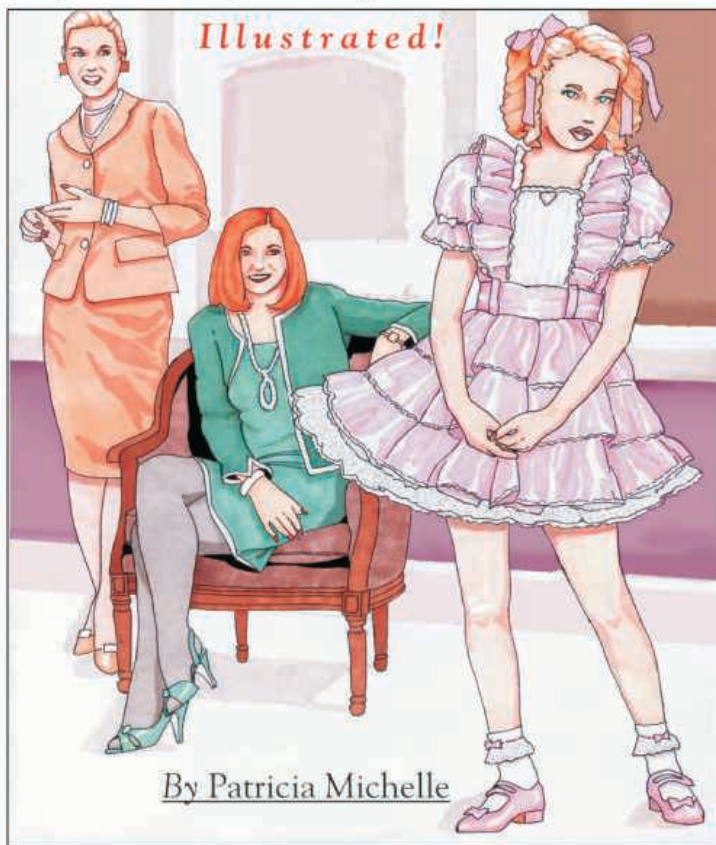


Poor Little Priscilla Ann.

The story of a college grad who has to dress as a girl to live in girl's only housing. It's disaster when they discover they have a roommate. Who's determined to change him into the daintiest, little girl, all with his girlfriends approval.



By Patricia Michelle

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Poor Little Priscilla Ann

From College Grad To Dainty, Little Girl.

By Patricia Michelle

Chapter 1. Disaster

Gene and I both graduated from the university at the same time, and we both wanted to go on to graduate school. I was the lucky one, I got a fellowship, otherwise I would have been in the same boat Gene was in. He simply didn't have the funds for graduate school, and what money he had was running out.

We were both in love and couldn't bear the thought of being separated. Actually we were high school sweethearts and it never crossed our minds that one

day we wouldn't get married. I really had never dated anyone else, but, for some reason, every time marriage came up I'd have an excuse to put it off.

After graduating we both decided to take the big plunge and live together, which was exciting, but would also cut our costs. I heard that the school leased rent controlled apartments for graduate students and immediately signed us up for one for the next two years. It was four days before we were to move in that disaster struck. The building the apartment was in, I found out, was for women only.

"My god Sarah, what are we going to do?" Gene asked in shock, looking to me for a solution. Which he had always done since we started dating. Gene has always been quiet and shy. He was intelligent, thoughtful, funny, polite and respectful. All traits I really liked in him. Yet he lacked confidence and was very unsure of himself. A lot of it, I knew, had to do with his step-mother. A very domineering woman who showed affection on her two daughters, while being overly harsh and uncompromising with Gene. Making it quite clear to him that she had little use for boys and spanked him, or made him stand in the corner, like a child, at the drop of a hat, even when he was in high school.

I was just the opposite. As a child I was very bossy. In my teens being in charge just came natural. So in our relationship I easily slipped into being the decision-maker. Gene never argued and always deferred to me, although, at times, it irked me that he'd ask me to make the simplest decisions for him.

So when this unexpected disaster hit he naturally looked to me to solve it. I did arrive at a solution which I knew he wasn't going to like. I remembered back to a

Halloween costume party we went to. When he got back the pirate's costume he'd rented, he didn't think to try it on until a couple hours before the party. When he did it was way too small and the shop was closed. Going through my closet I found my old high school cheerleader's uniform.



In high school we were about the same height and while I'd shot up about half a foot, Gene never did grow another inch. I got him in it and the saddle shoes, borrowed a long, blonde wig, had him shave his legs, and did such a masterful make-up job on him that, to my surprise, he actually made an attractive girl, that for the party I named Jeannie. The party was a lot of fun. But there was only one unexpected thing that came up. Everyone there actually thought he was a girl, and friends that knew him had a hard time believing it was really Gene. It embarrassed him, but later we laughed it off.

"There's only one thing I can think of Gene. When we move in there has to be two girls. You fooled everyone at the Halloween party, you can do it again," I stated.

"B-but how can we do that? I mean I can't be a girl all the time," he protested.

"Of course not. You just have to enter and leave as one. We'll work something out, maybe you can change in the car, or something like that. But, short term, on Friday two girls have to move in. Unless between now and then you can think of something else. In the meantime we're going to have to do more than just shave your legs," I declared.

That Friday Gene was naturally a bundle of nerves as we moved in. I'd dressed him in a blouse, over-the-knee skirt, nylons and pumps with three inch heels. I'd made him up, I thought, pretty convincingly, and thankfully his hair was long so I put it in a sort of girlish pageboy. I'd padded his bra and taught him as much as I could about how to act.

The first crisis was the landlady, who came out to greet us. She really looked us over and Jeannie nearly

fainted. But finally she shook our hand and welcomed us. Then added the real bombshell when she said, "Perhaps your roommate can help you get situated, she moved in yesterday".

"Roommate? We have a roommate?" I exclaimed in absolute panic.

"Of course, it's a three room apartment which you'll be sharing with a very nice girl, her name is Olivia Waring. Come I'll introduce you."

And before we even had a chance to look at each other she was herding us inside and up the stairs into our new apartment.

The girl we were introduced to, how can I say this, well, she was stunning. Very tall, statuesque and had a commanding presence about her. She looked like a model and dressed like one. Even I was intimidated, but she greeted me warmly, and Gene, or Jeannie, but appeared to look him over very closely.

"I'm very pleased to meet you too. Is it Jeannie?" she asked.

"Y-yes..." was all he could stammer out.

It took several hours to get settled. After that, while Gene didn't want to I suggested we go out to the living room and get better acquainted with Olivia.

"We can't hide away in this room, that would be even more suspicious. Come on, let's get it over. You just sit there, I'll do all the talking and for goodness sake remember to keep your knees together," I said.

Well, it turned out that Olivia actually was a fashion model, which she did part time.

"My degree is in fashion design. I model on the side for the money. But what I really want to do is design

and merchandise my own fashion line. But, it's a business, so I'm going back to school to get a business degree," she said, then wanted to know all about us, forcing me to invent "Jeannie" as I went along.

When I paused she casually remarked, "My goodness, Jeannie certainly is the quiet one, I don't believe she's said a word."

"Oh, ah, well she's really quite shy at first," I scrambled.

"I see," she said with an amused smile.

Without thinking, I said, "I have a fellowship but Jeannie needs to find work to save up for grad school."

"Oh my, in this economy that's going to be tough. I imagine, Jeannie, that when you were growing up your mother taught you to sew?" she asked.

"Well, yes, my step-mother did," he said.

"Then I may have a possibility for you," was all she said.

"T-that would be great, thank you," he replied, obviously not knowing what she was talking about.

Discovered

As soon as my two roommates came in I knew that one of them wasn't a girl. I didn't say anything because the landlady was there, but I was also curious. It was obvious they were boyfriend and girlfriend. I wondered how long it would be before they said anything, if they ever would. As boyfriend and girlfriend they certainly were a contrast. Sarah was, I found out, five foot, ten inches, while "Jeannie" was at least five inches shorter. Sarah was bubbling over with confidence,

while the boy truly was shy and, I noticed, always followed her lead.

I wondered why such a confident, assertive girl like Sarah fell for such a guy. During a lunch we had I decided I was going to do Sarah a favor that I was sure she'd thank me for later.

"Have you ever thought about modeling?" I asked.

"Me, model? Oh I could never do that."

"Actually I think you could. You're only an inch shorter than me and with the right make-over, hair style, clothes and my help you could easily make \$100 to \$150 an hour."

"You're kidding, you make that much an hour? God, that would solve a lot of our problems. Do you think I could really model?"

"Yes, I definitely think you could," I declared.

When we got back I asked her to bring Jeannie out, who'd spent all her, or his, time hiding in their room.

"Why don't you sit down, we need to have a talk. Good, now just when was it you were going to get around to telling me that Jeannie is really a guy. I presume your boyfriend?" I asked, flooring them.

"Y-you know? How long h-have you known?" Sarah asked, then turned pale when I said, "Basically from the minute you were introduced."

"But how, I mean the landlady didn't appear to know."

"She would have realized it pretty soon, I'm sure. However to answer your question. Some immediate, obvious things, then more subtle things that eventually everyone would have seen, or picked up on. First off it

was obvious from the way he was wobbling that he'd never worn heels before, and instead of walking like a woman he was walking like he always did. You should never have put him in heels, or at least heels that high," I said.

"Yes, you're right. I made the mistake of thinking he'd look more convincing in heels, and it did just the opposite," Sarah said dejectedly.

"Second, he looked so self-conscious and nervous all it did was draw attention to himself. And all his gestures and posture were all wrong. I know you probably tried your best to teach him how to act, but he didn't know what to do with his hands, or how to stand, and half the time when he's sitting his knees are wide apart, like they are now," I pointed out.

"I know. I told him to be careful, but all we had was a couple of days."

"Well, I can correct how he sits right now so he'll stop embarrassing himself," I stated, making it a point to talk only to Sarah.

"I think you need to learn how to sit properly, don't you?" she asked.

"Y-yes I should," he blushed.

"Very well. First off stand facing the chair. Hold your skirts delicately with just your thumbs and forefingers, both heels up and pivot gracefully on your right toe. As you sit brush the back of your skirt, which all girls do to avoid wrinkling them. When you sit do so erectly on the front of the seat, knees together, cross your ankles right over left and then slide them under your seat. Arrange your skirts so that they are even on both sides, now elbows in, put your hands in your lap and lace your fingers together. As you sit do so quietly

without fidgeting, keep your head still, but better still look down at your hands so you're not always looking around, otherwise you'll only draw attention to yourself. Which I'm sure you don't want."

"N-no I really don't," he admitted.

"My goodness, I'd completely forgotten all the little things we do so naturally just when we sit," Sarah remarked.

"Fortunately I went to a finishing school where every little gesture was drilled into us, so I remember it all too well. Which is what Gene is going to have to learn if he has any hope of ever carrying off this masquerade," I dictated, and smiled when Sarah firmly agreed.

"Then, although it's just a little thing, her ears caught my attention and I couldn't help wondering why they weren't pierced. After all even young girls have their ears pierced."

"Oh my god, I completely forgot about that, but you're right of course."

"Another thing that was so obvious is her figure, or lack of it. All the curves are in the wrong places and any girl taking a close look would see that her breasts are fake." I stated.

"Oh, it's that obvious?" Sarah groaned.

"They should have at least a little bounce to them, but they don't have any," I remarked, pleased to see that he was just crushed at my observations and critique. Too mortified to utter a word.

"Then I couldn't help noticing that you obviously didn't have time to plan ahead or thoroughly think this all out. Several times you called him Gene instead of

Jeannie. I couldn't help but wonder why you were both staying in the same room when there's a third bedroom. Or what men's clothes were doing in the closet. And worse, walking past the bathroom with the door not closed all the way and catching a glimpse of him holding his skirts up peeing," I said.

"Jesus, what if anyone else saw?" she exclaimed.

"Precisely my point, and we haven't even gotten to his voice. Hardly feminine and the vocabulary is all wrong."

"Can you help us, please Olivia, I'm afraid we could be in real trouble," she pleaded.

"I'm afraid you're right. If the landlady, or any of the other girls find out who he really is there's no doubt they'll throw you out of school, and myself as well," I stated.

"You? Why would they do that?"

"They'd never believe you lived here with me and I didn't know. They'll say I tried to cover it up when I should have immediately reported it."

"Oh no, oh Olivia I'm so sorry we got you into this. We were so stupid, please, we'll do anything if you can help us," she said miserably.

"I think I can, but I'm going to have to really think about how. In the meantime, Gene, or Jeannie, needs to move into the third bedroom. You need to box up all his clothes and get them out of here where nobody can see them. And keep him in his, I mean her, room until I can figure this out, and for gods sake get him to use the toilet sitting down," I instructed.

As they got up I could see he was too humiliated to say anything.

As we boxed up all his clothes I said, "God, I hope Olivia can help us, we've really made a mess of this, and we're really stuck."

"I do too, but I don't much like her," he said.

"What a horrible thing to say. You should be grateful to her that she didn't tell the school when she could have, and is actually willing to help us. If she can, Gene, you're going to do exactly as she tells you. I won't get thrown out of school just because your ego is acting up and your stupid pride is hurt," I said, in a tone of voice that he knew meant I was angry with him. When I was he never argued with me, he knew better.

"Y-yes you're right Sarah. I shouldn't have said that. I'm just so embarrassed."

"I know you are honey, but Olivia is just trying to help us."

"You're right. I'll do whatever she says."

"You promise?"

"Yes, I promise I will."

Chapter 2. Jeannie Becomes Priscilla Ann

Early evening I called them both out for dinner, for which I'd cooked spaghetti. When they went to sit down I said, "You'll remember to sit like you were taught?"

"Yes Olivia, I will," he blushed.

"And try not to fidget while we're sitting," I added.

