them support when they get a little larger, which won't be very long."

**“Then I want to...”**

“We’ll get you some training bras to start out with, then larger sizes as you grow into them. Okay?”

“Okay, Auntie,” Norm smiled.

Mae took Norm to a dozen shops looking for dresses, skirts, blouses, shoes, jewelry, and makeup appropriate to a 14-year-old girl. With each passing shop, Norm became more and more engrossed in the pleasures of being a young girl on her first real shopping trip.

He happily tried on the more grownup clothes, relishing in dresses that revealed his now delicate shoulders, blouses that gave hints of the silky lingerie he wore beneath, shoes with heels higher than 1”, and most of all, his first pair of nylon stockings.

Near the end of the day, they visited a particularly high-end shop for young women. “Chrissy, darling, let’s find a really pretty feminine dress and matching high-heel shoes, and I’ll take my lovely niece to the ballet tonight. We’ll have such a lovely time, just an aunt and her niece.”

“Really, Auntie?” Norm gushed in excitement. “A grownup dress?”

“As grownup as a lovely 14 year old girl should wear,” agreed Mae.

“Oh, Auntie! I want to be the loveliest girl at the ballet!” Norm cried. “

They spent the next hour perusing half a dozen dresses, shoes, and matching lingerie before they finally settled on the desired outfit. It was a gorgeous light pink sundress with a scooped front and back, and held up by two thin lace straps that draped over his thin shoulders.

It was much too revealing for a bra, so a bra was not worn, which revealed the impressions of his slightly swollen breasts and distended nipples through the flimsy material. The dress hung to only mid-thigh and had a full skirt, to reveal his silky slip whenever the sales lady adjusted its length and fit.

Mae bought him the most feminine shoes with 1” heels. They were covered with matching light pink silk, and shimmered in the store lights.



As the sundress swayed about his silk covered legs, Norm felt luscious, feminine, and completely lost in his new persona. Chrissy was starting to emerge for good.

“Oh, Auntie, my legs feel so sexy in these stockings,” he squealed in delight as he pirouetted before a full-length mirror, allowing his dress to swirl about his lovely legs.

“My lovely niece is truly becoming the young woman she was meant to be,” Mae gushed, as the sales lady stood to the side and watched this lovely young girl become a young lady.

“She is such a lovely girl, Ma’am,” the sales lady gushed.

“Yes, and only a short time ago, she was such a tomboy,” Mae pronounced.

“She is much too lovely to be a tomboy!” the clerk stated in disgust.

“Oh, that’s all behind her,” Mae said loud enough so Norm could clearly hear. “She is now a girl on her way to becoming a young woman, and she will never return to such rowdy behavior.”

Norm did hear her pronouncement, but he was too enthralled with his image to protest or even think about such things. If his Auntie wanted him to be a girl, he would become the frilliest girl possible. He would do anything to keep his auntie happy, so she would allow him to dress in such lovely clothes.

He closed his eyes, and felt his lingerie swirl about his body, feeling its smoothness and texture. He felt the tautness of his nylons, and the way his heels made his legs look so sexy. He didn’t care if he ever returned to being a man. He had crossed over, truly becoming a young girl in heart and soul.

Over the next two weeks, Norm completely discarded his old life as a man and absorbed himself into the life of a 14-year-old girl. He acquired a new set of girlfriends his own age and started playing and hanging out with them.

They would sit together at a bench and watch boys play soccer, sizing each boy up as only girls can. While participating in these sessions, Norm completely assumed the personality of Chrissy Anne, and acquired the tastes and interests of his girlfriends, including a fascination for boys.

Although starting out as the shy girl in the group, he was soon a fully participating member, trying to attract the attention of the more attractive boys and giggling whenever successful.

Mae allowed him out on his own, knowing that he wouldn't run away or try to become a man again. It was obvious to even Norm that such was no longer possible. Norm loved his new clothes too much.

One day he rushed home from the park all out of breath. "Auntie Mae, Auntie Mae, you have to help me!" he was trembling with fright.

"What is it, child?" Mae asked, concern written over her face.

"My girlfriends, they lined me up with a date to go to the movies with one of their brothers," Norm gasped clearly out of breath.

"I'm sure you will have lots of fun," Mae calmed noticeably, realizing why Norm was so agitated.

