

LIFE AND TIMES

By Cheryl Lynn

Percy O'Quinn never had a chance growing up. His birth was the product of a drunken date rape when his mother was a freshman at college. Her parents were religious zealots and refused to have anything to do with their daughter. Unfortunately, it was their strict upbringing that kept Hilda off birth control and made abortion unthinkable. Their lack of support forced Hilda to quit college and go on the government dole. Going from an upper middle class lifestyle to that of living on meager State funds was devastating. Hilda turned to drugs and alcohol to ease the emotional trauma.

Growing up under such conditions, Percy was borderline malnourished and unkempt. He was a good two inches smaller and fifteen pounds underweight for boys his age. Being that scrawny kid made Percy the target of the bullies both at school and in the housing development. He wasn't dumb and quickly learned ways to avoid his tormentors. This resulted in Percy having very few friends and reclusive. He could have turned to drugs but seeing what they did to his mother wouldn't touch them.

Which brings us to the here and now. Hilda overdosed and children's services stepped in. With all of Percy's worldly goods packed into a single small suitcase, he was taken away. He spent a horrifying week in a juvenile center. His second night there, someone snuck up to his bed and began beating him with a sock filled with a bar of soap. It left him battered and hurting but no bruising could be seen. The next day one of the boys approached him offering his services as a body guard. All Percy would have to do was either pay him with the few dollars he had or provide sexual favors.

"I only have five dollars," Percy hesitantly replied. The very idea of providing sexual favors was totally abhorrent.

"That's only good for the rest of the week," the much bigger boy responded tossing his soap up into the air then catching it. The unspoken message was very clear.

Percy spent the rest of the week worrying about the coming week. He had no more money and he certainly didn't want to have anything to do with any sex act. As if that was not bad enough Nancy Fillmore came into the picture.

Nancy was a middle aged no nonsense woman working as a volunteer at a rehab clinic. She had a strict appearance and stern demeanor. Her salt and pepper hair was kept in a tight bun on the back of her head. The only makeup a slash of red lipstick across thin tight lips. She wore a gray pantsuit with crisp white blouse and sensible block heels. She was helping Hilda beat her addiction. At Hilda's request, she was checking up on Percy. She liked what she saw. Nancy had her own addiction which up until now never fully acted upon. With Percy she saw her opportunity. He wasn't manly or even close to being macho. His face still hadn't a hint of beard and almost delicate for a boy. The big plus was his helplessness. Except for his drug addicted mother Percy had no one and no place to go.

After explaining who and why she was there, she gave him a choice. "Percy if you agree to come home with me you are going to have to promise me, one, you will do whatever I say when I say it. Two, you will do so happily and with enthusiasm and three, expect to be punished if you don't. Before you agree, understand that much of what I demand you probably won't like initially. However, you will be out of this place and you will be cared for."

"Errr....what do you mean by punished," he timidly asked.

“You will address me as either Miss. Nancy or Nanny, child. As for punishment, I mean spankings, mouth washings or for a serious unforgivable act, right back here to juvenile. I’m strict but not unfair. Your punishments depend on your behavior and judged accordingly. So what’s it gonna be?”

“I’m not sure I like the idea of being punished but I certainly can’t stay here. I don’t want to get beat up every night and can’t pay any more protection money. Whatever this woman wants me to do probably can’t be anywhere near as bad as it is here. Guess I’ll have to go along with her. Like I have any choice. I can understand the Miss. Nancy but what the fuck with this Nanny business? Aren’t nannies for taking care of little kids? I’m way too old for that,” he thought then agreed to go with her.

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Percy was impressed as Nancy pulled her car into the driveway. The house was an older Tudor styled brick with ivy covered walls. The neighborhood was upper middle class with real yards most tree filled with red oaks. As soon as he saw the trees immediately wanted to climb one something he had always wanted to do. Growing up in the tenements the grounds were usually asphalt or concrete. The nearest thing to a tree was the monkey bars.

Once inside he noted the heavy antique furnishings and how neat and clean everything was. His mother was never much of a housekeeper and their furnishings mostly junk. When Nancy showed him his room he was taken aback. It was at least twice the size of his old one and had its own attached bathroom. What struck him was how feminine it was. The walls were covered in a lilac floral wallpaper, the furniture delicate and included a mirrored lighted vanity. The wooden floors were covered with fuzzy soft pink throw rugs. The single window had pinkish-orange satin drapes. The smell of flowers hung heavy in the air.

“She said this was my room but that can’t be. It’s a girl’s room,” he thought standing frozen just inside the doorway.

“Come along Percy, let me show you your bathroom,” she said giving him a slight push.

“Huh?” he was too stunned to say more.

The bathroom was no better than the bedroom. Pink and white tiles covered the floor along with a large pink fluffy rug. There was no shower, just an old fashioned footed bath tub. The commode was covered in more pink fuzzy stuff. The smell of flowers seemed even stronger here.

He was brought out of his thoughts of how wrong the room was when Nancy told him to strip. “As long as we are in here we might as well get that horrid smell of the juvenile center off your body. Go ahead and strip while I get the bath ready.”

“I.....I...I,” he started.

“Don’t stutter child. Speak up. What is it?” she snapped.

“This is a girl’s room...don’t you have something,” he began.

“All that matters child is that this is your room now. I think as long as I’m going to tend to your bathing it would be better if you called me Nanny. Now, unless you want me to take you right back to juvenile, get undressed,” she stated removing a white plastic bib apron and gloves from the linen closet.

Percy watched horrified as the tub filled with multi-colored bubbles and the smell of flowers intensified. He stood shaking like a leaf, his hands covering his groin as she

took more items from the closet. Opening a large jar, she stepped up to him.

“Spread your legs and move your hands out of the way child. We need to get rid of all that lice attracting hair,” she ordered.

Hearing that Percy’s eyes got as big as saucers. He might be small of stature but he was proud of what hair he had managed to spout. It wasn’t all that much mostly under his arms, crotch and legs but it was a sign he was finally maturing.

“No! I don’t have lice and I won’t let you,” he would have said more but she was quick.

The jar went down onto the counter top in a blur replaced just as quickly with a wooden hairbrush. Percy only had time to let out a shrill “Nooooo,” before he was bent over and on the receiving end of a hard deliberate spanking. When it stopped, his butt was red and crocodile tears flowing freely down his cheeks.

“Maybe now you will remember your promise to obey and obey willingly. This was just a love tap in comparison to what you will receive should you defy me again. Defy me a third time and you will be back in juvie before you can blink. Now stand up, spread those legs and raise those arms,” she demanded.

She covered him from the neck down in the depilatory and then using another one specifically for facial hair removed the fuzz on his face. It was embarrassing having his body hair removed but when she actually bathed him worse. He actually jumped when she jammed a cloth covered finger into his bottom hole. Tears were flowing as she helped him out of the tub and patted him dry with a lavender towel. Dried, she slapped him on the butt cheek.

“Stop that infernal sniffing or I’ll give you something to really cry about,” she stated.

His humiliation didn’t end there. Complaining that she wouldn’t stand for race tracks appearing in his underwear, gave him his first enema. Percy thought he was going to die when as the nozzle was pushed in and moved about, he sprouted an erection. His embarrassment became mortification when Nancy made comments about how much he was enjoying having something hard and stiff inside him. All he could do was gasp that he wasn’t gay.

“A pretty boy like you with such a little nubbin not gay? That’s a laugh,” she sneered. “Got to do something about that in any case.”

Before Percy could react, Nancy grabbed a hairbrush off the counter and wacked the head of his dick. He yelped loudly in pain as his hands rushed down between his legs to protect his wilted member. Fresh tears sprang forth.

“What a pussy,” she exclaimed. “That couldn’t have hurt that much child. It’s such a tiny thing anyway but I won’t have you displaying yourself like that again.”

“It does hurt...a lot...an....and I’m not small and not a child. I’m seventeen,” he blurted through his tears.

“Seventeen? Why you’re not much bigger than a twelve year old and that tiny pinnie is nothing to brag about,” she exclaimed with a laugh.

Percy’s penis actually was a bit bigger than the average for a boy his size. However, Nancy’s pronouncement placed a finger of doubt in his mind. Calling him a pussy and gay also had a psychological effect on him. He had had no sexual experiences and his male ego was delicate. Nancy knew this from her training and background. She had to convince Percy that he was indeed a pussy gay boy with an inadequate penis to satisfy any woman. It was important for her as it would make Percy pliable and controllable.

Finished after shampooing and conditioning his hair, Percy was led into his bedroom. A lavender towel tucked in around his chest and another one wrapped around his damp hair, she sat him at the vanity. It didn't take her long to section and roll his shoulder length hair. A hair net held everything in place and a white with lavender floral lace mop cap was placed over that. Next she coated his face in a clay mask after exfoliating and moisturizing. Percy was fuming at what was being done but had learned his lesson while in the bath. His behind and poor penis still throbbed and he dared not object.

The final insult came when she removed the towel and had him lay down on a pink plastic changing mat. Percy blushed crimson from the top of his head down to his toes as she powdered then secured his groin in a thick pink diaper and clear plastic panties. The white cotton knee length tee with a pink daisy imprint that followed did little to ease his severe humiliation.

"Since you're such a prissy little thing, you're going to be put into diapers at bed time. I don't think I can trust you not to mess your sheets. I've been around long enough to know what nasty little boys do with their pathetic little worms when they think no one is looking," she said putting a pair of pink fuzzy slippers on his feet.