When we were all at the table I took out a notebook. "I've made some notes on how we can deal with certain areas, address problems I mentioned, and some you obviously haven't thought about. What notes I've taken I feel pretty certain will clear up this mess. And they're not going to be easy on Jeannie, especially on his ego, which is bound to flare up. I want his assurance before I even make one suggestion that I'm not going to have a fight over everything on my hands. No arguing, no debating. I want that clear. And no half-hearted effort on his part. I want his, and your, full participation and his best effort," I said sternly.

"Gene, I mean Jeannie, has given me his solemn promise to do whatever you say," Sarah said.

"And that's a promise?" I asked him, just as sternly.

"Yes, I promise, a-and we're, I'm, really thankful for your help," he said naively.

"Very well, and I promise to hold you to that. Then the first thing we have to do is change his name. It's much too close to his real one, and it's more for your benefit, Sarah."

"Yes, I'd have to agree," she said.

"I've thought about just the right name which I think is 'Priscilla', to be exact, 'Priscilla Ann', I said.

"Well that certainly is quite different. But isn't it, I mean, a bit girlish?" Sarah asked.

"Yes, and purposefully so, which I'll explain in a minute. So from now on her name is Priscilla Ann. And no more 'him' or 'he'. From now on it will be 'she' and 'her'. Priscilla Ann is a girl Sarah. That's how you must always address her, and that's how you must treat her as, as will I. It's for both your benefit. You can't one minute be treating her like a girl and the next like your

boyfriend. Which is going to be hard for you to remember to do. But, if you don't all the two of you will get is confused."

"You're right, this really isn't going to be easy."

"Now the next problem, the one, as I see it, that caused the biggest problem, was making the mistake of dressing her up, well, your age, and expecting her to act like a proper young woman. It would take years to teach her what you and I do naturally and without thinking, you see? We've had twenty some years of training essentially. We can't expect Priscilla Ann to even come close to mastering or mimicking us in a few weeks, and we don't really have that," I said.

"Good grief, you're absolutely right, but you must have a solution?" she asked hopefully.

"The only safe one is not to expect her to act your age, or as a young woman, but as a younger girl. At an age where no one would yet expect her act like a lady," I stated.

"Oh, I see, like a teenager. Do you think she really could?"

"Actually I do, but before I mention why I don't want to hear your ego flaring up Priscilla Ann," I warned.

"Well, first off, I'm sure you'll have to admit she really doesn't look her age, does she?" I asked.

"Oh my, you really hit on a sore spot. Yes, poor Gene, I mean Priscilla Ann, is painfully aware that she doesn't look her age. But, she knows it doesn't matter to me, don't you?" she asked.

"Y-yes I know," he said miserably.

"You can imagine how horrible she feels every time she has to prove she's twenty-one," Sarah said, just making it worse.

"Yes, I'm sure, but in this case it's a big plus. And there is, along with that, her height. Which I'm sure is another sore point, but it's perfect as a teenage girl, you see?"

"Well, you're right. We were the exact same height in tenth grade, then I shot up like a weed. So, you think she can look younger so she won't be expected to act like a grown woman. It makes sense, doesn't it Priscilla Ann?" she asked.

"Yes, I guess it does," he said in dismay, hearing us planning to turn him into a teen-ager, knowing, helplessly, that he'd promised to do what he was told.

"How much younger do you think?" Sarah asked.

"Well, the way I see it the younger the better. The younger we can make her the less she'll be expected to act ladylike, wouldn't you say?" I asked.

"Yes, makes sense to me," she agreed.

"I have a friend who has a daughter who never throws anything away. She's eighteen now and I'm sure she won't mind us borrowing some of her younger outfits," I said, which wasn't true at all. Although I did have a friend who owned a children's boutique. When she heard what I had planned she was intrigued and amused, telling me I could have the run of the store as long as she got to see "her" when I was finished.

"Having decided that we now have to decide who she is exactly," I declared.

Sarah obviously didn't understand, so I explained it. "Since she's going to be younger naturally she won't be college age, so she can't be your girlfriend, right? Initially I thought she could be your younger sister, but then what if your mother, friends from home, or relatives come to visit? So, the best solution I could come up with is that she will be Priscilla Ann Waring, my younger sister who's staying with us for a while. Make sense?" I asked.

"Oh my yes, I never thought of mom, or friends coming to visit," she said, and turning to her boyfriend added, "It does make perfect sense. So, if anyone asks who will you be?"

"I-I'll be Olivia's younger sister," he almost sobbed out.

"Always remember to introduce yourself as Miss Priscilla Ann Waring, my young sister who's come to stay with me," I said.

"Now please quit fidgeting in your seat, and your ankles have come uncrossed. I also think that's enough to eat," I stated, and turning to Sarah added, "We're going to have to put her on a diet to get her weight down, she looks rather pudgy for a girl, especially her waist, don't you think?"

"I'd have to agree, but what can we do with her figure? As you said she has curves in all the wrong places," Sarah, bless her, said.

"Long term she can do exercises for her figure. Short term we can try a girdle, which will probably help some. But to immediately give it at least a somewhat acceptable girlish look the only thing I can think of is a corset," I stated.

"A-A corset? You want me to wear a corset?" he said, obviously shocked.

"I thought you promised no complaining, just minutes ago?" I asked sternly.

"Yes, but..."

"Priscilla Ann, I don't like the idea of you wearing a corset any more than you do. But, if Olivia thinks it's the only way to give you a girlish figure then that's what you'll wear," Sarah said sharply.

"Y-Yes, I-I'm sorry. I was just surprised," he said meekly.

"Good, I'm glad that's settled. It is settled isn't it Priscilla Ann?" I demanded to know, as if talking to a naughty child.

"Yes Olivia," he replied, cringing at how he was being talked down to.

"Now one of the most critical things you and I have to do Sarah is to come up with a believable background story," I said.

"I'm not sure I understand," she admitted.

"Well what is she going to say if someone asks her what school she goes to, what her favorite classes are, what she likes to do, her favorite TV shows, and books and colors. We absolutely can't introduce her to anyone until she knows how to answer a question, what to say, and just as importantly what not to say."

"Boy, this is getting complicated, but you're right. If she doesn't know what to say she's really going to attract attention. But, how can we come up with a background if we haven't decided on how old she is?" she asked, which quite pleased me, as she'd picked up on my leaving him completely out of the conversation.

"Well, what's the youngest she's been mistaken for?" I asked.

"Oh, most people think he's still in high school, don't they Priscilla Ann?"

"Y-Yes, I mean s-some people do," he admitted shamefully.

"So, sixteen, or seventeen. Well, at least that's a starting point," I declared, making it quite clear that he'd just been reduced in age at least to sixteen or seventeen, and, by his expression, obviously alarmed when I'd purposefully added that, "it was a starting point."

To drive the point home I said, "We'll know better just the right age for her once we get her back from the beauty appointment I have scheduled for her tomorrow and get her dressed in something more appropriate."

"B-Beauty appointment?" he stammered.

Ignoring him I said to Sarah, "I've set up a beauty appointment for her tomorrow, with my beautician. I explained the predicament you're in and she's willing to do her best, and I've sworn her to secrecy. I explained that her biggest challenge will be to alter her appearance as much as possible," I stated.

"Why do you want her to do that?" Sarah asked.

"Eventually she'll be trained enough so we can feel relatively safe taking her out. I mean we can't keep her hidden in her room forever, can we?" I asked, and, of course, Sarah agreed.

"What happens if you have her out and you run into friends or people you both know? If we don't no-

ticeably alter how she looks the resemblance to Gene will be immediately noticeable. You see the problem?"

"Oh god, and we'll never know when we'll run into somebody we know, will we Priscilla Ann?"

"No, y-you're right," he said, shuttering at the thought of being recognized dressed as a girl.

"So what do you suggest?" she asked.

"What will alter her appearance the most is her hair. A totally different color and style. Then Toni will do what she can with her facial features," I said, already knowing the perfect color to change his dark brown hair to, and the perfect style.

"Changing her appearance and putting her in more appropriate clothes is actually the easy part. Obviously how she acts in front of others will immediately give her away, especially how she walks and talks."

"Yes, I'm afraid you're right, although thankfully you've corrected how she's to sit, but how are we going to get her to act like a girl?" she asked.

"Fortunately I did a little research and found a set of video-tapes titled, 'Everything A Well-Mannered Girl Needs To Know.' It's really quite complete. Separate videos, and work books on Manners, Etiquette, Poise, Posture, Walking, Table Manners, Neatness & Grooming and Speech & Vocabulary. The store promised to get them for me by tomorrow. You can just write me a check, they are \$149," I said, and knowing he was almost out of funds found it amusing that he was going to be paying for tapes to teach him how to act like a girl.

"She can just watch and repeat, and practice, of course," I stated, not having the heart to tell him that

the tapes were marked for girls aged six to ten. I'd have to make sure he never saw the boxes they came in.

To add to his misery I said, "Of course we'll have to do something about her standing up when she's using the toilet. I think I have an idea, but I'll have to look into it," I said vaguely.

When Sarah asked when Priscilla Ann had her appointment I said, "Oh, bright and early tomorrow morning. While she's there I'll stop by my friend's and pick out some of her daughter's old outfits to try on her."

"Oh my, I have a meeting with my advisor tomorrow morning, then I'm meeting some friends. Could you take her?" she asked.

"Of course. Just be cautious when you meet your friends. Undoubtedly they'll ask about Gene, and you'll have to think of something," I said.

"Let's see, I can say he went back to his hometown for a job to save for graduate school," she ventured.

"Yes, I think that's perfect," I smiled.

"Oh please Sarah, isn't there any other way. This is terrible, I don't want to do it," he begged, back in my room.

"I'm sure you must be feeling horrible, but I'm out of ideas, haven't you had any?"

"N-No I just thought you'd think of something," he said lamely.

"I'm always the one who has to make all the tough decisions, aren't I?" she asked testily.

Y-Yes, I-I guess so," he replied meekly.

“Well, I haven’t thought of any other way out of this, although I’ll keep working on it, eventually I may think of something. However since I appear to be the decision-maker I’ve decided this is what you’re going to do. And I don’t want to hear any arguing like I heard out there whenever Olivia made a suggestion. You were barely civil to her. Tomorrow morning you’re going to apologize to her and promise her you’ll do whatever she says without complaint, understood,” she said sternly.

“Yes, I-I will,” he said miserably.

“I will hold you to that. Now I think it’s time for you to be in your room,” she said.

Chapter 3. Priscilla Ann’s Makeover.

I was so amused when Sarah said that Priscilla Ann had something to say to me, and he contritely apologized for his behavior the previous day and promised to do whatever I asked him to.

“I know how hard this must be on you Priscilla Ann, and it’ll probably get harder before it gets easier. But, for right now this really seems the only solution. Now, there’s no need to be nervous when I take you to the beauticians. Toni is a very nice lady and is sympathetic to the trouble you’ve gotten yourself into. But once we get things settled and you’ve learned how to act properly I’m sure it will all get easier for you,” I said assuredly, although, poor boy, or girl, the opposite was going to be more the truth.

At the beauty parlor, even though he was dressed as a boy, I introduced him to Toni as Priscilla Ann.



“My, you certainly have picked out a darling name, ah, for her. Now you just go into the next room sweetie, take off your clothes, put this on, come out, and get in this big chair for me,” she gushed, handing him a pink smock. When he was in her chair she handed him a doctored soda and busied herself shampooing his hair until he fell dead asleep. Then she, and her two assistants, went to work.

They had a lot to do so Toni told me not to come back until at least noon. Poor Priscilla Ann, I smiled to myself, she was in for a big surprise I was afraid.

When I returned she was just waking up and hadn't seen herself yet. "Oh my, she's, well, absolutely adorable, don't you think?" And she was right; she'd really outdone herself.

Priscilla Ann couldn't say anything, he, or she, just gaped when they turned her to the mirror. She looked in shock as I imagine I'd be if I'd been a twenty-two year old boy looking in that mirror.

"T-This c-can't be me. I don't look anything like this," was all she could blurt out.

"Ah, but you see that's perfect. Exactly what I hoped for. Absolutely nobody will recognize you," I declared, which was all too true. For her dark brown hair was now golden blonde, and in a perfect young girl's style. Flipped up at the ends with the longest bangs. Her eyebrows had been plucked and were unmistakably girlish. They'd glued on the longest, fluttering, doll-like lashes and a hint of eye shadow. Her thin lips were now much fuller in the shape of a pouty cupid's bow. And what I thought was the perfect touch, a sprinkling of little girl freckles. Her ears were pierced and had gold heart shaped earrings dangling from them. Fake, oval nails had been glued on and painted a pale pink as were her toes.

"I'm really quite proud of what we were able to do. As you mentioned she needed a totally different look so nobody would recognize her, and to make it her as, er, youthful as possible. Obviously the new hair color and style make a dramatic change. And because of its length it's quite versatile. Here, let me show you," Toni said, winking at me, and when she was through I had

all I could do not to giggle. For she'd put Priscilla Ann's hair in pigtails with white bows. The effect caused her to look even more juvenile.

"However, with the longer lashes, made-up eyes and plucking her eyebrows they look so much bigger now, don't they? And it was Doris who came up with the perfect touch, reshaping her lips. You see how much fuller and appropriately girlish they are now? It's all created a totally different look," she proclaimed.

"Yes, her lips certainly alter her look, but I don't see how we'll get them just right everyday," I remarked, already knowing, but it was a point I wanted for Priscilla Ann to hear.

"Oh, that won't be a problem. You see, it's not really pink lipstick but a dye that we used. It'll take literally months before it starts wearing off, as will the eyeshadow, eyeliner, and freckles.

"M-Months? Oh nooooo," Priscilla Ann gasped in shock.

"Don't worry sweetie, it's not permanent, if that's what you're worried about," she lied.