"But, I can't go on a date!" Norm was startled at Mae's calm acceptance of his dire predicament.

"Why not, Chrissy?" Mae asked, as if he going on a date with a boy was quite natural.

"Why?" Norm nearly lost it, "He's a boy! A 15 year old boy!"

"And...?" Mae continued to feint acceptance.

"I can't date a boy!"

"Pray tell, why not?" Mae smiled.

"I'm a boy...uh...I'm a married m..." Norm started each phrase only to realize that if he finished it, he was surely going to return to diapers. He much preferred being 14-years-old over wearing diapers, so he couldn't find it in himself to finish either sentence.

"You were saying, Chrissy," Mae asked, knowing fully well what he was going to say.

"Uh...I'm too young a girl to date boys, Auntie Mae," he finally found acceptable words to finish his sentences, acceptable in that Mae wouldn't regress him to babyhood.

"Oh! You are blossoming as a lovely young lady, Chrissy," Mae gushed. "It's time you learned to interact with members of the opposite sex as long as it's a group date. You're still too young to date on your own, although I'm sure you will be ready in a couple of years."

“But, Auntie Mae, he is only 15 years old. I’m 6 years older...” Norm cried, but again thought better of finishing his sentence.

“So?” Mae smiled, “You are only 14-years-old. It’s perfectly acceptable for a girl your age to date a boy his age.”

He drooped his head and accepted Mae’s agreement, realizing that further argument was futile. Mae wanted him to date boys as a young girl, and Mae got what Mae wanted!

Two days later, two young boys, accompanied by a young girl, came to pick Norm up for his first date as a girl. He was visibly trembling as he answered the door at Mae’s prompting.

“Hi, Chrissy,” the young girl greeted, “This is David. He is my date. This other boy is my brother, Greg. He’s your date.”

“Hello, David,” Norm nervously greeted. “Uh...hi, Greg,” Norm was quaking in his lovely 1” heel slippers while Greg took his hand.

“Wow! Nancy wasn’t kidding,” Greg gushed at seeing his date for the first time.

“Is something wrong?” Norm stammered.

“Shit no!” Greg gushed. “You are really beautiful! I thought Nancy was lining me up with a loser. Was I ever wrong!”

Norm blushed deep red. “Uh...thanks, Greg...uh...I guess,” he stammered, searching for words to accept this unexpected compliment.

“Let’s go, guys,” David urged, “The movie starts in less than an hour, and it’s a half hour walk.”

“Okay,” Greg enthusiastically agreed, taking Norms soft, feminine hand in his to lead the way.

The next three hours were a learning experience that Norm would never forget. His first date as a girl, his first time holding hands with another boy, and his first time cuddling with another guy! At each new experienced, he was nearly frightened out of his panties and his stomach felt wheezy. He would look around to see if others saw them as a ‘strange’ couple. He was even more upset when he saw that nobody gave them a second thought.



Greg's kiss at the end of the evening sealed Norm's fate. Norm was lost and Chrissy emerged for good

When Greg finally dropped him off at the front door, he thanked Greg for a nice time by weakly shaking his hand and turn to enter the house. Suddenly Greg reached out, took him in his arms, and gave him a passionate kiss on his lips. Norm's eyes grew large and panic raced through his mind. He didn't know what to do. He wanted to throw up, but he couldn't. If he protested, would Greg think something was wrong with him? If he didn't protest, would Greg think he liked it?

Finally, Greg released him, and said, "Let's get together next weekend, Chrissy. I had a great time!"

"I have to check with my aunt," Norm stammered, and then rushed into the house. As he stood behind the closed door, he realized that he had not been detected as anything but a teenage girl on his first date as a girl. This traumatic experience had entrenched him into his budding girlhood.

### *Chapter 8 – Full Circle*

"You will soon be entering school, Chrissy," Mae announced.

"Where will I be going to school?" Norm trembled at the idea of returning to school as a 14-year-old coed.

"I've enrolled you at Saint Catherine's Girl's School', dear," Mae smiled. "It's rather strict, but the young ladies that graduate are prepared to take their place amongst the prettiest and most socially prepared young women."

"Will I have to wear their uniform?"