She pulled him from the changing mat and he stood momentarily on shaky legs. The thick fullness between his legs felt weird and forced his thighs apart. The tight pulling on his scalp from the rollers and movement of the shirt's hem on his legs were also distracting. Percy was led by the hand into the kitchen and told to sit. He blushed anew as he sat. His padded bottom reminding him that he was wearing a diaper.

"Now Percy I've gone easy on you since this is all new but I expect much improvement. As you noticed, I'm a stickler for personal hygiene and I will not tolerate lapses on your part. Tomorrow we'll go shopping for personal care items and some new clothing. Your current clothing is deplorable and probably ridden with bed bugs. I demand your complete and utter compliance when we go shopping, anything less and.....it's straight to juvie. No passing GO, no get out of jail free this time. Is that understood?" Nancy stated as she prepared dinner.

"Ye....yes Miss. Nancy," he replied frightened at the very thought of going back there. He wasn't at all happy about how she had treated him so far but versus the beatings and sexual advances back there were preferable.

"Since it is too late to register you for school, I'll teach you until the start of the next semester. Besides, I need to get an idea of what class you need to be enrolled in. As your teacher, I think it best if you refer to me as Nanny while in the house," she added.

"I...I'm supposed to be in the eleventh grade this year Na...Nanny," he softly answered. He didn't like what the word Nanny implied and wanted her to understand he wasn't a little kid.

"You barely look old enough to be in the ninth grade Percy especially with that little thingy of yours," she smirked.

"*Little thingy....I don't have a little thingy,*" he thought blushing at the thought. Even so, the idea he was inadequate began to germinate with her comments.

"In any case, I'll decide which grade you need to be in and make that recommendation to the school authorities. I do have a teaching degree and qualified to make that decision. Now eat your salad then you can help me clean up," Nancy said smiling.

By the time he had eaten and helped clean up the kitchen, it was almost nine o'clock. He was stressed out and looking forward to watching some television. He was

surprised when she grabbed his hand and led him back into his feminine room.

“Miss. Na...,” he started to ask but received a quick rebuke.

“Percy, how did I instruct you to call me when in the house?”

“Na..nanny,” he quickly corrected then asked, “Can I watch some television?”

“It’s not ‘can I’ it’s ‘may I’ and no you may not. We have a busy day tomorrow and I still have to teach you a bedtime personal hygiene routine,” she snapped giving his hand a tug.

The first thing she did was take him into the bathroom, handed him his pink toothbrush and toothpaste. “Using a vigorous up and down brush stroke you will brush your teeth for no less than two full minutes,” she instructed. “You’ll finish by running the bristles over your tongue. Oral hygiene is very important to overall health and you will brush your teeth at least three times a day.”

“Like I don’t know how to brush my own teeth,” he thought as he put the paste on the brush. Looking into the mirror, he paused seeing the green mud pack and frilly mop cap. *“Gawd, I look like a stupid clown.”*

He was even more surprised sitting on the side of his bed when Nancy put pink ball mittens on his hands. “Naughty little boys like to play with their little toys and these will stop that,” she stated.

“I’m not a little boy!” his mind shouted as she tucked him in and turned out the light.

It took Percy some time before he actually fell into a restless sleep. The weirdness of wearing a diaper, his hands rendered useless and sound of crinkling plastic panties were very distracting. Making matters worse was the strong desire to masturbate. He was a normal teenaged boy and enjoyed whacking off occasionally but not necessarily every night. However for some strange reason was desperate to do so tonight. Like his nanny said the thick diapers and mittens only led to frustration.

Nancy watched his futile efforts on her Nanny Cam smiling broadly. “Just like I thought. I have to get total control over his sexual release if I want him to do what I want. Keep him frustrated until I decide,” she mused.

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The next morning Percy was tired and grumpy when Nancy pulled him from under the warm covers. He was only half awake as he sat and immediately reminded he was wearing a diaper. His cheeks still had a slight glow of embarrassment as Nancy placed a bowl of oatmeal in front of him. He had to pee bad and wanted to eat as quickly as possible. Instead she made sure he took a small spoonful and chewed before swallowing. By the time he had cleaned his bowl and spoon was hopping from one foot to the other doing a childish potty dance. His earlier pleas to go to the bathroom ignored.

“As long as you are wearing a diaper, go ahead and use them,” she said.

“I..I can..can wait,” he replied determined not to do what she suggested. He wasn’t a little kid. When he turned on the water to rinse his dishes, it took all his will power not to do just that.

Percy made it to the bathroom just in time but told to sit to do his business. “Percy I will not tolerate urine stains and splashes. You will always sit understand or you will be using those diapers,” he was told.

It was humiliating having to use the toilet while she was still in the room filling the tub

with floral scented bubbles. It became more so as he watched her fill the enema bag from the bathwater. He was beet red when she handed him the large white nozzle. The only thing good about his morning bath routine was he got to wash himself.

Back in his room, dusted with sweet smelling talc, he was sitting at the vanity. Nancy gave him two jars, a cleanser and moisturizer, telling him how to apply each. With that ritual completed, she removed his head coverings and took out the rollers. Handing him the brush told him to stroke his hair at least one hundred times as she went to gather his clothing.

Percy wasn't happy as he brushed out his shoulder length mousey brown hair. Instead of pulling out the bouncy curls left by the rollers, his hair kept a feminine wave to it. He thought his arm was going to fall off by the time he completed the one hundred strokes.

"Man I hope this is it. My arm hurts and my hair looks girlie. I just hope she doesn't make me wear another damn diaper," he thought.

"Here put this on," she said breaking him from his thoughts. "You need to roll them up into donuts first. It will make it easier to smooth them up your legs."

"Wha....what's this?" he gasped seeing the rainbow colored poly/spandex tights.

"What's this Nanny!" she snapped then added, "These are tights and will keep your legs warm. What clothing you have is unfit to wear out in public and I tossed them into the garbage."

"I...I need my boxers," he began then remember to add, "Nanny."

"You don't really need underwear with these. However until I get you more appropriate underwear at the store, we'll just put a sanitary pad in the crotch. When you get those on, this sweater will protect your modesty," she stated handing him an orange-yellow long sleeved sweater with round neckline.

Percy looked into the full length mirror feeling like a complete dork. With the sleeves rolled up just above his elbows and a wide black patent leather belt with gold buckle pulling in his waist his image was very feminine. The hem of the sweater did fall below his groin but the way it flared out at mid-thigh bothered him. The way the colorful tights covered his legs like a second skin was even more bothersome. At least he still had on his old running shoes. It didn't help his male ego when adjusting his sweater, Nancy patted his pantie liner covered crotch.

"Ahhh, nice and smooth down there all proper like," she said grinning from ear to ear.

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Their first stop was the rehab center so Percy could see his mother. Hilda didn't look so good. Her eyes were sunken and shadowed, hair frizzed and pale complexion but seemed alert. Well at least more alert than he had seen her in a long time. She gave him a hug and asked him if he was being a good boy for his Auntie Nancy as she released him.

"Oh Percy you look so different," Hilda said holding him by his shoulders with a quizzical slightly dreamy look. "I like the pretty colors," she added fingering his leggings. "I'm so happy Auntie Nancy took you in while I....I, well, while I get well. I was...was really worried about you."

"He does clean up well, doesn't he Hilda. By the time you get well, Percy will be the perfectly behaved child that any parent would be proud of. I told you I would take care of everything and I keep my promises. You have a group session coming up and we

won't keep you dear. Just wanted to stop by so little Percy here could see you. Percy give your mommy a kiss like a good little boy," Nancy beamed.

As they left the rehab center Percy wasn't sure how he felt. On the one hand he was happy that she wasn't totally spaced out but on the other not thrilled by what Nancy had said.

"I'm not a little boy and wish she would stop saying that," he thought.

The next stop was the Mall and Macy's. Nancy kept a firm hold on his hand as she led him into the women's section and then into the Big Girls department. Clothing for girls eight to twelve years old. Seeing what she intended he tried to pull away and received a stinging slap to his thigh in the process.

"Behave or you know where the next stop will be. You're too small for your age to be shopping in the teen's department. Just be happy I don't stop in the dress department. Now act like you're having fun or I just might tell everyone you're a little boy," she hissed.

"She's crazy! I just knew it but I can't let her take me back. No, I'll just have to wait until I can run away," he thought.

What she purchased for him there was most embarrassing but having to try them on mortifying. Here he was an older teenager wearing clothing suitable for a 10 to 12 year old girl. The first item was a Roxy's Big Girls' Cherry Stone knit ruffle romper in multi-colored horizontal stripes. The romper had a ruffle overlay at the bust, spaghetti straps and white lace waist band. The neckline was gently scooped, the shorts had slightly flared hems and reached his mid-thigh. The second item was another Big Girls' and was very similar without the ruffle but in a glow pink with banded waistline in white. The next was a three pack of Sparkle Farms bloomer flare shorts, size 10, in purple, white and lilac.

He was as red as an apple when she took his hand, clothing draped over her other arm and led him into the girls' changing room. There she helped him take off the sweater and handed him the ruffled romper.

"Try this one on first but before you do really look at it. Finger the material, hold it up to get a good view and swish it around. When trying on or getting new clothing doing that will give you a quick idea of its quality and fit. Now put it on," she ordered.

"Bu...but this is for a...a girl," he stammered.

"Well that maybe so but it will be comfortable to wear and more importantly easy to care for. Its machine washable and you will be doing your own laundry and other chores. I hope you didn't expect to get a free ride while you are staying in my house. Besides, with your little size....," she said staring at his crotch, "it's perfect for you."

"Plea...please Nanny...don't make me do this," he stuttered.