What Priscilla Ann didn't notice was the complete waxing she'd been given, ears to toes, including the little stray hairs around her nipples, her arms and even her behind, all now girlishly smooth. She also didn't notice what electrolysis they'd been able to do. Although Toni assured me that, at most, after another couple visits her face would be, "all cleared up" and she'd have the most wonderful "peaches and cream" complexion.

With Priscilla Ann near tears I took her into the other room. "Hold your smock up and spread our legs for me Priscilla Ann. There's something I need to get

on you before I dress you," I ordered in my most no-nonsense voice.

"Female impersonators wear one of these to hide their you know whats. Which you'll need to wear at all times to protect your masquerade. It will also help remind you to sit from now on when you go to the toilet. We can't have you standing and holding your skirts up now can we Priscilla Ann?" I asked, and what could she say but, "No Olivia, w-we can't."

She gasped, shocked, as I firmly tucked her organs up between her legs. Then had her put her legs together as I tugged the garment, which looked like a flesh colored jock strap up them. It was hard going as I'd gotten it purposefully a size too small. Without help I knew she'd never get it off herself.

She sobbed when she looked into the full-length mirror. For gone was any evidence of maleness "down there." It looked just like little girls do. Someone would have to look very closely to see the deception.

I took my time dressing her for the first time, and spent a lot of it chuckling to myself. Priscilla Ann seemed too much in shock to offer any protest. The greatest delight I took was in putting her in her first pair of pink, frilly, little girl, bloomer style panties. Then another first, a ruffle and lace edged trainer bra. Her face did pale when I held up what I was going to put on her next. A lace trimmed, white satin corset.

"Oh p-please, you're not going to make me wear that, a-are you?" she pleaded.

"Yes, I'm afraid so. You can't masquerade, convincingly, as a girl if you don't have a girlish figure, now can you?"

"N-No.." was all she could whimper as I wrapped it around her, hooked it up in front, turned her around, and with a vengeance, began yanking on the laces.

"Oh god, please Olivia it's much too tight," she begged.

"I'm sure it will feel rather tight and restrictive for a while, but I'm sure you'll eventually get accustomed to it," I promised, not having the heart to tell her that as soon as she did I had full intention of tightening it even more.

As she gasped, trying to control her breathing, I dropped a flounced, ruffled petticoat over her which hung from the shoulders and buttoned up the back. Then came the dresses, which I just loved. It had a blue plaid, full skirt with about three inches of petticoats showing. The top had a plaid neckline edged in lace with a solid blue bodice. Plaid bows accented the short, ruffle trimmed sleeves. Her hair Toni, on my instructions, had put in juvenile pigtails fastened with decorative blue bows.

On her feet I put very girly white, turn-down anklets, trimmed in dainty lace and little blue bows. Then the perfect shoes for a little girl, black, patent leather mary janes.

We both had to hide our giggles at the frilly, girlish image we'd created. I really couldn't wait to show her to Sarah!

When I finally had her all dressed I said, "I'll take you back and let Sarah have a look at you. But first, before we leave, I want you to go out and thank Toni and her assistants for all the wonderful work they did, and all the time they spent with you. She's not charging

anything so I expect you to be very thankful," I instructed.

I couldn't help giggling, wondering what she must be thinking, as she thanked them, essentially for turning her into a little girl.

When Sarah got back and caught sight of Priscilla Ann her mouth dropped open.

"My god, this can't be him, can it?" was all she managed to say.

"Oh, but it is. Toni certainly worked her magic, don't you think? I'm just sure absolutely nobody is going to recognize her, and they made her look much younger than I ever expected they could, which is exactly what we were striving for. And the outfit looks so darling on her, don't you think?" I asked.

"Well, yes it does, I just can't believe how different she looks," she said, so I explained all that they'd done.

"Of course I'm still not happy with her figure. It's still far from girlish, but with the corset at least she doesn't have that pudgy look any more. And thankfully it can be laced a lot smaller as soon as she gets used to it."

Chapter 4. Reduced To A Little Girl.

When Sarah asked how young I thought she looked I said, "I really wasn't sure, so before we let I asked Toni and her two girls to write down how old they thought she looked.

Taking out three pieces of paper I put them down on the table and let Sarah read them. "One thinks she

looks thirteen, and two actually thinks she looks twelve? I don't believe it." she exclaimed.

"The problem you're having is you remember what she used to look like, and how old she used to be. Frankly I'd thought somewhere around twelve or thirteen myself, or even younger," I remarked, which was when disaster struck. Sarah had forgotten to close the apartment door and the next thing we knew two girls were in it.

"Hello, sorry we didn't knock, but the door was open. We live in the apartment down the hall and thought we'd introduce ourselves. I'm Karen Green and this is Lisa Hanover," she said, so we introduced ourselves.

"And just who is this adorable little girl?" she asked.

"This is Priscilla Ann, she's my little sister who's come to stay with me for a while," I said, as I saw Sarah whisper something to her.

"H-Hello, I'm very pleased to meet you," she said, and then went and sat down, looking perfectly girlish doing so.

"I have a sister too, just about her age," Karen remarked, as we sat down to talk.

Part way into our conversation I said, "You mentioned you had a sister about Priscilla Ann's age, how old is she?"

"Well, let's see, I think she just turned twelve."

When they left I said, "Fortunately that wasn't a disaster, and it was instructive. So now three people think she's twelve and two think she's thirteen. So, all we have to decide is if she's twelve or thirteen. My vote

would be twelve, as the younger she is, the safer I feel it would be for her."

"Oh p-please, I don't want to be twelve," she begged.

"Well, I understand you're reasoning, but don't you think we could let her be thirteen?" Sarah asked.

"You'd really prefer being thirteen?"

"Oh yes, please," she pleaded, which I thought so amusing. Imagine, instead of being sixteen or seventeen she was now pleading with us to be thirteen.

"Very well, I don't think it's the wisest thing. So, if anyone asks how old you are what will you tell them?" I asked, wanting to hear her say it.

"T-That I'm t-thirteen," she said, hanging her head.

"At least that's settled. So you and I can create a believable background for a thirteen year old, and just as importantly, Sarah, we'll both need to remember to treat her her age."

"Yes, I can understand that. And I'll write down some thoughts tonight. But I'm going back to visit my family for a week tomorrow before the semester starts. Will she be okay with you?" she asked.

"Oh yes perfectly. I'm picking up the series of tapes I ordered for her later today and I'll get her started on them first thing tomorrow. I'm sure we'll get along just fine, won't we Priscilla Ann?" I asked, giving her a stern look.

"Y-Yes O-Olivia," she replied with a tone of dread in her voice.

After dinner Olivia went to pick up the videotapes and Priscilla Ann threw a fit. "I don't want to be a little girl, or thirteen, or wear this damn corset, or these ridiculous clothes. I won't, I won't," she shouted.

"You agreed this was the only solution. You agreed to do as Olivia said, and not to argue..."

"I don't care. I'm a man, I'm not a little girl. I'm not going to do this," she hollered.

"No, you're not a little girl, you're acting more like a spoiled baby. As for being a man, I thought you were one, regardless of how you're dressed, until now that is. A real man wouldn't let his precious ego and pride get in the way. A real man would think of this as just a silly charade. Fine, you don't want to help get us out of this horrible situation, then don't. I'll just find another roommate. Get out, by the time I get back I want you gone," I shouted back, so angry that I could barely control myself.

He could see how furious I was and suddenly became very contrite, "I'm sorry Sarah, honest to god..."

"I said "Get out now," I said, icy cold, giving him such a shove that half way out the door he tripped and fell in a mass of petticoats. I slammed the door behind him.

About an hour later there was a timid knock on the door. Opening it I said, "Well, what do you want, and don't start apologizing and making promises, you've broken everyone, haven't you?"

"Y-Yes, b-but please could you help me out of this dress, I c-can't reach the buttons."

"So like a little girl, can't even undress yourself, well, can you?" I said cruelly, but I wasn't in a forgiving mood.

N-No, I-I can't," she cringed.

"And I suppose you want me to unbutton your petticoat for you as well?"

"Y-Yes please..."

When I did she shamefully said, "I-I can't take my shoes off with this corset on."

"Do I have to take your shoes off for you too? Very well, but this is the last time you get any help from me. You'll be gone by the time I get back," I declared.

Chapter 5. A Painful Talking To.

The following morning when Priscilla Ann came out in the little girl's nightie, bloomers and baby doll shoes I'd hung in her room I angrily said, "Don't sit down. You and I are gong to have a talk. I was back yesterday in time to hear the temper tantrum you threw. Sarah explained what transpired, and left this morning in tears. Apparently she's washed her hands of you and wants you gone by the time she gets back so she can find a new roommate. I agree with her, you're certainly not much of a man."

"Oh p-please Olivia. I'm so sorry. I wanted to apologize to Sarah, but she'd left already. W-What am I going to do?" she wailed.

"For two cents I'd agree with her to throw you out. Fortunately I convinced her to give you one last chance."

"Y-You have, oh god, thank you, thank you," she said, nearly collapsing in relief.

"Don't thank me yet. She said she won't throw you out if by the time she returns she sees dramatic improvement in your masquerade, and I see you acting your age. But if I inform her that you've given me even the smallest problem, just once, you're out, got that?"

"Oh yes Olivia, I promise I'll try my hardest," she swore.

"I believe that's the fourth time now that you've promised to do as your told. So your promises mean nothing to me. However, just for Sarah's sake, I intend to ensure that you're going to try your hardest, and when I'm through the thought of not doing what Sarah, or I, tell you won't even cross your mind," I declared, and reaching up I suddenly grabbed her ear and



twisted it as hard as I could. And by her ear I forced her over my knees. With one hand I grabbed a handful of hair. With the other I lifted her skirts and pulled her bloomers down to her knees.

"Yeow, please it hurts," she protested.

"A lot more is going to hurt in a minute," I said, picking up my old wooden sorority paddle and brought it down on her behind as hard as I could to another shock cry.

After a good half dozen she cried, "Please stop, it, it hurts,"

"Good, when you spank bad little girls it's meant to hurt, isn't it? Well?" (whap, whap)

"Y-Yes..." she screamed.

"Yes what, Priscilla Ann?" I wanted to know.

"Yes, w-when you spank b-bad, yeow, little girls it's meant to h-hurt..."

"And have you (whap) been a bad (whap) little girl, Priscilla Ann?" (whap, whap).

"Yes, I-I've been a bad little girl, oh p-p-please..."

"Are you (whap) going to be a good little girl (whap) for me?" I asked.

"Oh yes, yes I-I promise Olivia," she pleaded.

"You will address me from now on as 'Sister Dear' so you don't forget who the little girl is and who the adult is. Is that (whap) understood (whap, whap, whap).

"Y-Yes S-Sister dear, oh, stop, p-please," she sobbed, kicking her feet.

And you'll address Sarah respectfully as 'Miss Sarah', won't you?"

"Yes, I-I will..."

"Now, each time I spank you, you'll count, then say, 'Priscilla Ann is sorry she was a bad, little girl.' Now just twenty more, but if you forget to count, or apologize, I'm afraid we'll have to start all over." I said, really laying into her behind.

When I finally finished I asked, "Now what do we do with bad little girls who've had to be punished?"

"I-I don't know, Sister Dear," she sobbed.

"Why we stand them in the corner so they can spend time thinking about how they can be a good, little girl, don't we?"

"S-Stand in t-the corner? Yes S-Sister Dear," she cried in defeat.

"March yourself into that corner. No, don't pull up your panties, and don't you dare touch your behind. It's meant to hurt. Now put your hands behind you and lace your fingers together. For as long as I leave you standing in the corner you will say, loud enough for me to hear, 'Priscilla Ann is sorry she was a bad, little girl. She promises to be a good, little girl for her big sister.'"

She was, hopefully, humiliated and dying of shame, to say nothing of a well-reddened bottom. However, I thought a good spanking and being put in the corner would completely crush her and any thought of not doing as she was told.

I let a full hour go by then said, "You can leave the corner now. Stand in front of me; head bowed when

I'm talking to you. Now I presume you've learned a very valuable lesson?"

"Oh y-yes Sister Dear," she said, in a defeated tone of voice.

"Then we will start with a fresh page. However I want it quite clear that if you act up in any way, question a single thing that I say, or you don't appear to be trying your hardest you're being a bad, little girl. And what do bad, little girls get?"

"T-They get s-spanked," she said fearfully.

"Trust me when I tell you I won't hesitate to use the paddle on you, am I clear?"

"Yes Sister Dear, I-I understand," she said, and by her trembling, scared voice I fully believed that she did.

All business-like I said, "Right, now we need to get you on a schedule so you'll know what's expected of you at all times. First thing in the morning you'll do exercises for your tummy and figure. And you'll do them the last thing before you're put to bed. I want to see a lot of improvement in your figure so it looks at least a little girlish. I suggest you work hard on your exercises as I intend to tighten your corset as much as I can before Sarah comes back."

After a meager breakfast for her it was bath time. A bubble bath, adding an oil that I told her would, 'soften her skin', and a liberal amount of perfume, 'so you will always smell so girlishly sweet'. I then caustically added, "I presume you can bathe yourself, or will I have to?"

"I-I can, Sister Dear," she said, wretchedly shamed at being talked to as if she were a little child. But know-

ing I wouldn't tolerate any form of rebellion, however meek.

Handing her a stiff brush I said, "Scrub yourself until you're squeaky clean and nice and pink. When you get out rub this cream on, then this baby powder head to toes. Put your panties and bra on, then inform me that you're ready to be corseted. And since you can't seem to be able to put your petticoats and dress, shoes and socks on yourself I suppose I'll have to."

I didn't think anything would make her feel more like a helpless child than to be dressed and undressed. After I put her hair up in pig-tails and she was breathlessly laced in her corset I buttoned her into her petticoats, put her in a baby blue satin smock, even shorter than her sailor's outfit, and insisted on putting her shoes, socks and gloves on for her.