"Of course, girl! Such a silly question to ask," Mae smiled. "All the girls wear the same uniform. I understand that some of your girlfriends attend too."

"Oh, I didn't know. Will they...uh...know about me?" Norm shyly lowered his eyes to look at his shoes over his pretty dress.

"The school officials? Yes, at least they know that you were once male," Mae smiled, "They promised to teach you everything needed for you to take your rightful place in society as a young woman when you graduate in a few years."

"I'm not going to become a guy again, Auntie?" Norm asked, not sure whether he wanted to know.

"Enough of these silly questions, young lady. I thought we understood each other. You will forget ever being a male or a man. You are a female, now and forever!"

"Yes, Auntie Mae," Norm flushed at the finality of her words. "What about Miss Leah and my marriage?"

"Oh, that's all taken care of, darling," Mae gushed.

"Taken care of?" Norm meekly stammered. "How?"

"You will find out!" Mae said with finality. "Enough questions! It's time for your voice lessons. My little niece must sound as lovely as she looks."

"We must dress you particularly pretty today," Mae gushed as Norm rose from his plush, feminine bed. "We are meeting someone special today, Chrissy dear."

"Who?" Norm was caught in half yawn.

"It's a surprise, dear," Mae led him by his small hand to the bathroom for his morning bath. "I want you to wear that lovely light pink dress we bought on your first shopping trip."

"But, Auntie Mae, it...it's so revealing." Norm knew his breasts were starting to take shape beneath his extended nipples. This dress had a plunging bodice with tiny shoulder straps, and fit tightly about his chest. Surely his budding breasts and distended nipples would be clearly visible beneath this flimsy, feminine dress.

"You will look oh so lovely and girlish," Mae helped him into his bath. "Be sure to shave your legs and underarms, dear. I want my pretty niece to look her loveliest."

"Yes, Auntie Mae," Norm sighed, knowing any argument was useless.

After leaving the bath, Mae vigorously dried him. He had long ago gotten over embarrassment at being fully naked in front of this imposing woman. Clearly she was his superior, and dominated him in every aspect of his existence, even down to drying his privates. Even so, Norm was still embarrassed when she dabbed him dry down there, knowing that he now looked every bit like a girl in his most private regions.

"I've laid out some lovely lingerie for my favorite niece, Chrissy dear. Be careful while rolling up your nylons. You haven't had much practice yet, and you don't want to snag them."

"Yes, Auntie Mae." Norm was becoming quite alarmed at Mae's simpering attention. He wasn't so much under her sway

that her extra attentions didn't go undetected. What was she up to?

As she dropped the dress over his head and about his shoulders, she gushed, "My, Chrissy darling, you are blossoming. You are becoming such a girly girl." She cupped his budding breasts in her large hands.

"Oh!" Norm whimpered when she playfully tweaked one of his super sensitive nipples. "I don't understand why my nipples are so sensitive, Auntie Mae."

"You're going through puberty, Chrissy dear. You are transitioning from being a little girl to being a big girl. All girls go through this."

"But, Auntie Mae, I'm not a g..." he started, but stopped abruptly, seeing in her eyes that she did not like where he was headed.

She fitted the straps over his delicate shoulders, and lightly brushed his billowing skirt over his silky slip to remove wrinkles that may have resulted from the dressing process. "Step into your lovely slippers, dear, then I'll work on your hair and makeup."

Half an hour later, Mae and her thoroughly feminine niece descended the stairs. Norms long 'angle wings' flipped about his neck, each tied off with matching pink ribbons.

Mae allowed him enough makeup to give his skin a young girl's translucent texture. Light blush highlighted his girlish cheeks, while a light pink lipstick gave his lips a sexy, pouting look. She had done his eyes with mascara and a light liner to give him an innocent, wide-eyed appearance.

His face, his hair, his clothes, and now his demeanor testified to his emerging girlishness. Taken together they stated loud and clear that this was a girl, an innocent, wide-eyed girl on the verge of becoming a young woman.

"Now I expect you to be on your best behavior today, young lady. Understand?"

"Yes, Auntie Mae," Norm tittered, not sure what was going on and where she was taking him.

"Hurry to the car while I make a phone call," she ordered, handing him the keys. Mae was fully confident that Norm was well past any attempts at escape. Her lessons and the constant

audiotapes had assured his complete compliance with all her wishes.