"Go ahead and feel it. See, it's a soft comfortable cotton and here hold it up, flare it out. Like I said, it is full cut and will be perfect to wear around the house. Now put it on before I get mad," she answered.

Trying on the rompers and shorts inside the changing room was disconcerting but at least it was private. What was more embarrassing was the addition of girls' underwear. A six pack of Fruit of the Loom girls' wardrobe cotton panty briefs in a combination of bright colors and patterns. Another package of Fruit of the Loom camisoles along with several packets of colorful tights. When she paused and examined a box labeled "My First Bra," he almost panicked.

“We don’t have much more time to do any more shopping today. I have you scheduled to see my hairdresser in a couple of hours. Come along, I have to get you a couple pairs of shoes, then to the drug store for some personal items,” she stated putting the bra back on the display rack.

By this point Percy was shell shocked and mutely followed along. It didn’t take much time selecting a pair of pink and white sneakers and black patent pair of round toed block heeled dress shoes with open vamp. The old sneakers he had been wearing went into the trash bin. The drug store was even more mind numbing as Nancy filled the hand basket with a pink feminine syringe, sanitary pads, nail care kit, tube of pinkish colored plumping lip balm, Nair body and facial depilatory, feminine deodorant spray along with some hair accessory items. All Percy could do was pray that what she was getting wasn’t meant for him. The salon proved no less humiliating as his hair was bleached into a ginger blonde and styled into a tucked under page boy with feathered bangs. While his hair was being styled, he was given a manicure/pedicure with a pale pink varnish. As a last indignity his ears were pierced and two sets of pink keepers inserted.

Nancy was more than pleased as she drove them home. “Now Percy admit it, despite everything, you do look much nicer than that ‘Pigpen’ character when I found you at juvie. If you hadn’t cleaned up so nicely, you’d be right back at that horrible place. I positively can’t stand filth or sloppy behavior. As far as your new clothing being ‘girls’ wear’ they’re only girls’ wear if a girl wore them. I think the comfort and choice of colors overrides sexist idiosyncrasies. I admit the clothing is a bit juvenile but suitable considering how little you are for your age. However the fit is good and perfect for when you are doing your chores around the house. We can wait until school starts in September to get your school uniforms. Little boys your age usually have a growth spurt over the summer.”

“You...you coul....could have got...got me boys’ stuff....Nanny,” he said through his sniffles almost forgetting to add nanny.

“You would look ridiculous wearing little boy clothing at your age. This way others won’t laugh and make fun of you like those bullies at the juvie center. Did anyone do that today? No, everyone treated you nicely. June at the salon even said how cute you were. Now stop that infernal sniffing, we’ll be home soon,” she rebuked.

“It’s better than looking like a stupid girl,” he thought. “Hopefully I only have to wear this stuff in the house.”

In his room Nancy showed him how to remove the labels and neatly fold his clothing. When that was done she had him get completely undressed. Despite seeing him naked more times than he cared to think about, Percy blushed as he held his hands over his groin.

“It’s such a warm sunny afternoon I think you should come with me to gather some flowers. You can put this on,” she stated handing him his new underwear.

“Wait a minute,” she said removing the pad from his tights. “I see some staining and you obviously need to wear a fresh pad in your panties Percy. Remember child, I said no tracks in your undies,” she said handing him a maxi-pad.

Percy flinched as he took the much thicker pad from her and peeled off the back. He stuck it into the crotch of the soft cotton saffron colored panties with a small bright satin bow centered at the narrow waist band. He felt nauseous but at least they would cover his nudity. Next he was given a matching ribbed cotton camisole with thin satin straps. Again the little feminine bow centered at the round neckline did not go

unnoticed. As it hugged his torso a chill ran up his spine. Another chill made him shudder as he pulled the purple Sparkle shorts up his legs and stepped into the pink sneakers. He felt very uncomfortable with the pillow like effect at his crotch and the shorts digging into his bottom cheeks.

The pink tinge of blush turned brighter as he stored his new personal hygiene items away in his bathroom. His blush turned almost sunburn like as she led him out the backdoor and outside. She had him hold a wicker basket as she took her time gathering a bouquet of flowers. As she plucked each one, Nancy told him the name of the flower and something about each one.

“Percy you will need to know all this as you will be tending the garden from now on and arranging them for the dinner table,” she instructed.

By the time the flowers were neatly arranged in a vase it was late afternoon. Percy was starving as they hadn’t stopped for lunch. As he set the vase on the table was pleased to hear her say to come and help her prepare supper. Visions of fried chicken, slab of meatloaf and steak streaked through his mind. Since leaving the juvie center he hadn’t had a full meal. Salads and oatmeal just didn’t satisfy. He was sadly disappointed when all he received was a medium sized tuna salad with a boiled egg, one rice cake and glass of unsweetened iced tea.

“This is just the icing on the friggin cake,” he thought. *“After making me look like a total fruitcake, she’s going to starve me to death.”*

After he helped with the cleanup she told him he could watch some television. “Percy, I have some paperwork to finish so if you promise to behave I’ll let you watch some television,” she announced.

His momentary relief was quickly turned into disappointment yet again. Nancy put a disc into her Blue Ray and pushed play. “Little House on the Prairie, The First Season,” appeared and Percy groaned. He was actually glad when two hours later Nancy came in and told him it was time for bed. He was both mentally and physically exhausted. The forgetfulness of sleep would be a welcome relief. Yet before allowed some comfort had to perform his night time regiment of bubble bath, facial care, hair brushing and rolling before being diapered and put to bed.

To Be Continued

LIFE AND TIMES

Part Two

By Cheryl Lynn

Percy was lying in bed wearing a diaper, pink ball mittens, his face covered in a green night time clay mask and hair up in rollers. He was mentally and physically exhausted from his first full day living with Nanny. Before he was diapered for the night, he had to perform a cleansing douche according to his Nanny’s hygiene demands. It hadn’t been so embarrassing when she had called it an enema and used the large red bag. Using his new pink rubber ball feminine syringe with its phallic nozzle and calling it a douche was mentally more humiliating. He was naive but knew only women douched. While not a conscious thought, the implications of moving the nozzle in and out of his rectum with the resulting erection did have a subconscious impact especially when he squeezed the bulb.

Deep in sleep, his subconscious mind awoke in nightmare. Percy was on his back, his

sleep shirt with the pink daisy pulled up to his chest. Above him peering down into his face was the boy who had beaten him with the soap filled sock. The boy's lips were unnaturally swollen and came down onto his and seemed to suck all the air from his lungs. As that was happening Percy felt something large and hard press into his anal opening, piercing and penetrating deeply within. As the lips pulled back leaving a thin line of spittle connecting them, a wet fullness filled Percy. He came fully awake as he felt his own penis spurt, the nightmare dissipating into nothingness.

"What the...," he gasped sitting up. "Shit! When she sees what I've done she'll never let me out of these damn night time diapers."

He had been correct when an hour later Nancy came in to get him up for the day. She teased him unmercifully about his inability to control his little pee-pee. Her ridicule became all the more unbearable as he erected while performing his morning douche. Again the hairbrush ended it quite painfully but her comments about being gay etched deeper into his mind. He kept telling himself that he was not gay, he liked girls but now there was doubt.

Today she had him wearing neon pink cotton panties, matching camisole and his glow pink romper. She styled his hair into two braided pigtails tied off with pink satin ribbons then had Percy apply a generous coating of the plumping lip balm.

"There, that should keep your hair out of your face as you help me with the household chores," she stated tying off the last bow. "Your lips look chapped so put on a coating of this lip balm. Bring it with you and after breakfast I'll show you how to mop the floors and use the vacuum. What? Oh, you don't have any pockets. Well I can fix that come along."

As he was finishing his oatmeal Nancy picked up his tube of balm and put it into a small knit white drawstring purse. His confusion quickly turned into embarrassment as she slid the drawstring around his left wrist.

"When you finish your oatmeal, freshen up your lip balm then clean the dishes. I'll get the mop and pail ready. Don't dawdle and don't remove your purse. You'll need to check your lips regularly," she said patting him on the head.

Percy spent the morning wearing pink rubber gloves and learning how to maintain a house. The small purse was a constant distraction and every time he looked into a mirror another bit of his manhood shrunk away. Another agitation was the waxy tackiness and tingling of his lips. After a meager lunch he was allowed to sit and watch television while she did some paperwork. Again, she turned on the Blue Ray and the disc was "Dora the Explorer" cartoons. He was instructed to sit on the couch with his knees pressed together, hands in his lap and watch the show. She left him telling him that if she caught him not paying attention or sitting properly, he would be punished.

When she returned two hours later he received five stinging blows from the hairbrush. He couldn't give her sufficient details of what he watched and had forgotten to freshen his lips. The afternoon was devoted to school work. School work suitable for any sixth grader. Math was learning multiplication, division and fractions while language arts was devoted to reading a romance novel. Percy objected initially that he already knew the material but when he couldn't quickly tell her what 11 times 12 was began the lesson. After reading for an hour he had to describe in a feminine script, how the story plot unfolded in a series of episodes as well as how the characters responded to changes from a feminine point of view. His nanny didn't mind reinforcing his concentration with the hairbrush. Percy hated his language arts more than any other

subject. The math was just plain boring as he already knew it.

He was relieved when Nancy said it was time for supper but surprised when instead of going to the kitchen she took him to his room. "First you need to get cleaned up. Take a nice bubble bath, remember to douche and hurry up. You did well today but I expect better. I think tonight instead of cooking we'll go out to dinner. How does Micky D's sound? I'm hungry," she said. "I'll leave out your other romper, now scoot."