Chapter 6. Priscilla Ann Meets Miss Manners.

Sitting her down in front of the television I said, "We have just enough time for you to watch the first chapter of this tape titled, 'Proper Manners For Young Girls.' I want to see you sitting properly at all times. Here's your lesson book, just follow whatever is on the tape.

I had no idea what was actually on the tapes, so I sat behind her and watched.

A woman came on the screen, sitting behind a desk in a classroom setting. She looked about late fifties, dressed in a white blouse, black skirt, hair tightly in a bun, appearing the very vision of a schoolteacher.

"Good day young lady, or girls. My name is Miss Manners. If you listen attentively, do the exercises I will ask you to do, and try your hardest then when you

complete all the lessons you will have become a most well-mannered, well-behaved, charming young lady,” she said, but I almost choked trying not to laugh at what she said next.

“Now whenever I ask you a question, or ask you if you understand, please answer using your proper name. For example, if your name is Mary and I ask you if you understand, you respond by saying, ‘Yes Miss Manners, Mary understands.’ Now you try it, do you understand?”

“Y-Yes Miss Manners, Priscilla Ann understands,” I heard her respond, albeit with an anguished little sob.

I could well imagine how humiliating and shamed she had to feel. Imagine having to talk back to a television screen. I thought it was hysterical.



"Now, the first thing all proper, young girls learn are what we call, 'the golden rules'. I will say a rule and then you will say it back to me. We'll do this each ten times so you will get a chance to memorize it. All young girls know their golden rules by heart. The first golden rule is, 'A proper, young girl is an obedient girl'. You are simply not grown-up enough to contradict, argue, or question what you are told by an adult, or any person supervising you. Do you understand?"

"Yes Miss Manners, Priscilla Ann understands," she was forced to say aloud, and then again, ten more times.

I couldn't see her face, but couldn't help wondering if the poor thing was crying before she finished her golden rules. They were absolutely appropriate, for a girl of six or seven, that is.

These are the golden rules Priscilla Ann had to repeat back to Miss Manners.

"A proper, young girl knows she is to be seen and not heard. She sits, or stands, as quietly, and still, as she can in the presence of adults. She does not interrupt adults by speaking without first asking permission. Which I will explain in the next chapter."

"A proper, young girl never does anything without first asking for permission and she is never to be caught doing anything other than what she has been given permission to do. It is up to adults to decide what is best for you. This is a safeguard so that those supervising you always know what you are doing, and where you are."

"A proper, young girl realizes that when she mis-behaves she's been a bad girl and deserves to be punished.. After being punished you must always sin-

cerely apologize, promise to be a good girl in the future, and thank the person for correcting you. Do you understand?"

"Y-Yes M-Miss Manners, Priscilla Ann understands," she choked out miserably.

"A proper, young girl never gives her opinion unless it is asked for. As a young girl you are expected to listen and learn, not rattle off opinions which you are too young and inexperienced to give. The exception is you may share your opinion with any child your own age, or younger."

"Now, for homework I want you to write each golden rule twenty times in your lesson book, have them memorized and be able to explain why you must abide by each. When you're ready you can begin the first chapter titled, Poise & Posture, then go on to the next chapter on proper Etiquette For Young Girls."

When she finished, and I turned the tape off, as I thought she had tears coming down her cheeks. Which I pointedly ignored, cheerfully saying, "Go and get your straw hat and put it on. You can do your homework when we get back."

"W-When we get back, are we going out?" she asked in alarm.

"Didn't the golden rule say you were never to question an adult?" I asked sternly.

"Y-Yes..."

"Then when we get back you will write that rule 100 times. We are going back to the beauty parlor where you will learn how to style your hair in various ways so at least I don't have to spend my time doing it for you," I f.

Which she did over the next several hours. Learning how to put her hair into pigtails, a ponytail, single and double braids and loops.

When I got her home in the afternoon I said, "Sarah and I have decided that the three of us will share equally in the chores. So I will assign you a few hours of chores to do each day. However, on a daily basis your chores will be to make all the beds, put clothes and other articles away, tidy up the bedrooms and the rest of the apartment. Which will look, at all times, perfectly neat, as will your room. Are we clear?"

"Yes Sister Dear."

"I hope so," I said, picking up the paddle, and seeing her eyes fearfully glued to it added, "Because I will inspect your work, or Sarah will, and if I find you haven't done your chores properly, you know what you'll get, don't you?"

"Y-Yes S-Sister Dear," she quaked, as I handed her a rubber, bibbed apron and white rubber gloves and put her to work.

I purposefully gave her way too much work to do in just a couple hours.

"Not only didn't you make the beds properly, you didn't vacuum my rugs, there's still dust everywhere in Sarah's room and you didn't even finish all your chores, did you?" I demanded to know.

Literally trembling in her mary janes she said, "N-No Sister Dear."

"What did I tell you would happen if you didn't do your chores properly?" I asked sternly.

"T-That I-I'd be spanked," she answered, absolutely petrified.

"Just this once I won't. But tomorrow if all your chores aren't done, or done properly, you'll be spanked. Do you understand, Priscilla Ann?"

"Y-Yes Sister Dear, I-I understand," she said, and by her tone she fully believed that I would. Which is exactly what I wanted her to believe.

"You can sit and do your homework now until supper. Do you know how to cook?"

"No, Sister Dear, I never learned."

"Then you'll set the table and serve the meal. Put your hair up in braids so it doesn't get in the food. At the dinner table hand me your lesson book and I will quiz you on what you've learned," I said.

Well she wrote and wrote and wrote her golden rules until I announced it was suppertime. And obediently she braided her hair, put it in loops, which looked so cute and juvenile, set the table, then served the meal when I had it ready.

Wanting to make it perfectly clear that little girls never did anything without permission, I said, "You have my permission to sit. And, of course, you'll wait until I give my permission for you to eat, won't you?"

I was pleased with her look of utter dejection, fully comprehending that she wasn't going to be allowed to do anything without permission.

"You can recite your golden rules now for me Priscilla Ann, and tell me why it's important for proper, little girls to abide by them," I said, addressing her as one does a child. Which I could see she positively hated, but didn't have the courage to object to. I was sure she'd eventually get used to being treated, and talked down to, as a little girl. After all, that's what she was. Or was on her way to becoming.

When she finished her meager dinner I said, "You have my permission to leave your seat. You can clear the table and do the dishes. Normally I'd have you watch another chapter, but, I know you've had a long day, and it's almost time for little girls to be in bed..."

"I-In bed?" she asked startled, as it wasn't quite 7:30.

"Yes Priscilla Ann, was there something you wished to say," I asked.

"N-No Sister Dear," she said hanging her head in defeat.

"When you're finished with the dishes please inform me and I'll help get you undressed and put you in your nightie. After which you'll do your exercises and then I'll put you to bed," I declared.

Doing her exercises again before she went to bed, of course, was designed to improve her figure. But they also totally exhausted her, which I was sure would put her fast asleep, with no time to think about her descent into little girlhood. Still, as I passed by later I was sure I heard the most anguished sobs and crying.

For the next week Priscilla Ann's almost every waking moment was spent with Miss Manners learning to become a proper young girl, or more precisely, a proper little girl.

And some of the lessons were so hard on her, poor thing. In the first chapter of *Poise & Posture* she learned how to stand, walk, sit and bend. Proper young girls, she learned, stood and walked, unless they were being led by the hand, with their hands behind them palm to palm. They stood with heels and toes together, erectly, but leaning forward slightly so their weight was always on their toes.

"A proper young girl is always seen up on her toes. It's a more dainty pose, and keeps you from bending your legs so that you stand equally on both legs," Miss Manners said.

Sitting correctly was much as she'd earlier been instructed. However learning to walk in a girlish manner was a most difficult area for her.

"To walk properly you must learn to do so delicately, taking the shortest, dainty, little steps, up on your toes which will make your walk much lighter and graceful, like a fairy princess. As you step place one foot precisely in front of the other, head up and look straight ahead. When you practice walking place several books on your head. It teaches young girls how to walk gracefully," she instructed.

As expected she found it almost impossible to keep the book on her head. And I had to warn her constantly to walk on her tippy toes and take shorter steps. She was in near tears when I told her she could stop. However she also had exercises on sitting and bending. She was to practice sitting and bending 100 times a day until she could do so perfectly. And with a book on her head!

The next chapter, the following day, was so amusing that I had to hold my hand over my mouth to keep from laughing.

"This chapter is devoted solely to teaching young girl how to curtsy properly, and when they are expected to do so," Miss Manners said, and while I couldn't see her expression, I did hear a miserable, little sob and saw her hang her head over how she was to learn.

"Young girls curtsy as a gesture of how well-mannered they are. They curtsy as a gesture of respect and

authority over those governing them," she said, which was when a charming little girl of about eight appeared on the screen.

"This is my delightful, little helper, Miss Christine," she said.

With a dainty curtsy the girl said, "Hello, my name is Miss Christina, and I will help you learn the proper way to curtsy."

"Please say 'hello' to Miss Christina, introduce yourself, and say how so wonderfully pleased you are to meet her, remembering to curtsy before you speak," Miss Manners instructed.

So Priscilla Ann curtsied clumsily and addressing the television said, "Hello Miss Christina, my name is P-Priscilla Ann, and I am so wonderfully pleased to meet you."

"Now watch Miss Christina carefully. Notice how she holds her skirts so daintily, spreads them as far as she can, then raises them half way to her waist. Notice the position of her feet. Right foot precisely behind the left with the heel well raised, and how her head is bowed with her eyes fixed on the tip of her left toe. Each time Miss Christina curtsies, you curtsy," she informed Priscilla Ann, who obediently curtsied each time the girl did. Over and over and over for at least the next 40 minutes, until her legs looked wobbly.

"You may rest now. Please turn to page 38 in your lesson book titled, 'A Proper Girl's Rules of Curtsy.' As I say each rule you will repeat it five times, remembering to curtsy before and after you speak. After which I will ask you if you understand. Very well, curtsy rule number one is, 'As a proper young girl I always curtsy before and after I speak,'" she said,

pausing to allow sufficient time for Priscilla Ann to repeat it five times.

"Do you understand curtsey rule number one?" she asked.

"Yes Miss Manners, Priscilla Ann understands curtsey rule number one," she said miserably back to the screen.

The rules seemed never to end, and I couldn't imagine what wretched thoughts she must be having. It appeared she would be curtseying endlessly.

She learned that she was to curtsey when introduced. Curtsey when told to do something. Curtsey when summoned. Curtsey before she sat. Curtsey after given permission to stand. Curtsey in the doorway of every room she entered, even if there was no one in it. When a person entered a room she was in she must immediately stop what she was doing and curtsey, as well as when they left the room. When she walked past an adult, whether they were sitting or standing, she was to stop and curtsey to them.

"Now for homework you are to do 100 curtsies, which you will do each day until each and every one of them is perfect. In addition, copy each of your curtsey rules 15 times and have them all memorized by tomorrow. Please ask your Mommy, governess or the adult supervising you to remind you when you forget to curtsey and to correct you each time your curtsey is not absolutely perfect," Miss Manners dictated.

Poor Priscilla Ann's other lessons were no less shameful for her, much to my delight. There were lessons on 'manners and etiquette.' A lengthy discourse on "proper purse and hat etiquette". Another on precise "table manners." Lessons on "neatness and groom-

ing,” stressing that a proper young girl looked perfect at all times. “Please ask the person supervising you to inspect your appearance at different times. Have her point out any careless wrinkles or marks on your clothes, bow not neatly or tightly tied, buttons not fastened, bunched up, or uneven, socks, scuff marks on your shoes, if you’ve thoughtlessly marred your gloves, or if even a single strand of hair is out of place,” she instructed. Which I was only too happy to do.

She spent hours learning how a proper young girl speaks, listening to Miss Christine recite a phrase in an absurdly little girl’s voice which Priscilla Ann then had to repeat back several times.

“A well-mannered, young girl,” Miss Manners lectured, “speaks in a soft and ever so light voice. While she may be excited she never raises her voice, never speaks in a disrespectful, displeased or pouting tone of voice. She never, never swears or uses slang words.

The phrases the little girl on the screen was making her repeat, I’m sure for Priscilla Ann, were so childish and girlish she must have wanted to wretch.

“My name is Miss Priscilla Ann and I want to be the most wonderfully enchanting and adorable girl I can ever be.”

“My name is Miss Priscilla Ann and I truly love dressing up in my frilly, gorgeous party dresses and dainty shoes.”

“My name is Miss Priscilla Ann and I want, more than anything in the whole wide world, to become the most well-mannered, sweetest girl there ever, ever was.”

So her days were filled with frustrating, endless repetition, sudden inspections, by me, with even the ti-

niest fault in her appearance receiving a scolding, forced to speak at all times, she thought like a thirteen year old, but sounding more like a six year old.

Chapter 7. “Naughty Girl Marks For Priscilla Ann.

After several days I surprised her by remarking, “I really feel you are making great progress in several areas, it’s obvious you’re trying your hardest, which pleases me.”

“It-it does, I-I mean I am?” she asked, so startled at my first bit of praise she didn’t know what to say.

“Now, now Priscilla Ann, what does a proper girl say when she’s given a compliment?” I asked kindly.

“Oh, I’m so very sorry Sister Dear. Thank you so very much for your most wonderful compliment,” she recited, and curtsied.

“As I said, I’m quite pleased with your efforts to date. However there are some areas you’re having trouble in, aren’t you?”

“Y-Yes I am,” she admitted.

“And what areas do you they are?” I asked.

“I-I’m having a most terrible time trying to walk and sit gracefully on my toes and balancing the books on my head.”

“Yes, I’ve noticed that too. Perhaps I can think of something to help you. Now what else?”

“I-I keep forgetting when I should curtsey.”