Norm took the keys and traipsed to the car parked on the curb. A light breeze swirled about his legs, sending a chill up his spin, while lightly playing with the hem of his dress, and making it ride up to expose his pink lingerie. "Oh!" he lilted, trying to hold his skirt so the neighbors wouldn't see his silky lingerie.

Five minutes later, Mae joined him. "We are going to the mall, Chrissy, dear."

"Will we buy my school clothes, Auntie Mae?" Norm questioned in the young girl voice he had perfected.

"Partially, young lady," Mae smiled. "But before that, I have someone for you to meet."

"Who, Auntie Mae?"

"A very special lady," was all Mae would say. Norm knew better than to question further. Mae would let him know when she was good and ready too.

At the mall, Norm alighted from the car, smoothed out his skirt, and then took Mae's hand, as was now his habit. He felt so young and girlish as he tripped next to his sister-in-law, who for all practical purposes was now his Auntie. The breeze played with his skirt, but with only one hand free, he was only partially successful at keeping himself modest before the passing strangers.

As they walked the mall, Mae would point out particularly pretty teen girl's clothes in the storefronts. "Wouldn't that one look lovely on you, Chrissy, dear?" she would ask, or "I know you would love to wear that dress on your next date with Greg."

Norm knew better than to contradict Mae, so he merely acknowledged her comments, although every once in a while he would point out a dress or skirt that caught his eye.

"Oh, there she is, Chrissy!" Mae suddenly exclaimed.

"Norm looked in the direction she indicated, but all he saw was a rather large, imposing man who looked vaguely familiar. "Who, Auntie?"

"Oh, she's blocked by her new husband," Mae smiled.

Suddenly, the man moved to the side to reveal the woman in question. Norm's heart dropped directly to his toes! The woman in question was Leah!

"Ahh! Leah! My wife!" Norm quietly cried, looking up at his imposing auntie. "What's she doing here? I can't let her see me like this!"

"Yes, only she's no longer your wife. Now she is Mrs. David Baxter. Surely you recognize her new husband."

Looking close, Norm's heart did a skip, then a jump. "David! My nemesis, David Baxter!"

"Hello, Leah," Mae greeted as they came up to each other and gave each other a peck on the cheek. "How was your honeymoon?"

"Oh, Mae!" Leah gushed, "It was everything I've ever dreamed of."

"Honeymoon?" Norm questioned, "But she's married to me!"

The three adults looked down at Norm in his little girl persona, as if noticing him for the first time. "Not true, Chrissy, dear," Leah smiled, "I divorced you or rather the man you used to be, nearly 4 months ago. David and I were married in Las Vegas two weeks ago. We just returned from two wonderful weeks in Hawaii!"

"Divorced? Married?" Norm's mind was fogging over.

"Well I certainly can't be married to a little teenage girl, now can I?" Leah laughed, as if the thought was absolutely ridiculous.

"But I'm just pretending..." Norm cried, trying hard to not faint or lose touch with reality.

"Pretending? Posh!" Mae spoke for the first time. "You are the pretty little girl standing before us. You left your supposed masculinity behind months ago. No, sweetie, you now are the sweet little girl you see whenever you look into a mirror!"

"But, I don't want..."



“Silly girl,” Mae corrected, “This is your new mother!”

“Mother??” Norm stammered, “That’s my WIFE!”

“Former wife, Chrissy,” Leah smiled, “and you will only refer to me as ‘mother’ or ‘mommy’ from now on!”

“What you want is not important, young lady,” Mae corrected. “From now on, you will do whatever your mother and father tell you to do!”

“Mother...Father...?” Norm gasped.

“That’s right, Chrissy,” Leah smiled, “I am now your mother, all legal and proper.”

“My wife is my mother?” Norm again gasped. If Mae hadn’t had a firm grasp on his hand, he would have run for all he had. As it was, all he could do was try to not faint away.

“She’s no longer your wife!” David spoke for the first time. “She’s my wife! She is your mother and we are your parents!”

“Be patient with her, dear,” Leah addressed David, squeezing his hand in hers. “I’m sure it’s very difficult for Chrissy to adjust to her new reality! Now smile and greet your new daughter!”