"What? No....Not like that. Please... I can't go outside wearing that," he gasped in shock.

"Of course you can Percy. You will look very cute and I don't feel like cooking. Now, unless you would rather I drop you off at the juvie center put a smile on that face and behave," she stated.

"Drop me off at juvie? Oh gawd not like this. I'll be dead or worse before I get through the doors," he thought in panic.

Percy picked up the azure blue panties with white star pattern and noticed the maxi-pad centered in the crotch. "I can't believe I'm doing this but like I want the guys at juvie seeing me now," he mumbled as he stepped into them.

The rainbow colored stripped romper with its ruffled overlay sent a chill up his back as he stepped into it. Thin nylon socks with a small frill of lace and his black patent leather shoes finished his dressing. Percy hoped that his Nanny would take out those stupid pigtails before making him go out. His meager hope was dashed when she replaced the pink ones with rainbow colored ones.

His other hope that she would just run by the drive through window evaporated when she parked the car. It was just past six and the place was crowded mostly with high school aged kids. Percy didn't dare look up from the floor as they made their way through the line.

He did look up when he heard, "Pricilla would like the kids' meal and a diet soda."

"Pricilla? Who's Pricilla?" he thought. *"Crap! She just called me Pricilla. I'm not some silly girl but I guess it's better than calling me by my real name."*

The blush never left his cheeks as they sat and slowly ate dinner. It got even brighter as she took him into the crowded lady's room afterwards. As they got into the car, Percy couldn't hold back the tears any longer.

"Wh...why did you have to humiliate me like that?" he asked with trembling lips.

"Humiliate you? Why Percy, I had no intentions of embarrassing you. If I had wanted to do that, I wouldn't have called you Pricilla. You should be thanking me. Would you have felt better if I let everyone know you're just a little boy?" she replied with a slight giggle.

"I....I'm not a little boy!" he gasped as tears flooded down his cheeks.

"Well then, I agree you're not a little boy. I think Pricilla suits you since you're crying like a little prissy girl. Since your mother officially signed your care over to me, you will be my niece, Pricilla, until I decide otherwise," she stated in satisfaction.

"What do you mean? My mother did what?" he asked startled.

"While we were there yesterday, I had her sign an official document making me your guardian. You saw your mother and the nurse sign as a witness. So it's all legal and I have complete control over you. You fail to do as I say, I can legally put you back into the juvenile prison system or anything else for that matter," she answered smiling

broadly.

“Whatever, just promise me you won’t make me go out dressed like that ever again,” Percy sighed.

##

Over the course of the next few months Percy thought at times that going back to the juvenile center would not be such a bad idea. However with his now ginger colored feminine hair and juvenile girlish dress didn’t dare follow up on his desires to escape. At least his nanny didn’t take him out in public. He wore either his shorts set or his rompers and constantly referred to as Pricilla. His mornings were spent pouring over a sixth grade level of study which he already knew. The big difference and most hated task was reading romance novels, then summarizing what he read in a feminine script. His afternoons were no better as he had to do the household chores including ironing every Tuesday.

From noon until one he was given a break if you could call it that. Right after lunch he was sat in front of the television and Nancy would play a DVD. After watching the first one Percy wished he could go back to watching cartoons. These movies were always of young men dressed in the prissiest attire imaginable. While there was no intercourse, did depict girlie kissing, giving hand jobs and lapping cum. After supper he would be put through two hours of deportment and mannerism classes. Classes referred to by Nancy as his “dainty lessons.” Each and every night he had to perform his night time beauty ritual then put to bed wearing a diaper, fingerless mittens and night shirt. Constantly barraged with derisory comments about his diminutive penis which he now had to call a “clitty” had seriously eroded his sense of self.

Making matters far worse was his nightly milking. His nightly douche had taken on a more humiliating aspect. Nancy required him to work the nozzle until milky sperm leaked out into his palm. To his utter chagrin he then had to lap it up. He had been given a choice. Either do as she asked or receive a sharp blow to his penis if he didn’t. As he did that she rebuked him. Telling him that only a gay person would choose to do that as a real man would suffer the pain. Percy knew that he liked girls but without any experience began to believe he might be gay.

“After all, what kind of boy laps up sperm? What kind of boy douches? What kind of boy wears girls’ panties and clothing?” questions wracked his brain. The only answer to those questions was a gay boy.

With Percy agreeing to the nightly milking Nancy stopped diapering him. Instead of a diaper she implemented a new more humiliating measure. She encased his penis in a seven inch long black plastic dildo chastity belt.

“This is how a real man should look down there Pricilla. Since you are so inadequate in that department maybe this will help. Every time you see it, you’ll be reminded just how much of a priss you are,” she said as the lock clicked shut.

He could still get an erection and urinate but had absolutely no feeling with it attached. The chastity was never removed not even for his nightly milking. For his milking, a tube was attached to the open tip of his dildo and a suctioning pump started. It didn’t stop until his sperm ran up the tube and into his mouth.

During those three months Percy’s exaggerated feminine deportment and mannerisms were becoming ingrained. He still wore his deportment harness for those lessons which limited his arm and leg movements using elastic cords. The cords forced his elbows tight into his waist and his feet into heel and toe strides. A posture collar was used to keep his head high and straight. Nancy seldom had to use her hairbrush to

correct some slip when not in the harness or collar. A verbal reprimand was usually all it took. His biggest problem was remembering to speak in a soft lispy upper register or use the correct feminine vocabulary like she demanded. It wasn't natural for him to constantly use "lovely," "charming," "precious" or "darling" as descriptive adjectives but he was improving. These were words, until his Nanny began teaching him that he had never uttered as a boy.

##

It was the first week of September when three boxes were delivered to Nancy's door. Percy looked up from reading his romance novel when she clapped her hands and exclaimed, "It's finally here!"

A knot of fear twisted his guts when she called for him to come help her carry the contents of the boxes up to his room. "*I don't know what's in those boxes but if she wants me to take them to my room...I know whatever it is, I'm going to hate it,*" he thought getting up from the armchair.

Looking into the largest box Percy felt faint. Sitting on top of the pile was a dress and not just any normal dress. It was in a powder pink satin with a "V" neck and fluffy ballerina skirt. The shoulders featured lashings of lace that flowed around to the rounded back. The skirt was a thick ball of layered frills and ruffles that would leave the crotch of the matching ruffled panties exposed. The clear plastic protective wrapper said, "Pansy Prissy Sissy".

Taking it out of the box Nancy handed it to Percy, commenting, "Isn't this the loveliest dress you ever saw Pricilla? I can't wait to see the next ones."

The next out of the box was even prissier one made of white satin with tons of purple lace frills. It was low cut with a tight bodice with contrasting purple lace adorning the front. The puff-ball shoulders with bell sleeves were edged in delicate purple lace with cute purple satin bows. The full circle swishy skirt was tiered similar to a petticoat dress edged again in the delicate purple lace and fixed satin bows. The dress came with a detachable high necked matching collar edged in purple lace, fixed satin ribbon and draped over the shoulders. The protective wrapper said, "Princess Sissy."

The third and final dress was even worse to Percy's mind. It was a pageant girl styled dress in baby blue satin with a square neckline and corset ties at front and back. Plus it had small satin bows in matching satin all across the neckline from front to back. The shoulders were elasticated with a deep frill of soft glass silk going from shoulder to waistline. The swishy full circle skirt sat over a petti-underskirt tying in a long satin sash with tiers of deep ruffled glass silk and tiny fixed satin bows. The plastic wrapper on this one said, "Sasha Sweet Sissy."

The second box contained all the matching "extras" for the three dresses. There were satin double layered ruffled panties, training bras, chokers in satin with ruffled lace trim, garter belts and satin drawstring handbags. There were even large prissy satin bows and silk flowers for his hair. The third box contained the color matched shoes. They were pointed toed one inch platform soled with five inch spiked heels in powder pink, baby blue and purple patent leather. Each shoe had a leather bow attached at the toe.

Percy was broken out of what he was thinking about the dresses when Nancy told him to strip. "The Sissy Kiss Boutique really out did themselves with these gorgeous confections of satin and glass silk. Pricilla I can't wait to see you modeling these fantastic dresses. Hurry up and strip. I simply must see you modeling everything."

Percy stood frozen, fear and panic filled him as she told him to strip. "*No! She can't*

possibly want me to wear any of this....this stuff," he thought. "No guy much less any girl I have ever known would wear any of this. This is going too far. I've got to stop this nonsense. I'm a guy no matter what she says or does!"

"N....No, I....I won't," he managed to stammer dropping the dress he held and stepping back.

"Oh yes you will Pricilla," she snarled as the glee in her eyes changed to fury.

"I've got to run," he thought seeing her expression and tried to do just that.

Percy almost made it through the doorway but Nancy grabbed the back of his pink cami-top. By the time she put down the wooden hairbrush what resistance remained disappeared. He was still crying as he stepped into the fragrant bubble bath. Getting out of the tub, moisturized and powdered his tears were gone but he trembled knowing what was to come. His mind was numb by the time he put on the final dress along with all its accessories.

He was wearing the pageant girl baby blue dress with its flowing glass silk ruffles. The white thigh high floral lace welted stockings visible along with the crotch of the matching satin glass silk laced panties. Under the dress he wore the matching satin training bra and garter belt. The other accessories were the baby blue satin and lace choker, white lace fingerless gloves and a large satin rose attached to the left side of his head. Around his left wrist was the satin purse. He wobbled as he stood in the five inch platform heels before the full length mirror. Tears once again flowing freely down his glowing cheeks.