“Yes, although it is becoming more graceful. And?”

"And I have a hard time remaining perfectly neat and groomed," she also admitted. Which I have to admit was a bit unfair, and an almost impossible task. Not to get a single mark on her gloves or shoes, or a single wrinkle in her skirts, or keeping every single strand of hair in place.

"I-I also have a hard time standing or sitting still and not fidgeting," she actually volunteered.

"Can you tell me why it's important for a proper, little girl not to fidget or squirm in her seat, or when standing? What does Miss Manners say about that," I asked, as if she were a real, live person.

"Miss Manners says that a well-mannered girl does not fidget, or squirm, when she's sitting or standing, because adults find it distracting and annoying."

"What I feel is that your problems in these areas are caused mainly because you simply are being forgetful and not concentrating as you should be, wouldn't you agree," I asked, and what could she say but, unsuspectingly, agree.

"Therefore what I think is that just the right incentive would really help you. So each day I will keep track of the number of times you've forgotten to do something, and haven't done something just right. Like forgetting to curtsy or not raising your skirts high enough. Or when I catch you not walking on your toes. Or when I see you fidgeting, even a little, when you're standing or sitting. And I'll make note of any wrinkles in your attire, marks on your shoes or gloves, or hair out of place. Does that sound helpful?" I asked.

"Yes Sister Dear, thank you." She said, actually sounding grateful that I was trying to help her.

"Then the following day when I total them all up you have to have improved by just two over the previous day. If you haven't then regrettably, you will have earned a spanking and corner time, or being put to bed early without supper," I declared.

"Oh! Ooooh!" was all she could gasp, obviously horrified.

"Don't you think that will provide you with an excellent incentive to improve your concentration?" I asked in a falsely concerned voice.

"Y-Yes Sister Dear, I-I do," she said, on the verge of crying.

The following day I said, "I discussed the problems you're having walking gracefully and staying up on your toes with some of the girls I model with."

Which I hadn't done at all. "Lisa, I felt, had the most immediately effective suggestion. Although you aren't going to care for. But she assures me your walk with show will almost instantly improve. Please bring me all your shoes, and then hold your feet out so I can take the ones your wearing off," I instructed, which naturally puzzled her, more so as she couldn't see what I was doing.

When I'd buckled them back on her I told her to walk across the room and back.

With even her first step she let out a surprised yelp, followed by many more. But by the time she walked back she was indeed walking, very gingerly, on just her toes.

"What Lisa suggested doing was placing a tack in the heel of each shoe. While it's an unusual suggestion I can also see it's an effective one that I'm sure will keep you up on your toes, wouldn't you say?" I asked.

“Ooooh yes, it, they will,” she said, shocked at how she was going to be helped to walk ever so daintily.

The following day she stood fearfully as I counted up all of, what I called, her, “naughty girl” marks. And was almost pitifully relieved when I said she had three less than the previous day. “As a reward you may stay up an extra fifteen minutes,” I said, giving her a warm hug.

However two days later she not only didn’t improve, she actually had two more than the previous day.

“Very well Priscilla Ann, you’ve obviously been a bad little girl, haven’t you?” I demanded to know.

“Y-Yes S-Sister Dear,” she sobbed out.

“Over my knees, immediately,” I ordered so angrily that she didn’t even hesitate, and was soon bawling, kicking her feet and begging me to stop.

When I did I asked, “You know where to put yourself now, don’t you?”

“Y-Yes....” was all she could get out as she went to the corner, put her hands behind her and cried her eyes out for the next two hours.

A couple days later, as I’d planned, I introduced another shamefully childish punishment, actually two.

When I sharply criticized her yet again for fidgeting at the dinner table, although all she’d moved was her left toe, my tone of voice sounded very annoyed as I spoke, “For goodness sake Priscilla Ann, stop squirming in your seat and moving your feet around. Keep them still like little girl’s are expected to.”

“I’m not a damn little girl, and how would you like to sit here without moving a muscle?” she nearly

shouted back. Then suddenly realizing what she'd said tried desperately to apologize.

"I will not tolerate vulgar swearing, or disrespectfully raising your voice to me so nastily," I said.

"Oh p-please Sister Dear, I-I'm so s-sorry..."

"You're really going to be sorry in a couple of minutes," I replied, going into the kitchen, getting a bowl of hot water and dropping a bar of soap into it, which became very mushy.

"Mouth open, no, wider," I ordered in such a stern voice that she didn't hesitate to do as I demanded. And before she realized what I was doing I shoved the entire mushy bar in and out of her mouth. All too quickly she was gagging and retching.

When I finally dropped what was left of the bar back into the bowl I asked, "Did you enjoy having your mouth washed out like one does with a bad, little girl?"

"Ooooh nooo, it, it was terrible," she cried, still retching.

"This will be how you'll immediately be punished from now on if ever, even slightly, raise your voice to me, or if I hear one swear word from you. Is that understood Priscilla Ann?"

"Y-Yes Sister Dear, Priscilla Ann understands."

"Get a notebook and a pencil, then sit down," I ordered.

"Now write what I tell you. 'I have been a bad little girl. I swore and disrespectfully raised my voice to an adult, which I know I must never do. I sincerely apologize for being a bad, little girl.' Sign it, 'Little Miss Priscilla Ann.' You'll sit here, not moving a muscle, and

write it 100 times. Each time you write it you will say it aloud," I dictated.

It might have seemed cruel and unfair, but I saw a distinct change in Priscilla Ann after our little run-in.

I could distinctly see that she was now truly scared of me, and tried to act as hard as she could like a perfect little girl around me. Too afraid of the consequences if she didn't. Which, to be honest, is how, for now, I wanted her.

That night I called Sarah and asked her if she could stay a few more days. Which she didn't see as a problem. But wondered why and how Priscilla Ann was doing.

"Oh, I think you'll see a big change in her, especially her attitude. I'm just thinking a few more days with her would be helpful. We have had our misunderstandings which I think are now cleared up. Just remember, for both our sakes, to treat her the age she's pretending to act. I think you should adopt the same strict attitude with her that I've had to. And don't act surprised at anything, we can talk later," I said.

Chapter 8. Sarah's Return.

The morning that she was to return I came in with a couple of boxes. "I think you'd better do everything you can to make a good impression on Miss Sarah. I spoke to her the other day and she asked me if you've moved out yet. Apparently she's still very angry and disappointed in you," I said, relishing her devastated expression.

"Ooooh noo," she sobbed.

"I'm afraid so. She said she'd already found another roommate. So if you have any hope of not having her kick you out you'd better try as hard as you ever have to impress her, don't you think?" I asked.

"Y-Yes, I'll try my hardest, really I will," she swore, causing me to giggle behind my hand.

"To help you make a good impression I went over to my friend's and borrowed one of her old party dresses and shoes for you to wear. Of course you could wear one of your other outfits," I suggested.

"Oh no, really I'd like, I-I mean I'd absolutely love to wear it," she foolishly pleaded.

"First however, as I promised, we're going to take your corset in so you can show Sarah how your figure has improved, aren't we?"

"Yes Sister Dear," she said with a tone of dread I heard in her voice. And with good reason.

"Oh p-p-please no more. It's toooo tight," she wailed, as she gripped the bedpost and I yanked on the laces with all my strength.

"Just another inch. I know it feels a little tight, but you'll never get into your party dress. And you won't be in it too awfully long," I lied.

What Lisa and I had picked out at her store was the frilliest, little girl's party dress that she had. And once I had her in it I did everything I could not to giggle for Priscilla Ann looked utterly girlish.

The dress was pink taffeta and rustled madly if she moved even a little. It had an attached white pinafore edged in lace ruffles. Big, puffed, short sleeves fastened with bows. The full skirt was made even fuller with not one, but three starched petticoats, fell to an inch below

mid-thigh. The white, turndown anklets had lace tops with truly the most childish little girl shoes. Pink patent leather with bows on each toe and ankle straps with gold buckles. In back at the waist a sash tied into the biggest bow I could make. Her braids had pink bows, with short, white gloves with lace trim on her hands. And, of course, tacks were in her shoes.

I could see the disbelief in her face as she looked at the reflection of the little girl staring back at her. It really did look like she was about to cry, and, smiling to myself, I wouldn't blame her if she did.

"I know the dress looks a bit young on you," I admitted, "but it's all that was dressy in her closet, and in any case you really do look absolutely darling. I'm sure Sarah will find you adorable. Now what will you do the first thing after you've greeted her?"

"I'll apologize for being a-a bad, little girl, a-and beg her to forgive me," she cringed, as she'd memorized the most awful apology that she was shortly going to have to recite to, I was sure by the end of the day, her former girlfriend.

When Sarah arrived and caught sight of her she looked stunned. More so as Priscilla Ann minced up to her so daintily and curtsying so gracefully said, in her childish, little girl's voice, "I'm so wonderfully thrilled to see you again, Miss Sarah."

"Ah, yes, it's nice to see you too, Priscilla Ann, although frankly I'm surprised that you're still here," she said sternly.

"Oh, Priscilla Ann is a very changed girl, aren't you?" I commented.

"Yes Miss Sarah," she began with a curtsy. "I realize I was a very bad little girl, and I am truly, ever so

sorry I made you angry with me. If you will forgive me I promise to be the very best, proper little girl for you, p-please."

Looking at me with a wink she sternly said, "Well I don't accept your apology. You've proved time and again that your apologies and your promises mean nothing. For two cents I'd throw you out."

Sarah's pronouncement, I was pleased to see, caused Priscilla Ann's face to absolutely collapse in panic.

"However Olivia swears that you have changed for the better. So on her word only, I won't. Instead I will give you one month to prove to me that you have indeed changed, especially your attitude. I will be watching you, and how you act, very closely every single minute. And if I see anything I don't like, out you go. Am I being perfectly clear, Priscilla Ann?"

"Y-Yes Miss Sarah," she quaked and curtsied.

"Does she always curtsey before and after she speaks?"

"Oh my yes. She practiced her curtsey over and over hoping to impress you. Perhaps at the dinner table you can recite all your curtsey rules for Miss Sarah, would you like that?"

"Oh yes Sister Dear. I-I would be more than happy too," she stammered.

"And all the Golden Rules for proper young girls?"

"Y-Yes..." she said, trying not to sound dejected.

I could see Sarah was amazed as Priscilla Ann set the table then served dinner, asking if she had permission to sit. Then once seated I gave her permission to eat.

"Does, ah, she always ask, or wait, for permission for everything?" Sarah asked.

"Priscilla Ann knows a proper, young girl must always have the permission of an adult before she does anything, isn't that right?" I asked her.

"Yes Sister Dear," she blushed shamefully.

"Perhaps Sarah would better understand what's expected of a proper, young girl if you recited your Golden Rules, followed by you curtsy rules," I suggested, which she did.

"My goodness if she obeys all her golden rules she certainly would be an exceedingly well-mannered girl, wouldn't she? And so many times to curtsy, I don't know how she'll ever remember them all," she remarked.

"Yes, well she's become much more well-mannered, polite and less forgetful once I supplied her with a proper incentive," I said, picking up the paddle.

"Y-You actually paddled her?" Sarah asked in disbelief.

"I'm afraid so, and on more than one occasion. And all it took was a couple times washing her mouth out with soap to remind her to speak respectfully and never raise her voice to adults. She now knows that when she's been a bad girl that she deserves to be punished, don't you Priscilla Ann?" I asked.

"Yes Sister Dear, I-I do," she said, so ashamed she could only whisper.

Sarah looked rather shocked, at first, but then she looked at her girlish, thoroughly cowed boyfriend intently.

"Is that what you honestly believe? That when you're being bad that you deserve to be punished?"

"Y-Yes M-Miss Sarah," she meekly replied.

I saw the faintest look of disgust, or disdain, cross her face. Then, as if she'd made a decision she said, "Then don't think for a moment that I will be any more lenient with you if you don't act as you're expected to. Is that understood, Priscilla Ann?"

She looked absolutely shocked at Sarah's stern tone. I imagine she expected Sarah to come back with some miraculous answer to the problem. Or at least some show of sympathy or objection to her little girl status.

With a defeated sob she replied, "Yes Miss Sarah, Priscilla Ann understands."

"Now, what else do I need to know about how the little girl (she said with a sneer) is expected to act?"

So I spent quite some time going over her manners and etiquette, posture, speech and how she expected to stay spotlessly neat and groomed at all times.

When she asked what areas she was having trouble with I detailed them and my solutions, including how I dealt with her "naughty girl" marks at the end of each day.

"Yes, I think you've supplied her with just the right incentive. Naughty little girls always remember a good spanking, don't they, Priscilla Ann?" she asked with not a show of sympathy.

"Y-Yes M-Miss Sarah, they d-do," she said, not being able to help the little sob that escaped her.

She seemed quite amused when I told her of "Lisa's" suggestion to put tacks in her shoes to help her walk more gracefully and daintily on her toes.

"Well, that certainly is creative. I couldn't help wondering how she could mince so girlishly in just a short time," she remarked, then added, "I've given some thought to a believable background for her, and made some notes."

"Yes, I have too. I think we should compare them. Priscilla Ann, while the adults talk you can clear the table, then wash the dishes. Tell me when you're finished and one of us will help put you to bed," I instructed.

Going first, I said, loudly enough for her to hear, "As I'm sure you've been able to tell Priscilla Ann is an obviously shy, quiet, demure girl. Which is perfect as a more out-going, excitable, gregarious girl would simply attract too much attention. Hopefully people will remark on what an exceedingly well behaved and well-mannered girl she is. And as she's just thirteen that would mean she just graduated from the sixth grade."

At that we heard a plate drop in the kitchen.

"Yes Priscilla Ann, is anything wrong," I asked innocently, knowing full well the awful, shameful news that she was now a sixth-grader.