A smile crossed David’s mouth as he said, “Of course, darling. How impatient of me. Hello, Chrissy, I’m sure we will develop a wonderful father-daughter bond, once you adjust to your new position in our family. You will always address me as ‘daddy’ from now on, understand?”

Norm looked up at Mae, then at Leah, but saw no sympathy, or disagreement with David’s statement, and they were definitely waiting for a response. “Uh...yes, daddy...” he squeaked.

“Now smile and curtsy prettily for your new mother and father, Chrissy. Show them how pretty and proper their new daughter is,” Mae stated.

Norm, knowing that all was lost, that he was truly to be the teenage girl he now looked and acted as, did as he was told. Dipping a deep curtsy, he struggled to smile, and then quietly stammered, “Hello, Mother...and Daddy.”

“Oh, Chrissy darling,” Leah gushed at the pretty girl standing before her. “I just knew that my former husband would one day give me a child, and he did! I will love you and pamper you with adorable clothes. You just wait, Chrissy dear, we will have so much fun together as you grow up.”

"I hope so, Mother," Chrissy finally accepted the finality of his new situation. He was a girl now, her mother's teenage daughter.

"I know so," Leah affectionately took Chrissy's small feminine hand from Mae's grasp.

"Thank your Auntie Mae for making you such a sweet, pretty girl, Chrissy," Leah ordered.

Knowing that he had no choice, and that Leah truly was her new mother, Chrissy cutely curtseyed to Mae and squeaked, "Thank you, Auntie Mae for making me a girl."

"Auntie Mae promised to take you shopping for school clothes today. Why don't the three of us girls go shopping together?" Leah gushed. "Being a manly man, I'm sure my David won't want to join us girls shopping."

"You are right there, Leah," David laughed. "I'll leave the shopping to the women and girls in the family. Besides, I have my new classic Corvette to break in." He reached down and gave Leah a deep soulful kiss right in front of Chrissy, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Leah sighed and vigorously returned the kiss.

"You're so lucky to have a mother and father that love each other so, Chrissy?" Mae smiled while holding Chrissy's hand. "Don't they make such a lovely couple?"

Chrissy knew that the question was not just rhetorical; Mae expected an answer. Deeply embarrassed, he barely whispered, "I guess so, Auntie." Small tears appeared in the corners of both eyes.

"Now, now, Chrissy," Mae saw the tears, "One day you too will find a wonderful man to love you. Until then, you must learn what it takes to be a girl, woman, and finally wife. That will take time and patience."

Bowing his head so he didn't have to see the public show of affection between David and her former wife, Chrissy sighed, "If you say so, Auntie."

***The End***

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**TELEVISION TV FICTION SERIES!**

..... HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW .....	10.00
..... WHAT GIRLS WANT .....	10.00
..... MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL .....	10.00
..... PRETTIER IN PINK II .....	10.00
..... PRETTIER IN PINK I .....	10.00
..... THE STORE BRIDE .....	10.00
..... GIRL'S THINGS II .....	10.00
..... GIRL'S THINGS I .....	10.00
..... A WILLING WOMAN .....	10.00
..... PRACTICALLY A GIRL .....	10.00
..... UNDER HIS SKIRTS .....	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2 .....	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1 .....	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3 .....	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SISTER #2 .....	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO Sissy #1 .....	10.00

**GIRLIE GIRL TV FICTION:**

..... SISTERS IN SECRET #11 NEW .....	10.00
..... HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS #10 .....	10.00
..... A PARTY GIRL #8 .....	10.00
..... LUCK BE A LADY #7 .....	10.00
..... FEMININE PROPOSAL (circle part #) .....	10.00
..... #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5 .....	10.00
..... ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY! #1 .....	10.00