"I like them all but I think this is your best color. Yes, you can wear this one for the rest of the day but you need to redo your nails. I think that new lavender gel polish will be a nice contrast," she said taking his hand.

He almost fell three times before he got to the vanity stool. If his nanny didn't have a firm hold on his hand would have. "Pricilla remember how I taught you to walk, one foot in front of the other, plant the toe first. I know these are much higher heels than you are used to but the process is the same. Once we have done your nails and fixed your makeup, you can practice. From now on these will be the shortest heels you'll be wearing." She stated.

Percy didn't wear the frilly dresses all the time, usually just on the weekends. Because of that he hated the weekends but the rest of his week wasn't much better. Nancy was so impressed by how he looked, she took him to a vintage dress shop. The kind of party dresses Nancy wanted simply weren't being made anymore. For that trip he had been dressed in his only pants, the Capri's and a mint green shell top. After he tried on a number of dresses, she purchased four of the frilliest party dresses from the 1960's. Two dresses in bright satins and two in organza and tulle with built-in white net petticoats. Deciding that the dresses were still not full enough, got six net nylon yoked crinolines. Next was the shoe store for matching stiletto heels and finally lingerie. Six new satin training bras, matching nylon panties, garter belts and hosiery completed the trip.

The next day as he was practicing his deportment and mannerisms lessons, Nancy wasn't quite satisfied with his look. The sunflower yellow satin three tiered party dress looked fine with the additional petticoats but something just didn't look right. After watching him closely it hit her. His ginger short wedge styled hair was all wrong. It was too short to do what was necessary. That afternoon she bought an expensive golden blond wig. Then had it styled in a bouffant big hair page boy with the ends flipped up.

“Now that is the perfect look I wanted,” she thought as she pinned it securely to his head. “I think it’s time to move on to the next step and introduce him to some play mates.”

##

Percy hated everything about the way he was forced to act and dress. About the only enjoyment, and that was debatable, was performing his douche while being milked. With the arrival of September he knew school would be starting soon. Visions of him back dressed in his normal boys’ clothing were his only hope of escaping the forced feminization. He imagined going to the school authorities, telling them and the righteous indignation that would follow. He also dreamt of just running away, far, far away. All those hopes were dashed when his nanny told him that he would be home schooled.

Then those outrageously feminine dresses arrived replacing all his other clothing crushed him. Told of being home schooled, Percy decided to run away even if it meant in one of his shorts sets. At least those were somewhat less feminine than the rompers. However just before he made his dash for freedom, the boxes had arrived. With the super frilly dresses, the accessories and the party dresses, there was no way he could run. Nancy had tossed all his other little girly clothing. Going back to the juvenile center dressed like that impossible. Living on the streets, again impossible. He’d be lucky to survive just walking to the nearest police or fire station. His only hope was his eighteenth birthday which was not that far away. If he could make it till then he would be free. Percy decided his only choice was to continue doing and acting as his nanny demanded until then.

Percy wasn’t so sure his decision to wait was a good one when he was introduced to Mrs. Jessica Daniels and her son, Donna Marie. Percy was wearing his darling white satin and purple lace frilled dress when his nanny introduced them. He turned fifty shades of red when that happened. He hadn’t been out in public since he had asked Nancy not to do that anymore. Being introduced to two strangers and in the living room was mortifying. So much more humiliating than being seen by strangers, usually from afar.

At the last moment he remembered to curtsy and say, “Hello, my name is Miss. Pricilla. It’s so nice to meet you.”

His nanny had instructed him how to act and what to say so many times that it came natural to him. It didn’t lessen his embarrassment as he dipped automatically into the curtsy. He was even more humiliated when he remembered what his nanny demanded he do next. If it weren’t for the look in Nancy’s eyes, he wouldn’t have minced over to Donna Marie and given her an air kiss to both cheeks.

Donna Marie was his height with curly shoulder draping chestnut colored hair and big hazel eyes. She was wearing a shimmering lilac party dress with seed pearl bodice and chiffon full circle multi-layered skirt. It had a sweetheart neckline and sheer bell sleeves. The short skirt clearly showed the lacy lilac garters and the lace welts of her sheer white hose. At the front of each welt was a pert lilac satin bow. On her feet were a pair of lilac satin platform pumps with a five inch spiked heel. A white satin box hat with eyebrow length veil, white satin gloves with a frill of lilac lace around the cuffs and white wicker box purse with a pearl handle completed her accessories. The only jewelry he could see were her dangling chandelier earrings. Her makeup was in an evening glamor style with rich, glistening lilac painted lips. What drew his attention were the two firm mounds nestled in the bodice of the dress.

"Its sooo nice to meet you Miss. Pricilla," Donna Marie said as she curtsyed and returned the air kisses.

"Pricilla why don't you take Donna Marie to your room and show her all your pretty dainties? I want to talk to Jessica before we have tea," Nancy said.

It was obviously not a request and Percy dreaded showing off his ultra-feminine wardrobe. While Donna Marie appeared to be a girlie-girl, he was sure she would delight in teasing him. As soon as they were in his room, Donna Marie grabbed him with surprising strength and kissed him full on the lips. The kiss left him gasping and wide eyed.

"Wha.....what...why?" he stammered unable to form a complete sentence.

"I just did what Madam Jessica demanded. Don't take it personal but I did like it," Donna Marie replied. "Now you better do what your mistress asked but fix your lipstick first," she added removing a compact and tube of lipstick from her purse.

Percy couldn't help but stare into his vanity mirror seeing a smeared lilac purple mix of lipsticks. It was his very first kiss with a girl but not the way he had envisioned it. Hearing her open his closet door, Percy quickly repaired his purple lips as his cheeks blossomed pink.

***"This is going to be so embarrassing,"* he thought seeing her fingering the glass silk on his Sasha dress.**

"Oooohhh, this is just too lovely for words. You're very lucky Pricilla....and this...this cotton candy pink organza with the Irish lace Peter Pan collar is to die for," she said surprising him.

"Yeah, thanks I guess," he replied.

"You don't sound very delighted to have all these wonderful dresses Pricilla. You really should be you know," she said with a slight giggle.

Percy wasn't sure how to respond to that. Her reaction wasn't what he had expected. As he was trying to figure out a response, she walked over to his bureau and began thumbing through his lingerie. Donna Marie took out a pair of cotton candy pink pantaloons with layers and layers of white floral lace decorating the legs.

"These are so precious. I bet they go with that pretty party dress I saw in your closet," she said flapping them in the air.

Blushing even harder all Percy could do was nod his head. That particular dress and accompanying lingerie were almost as horrible as his Sissy Kiss ensembles. The pink satin bra had pointed cone cups that made the bodice stick out in a crisp "V" and the six white net petticoats forced the skirt to flare straight out from the hips. The sheer white nylon knee highs had large matching bows with streamers attached to the back welts. Making the outfit even more outrageous was the sheer frilled tea apron that went with it.

As she minced back over to where he was standing, Donna Marie's chiffon skirt flared revealing the crotch of her lavender panties. Percy stared in disbelief. He thought he saw what appeared to be a large cock covered in a pink satin sheath sticking out of a lace frilled opening. He blinked several times, his eyes must have been playing tricks on him. Now she was standing directly in front of him. Before he could react, she bent and kissed him on the lips while holding Percy around the waist. Again her grip was surprisingly strong as she pulled him in to deepen the kiss. When the kiss broke Percy was left gasping and confused. He didn't think a boy could kiss another boy like that,

so Donna Marie had to be a girl.

“What was that for?” he gasped.

“Why? Didn’t you like it? I think you did and besides, I wanted to,” she answered stepping back with a mischievous grin.

“Well it looks like you two are having fun,” Nancy said from the doorway with Jessica beside her. “The tea is nearly ready and you two can serve us out on the patio. Pricilla your lipstick is a disaster. Repair your makeup and come along.”

Percy was still blushing as he gathered the tea service and Donna Marie poured hot water into the teapot. He almost jumped out of his skin when as he bent over the tray, she ran her hand up his thigh then caressed his butt.

“Stop that!” he yelled startled by the intimacy and contact.

“You have a very cute butt Pricilla. I just had to touch it. It’s so pretty in those glass silk panties,” she giggled. “I’m sorry if I startled you,” she added pulling his head into her ample bosom as she hugged him.

“*Oh my gawd,*” he thought as Donna Marie’s breasts engulfed him with their softness and sweet flowery perfume. His blush turned brighter as he felt his penis quickly engorge to full erection.

Percy was very confused as he lay in bed that night. Even though he had his nightly milking, he was still erect within the confines of his dildo chastity. Donna Marie had his head spinning the entire time they were together. Besides the kissing, she rubbed his thigh as they drank tea sending shivers up his spine. The remembrance of those luscious breasts pressed into his face made his dick hard. The goodbye kiss with its tongue twisting play while pulled into a very close hug left him gasping. His promise to visit her next weekend came without hesitation with that parting gesture. He had never been so horny in his life. So horny that he almost forgot what he was wearing or what he thought he saw between her legs.

##

The fact that he wore a wig during his waking hours didn’t stop him from having to roll and set his hair every night. It had been a little more than a year since his last haircut and long enough to set. According to his nanny it still had to have more length before he could stop wearing the hot wig. Percy accepted her demands and rolling his hair was just another tedious feminine ritual he had to perform. It was either do his best or receive a sound spanking.