"N-No Sister Dear," she answered with a sob in her voice. Smiling to myself I knew she was going to hear much worse before the dishes were finished.

"What I was thinking is that we should get her all the sixth grade class books from a school and have her study them so that if she's asked anything about school she'll know what to say," I suggested.

"Oh my, I'd never thought of that. But yes, she'll definitely need to study them. What I did was more general. I asked myself what a thirteen-year-old would be interested in. What magazines and books they read,

TV programs that they watch, music that they listened, and, of course, all girls her age talk endlessly about clothes and fashion. I made a list, why don't you look it over and see what you can add," Sarah said.

"Oh, I can certainly add to this. However, a big problem I thought of which she absolutely can't do is make any comment about anything a thirteen year old is too young to know about. She certainly has to have no knowledge of college, or even high school things. Just imagine the odd looks that she would get," I stated.

"You're right," Sarah confirmed, and was pleased to hear a despairing sob from the kitchen.

When Pricilla Ann announced that she had finished I said, "Oh my, just look at the time, it's almost 8:30. Almost past your bedtime isn't it?"

"Y-Yes sister Dear," she said shamefully, casting an imploring, "please help me" look at Sarah. Who saw it, but I was happy to see, pointedly ignored it.

"Perhaps you'd better join us Sarah. Priscilla Ann has the hardest time undressing herself. I always have to help her out of her dress and petticoats and shoes and socks," I said condescendingly.

When Sarah got up the next morning she found Priscilla Ann dusting, which I'd instructed her to do before running out. She immediately stopped and curtsied when Sarah came into the room.

"You can serve my breakfast now. Half a grapefruit, toast, coffee and orange juice," she ordered tersely.

As Priscilla Ann served she made a big mistake, blurting out, "Oh please Sarah, this, this is so horrible. I don't want to be a little girl damn-it..."

"How dare you speak without asking permission. Nor did you address me properly and you swore, didn't you?" she virtually screamed at her.

Thoroughly cowed and in a scared, little voice she said, "I'm sorry, but p-please..."

"Go and get your paddle this minute. Then get over my knees," she ordered so angrily that Priscilla Ann didn't hesitate to do as she was told.

I came back as she was really giving it to her. "I hope you don't mind, the girl and I have had a bit of a disagreement," she said.

"Of course not. However when you spank her you should pull her panties down," I said, "after which I put her in the corner to give her ample time to think about what a bad, little girl she's been."

When Sarah asked me how long she should put her in the corner for, I said, "I think two hours is sufficient time."

It was going, I thought, precisely as, in my mind, I wanted it to. Here was Sarah spanking her boyfriend then making "her" stand in the corner.

When she was finally allowed out of it she was told to sit down at the table. Which was stacked with books, magazines and notes.

"You won't leave the table until you've memorized as much as you can from these books. They're sixth grader class books. These magazines are typical of what little girls your age read. Each day you'll read one front to back. Start with this one, Teen Girl. At dinner you'll be quizzed. Each question you don't know you'll write the answer twenty times. If you need to go to the toilet you'll ask permission. Is that understood Priscilla Ann." Sarah demanded to know.

"Y-Yes M-Miss Sarah," she sobbed out, and sat there all day reading.

Finally at six I told her to set the table, then serve dinner. However when she asked permission to sit, before I could say anything, Sarah said, "do you think bad, little girls deserve supper?"

Poor Priscilla Ann, what could she say but hang her head and answer in misery, "No Miss Sarah."

"No they don't. You'll sit while Olivia and I quiz you."

When asked what school she attended and what were her favorite classes, she said, "I-I have been attending a private boarding school in England. M-My most favorite classes are sewing, home economics and composition," she cringed at what she was having to recite.

"And what school will you be attending?" Sarah asked.

"I am taking a year off to visit my older sister who will home school me."

"And can you tell us what your favorite things to do are?" I asked.

"I absolutely love to play with my dolls, and ride my bike, and color in coloring books," she choked out.

"Do you think she might be too old for dolls?" Sarah asked.

"Oh my no. I remember still playing with mine at her age and had a whole collection," I lied.

"Well then we'll have to get her some and teach her how to play with them," she giggled, adding, "I think I still have some she can have. Even a Betsy Wetsy doll."

Wouldn't you like to have your very own Betsy Wetsy doll, Priscilla Ann?"

"Yes M-Miss Sarah," she unenthusiastically replied.

"You're supposed to love dolls. That was not a very happy, or excited, answer. That will be ten spansks," she declared, god I loved it. "Now, would you like to answer correctly?"

"Oh y-yes Miss Sarah, I-I truly would love to have my very own Betsy Wetsy doll," she said, trying desperately to sound excited.

"You also forgot to say that your absolutely most favorite thing of all is to dress up in the most frilly, party dresses and precious shoes, didn't you?" I couldn't help adding to her misery.

"Yes S-Sister Dear, I'm so sorry I forgot that my absolutely most favorite thing to do is to dress up in the most frilly party dresses and p-precious shoes..."

"And fancy petticoats?"

"Oh yes, a-and fancy petticoats," she said, and I was delighted to see she was on the verge of tears. Cruelly I wondered if I could make her cry.

And so it went with Sarah and I finding it so amusing and entertaining it was really hard not to laugh. Most importantly Sarah was showing nothing but contempt for, what I was sure by now, was her ex-boyfriend. She even volunteered to put her to bed.

Chapter 9. Immersed In Little Girlhood.

The following days were very hard on the poor thing. She was obviously devastated that Sarah not only hadn't come to her rescue, but she showed no

sympathy at all for her plight. It was apparent that she was quite fed-up with Priscilla Ann's constant whining. And I was pleased to see that she saw nothing of her boyfriend in her. Their boyfriend/girlfriend relationship was definitely over. Which I felt was all to the good.

The following days also saw Priscilla Ann become totally immersed in little girlhood.

I could well imagine how she felt when, in her most girlish and excited voice, she had to stand there and tell us that her most favorite movies were Shirley Temple movies. And that her favorite TV shows were Little House on the Prairie, Sabina-Teen Witch, and her most favorite was the Brady Bunch. And we made sure she watched them all.

She cried a lot until Sarah had finally angrily said, "I think Olivia and I have both had it with your crying and sobbing, wouldn't you agree?"

"I'll have to admit, it's really getting on my nerves," I replied.

"From now on you can cry all you want, in your room. Do it in front of Olivia and I and you'll do a lot more, after you've been spanked," she declared.

Chapter 10. Priscilla Ann's First Outing

Finally, after a couple weeks of studying and memorizing everything about being a little girl I said, "Sarah and I believe you know enough about being a girl your age that you can finally be taken out in public. So you're going to get dressed in your adorable, pink, party dress and go with us to a very fancy restaurant tonight."

“G-Go out? Oh p-please, I can’t go out,” she pleaded, obviously terrified at the thought.



"Were you about to argue with your big sister, Priscilla Ann?" Sarah asked sternly.

"Oh n-no, honest I wasn't, Miss Sarah," she said hastily. I was really quite intrigued, as by the end of just a week she was actually more afraid of Sarah than she was of me.

"This will be a kind of test for you, I said, "For we are meeting a good friend of mine, who knows all about how little girls should act as she owns a children's fashion boutique."

"O-Oooh n-nooo," she moaned.

"Yes, I'm sure she'll observe you quite closely," I said, making her all the more terrified.

"However she will also present an excellent opportunity for you, as I know that you could really use a job."

"B-But how can I, I-like this?" she asked, looking down at her little girl's dress, petticoats, lace anklets, and childish shoes.

"I've told her how much you enjoy sewing and would like to be more advanced. And how you just love dressing up in the prettiest, little girl fashions, and asked if she could use a little helper around the store. Well, she absolutely loved the idea, thinking an assistant the same age as her customers would be a big hit."

Priscilla Ann was a very nervous, frightened little girl as we led her by the hand into the fancy restaurant with dire warnings whispered to her by Sarah.

"When you meet Olivia's friend you will be on your very best behavior. I will listen closely to hear how excited you are, and that you always have the happiest

smile on your face, or I'll give you the worst spanking you've ever had, do you understand?"

"Y-Yes Miss Sarah," she gulped as we arrived at the table where Lisa was already seated.

"This is Ms. Chambers, Priscilla Ann. You may introduce yourself," I said.

Dropping a dainty curtsey, and in her most girlish voice, she said, "Hello, my name is Miss Priscilla Ann Manning, and I am so positively delighted to meet you."

"Well, my goodness, aren't you the most polite little lady, and such a perfectly sweet curtsey. Let's see now, how old are you, twelve, no eleven?" Lisa asked, winking at us.

"I-I'm thirteen Ma'am," she said, looking devastated.

"Oh, I'm so sorry sweetheart, but she looks so young for thirteen. You may sit down now, I want to hear all about you," Lisa said, whispering to me, "I can't believe it, he, or rather she's absolutely adorable."

And over dinner Priscilla Ann confirmed it by acting perfectly girlish.

"Now Olivia said you'd really like to come and spend time at my shop helping out and advancing your sewing skills? You could be my little helper."

"Oh yes Ma'am, I would truly love to be your, er, little helper. It would be so exciting and I know I could learn a lot," she said, trying, as best she could, to sound excited.

"Well, I think everyone would just love to have such a darling, well-mannered and so polite little helper in the shop. And I'm positive my customers

would find you simply precious. I'm sure you'd be a big hit with them," she said, laying it on so thick it was hard for the two of us not to break out I giggles. Sarah, of course, didn't know that Lisa knew who Priscilla Ann really was.

"That's settled then, I see no reason why you can't bring her to the store early Monday morning. Now, is there anything I should know about Priscilla Ann?"

"I'm sure you'll find her a very obedient girl who will do whatever you tell her. You'll also find that she tries to keep herself neat and well groomed. And she has excellent posture, although, to be honest, she's a bit of a tomboy and is at that awkward, ungainly age where she struggles to be more graceful and refined," I said.

"Oh, I remember when I was at that stage myself, however, don't worry honey," Lisa said, patting her affectionately on her folded hands, "that's quite easily solved. All she needs are some ballet lessons to smooth out the rough edges. And fortunately there's a dance school just a couple blocks away."

"Ballet classes? My goodness why didn't we think of that? Wouldn't you just love taking ballet lessons, Priscilla Ann?" I asked, who looked at Sarah pleadingly, but seeing her stern expression, had no other choice but to say, as excitedly as she could, "Oh y-yes Sister Dear. I-I would just love to take ballet lessons."

"Oh how wonderful. I'll take her around to Mrs. Baker's Dance Academy myself and get her enrolled. I even have a complete line of tutu's, toe shoes, and leotards for little girls," Lisa said, trying valiantly not to chuckle.

"The only other thing I should warn you of is that, unfortunately, Priscilla Ann does have a bit of a figure problem, which I'm sure you've noticed. Which we're making an effort to correct with tummy exercises, dieting her and having her wear a corset," I said, and although any other woman would have questioned putting a little girl in a corset, not Lisa.

"Yes, a firm, stiff corset is an excellent means of figure training, I'd have to agree, and they do promote excellent posture. Not many girls can act like tomboys once they're corseted," she remarked.

"I'll pay her minimum wage to start, but as she learns her duties and improves her sewing skills I'm sure I can raise that. Naturally as she's so young and inexperienced in handling money I'll make her pay out to you so you can manage it for her, Olivia," she said. Which I'm sure was a cruel blow to Priscilla Ann. Not even being allowed any say in the money which she'd work for and would rightfully be hers.

I couldn't help making it worse by saying, "I'll open a savings account in both our names and whenever you would like to buy something, like a new doll, you can come and ask me."

When Olivia delivered Priscilla Ann to the store bright and early Monday morning I still found it almost impossible to believe that she wasn't really a girl. She not only looked like a little girl, she completely acted like one. I truly did find her adorable and had no trouble at all playing the find, affectionate woman that

Olivia suggested, while Sarah and her played the stern, mean roles.

The first thing I did was to get her properly uniformed. A darling, little girl's maid's uniform, which I'd had my seamstress, Lillian Rogers, sew up.

It was a grey velvet dress, the hem several inches above the knees with a frilly, ruffled petticoat showing several inches below the hem. The wide collar was ruffled with a black satin bow in front. The short, puffed sleeves were edged with grey, velvet bands. had lace ruffles, as did the bib. On her legs daintily ruffled anklets with black, patent leather mary jane with grey velvet bows on the toes on her feet. Over it was the frilliest ruffled, bibed apron, with a lace trimmed lace maid's cap perched on top of her head.

"I think you look absolutely darling in your little uniform sweet heart," I gushed.

"Now in the morning, before the store opens, you can really help out by vacuuming and dusting the store and the mannequins in the windows. When you're finished I'll put you with our seamstress who will first teach you how to make alterations so you can really be helpful. Then when the customers start coming in I'll ask you to serve coffee, tea and pastries. And milk and cookies to their little girls. Doesn't that sound like so much fun?"

"Y-yes Ma'am, it-it sounds like a lot of fun," she replied, although I knew it had to sound like a dreadful way to spend a day.

Well, as I expected the rest of the staff and the customers all found my little helper enchanting. With many remarking on how cute she looked in her adorable uniform. She found Mrs. Rogers a nice, elderly

lady and was quickly absorbed in learning how to make alterations.

At lunchtime I took her to a nice restaurant where I told her what a big hit she was, and how many compliments she'd already gotten.

"I-I really have? I mean gotten compliments?" she said, obviously surprised.

"Oh my yes. I'm especially pleased with the compliments from the lady customers. They all remarked on how very polite and well-mannered a little girl you were. Several remarked that they wished their daughters could be as polite and well-mannered as you."

"Really, they really said that?" she blurted out with a hint of pride in her voice, which I found so amusing.

"I'm quite pleased with you, Priscilla Ann. I can see you'll be a great addition to my store," I added, patting her on the cheek and giving her a little hug.