**TV Fiction Classics:**

..... BOY GIRL #93 NEW .....	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S HELPER #92 NEW .....	10.00
..... A PROPER LADY II #91 .....	10.00
..... A PROPER LADY #90 .....	10.00
..... GIRLHOOD #89 NEW .....	10.00
..... SWISHFUL THINKING #88 NEW .....	10.00
..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #1B .....	10.00
..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #1A .....	10.00
..... GIRLISH #87 .....	10.00
..... FASHION I & II #85 & 86 .....	10.00
..... GIRLS' GETAWAY #84 .....	10.00
..... PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83 .....	10.00
..... MISS UNDETECTED #82 .....	10.00
..... SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81 .....	20.00
..... GOING AS GIRLS #79 .....	10.00
..... CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & #78 .....	20.00
..... JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75&76 .....	20.00
..... A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74 .....	10.00
..... AUNTIE GETS TOUGH(er) #72 & 73 .....	20.00
..... TOES IN THE HOSE #71 .....	10.00
..... MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70 .....	10.00
..... WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69 .....	10.00
..... BIRTH OF A LADY #67 .....	10.00
..... JUST & TRAINED LIKE MOM #65 & 66 .....	20.00
..... HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64 .....	10.00
..... FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63 .....	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62 .....	10.00
..... A DRESS FOR DANNY #61 .....	10.00
..... BECOMING LADIES/GF #59 & #60 .....	20.00
..... THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58 .....	20.00
..... MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56 .....	10.00
..... LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55 .....	20.00
..... ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53 .....	10.00
..... THE GIRLMAKERS #52 .....	10.00
..... SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50&51 .....	20.00
..... DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49 .....	20.00
..... BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG #46&47 .....	20.00
..... DRESSING UP #44 & #45 & 2 books! .....	10.00
..... MORE THAN A WOMAN #43 .....	10.00
..... COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS .....	10.00
..... LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41 .....	10.00
..... GIRL BY CHOICE #40 .....	10.00
..... WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39 .....	10.00
..... BLONDE & BLOWER #38 .....	10.00
..... CAMPING IN CURLS #37 .....	10.00
..... SLINK OR SWIM #36 .....	10.00
..... DAUGHTERS ONLY #35 .....	10.00
..... HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34 .....	10.00
..... FEMININE APPEAL #33 .....	10.00
..... PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32 .....	10.00
..... MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31 .....	20.00
..... LIKE A DAUGHTER #29 .....	10.00
..... HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28 .....	10.00
..... WOMANHOOD #28 & #27 2 books! .....	20.00
..... ONE OF THE GIRLS #25 .....	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24 .....	10.00
..... PAUL, GIRL MODEL #23 .....	10.00
..... MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22 .....	10.00
..... WOMAN'S WORK #21 .....	10.00
..... THAT A GIRL #20 .....	10.00
..... TIT FOR TAT #19 .....	10.00
..... NEAR MISS #18 .....	10.00
..... GOING A BROAD #17 .....	10.00
..... DRESSED TO DANCE #16 .....	10.00
..... FLIGHT OF FANCY #15 .....	10.00
..... MAID UP #14 .....	10.00
..... ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13 .....	10.00
..... ALL DOLLED UP #12 .....	10.00
..... NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11 .....	10.00
..... SKIPPING THE ISSUE #10 .....	10.00
..... JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9 .....	10.00
..... LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8 .....	10.00
..... PASSPORT TO FEMINITY #7 .....	10.00
..... CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6 .....	10.00

**Contemporary TV Fiction:**

..... PRETTY FOREVER #73 NEW .....	10.00
..... DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72 NEW .....	10.00
..... LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW .....	10.00
..... LAVENDAR & LACE I #70 .....	10.00
..... DRESS UP DAY #69 .....	10.00

..... SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68 .....	10.00
..... PURSE STRINGS #67 .....	10.00
..... BIKINI BOUND #65 .....	10.00
..... DISCOVERING DRESSES #65 .....	10.00
..... MY BETTER HALF #64 .....	10.00
..... LEARNING CURVES #63 .....	10.00
..... THEY'RE (A) GIRLS! NOW! #61&62 .....	20.00
..... DRESSES & TRESSES #60 .....	10.00
..... MAKEUP MATERIAL #59 .....	10.00
..... HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58 .....	10.00
..... BECOMING EMMA #57 .....	10.00
..... PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56 .....	10.00
..... FEMININE BUDDY #55 .....	10.00
..... GIRLIE GIRL #54 .....	10.00
..... SITTING PRETTY (TOO) #52 & #53 .....	20.00
..... CHICKS RULE #51 .....	10.00
..... DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOM #49*50 .....	20.00
..... SON TO SISTER #48 .....	10.00
..... MISTAKEN FOR GIRL #46 & 47 .....	20.00
..... TAKING HER PLACE #45 .....	10.00
..... FEMININE DESIRES #44 .....	10.00
..... SISTERS FOREVER #43 .....	10.00
..... JUST ANOTHER GIRL! #42 .....	10.00
..... HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41 .....	10.00
..... METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bks) .....	20.00
..... FRILL OF IT ALL #38 .....	10.00
..... WINDOW DRESSING #37 .....	10.00
..... HORMONES FOR LIFE #36 .....	10.00
..... A SUMMER GIRL #35 .....	10.00
..... TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34 .....	10.00
..... JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33 .....	10.00
..... JOINING THE GIRLS #32 .....	10.00
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..... CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30 .....	10.00
..... FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29 .....	10.00
..... A LIVING DOES #28 .....	10.00
..... GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27 .....	10.00
..... DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26 .....	10.00
..... THE PAMPERED SISSY #25 .....	10.00
..... JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24 .....	10.00
..... FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23 .....	10.00
..... TOO MANY SKIRTS #22 .....	10.00
..... REDTOES #21 .....	10.00
..... I DRESS, THEREFORE #20 .....	10.00
..... HEAD OVER HEELS #19 .....	10.00
..... MY BOSOM BUDDY #18 .....	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17 .....	10.00
..... GIRLIES #16 .....	10.00
..... HIS FIRST DRESS #15 .....	10.00
..... MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14 .....	10.00
..... THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13 .....	10.00
..... THE GIRL'S PART #12 .....	10.00
..... THE NEW GIRL #11 .....	10.00
..... FRENCH DRESSING #10 .....	10.00
..... VOW OF FEMINITY #9 .....	10.00
..... VIRGIN VOWS #8 .....	10.00
..... CHANGING VOWS TOO #7 .....	10.00
..... EXCHANGING VOWS #6 .....	10.00
..... FLIRT FOR A SKIRT #5 .....	10.00

**TRANSVESTITE Fiction Series:**

..... MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25 .....	10.00
..... RED, WHITE AND PINK #24 .....	10.00
..... POOLED INTO FRILLS #23 .....	10.00
..... TURNABOUT PARTY #21 .....	10.00
..... BOYS TO BABS #19 .....	10.00
..... THE MAKEOVER #18 .....	10.00
..... PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17 .....	10.00
..... FEMININE FORTÉ #16 .....	10.00
..... MANNEQUIN #15 .....	10.00
..... BIRTH OF BARBARA #14 .....	10.00
..... IDEAL MARRIAGE #13 .....	10.00
..... CHARM SCHOOL #12 .....	10.00
..... ACCEPTANCE #11 .....	10.00
..... FASHION MODELS #10 .....	10.00
..... TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9 .....	10.00
..... CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7 .....	10.00
..... CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 .....	10.00

**EMPATHY TV FICTION:**

..... QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1 .....	10.00
..... TV TRAINING CAMP #2 .....	10.00
..... TV VACATION #3 .....	10.00
..... BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4 .....	10.00
..... BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5 .....	10.00
..... DRESS UNIFORM #6 .....	10.00

**BISSY BELLS:**

..... THE SLIP .....	10.00
..... THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW .....	10.00
..... CANDY - BOY WAITRESS NEW .....	10.00
..... HE'S SO SKIRT .....	NEW 10.00

**TOTAL ORDER:**

STATE TAX @ 7.25% (CA. residents only) \_\_\_\_\_  
 USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate - up to 10 books) \_\_\_\_\_

**TOTAL ENCLOSED:** \_\_\_\_\_  
 SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:  
 SANDY THOMAS ADV.  
 P. O. BOX 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA

VISA or MC exp. / \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ST \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
 I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 9-08

**LESSON NINE**

KNOWING  
WHAT TO  
DO...



copyright, 2001 Sandy Thomas Adv.

## AFTER THE FIRST DATE...

Should Chris...

- Quietly admit to Bill that the Frat brothers put him up to this.
- Pull off his wig knowing that the brothers are hiding somewhere.
- Invite Bill in to see how far he could take it.
- Allow a simple kiss and accept another date.

Should Bill...

- Quietly admit to that the Frat brothers put him up to this.
- Give Chris a simple kiss and ask for another date.