After Donna Marie’s visit Nancy became even more demanding in his deportment and mannerisms lessons. She had him mincing, hips swishing, elbows tucked to his sides, lower arms raised 45 degrees with wrists floppily limp and chest out. She now demanded that he curtsy whenever he came or left her presences. Percy knew that no girl ever acted that way but had no choice. About the only good thing that happened that week was his graduation to tenth grade. Algebra II, World Literature (love poems and sonnets) and Biology (Women’s hygiene with emphasis on pre and post sexual hygiene methods) were the mandatory lessons. For electives he had Theater and the Arts (watching chick flicks) and Home and Family Living (household chores). What really astounded him that week was watching those mandatory DVD’s of sissified boys. It finally hit him exactly what Nancy was doing and making him become. Percy absolutely hated the very idea but totally helpless by this point to do anything about it.

During that week Percy had erotic dreams every night about Donna Marie. Donna

Marie became something to focus on. She was a girly-girl, she liked him and more importantly she was a real girl. Boys certainly didn't have breasts like she had. He justified that if a real girl liked him then he wasn't a fairy. Fortunately Nancy now trusted him to complete his morning toilet by himself. So he could wash out his panties before she discovered his accidents.

Saturday morning as he came out of the bath Nancy was waiting for him, holding the cotton candy pink outfit. He wasn't happy about wearing that dress but it was far better than some of his others like the ballerina one. Seeing her selection, he went over to his bureau and removed the appropriate lingerie. A pink satin stiffly coned bra with floral lace covering the pointy cups, pantaloons with overlapping lace on the legs and sheer white knee highs with their pink satin bow detailing. With underwear in hand he took six crisply starched white net crinolines from the closet. He dressed quickly in the lingerie and sat at his vanity. It took Percy about an hour to put on his heavy makeup to Nancy's satisfaction. Next he removed the rollers from his hair and brushed it the required one hundred times. He then applied a liberal dose of floral perfume and put on the party dress. Strapping on his cotton candy pink patent leather strappy five inch stiletto sandals, he put on the bouffant wig.

He wasn't quite finished as Nancy pinned a large pink satin bow to the back of the wig, gave him large pink pearl studs to insert and a matching pearl necklace. All he had left to do was put on his white cotton gloves with pink lace ruffles and check his white satin drawstring bag's contents.

Percy let out a soft groan as he looked at his reflection in the full length mirror. The skirt with all those crinolines stood out almost horizontally revealing the fancy lace on his pantaloons and a bit of his crotch. His image looked more like a fancy doll than a real person. He would have to be very careful when he walked or the large bulge caused by his chastity would show.

He wasn't looking forward to riding with Nancy to Donna Marie's but did to seeing her. His dick got hard just thinking about resting his face once again in those glorious breasts. It wilted just as quickly as it had erected when Nancy told him they were walking.

"Pricilla it's such a pretty day I think we will walk to Jessica's. It's only a couple of blocks and the fresh air will do us both some good," she said taking his hand after locking the front door.

"Please Miss. Nancy no.....please let's take the car. I...I don't want people seeing me dressed like this," he begged digging in his feet.

"Nonsense Pricilla, you look adorable and we need the exercise. Come along or would you prefer me taking down your panties and giving you a spanking once we get there?" she answered giving his arm a hard tug.

The public walk would be embarrassing but a bare bottom spanking in front of Miss. Daniels and Donna Marie worse. Raising his arms to the required 45 degree angle, flapping his wrists, Percy began his swishing mince down the sidewalk. Feeling his skirt and petticoats bouncing as he walked knew that his pantaloons were on full display. That thought caused his cheeks to redden brightly. Everyone passing by would see how his chastity stuck out the front of his pantaloons. The car honking was mortifying and he wished the sidewalk would open and swallow him. The only good thing about their walk was that no one else came down the sidewalk. He was very relieved when Nancy pushed the doorbell on Miss. Daniels front door.

To Be Continued

Part Three

By Cheryl Lynn

As the door opened Percy was not only surprised but stunned by what Donna Marie was wearing. It was a very similar outfit to his except in baby blue and fancier. It was a confection of crepe satin and glass silk. It featured a flattering square neckline trimmed in white lace and glass silk pleated ruffles that went over the shoulders and back. The glass silk puff sleeves reached to just above the elbows. The cuffs lace frilled with a satin ribbon running through the lace tying into cute dainty bows. The dress sat high on the chest with a satin fixed sash tying into a large bow in the back. The full skirt consisted of multi-layers of ruffled glass silk and lace. It was flared out and up by a stiff petticoat revealing the crotch of the matching full cut panties and white sheer stockings. On her wrists were satin and silk lace cuffs. The hands in white lace fingerless gloves. Her feet were encased in baby blue satin five inch stiletto heels. Her hair had been put in ringlets and wearing full evening glamor makeup.

"I never would have guessed that any girl would wear something as frilly as this," he thought with mouth ajar. *"Maybe she wore it just to make me feel more comfortable?"*

"Don't just stand there Pricilla with your mouth open trying to catch flies. Greet our host as you have been taught," Nancy said making him blush anew.

Percy dropped into a curtsy, "Hello Miss. Donna Marie, Miss. Pricilla is so happy to see you again."

As he rose Donna Marie dropped into her return curtsy and replied, "Miss. Pricilla, Mistress Nancy it is so good of you to visit. Please do come in. Mistress Jessica is in the living room Mistress Nancy."

With the curtses exchanged Donna Marie minced into Percy's arms for the expected air kisses. Instead she pressed her body into his and kissed him full on the lips. Again Percy was taken by surprise by the intimate contact but enjoyed the feeling of her full breasts against his chest. Her soft lips gliding over his delightful. He was left gasping, his penis erect as she took his hand. He was so astounded by her and kiss, Percy never noticed the blue satin sheath sticking out.

"I'm so happy you wore that precious dress and love the way it leaves your lacy pantaloons visible," Donna Marie said as they entered. "I think the color suites you with that golden haired wig. I bet you can't wait until yours grows out. Wigs are just so hot and uncomfortable don't you think?"

"Huh, oh, yeah," Percy answered not sure how to answer her question. Yes he hated the wig but did he want his own to look like that? He hesitated a moment then remembering his mannerism lessons added, "I like you..your dress too. You didn't have to do that for me."

"For you?" she giggled. "Yes, I did and I just love it. Until I saw you and those delightful dresses...well..I had to get Mistress Jessica to get me some. Thankfully they had one in my size and ready to ship."

"You...you really like wearing...wearing something so frilly," he said surprised.

"It's so yummy. Yes, of course I just love it," she answered.

Instead of leading him into the living room Donna Marie took him to hers. Her room was even prissier than his. It was done all in pinks and lavenders with floral boarder.

The oak flooring was covered in scattered fluffy white throw rugs. A large white enameled canopied bed with an elaborate floral design on the head and foot boards filled most of the room. It had a bright white satin quilted comforter, lace frilled pink satin pillows and a large number of stuffed animals. The bed had pink ruffled skirting with matching pink chiffon drapery. There were two bedside tables with white lace doilies and pink ceramic lamps. A white wrought iron glass topped lighted vanity was off to the side, a delicate table and chair with lavender colored computer near the window. The drapes were lavender satin with crème chiffon overlay. Most of the pictures on the walls were of Donna Marie in fancy dress. The lone exception was a poster size prima ballerina in Swan Lake costume. The smell of flowers filled the room.

Equaling the overly feminine girlie-girls room were the contents of her large walk-in closet. It had a number of “normal” girls’ dresses, skirts and blouses but almost as many ultra-fancy vintage party dresses as he had. Colorful nylon net crinolines and feminine negligees lined one side of the closet. On the floor neatly arranged were dozens and dozens of shoes none appearing to have less than a four inch heel. Several pair had thick platform soles with at least a seven inch spiked heel.

Donna Marie reached around him and pulled a negligee from where it hung. It was a floor length dark chocolate shimmering nylon with crème chiffon overlay. The robe was semi-sheer chiffon with row after row of delicate white lace running down the balloon sleeves ending in elaborate layered lace cuffs.

“This is my absolute most favorite nightie,” she said holding it close to her body. “Don’t you just love it? Maybe, if our mistresses let us have a sleep over, I can wear it for you....or maybe you’d rather wear it. Here, feel it. Doesn’t it feel positively yummy?” She added thrusting it into his hands.

“I...errr...sure I guess....errr...I mean it would look really good on you,” he stammered handing it back blushing fiercely. While he would never admit it, the way the material flowed over his hands made his penis twitch. He wasn’t sure whether or not it was from visualizing it on her or him.

Giggling she put it back then turned and kissed him quickly on the lips. “You’re so cute when you blush like that,” she said taking his hand.

Donna Marie sat on the side of the bed and patted the spot next to her. “Come over here and sit with me Pricilla,” she said.

As soon as he sat, she grabbed the sides of his head and planted her lips to his. Her tongue worked its way into Percy’s mouth, pushing and churning. She forced him to lay back on the bed as his petticoats and skirt flew up exposing his pantaloons completely. He immediately thrust his hands down frantic to cover his exposed tented pantaloons. The kiss momentarily forgotten.

“*I can’t let her see me down there,*” he thought panicking. With his groin covered, Percy let himself go. The kiss was making his toes curl.

As the kiss deepened, their tongues intertwined, Donna Marie began sucking drawing in his saliva, mixing it with hers then forcing it back. He groaned loudly in her embrace, sucking on her tongue greedily and gladly swapping spit. She grabbed his hands and placed them on her breasts. She didn’t have to tell him what she wanted him to do. Donna Marie moaned as he fondled them, her kiss becoming more demanding as she placed herself on top of him. Percy was so wrapped up in the sensuous kiss he didn’t notice the hard shaft pressing against his thigh as Donna Marie slowly humped his leg. All Percy knew was that a beautiful girl was kissing him like no one had ever kissed him before. Not only was it his first French kiss but

fondling her breasts was also a first. His plastic encased penis throbbing painfully within its prison.