"Oh thank you Ma'am," she responded, beaming and obviously forgetting who she really was.

After lunch I took her to Mrs. Baker's Dance Academy. Lillian Baker was a very nice lady in her fifties who had no idea of Priscilla Ann's real identity.

"Oh my, she's thirteen and never had any ballet lessons? Normally girls her age have already had several years. I'm afraid we'll have to start her in a beginner's class," she said.

"Well I'm sure that's where she'd be most comfortable starting in, wouldn't you, Priscilla Ann?" I asked.

"Yes Ma'am, I would," she replied honestly.

When I went to pick her up Lisa smiled and said she thought the day went perfectly and that Priscilla

Ann eventually seemed to enjoy herself, once she got over her nervousness. Which I confirmed on the way home.

“Do you like Ms. Chambers?” I asked.

“Oh yes, she’s very nice,” she said, then without thinking about what she was saying, added, “She said I got a lot of compliments from her customers.”

“You did, goodness that must have made you so happy,” I said, trying to keep a straight face.

Once back I said, “You can change now, you still have several hours of chores before dinner.”

Chapter 11 “Priscilla Ann’s Ballet Recital

By the end of the week I could see that she was actually looking forward, each morning, to being taken to the store, and had a look of dread whenever I picked her up. Which fit in perfectly with that plan that was forming in my mind.

About the only thing she obviously didn’t care for were her ballet lessons. Which she took every Monday, Wednesday and Friday and every Saturday there was a recital attended by all the mothers. And I could well understand why at her first recital. I found it a most amusing and entertaining sight. As she’d stated Mrs. Baker had put her in a beginner’s class. So, there she was in the midst of a dozen other girls whose average age couldn’t have been more than nine or ten. Nor did she look out of place; she wasn’t even the tallest. And she looked so adorable on stage in front of all the mothers mincing so daintily on her toes in her pink tutu trimmed in sequins, tutu and petticoats bouncing up so that so couldn’t help showing off her adorable bottom,

white tights, pink, satin toe shoes, and her hair in pig-tails fastened with fussy, pink bows.

After the class was over Mrs. Baker came over and giving Priscilla Ann an affectionate hug said, "I know you think you did just awful today..."

"I-I wasn't very good, I know," she admitted, than seeing my stern expression added, "but I really tried, honest."

"I know you did honey, and I'll let you in on a little secret, you weren't the worst."

"I-I wasn't, really?" she said in disbelief.

"There are at least two other girls who were much worse than you," she said, then to me added, "I require all my students to practice at least a half hour in the evening after class, and no less than an hours on days when she doesn't have class."

At the end of the week she appeared to have adjusted to her daily schedule and was very pleased when she received her first paycheck, made out to me, of course. I took her to my bank and opened a joint account.

"How nice, is this your very first savings account honey?" the bank officer asked.

"Yes Ma'am," Priscilla Ann was forced to say.

"Well, I'm sure your big sister will teach you all about how to manage money. Just don't let her spend it foolishly, as young girls her age are prone to do. Perhaps she should start putting a little at a time away for when she goes to college," she innocently suggested, which, I saw, absolutely crushed her. For one thing, obviously she'd already been to college, and for another her degree was in Accounting, and here was this

woman, trying to be helpful, suggesting that her big sister could teach her how to manage money.



I absolutely loved it, and couldn't stop myself from saying, "I think what Priscilla Ann would really like to save her money for is a shiny new bike, wouldn't you? I know you really like to ride bicycles."

Which was true, for one of her passions was riding her ten-speed road bike.

"A bike? Yes, I really do," she said brightly, totally forgetting that her real reason for getting a job was to save up for graduate school. And, if she did save enough money for a bike it certainly wasn't going to be a ten-speed. What I had in mind was a cute, pink, little girl's bike with a basket and a silver bell.

After the bank we headed for the beauty salon and her weekly beauty appointment, where I had a whispered conversation with Toni.

"I think we can finish the electrolysis today then she'll be baby smooth all over and have the most lovely peaches and cream complexion, and with even longer eyelashes she look more like a real doll," she giggled, then asked, "Are the pills I gave you to put in her food having any effect yet? I know the doses are small so that things don't happen overnight."

"I'm not sure. Her behind does look a big plumper. You might measure it, and I'm not sure about her tit-ties. Remember we don't want them too big, more like little girl boobies," I chuckled.

Chapter 12. Sarah Gets A Makeover, Priscilla Ann Is Devastated.

When I went back into the front room Sarah was there, where she'd promised to meet me. "Now we start on you. You're too old to keep looking like a col-

lege girl. You're getting a complete make-over," I declared.

To Toni I said, "I want a stylish, sexy hairdo, all new make-up, very sophisticated, do something with her nails and a facial, the works."

Which is what she got, and when they were finished she was stunned. "I can't believe it's really me," was all she could say.

"Oh, it's you alright. A real woman. Stylish and sexy. You'll have men literally eating out of your hand," I assured her.

When she was dressed and looking in the mirror in wonder, she said, "I've never dressed like this before. I hardly recognize myself."

"That's because it's the new you," I said, and frankly she looked stunning in a sharply tailored, black, double breasted jacket and the shortest, tightest black skirt. Garter belt and stockings replaced her wretched pantyhose, and instead of the low heels she always wore she had black, patent-leather pumps with four inch heels on her feet.

"I've never worn heels this high, my boyfriend was so short. And honest Olivia I can't go out without a bra," she protested.

"You can and you will. We're going to lunch to be joined by a couple of my modeling friends. Trust me, you'll have men panting and buzzing around you like flies," I promised, and she really did.

As soon as we sat down a man bought her a drink, then asked if he could join us.

"Tell him 'No', that you don't want any needless interruptions," I whispered.

"I can't tell him that."

"Tell him," I ordered, and when the poor man, trying to save face, offered his business card with his number, suggesting they get together, I again whispered, "Tell him his business card won't be necessary. You'll let him know before you leave if you want it or not." Which she did.

"Oh my, I've never done anything like that before to a guy. I-I felt so, ah, naughty."

"It's how you get men eating out of your hand. Just watch, he'll sit at the bar like a poor, eager puppy dog for as long as you're here, hoping you'll call him over," I laughed.

When my friends joined us both declared Sarah was definitely modeling material. Trish suggested shortening her skirt even more.

"You've got fabulous legs, you should be showing them off," she stated.

Which we all agreed with, then everyone decided to go out clubbing later that night.

"But what do we do about Priscilla Ann?" she asked.

"Oh, we'll just put her to bed a little early and I can give her something that will put her right to sleep," I said.

As we were leaving she said, "My god, that guy is still sitting at the bar, for two hours now. What should I do?" she asked.

"Nothing, just leave. You didn't promise him anything."

As we were leaving she giggled and said, "I can't believe I did that to that guy back there." I was quite proud of her; a new Sarah was emerging.

As I thought, when Priscilla Ann saw the "new" Sarah she was obviously so intimidated, and in her heels she simply towered over her.

That night men fell all over her and I saw Sarah's confidence in herself blossom. At one point I said, "Girls, I have a project for us. Sarah hasn't had a real date in months. Meaning she also hasn't gotten laid in all that time. Who do we know that's a really good fuck?"



The girls finally settled on a guy named Chuck that they'd passed around. "He's not much in the brains department, but what he's got between his legs is absolutely enormous," Diane giggled.

So we set it up for a couple days later. The evening I said to Priscilla Ann, "I want you to get out your darling, pink, party dress and I'll come in and help you into it. Sarah has a date tonight and I'm sure she wants you to make a good impression on, don't you Sarah?"

"Oh definitely. You'll be the nicest little girl to him, won't you Priscilla Ann?" she asked.

"Y-Yes Miss Sarah," she said, obviously totally devastated, just as I'd hoped she'd be.

And when Sarah came out dressed for her date in my red sequined "fuck me" dress I purposefully made it all the more horrible for Priscilla Ann by saying, "My god Sarah, you're going to give your date a heart attack. I'll be surprised if you make it home in one piece, if you make it home at all that is."

As Diane had correctly stated Chuck had very little between the ears. But he was everything Priscilla Ann wasn't, even when she wasn't Priscilla Ann. At six foot, five inches he was a real stud. Muscles bulging everywhere and gorgeous to look at.

Poor Priscilla Ann, her devastated expression when she was brought in to meet Sarah's date was priceless. For there was Sarah sitting on her date's lap with their arms around each other.

I almost felt sorry for poor Priscilla Ann, but not really, when Sarah introduced her as my little sister. Forced to curtsy to her date and say, "H-Hello Sir, I'm so very pleased to meet you," I could see she was ready to break out in tears. Especially when dumb Chuck

said, "Why, aren't you the cutest little thing. I'm sure in a couple of years you'll have all the boys in school asking you out. I'll bet you just can't wait, can you?"

"N-No Sir, I-I can't," she replied miserably.

The whole scenario was horribly cruel to Priscilla Ann, but I felt it was all quite necessary. Sarah, weeks ago, had stopped seeing Priscilla Ann as her boyfriend. But I could see the reverse wasn't true. Priscilla Ann still thought of Sarah as her girlfriend, despite her little girl masquerade. Which I felt I simply had to put a stop to once and for all. And being introduced to Sarah's big, masculine date certainly did that.

Chapter 13. Priscilla Ann's Visit To Ms. Chambers.

The following Friday was an eventful one for her. When I went to pick her up Lisa said, "Do you suppose I could invite Priscilla Ann to come and visit me, say, this Sunday? I really would love for her to come, and I think she'd really enjoy herself."

"Well, I don't know. Would you like to visit Ms. Chambers, Priscilla Ann?" I asked, although Lisa and I had already discussed it.

"Oh yes, I really would! Can I, please, Sister Dear?" she asked excitedly.

"You have your chores to do on Sunday, as you know..."

"I-I could do them on Saturday," she pleaded.

"Yes, that's true. Very well, if you get all your chores done to my satisfaction, you can go," I decreed.

"I know, I could pick out something special for you to wear when you come, it'll be my treat," Lisa added.

"Something special" turned out to be one of the frilliest, four tiered, peach taffeta, little girl dresses in the store. With anklets, not trimmed in lace, but ruffled with tiny, peach bows. White, patent leather shoes with ankle straps, peach bows on the toes, and matching gloves. With her hair in pigtails she looked even more juvenile than she did in her pink, party dress.

Looking at herself in the mirror I could tell she saw how hopelessly childish she looked. But when Lisa saw her she positively gushed over how adorable she looked. "You do look so sweet in pink dear, but peach is absolutely your color. I really must see what other peach outfits I have for you."

Priscilla Ann, as Lisa fully expected, was in awe of the huge, elegant house and the five manicured acres it sat on. Which included a garden and big pool. When they got inside she immediately spied the white, baby grand piano.

"Oh, you have a piano," she exclaimed.

"Why yes, Olivia did say you enjoyed playing the piano. Would you like to play it?"

"Yes please, can I?" she asked, and after she'd played a few tunes Lisa said, "My goodness, for a girl your age you really are quite talented. You really should be taking lessons."

Needless to say Priscilla Ann had a wonderful visit and just before I came to pick her up Lisa said, "You know what would be so much fun is if you came out to visit for a weekend. Would you like that?"

And, of course, she excitedly answered that she would. I, on the other hand, was much more hesitant,

and to her distress, I said only that I would have to think about it.

When we got back I told her I thought that she and I needed to have a little talk.

"I don't have any real objection to you spending a weekend with Ms. Chambers, except for one very big problem. While we've taken steps to ensure your, ah, masquerade I'm afraid it would never hold up under close inspection. Undoubtedly you'd be changing clothes and taking baths and then, I'm sure, you'd be discovered. And I know you don't want that, think of how upset it would make Ms. Chambers," I said.

"Oh no, I-I wouldn't want that," she gasped.

"Perhaps there's some way we could make your masquerade more foolproof..."

"D-Do you think there is?" she naively asked.

"I really don't know, but I can look into it if you'd like me to?"

"Oh yes, if, if you would, please," she asked hopefully. Which I thought hysterical. Here was Sarah's now ex boyfriend made into a little girl asking me to make her "deception" even more complete. Which, of course, I was all too willing to do.

In the meantime Lisa had plans of her own, which I completely agreed with. It didn't take too long before Priscilla Ann came to adore her. She was always so nice and affectionate with her. Always full of praise and compliments, none of which she got from Sarah or me. Almost as important Lisa was forgiving of Priscilla Ann's little mistakes, and would so kindly correct her that she'd try as hard as she could to please her and not do it again. With us Sarah either ignored her, criticized

her and was quick to spank her. Naturally she was scared to death of me.

Whenever Lisa announced that I had come to fetch her you could see her happy expression change to one of dread.

Priscilla Ann spent more and more time with Lisa. Who took her to restaurants, the ballet, walks in the park, the zoo and every Sunday I allowed her to visit Lisa.

Once it was plain how much she adored Lisa and how happy she always was to see her Lisa decided it was time to have a talk with her.

"I'm afraid we have a bit of a problem sweetheart," I said.

"Is, is it something I've done?" she asked so concerned.

"Oh my no. It's just that when I mention how old you are I sometimes get the strangest stares and questioning looks."

"T-They think I'm older?"

"Goodness no, they think you're a lot younger. I'm afraid some of them find it hard to believe that you're really thirteen," I said, which so surprised her that all she could blurt out was, "They, they think I'm younger?"

"Yes, I afraid so, and I'm really getting rather concerned. The problem is that you simply don't look your age, and some of the mother's I meet at your ballet

class ask me what a thirteen-year-old is doing in a class for much younger girls. It's a bit embarrassing."

"I-I don't want to embarrass you, really," she said so earnestly, then couldn't help asking, "H-How old do they think I am?"

"Well, most of them think you're not any older than ten, especially some of the mother's in your ballet class, but one customer in the store thought you weren't a day older than nine. You know Amanda in your class, don't you?" I asked and when she said she did I added, "She actually is a bit taller than you, isn't she?"