The kiss continued until Donna Marie began uttering a low moan that built into a loud gasp as she stiffened above him. The kiss broken, she rolled off the panting boy. "Gosh, that felt so good," she said.

Percy's eyes were slightly glazed over, his trapped penis left throbbing as he tried to catch his breath. He could still feel the warmth of Donna Marie's breasts on his hands and the taste of her lips upon his.

"Wow! That was some kiss," he gasped in agreement hearing her giggling in response.

"Come on Pricilla, we need to repair our makeup before our mistresses see us. You use my vanity while I go to the little girl's room," Donna Marie said sliding off the bed.

As she rushed off in a rustling of petticoats, satin and silk, Percy went over to the vanity. "I look like a clown," he mumbled seeing his reflection. Grabbing some tissues began to remove the smeared lipstick. He let out a soft groan as his penis throbbed. Reaching down he grabbed the hard case covering his penis.

"Gawd, I need relief. I've got a really bad case of blue balls right now," he thought as he jerked fruitlessly.

For the next several hours Percy had a constant hard on. For the first time he was grateful for the thick layers of petticoats that kept his chastity from view. Even when they played dolls his erection stayed stiffly erect. He didn't think girls Donna Marie's age still played with dolls but she was enthusiastic. Percy was given the girl doll and played the mommy to the other dolls while she played the boy/daddy doll. It was embarrassing providing the dialog expected and even more so once the babies were put to bed. Donna Marie insisted as the man of the family on claiming his marital rights. It was humiliating for him to place his girl doll's face into the crotch of the boy doll. Worse still was having to say aloud how much he wanted to suck the boy doll's cock. Making some of the embarrassment worthwhile were the hugs and kisses Donna Marie gave him.

By the time Percy arrived home, he was more than ready to have his nightly milking. He was in real pain that could only be relieved by spilling his juices. At the first nudge of the douche nozzle on his prostrate, milky fluid began running up the tube to his lips. This was something that he hated but tonight he sucked greedily. Anything to reduce the pain of the worst case of blue balls he had ever had. His relief was so palliative that Nancy's comments of how much he seemed to have enjoyed sucking a doll's cock didn't bother him. It wasn't until the afterglow dimmed that her words struck home. That and the promise she made to get him one to practice on.

The very thought of having to do that, suck a cock either plastic or real, sent shivers of disgust running up his spine. The idea was as revolting as having to watch those pornographic DVD's of sissified boys every afternoon. Percy didn't have any problem with gays just as long as they didn't hit on him. He was strictly heterosexual but every time he looked into a mirror had doubts. Seeing his reflection dressed in silly little girlish party frocks and makeup made him pause.

"No real man would volunteer to dress or act this way," he thought looking at his reflection. *"Yet, just look at me. I only do this because she makes me. If...if I were a real man would I let this happen? I should just tell her to give me back my clothing and take me to the juvenile detention center....but..but I don't have any of my old boy's clothing. I can't go back. No, not like this. I'm a coward. Maybe she's right telling me*

I'm better off like this."

##

With each passing day his self-confidence and masculine ego deteriorated. The more he minced. The more he swished, limp wrists dangling the more Percy diminished replaced by Pricilla. Eroding more of his sense of self was the addition of a realistic silicon penis and balls. As promised Nancy had gotten it for him. She had attached it to the plastic hose connected to the head of his chastity sheath. With each passing night of being milked, sucking his cream from the dildo, Percy's ego faded. Seeing his reflection every day dressed in silky lingerie, fancy party dresses and full makeup didn't help either.

He was at the point where his weekend visits with Donna Marie were the only times Percy emerged. Even then it was not the Percy of old. He was her plaything and went along with whatever she demanded. He sang along as they watched old Shirley Temple movies, played house or some silly board game. He didn't object when she taught him to slow dance in the feminine role. Most of what that did was under the observation of the two women. Their encouragement and giggling caused his cheeks to glow.

The rare times they were alone, he would suckle at her breasts playing the baby doll. He justified his submission by telling himself it was her tender kisses or lush breasts. While he wouldn't admit it, he was just like those boys he watched most afternoons. The notion that he was nothing more than a prissy sissy grew with each passing day.

His biggest problem and greatest fear was that she would discover his chastity. As long as he remained soft, his panties and petticoats kept his secret. However once he hardened, the hard plastic sheath would stick out tenting both panty and petticoats. So far he had been lucky but knew it would only be a matter of time. Donna Marie was not only his best but only friend. Not wanting her to discover his secret he mentioned his fear to Nancy.

"Well if that is all you're worried about Pricilla I can fix it but...but you may not like it. No, I will not take you out of chastity but replace it with a new one. A smaller one that will keep your little secret. If you ask for it, then once on, it will stay on. No changing back. So do you still want me to replace your chastity?" she answered.

Percy had hoped that she would remove it, if only for his visits but getting a new smaller one? When erect he almost filled the one he was wearing. Fearful of what Donna Marie would think of him if she found out was incentive enough. He nodded his head in agreement figuring losing an inch or two would keep his secret.

When she removed the broomstick thick seven inch plastic device he was surprised. Nancy placed a baggie filled with crushed ice to his genitals making him gasp. With his penis shrunken and numb, she slid a two inch long by three-quarter inch wide violet colored clear plastic sheath over it. The device was constructed such that it would always point back between the legs.

Locked into place she sat back on her heels, grinning. "There, your problem is solved. Dressed in just your pretty panties your secret should be safe. Remember you asked for it and now you must live with it," she said giving his encased member a pat.

"It's too small," he gasped. "I...I just wan...wanted something not quite so big."

"I just gave you what you asked for Pricilla. Here, put on your panties and let's have a look," she replied handing him his yellow nylon lace incrustated panties.

With the panties on, Percy looked into the mirror. What he saw in the reflection scared him. His groin looked just like those in lingerie ads for women's panties. A slight mound, nothing more. Now that the numbness had worn off the device fit like a second skin and slightly painful. Any type of erection would become very painful.

"Take it off, please take it off. It's too small and hurts," he exclaimed in alarm tugging at it.

"I only did what you asked Pricilla. I'm sure you'll get used to it in time," she said standing up. "Come along it's time for your dainty lessons."

Later that evening with Pricilla in bed Nancy made a phone call. "Jessica darling it's working just like you said it would. Those subliminal CD's have finally shown some real results. Pricilla asked for a smaller chastity and his deportment and submissiveness are improving daily. Yes, the smallest one. Of course he won't be having any more of those nasty erections. I know you let your precious Donna Marie have them...yes..that's necessary but males don't need an erection to eliminate sperm. Anal stimulation will help achieve that goal. You know how much I have wanted my very own girlie-boy ever since I met your Donna Marie. Well I'm well on my way to having just that."

"Besides, you have always said you wanted someone for her to play with. Someone you knew to be safe and as delicate as she is. You also know what those two are doing when they think no one is watching. Donna Marie's actions only make my Pricilla that much more docile and submissive. Now that he is totally restrained, I wouldn't object to a sleepover. I think it's time for her to discover Donna Marie's secret. From what you have told me, I think your precious girl would know how to handle it."

"The only thing I have to do now is destroy what maleness is left. Up until now I have let him think he was a girlie-girl whenever we went somewhere. With his features, less extravagant mannerisms and modern dress Percy could pass as a young lady. The last CD in the set should put an end all that. This one will convince him that he is nothing more than a prissy boy and destroy any masculinity left."

##

Percy wasn't the least bit happy. Nancy was taking him back to the beauty salon. She decided his hair was long enough to get a Shirley Temple perm. He was wearing a pair of black velvet basketball type of shorts with a vivid black satin hem running up the sides. A bright white satin blouse with rounded lace frilled collar, bell short sleeves covered in a black velvet vest completed his outfit. The vest had four large brass unfastened buttons. The shoes and socks were no better being black patent leather Mary Jane's with thin white nylon socks. He hated how he looked. With minimal makeup, pink lip gloss, and dressed this way he looked neither male nor female. Percy thought he looked like the biggest fruitcake ever.

At the salon his hair was wound tightly on thin rods and soaked in a horrid smelling solution. While sitting under a hot dryer, Percy was given a mani-pedi and three coats of a dark cherry varnish. About the only good thing he could say about his salon visit was that no one snickered or made snide comments.

"You know Pricilla I think everyone at the salon thought you were a real girl," Nancy said as they were getting into the car. "With your small stature and the way your training bra fills out your blouse, I can see how that could happen. But you're not are you? No, you are a prissy boy. So why didn't you correct them when they called you 'Miss?' You are a prissy boy who loves fine lingerie, pretty party frocks and makeup."

You shouldn't lie about that."

"I...I'm not a...a prissy boy....I...I'm a man. You make me dress this way," he stammered. "What the heck is going on? I thought she wanted me to pass as a girlie-girl?" he thought confused.

"Pricilla we live in Southern California. No one will care if you're a prissy boy. As soon as I saw you, I knew that was who you really were. I only brought out your true self. If you were any kind of real man, you would have stopped me long ago. What kind of man would allow much less ask to be put into chastity? You could have controlled yourself. You could have stayed in that larger device but no. You chose a small device. I even warned that you wouldn't like it," she replied.

"I'm Percy O'Quinn...a..a man," he answered his lips quivering as his doubts grew.

"Percy and a man? Heavens, you let me call you Pricilla without complaint. How many times have we been out in public and you never told anyone that you were Percy O'Quinn. If you really aren't a prissy boy you could have just walked away any number of times. You could have corrected me calling you Pricilla. Let's see you've been to the salon three times. Once to get a style and coloring, a touch up and today for a perm. I've taken you to Micky D's where I called you Pricilla for the first time. Even took you into the lady's room without any real complaint. Then there was the vintage clothing store where you tried on dresses without any real fuss. There were plenty of people there who would have helped you if you had only asked. No! You didn't tell anyone you were being forced to do anything against your will. I guess it's partially my fault for not correcting your deceit sooner. You're not the only prissy boy out there you know. I felt sorry for you but that has to stop now. No more lying, no more deceiving people into thinking you're something you're not. You're not a girl and most certainly not a man. So what does that make you? It makes you Pricilla, a prissy boy!" she stated.

***"She's right. I could have done all that she said but I didn't. I thought I was just being a coward because she would punish me if I didn't go along. I'm not only a coward but not a real man either,"* he thought as tears filled his eyes.**

"Admit it Percy O'Quinn. Tell me you are really Pricilla, a prissy boy," Nancy broke into his thoughts.

***"I'm not a man and not a girl either so I guess she's right. What else can I be?"* he thought then admitted softly, "I...I'm Pri...Pricilla..a...a prissy boy."**

"Very well Pricilla, the prissy boy it is then," Nancy said smiling in victory. "I'll hear of no more denials and no more deceit. We need to make one more stop."

"Why are we stopping here?" Percy asked as they got out of the car.

"Now that you have admitted to being a prissy boy, you need what all prissy boys want," she replied grasping his hand. "Your very own little titties."

"Wha.....what? No, I don't wan...want that," he said shocked at the very idea.

"While girls and women have breasts, prissy boys have titties. I've seen how you can't keep your eyes off Donna Marie's. I also know what you do with them when you think we're not looking. Prissy boys like you love having their own titties so they can play with them all the time. I know you won't admit to wanting your own to me but deep down you really do. Like I told you, I know you better than you know yourself. Now, no more complaints or I'll have to take you right back to the juvie center. I know what's best for you," she stated.

“Bu....but titties? Do I have to?” he gasped.

“I’ll tell you what. If you agree to have titties then I will remove your chastity. Let’s just say it’s my reward for you being honest about yourself. You are a prissy boy aren’t you?” Nancy said with a mischievous smile. “Besides, it’s no longer necessary since you are coming out as a prissy boy.”

“Again she’s not giving me much of a choice. I really don’t think I want titties but....but I absolutely hate this chastity. It’s killing me,” he thought then replied, **“Okay I gues...guess having my own titties would be nice Miss. Nancy.”**

Their stop at the clinic took most of the afternoon. When they left a groggy Percy had his very own B-cup pointy breasts. Not all that big considering the average woman’s breasts are two cups bigger. The surgeon at Nancy’s demand had shaped them into perfect cones. Anyone seeing his naked chest would immediately know that they weren’t natural. Additionally, his lips had been enhanced into a bee stung look.

“Oh my gawd, they look humongous but she did take off that..that thing,” Percy thought seeing his bandaged chest while reaching between his legs.

##

When the discoloration and bruising on Percy’s enhanced chest cleared up, Nancy decided it was time. Time for Pricilla to have a sleep over with Donna Marie. For the occasion she purchased a special scarlet satin dress. It had a large, stiffly reinforced white satin collar that surrounded the head well past ear level. A large red with white dotted silk bow secured at the throat. Balloon short sleeves with netting to shape them into large balls with white overlapping lace cuffs. The red satin empire styled dress had a tight fitted bodice. The red bridal satin with white dotted full circle skirt flared dramatically just below the bust line. Supporting the skirt were yards and yards of bright pink chiffon petticoats. The hemline would reveal half the crotch no matter how careful the wearer moved. A white satin sash tied off in a gigantic bow with streamers at the back.

To go with the dress was a pair of bright white satin rumba panties with row upon row of red floral lace. A pair of pink nylons with lace welts had satin bows attached on the front of the welts. Red sequined pumps with a five inch stiletto heel completed the outer wear. A white bullet bra with pink lace overlay held his new assets. The matching embroidered pink ribbon embellished waist chinch garter belt secured his hose. For accessories there was a white satin pill box hat with red net veil, white satin gloves and white quilted satin heart shaped purse.

It might not be the prissiest of outfits but had to be in the top ten. Percy absolutely hated it but Nancy made him wear it. What he disliked the most was that his crotch was fully exposed. Yes, she had removed the chastity but replaced it with a scarlet satin sheath with a wreath of white lace. He could easily see it tenting out his panties. For some reason he couldn’t explain, it was at full erection.

“Pricilla, this is the perfect outfit for a prissy boy such as yourself. So what if your peenie is poking out your panties? Remember we decided no more deceptions. It’s only proper that you wear this when you see Donna Marie. It’s delightfully prissy just like you are,” she told him after swatting his bottom with the hairbrush.

“It’s a horrid dress and I look like a circus clown,” he thought. ***“I know that I’m a prissy boy but...but having to wear this..this dress to see Donna Marie. What will she think of me? I don’t want to lose her friendship but I did promise. No more lies and***

trying to pass as a real girl. No, like she says, I'm a prissy boy."

Giving him an even more clownish appearance was his makeup. Heavy white foundation, bright pink eyeshadow, feathery long false eyelashes, pink circles on his cheeks and wet ruby painted lips. Nancy topped everything off with a heady floral perfume before leading him out of the house. Thanks to the layers of petticoats Percy had difficulty seeing over the dashboard. He spent most of the ride losing the battle to keep his skirts down.

"Damn petticoats! I can't see anything over them. Why did she have me wear so many? I must really look the fool if anyone sees me. Oh gawd, what will Donna Marie think? She's my only friend. If I lose her.....," he thought then wailed, "Miss. Nancy... please..don't let Donna Marie see me like this."

"Relax Pricilla, you have to be honest with Donna Marie. I'm sure she will appreciate you coming out of the closet and be supportive. As a matter of fact, I think she will just love your outfit. Now settle down, we're almost there," she replied with a slight giggle.

Percy's humiliation suddenly turned into surprised disbelief when Donna Marie opened the door. She was wearing a similar outfit except hers was in baby blue with a knife pleated full circle skirt. Another difference was the longer hemline reaching to mid-thigh. A white cloud of stiff petticoats held the skirt out almost horizontally. Her makeup was just as dramatic, again the difference was in the colors. Her eyelids and lips were in a bright lavender. As he stood frozen in the entryway, she leaned into him and kissed him full on the lips.

Pulling back with a broad mischievous smile she said, "Miss. Pricilla you look divine. I'm so glad you came. Mistress Jessica got me this wonderful dress just for this. Please do come in."

"Uh, err, tha...thank you Miss. Donna Marie," Percy managed to reply dropping into a curtsy. *"Gosh, I never expected this,"* he thought. "You...you don't mind that I'm... I'm a prissy boy?" he added surprised by her actions.

"Of course not silly. I knew all along but you're my friend and obviously we like the same things," she replied holding out the hem of her elaborate outfit.

"Alright, come inside. I want to take some videos of you two cuties to celebrate Miss. Pricilla's coming out," Jessica stated.

Nancy had to stifle her giggles seeing their skirts and stiff petticoats bouncing and swaying as they minced into the living room. *"This is just too precious for words,"* she thought.

They spent the next hour posing for the two women as Jessica took video. She had them each bending at the waist pressing their lips together with their gloved palms touching. Then they hugged while giving each other air kisses before breaking into another curtsy. This was followed by fifteen minutes of them prancing and swishing around the room. The next scene was of them sitting, facing each other on the floor with their legs stretched out playing with dolls. The filming ended with Percy bent over with his elbows on a table and Donna Marie pressed into his back.

"Okay, you two visit while Mistress Nancy and I go have a chat," Jessica said.

As soon as they were out of earshot of their wards, Nancy asked, "Did you get everything done?"

"Yes, of course. I have hidden cameras set up in Donna Marie's room, the playroom and in the bath as well. I've told Donna Marie everything she has to do. If those CD's

worked as well on Pricilla as they did on mine, I'm sure by this time tomorrow we'll have some great footage to post," she answered smiling broadly.

"Yes, I've had Pricilla listening to that last CD since we got back from the clinic. So far they have performed as expected. Even better than I first thought," Nancy replied grinning."

##

If Percy had been stunned by how Donna Marie was dressed, seeing her blue satin sheath made his jaw drop. "*Oh my gawd! She's just like me! Miss. Nancy was so right. I'm not the only prissy boy,*" he thought fainting.

He came too with Donna Marie leaning over him patting him on the cheek. "Wha...what happened?" he muttered.

"You fainted silly. You're not mad at me are you?" she asked.

"Errr...no..of course not. You just surprised me," he answered.

"Then you don't mind that I'm just like you. I would just hate it if you thought ill of me. I mean you came out so I just had to tell you. Like I would really hate it if you weren't my special friend," she replied.

"No Donna Marie you're my friend. My only friend and could never hate you," Percy said reaching out and pulling Donna Marie into a warm embrace.

That night Percy wore the chocolate negligee and she wore a similar one in pink. It was a night that Percy would remember forever. It was a night of firsts for him. Donna Marie was experienced and took her time. It was also a night of revelation. Donna Marie told him of several other prissy boys that she was friends with. By morning Percy was convinced that he was indeed a prissy boy. He was curious about meeting other boys like him as well. At the moment he was preoccupied laying in the sixty-nine position with Donna Marie on top. He would worry about his future later.

The End