"Yes, a-a little," she admitted.

"Well, her mother pointed out that her ten year old daughter is actually taller than you," I said, which I could see just devastated her.

"A-Amanda is ten?" she asked, so dismayed.

In reality I knew Amanda was really twelve, so I lied. It had a purpose.

"So I was thinking that perhaps the wisest thing to do, and I know I'm asking a lot, is just to tell everyone that you're nine."

"Tell-tell everyone that I'm nine?" she repeated, naturally shocked at my suggestion.

"Of course I still know you're thirteen, but I think it would save both of us a lot of embarrassing moments. It's really asking a lot, I know, so why don't you take the rest of the day to think about it," I suggested.

Not to my surprise towards the end of the day she came up, and unenthusiastically said, "I've thought about it, a-and if it will help you can tell everyone I'm n-nine. But c-couldn't I be ten?"

I almost, but didn't laugh, she was so serious.

After pretending to ponder it a moment I said, "Well I'm not sure, but I think that would be fine."

"Oh, thank you," she gushed so gratefully that I just had to give my little girl a great big hug. Nor was it any trouble convincing people that Priscilla Ann was ten. After all she was dressed actually more like an eight-year-old, and was so little girlish in her manners and behavior.

With that hurdle over I told Olivia I thought she was ready. But Olivia said she wanted to wait until Priscilla Ann brought it up. Which occurred when I asked if she could come and spend the weekend with me for the third or fourth time. With Olivia again saying that, just right then, she didn't think it a good idea.

I wasn't surprised that after saying "no" yet again to a weekend visit, when we got home, Priscilla Ann hesitantly asked, "H-Have you thought any more a-about my, ah, masquerade?"

"Well, actually I have, I'd completely forgotten. There is something, it's quite full proof, and not even the closest inspection would detect the, er, difference. Although it is just a temporary solution," I lied.

When she asked what it was all I said was, "It's just something you wear. I'll see if I can find one." Although I already had it.

A couple nights later she suddenly felt very sleepy after dinner and asked if she could go to bed even earlier than she normally did. After I was sure she was dead to the world I went into her room and using surgical tape installed what had to be the most realistic fake pussy. It had the tiniest patch of curly public hair

which I trimmed down even more to little girl proportions, and was completely hygienic.

I thought I'd just let her discover it herself, which she undoubtedly did when she was in the bathtub.

When I went in to lace her corset up and button her into her petticoats and dress, blushing, she hesitantly asked, "Is, is this my, ah masquerade?"

"Why yes, I put it on when you were asleep. I just couldn't wake you up. I don't think you'll have to worry about your little secret ever being discovered, so I see no reason why you can't spend this weekend at Ms. Chambers. Now, as I mentioned, this is only a temporary solution.

That week Priscilla Ann was so excited to be spending the weekend with me. And I kept adding to it by outfitting her in an adorable little girl's bathing suit, a couple new outfits, just as childish as her dressy peach outfit, which I asked her to bring, so she could wear it to impress all my friends that I couldn't wait to introduce her to.

Of course when Olivia finally gave her permission it was with a few stern provisions.

"Because of her age I will have to insist that she be supervised and all her activities monitored at all times." She declared.

"Oh, I don't think that'll be a problem. She'll be with me most of the time, and when she isn't I can have my maid, Nicole, watch her," I said.

"Second, I expect her to conduct herself at all times like the well-mannered, polite and proper little girl she's been trained to be. And, you should expect her to be an obedient, little girl. You're to do precisely what

Ms. Chambers and her maid tell you to do, am I clear, Priscilla Ann.?"

"Y-Yes Sister Dear, I promise," she replied, cringing at Olivia's stern tone, and couldn't help letting out a distressed moan when she added, "And you will pack your paddle."

"I'm sure there won't be any need for that," I stated.

"Priscilla Ann is not always as well-mannered and obedient as she appears to be, are you?"

"N-No Sister Dear," she said, hanging her head.

"And when you've been a bad, little girl what do you expect?" she demanded to know.

"W-When I'm a bad, little girl I expect to be spanked o-or punished," she replied, nearly in tears.

"So, I will have to insist that she pack her paddle, and also that you won't hesitate to use it if she acts up in the slightest," Olivia said.

"Oh, very well, if you insist. But I'm sure she'll always act as the perfectly sweet, little girl that I see, won't you sweet heart?" I cooed.

"Yes Ma'am, I'll try hard to act as perfect as I can," she replied earnestly.

When Olivia left, Priscilla Ann, I could see, was nearly ready to cry.

Giving her a big hug I commented, "My goodness Olivia certainly is strict with you, isn't she?"

"Y-Yes, she, she is," she said with a sob.

"I'm sure you must be so relieved to be with me for a whole weekend?"

"Oh yes, I really am," she said honestly.

Priscilla Ann, I was sure, would have the happiest time with me over the weekend. However, there would be some subtle humiliations that she would have to endure. I adored her as much as she adored me, and I loved the idea of having a little girl in the house. It brought out all of the mothering instincts that I thought had passed me by. I thought Olivia had done wonders with her so far, but I had my own ideas of what a little girl should be. And Priscilla Ann was just going to have to accept them if she wanted my affection, caring and praise. Which, quite nicely, she was obviously desperate for.

When I got her home Nicole was waiting for us. "You've already met Priscilla Ann, Nicole. She's coming to stay the weekend and she will be your little charge. As you've seen she's a very well-mannered girl who will do whatever you ask her to do, won't you sweetheart?"

"Yes Ma'am, I will," she said unsuspectingly.

I'd spent the last couple weeks completely redecorating one of the spare rooms, and I spared no expense making it into a bedroom that any girl would die to have, any eight year old girl, that is.

When I announced that this was to be her room her mouth dropped open. It was the most lavishly frilly and dainty room that I'm sure she'd ever seen. Compared to the tiny room she had this one was huge. It was all done in pinks and yellows with a thick pink wall-to-wall rug. The furniture was so delicate that she'd have to be very careful just sitting on it.

On one side were shelves filled with at least a couple dozen dolls. On another a bookshelf filled with books perfectly suited for an eight-year-old reading

level, with game books, coloring books, games and toys.

As I watched her look around I couldn't help wondering what her reaction was, especially to her new bed. Which I'd looked all over for, until I found just the right one. A little bigger than a crib, I learned it was called a, "youth bed." It was brass and had the most frilly canopy top, but what I really loved were the sides, which slid up and locked. Or her reaction to the rocking horse that had a harness to fasten her onto it.

Before she could think to ask what a girl's room was doing in my house I said, "I used to have a niece who I absolutely adored, so I made this room up for her whenever she came to visit. She was about your age, but tragically she died. Vanessa loved her room so much, as I hope you will. See, here's her whole collection of dolls, which you can play with. I understand, from Olivia, that you so enjoy playing with dolls," I said.

"Oh yes Ma'am, I really do," she was forced to say, although Olivia had told me it was one of the things she really hated.

"And over here there's this big doll house, which I'm sure you can't wait to play with. Here's a little table for you to play games at, or color, or work puzzles. There's a whole shelf of them. And lots of books and movies to watch. Of course they were all Vanessa's favorites so I'm sure you'll enjoy them too. Now thru this door is your very own bathroom, and these doors lead out to a delightful balcony. If sure if you ask Nicole nicely she'll let you take a book or puzzle out on it. You do like your room, I hope?" I asked.

"It, it's huge. I mean, yes Ma'am, it's a wonderful room," she said, and sounded like she actually meant it.

"There's a little time before my dinner guests arrive, and they're all dying to meet you. If you want to go out and sit on the balcony I'm sure Nicole will let you. However Nicole, whenever you let Priscilla Ann outside be sure she always wears a hat and gloves to protect her delicate complexion from the sun," I said, making it clear that Nicole was in charge of her.

"In about an hour you can get her ready for dinner. She has an absolutely darling peach dress and outfit that I'm sure all the guests will love to see her in," I said.

"Yes Ma'am, and I'll spend extra time arranging her hair," she said with a wink to me, for I'd informed her of Priscilla Ann's masquerade, and my eventual plans, which she found most amusing.

Priscilla Ann's subtle humiliation, which she was quite powerless to object to, began when Nicole stated it was time to get her ready for dinner.

"If you'll just stand here I'll undress you and get your bath ready," she said.

"U-Undress me, really Miss Nicole I-I can do that, if you'll help me unbutton my dress," Priscilla Ann protested.

"Oh goodness no, I will be dressing and undressing you as part of my duties. The Mistress gave me strict instructions that my duties were to be the same as when her poor niece came to visit," Nicole said.

"I-I really can do it myself..."

“Oh my, I do hope I’m not going to have to report to the Mistress that you were giving me some difficulties undressing you,” she tsked.

“N-No, I’m really not, honest,” she said, obviously dismayed at my being upset with her.

“Then please stand still, like a good little girl, and raise your right foot for me so I can unbuckle your shoe, and take it and your adorable socks off,” she said, and I was sure there was nothing that could make Priscilla Ann feel more like a helpless, little child than being dressed and undressed.

Except what came next. She was used to taking perfumed, bubble baths. But she was not to be allowed, here at least, the responsibility of bathing herself.

When she realized that Nicole, kneeling beside the tub, was going to bath her, she started to say something.

“Yes Priscilla Ann, was there something you wanted to say?” Nicole asked nicely, but with just enough of a disapproving tone for her to sigh in defeat and say, “No Miss Nicole, there wasn’t.”

“Now be a good girl and raise your arms and I’ll wash under them for you,” Nicole said, smiling to herself.

Chapter 14. Priscilla Ann’s New Friends.

I’ll have to admit, rather proudly, Priscilla Ann caused quite a stir when Nicole led her in by the hand to the dining room, curtsying so daintily. Then went around to each of the guests politely introducing herself.

"Hello, my name is Miss Priscilla Ann Waring and I'm ever so pleased to meet you. I'm ten years old," she said, adding her age at my suggestion.

I'd invited six women; two of whom I was particularly pleased could come for I'd suggested that they bring their daughters, which they did. A perfectly adorable, ever so well-mannered, nine-year-old named Jessica, and an equally precious eight-year-old named Regina.

When Priscilla Ann introduced herself to Jessica the girl stood, curtsied and said, "I'm Miss Jessica Baker, and I'm thrilled to meet you Priscilla Ann. I just love your dress, you look so divine in it."

She then leaned forward and kissed Priscilla Ann on both cheeks. Whispering in her ear I said, "You should thank her and give her little kisses back sweet heart. I think it's what she's waiting for."

Which she did, although I could tell she didn't do so very enthusiastically. When Regina complimented her on her hair, then also kissed her, Priscilla Ann returned her kisses.

It was such a delightfully little girlish gesture that I whispered, "Apparently this is how little girls politely greet each other, you'll remember in the future won't you sweetie?"

"Yes Ma'am, I will," she promised.

To my great pleasure everyone was enchanted with little Priscilla Ann, although I didn't have the heart to tell her that a couple of the women had thought she was actually younger than ten.

As we finished dinner I suggested to Nicole that she take all the little girls up to Priscilla Ann's room. "I just know she's dying to show off her room to them. Then

you could supervise some games they could play, or help them select a movie to watch," I suggested, which is what transpired. Nicole reported later that Priscilla Ann seemed to beam when the other girls gushed over her, "fabulous" room.

Nicole had them playing pick-up-sticks then let them pick out a movie, "Bambi" to watch. Later I tucked Priscilla Ann in and gave her a hug and a kiss. "Did you enjoy yourself tonight and your new little friends, sweet heart?" I asked.

"Oh yes, I really did. T-They really liked my room," she couldn't help adding.

"My isn't that so nice. Would you like for me to call their Mommies and ask if their girls can come over for a swim tomorrow, then you can all play in the playground."

"Go swimming, oh, I'd really like that," she replied happily.

The following day Priscilla Ann looked simply precious in her ruffle trimmed, pink little girl's bathing suit and matching swim cap. And it was a thoroughly enjoyable sight watching them play in the pool, then on the swings, teeter tauter and skip rope.

The whole weekend I ensured that she truly enjoyed herself culminating on taking her to a symphony concert Sunday night.

In dressing her once again in her dressy peach outfit Nicole said, "I know how really darling you look in this outfit, it's just too bad you don't have another party dress to show off in to the Mistress, isn't it?"

"I-I only have this one," she replied, actually sounding dejected. Which was perfect for Nicole then said, "It's too bad you can't wear one of Vanessa's gorgeous

party dresses. There's a whole closet full of them, all of which the Mistress picked out for her and there isn't one she wouldn't love to see you in. I'm sure it would bring back such wonderful memories for her."

"It would? But why couldn't I wear one if it would make her happy?" she asked, so eager to please me.

"I'm sure they would fit you, except you see, Vanessa had a very tiny figure that the Mistress always took such pride in showing off to everyone."

"Oh, m-my figure is too big?" she said, so disappointed.

"I'm afraid so. I know you have a real battle with your figure, although your corset does help. Hmmm, I wondering, how does your corset feel? Is it really tight, just tight, or snug?"

"It did feel awfully tight, but now it's just a little tight after a while. Do you think if it was a little tighter I could wear one of Vanessa's dresses," she actually hopefully asked.

"Unfortunately I think it's about as tight as I can get it. What you'd need is a smaller corset then I'm sure you could fit into any of her beautiful dresses. Perhaps, without letting the Mistress know I could go to the store and get you a smaller one without anyone knowing. Although I have to warn you it would feel really tight, at least for a while. But it would be a most wonderful surprise, and I'm sure the Mistress would really love you for it," she said, just the right words.

"Yes, please could you, Miss Nicole," she pleadingly asked.

My image, you see, of the perfect little girl was that of the daintiest, light as a feather little girl with the tini-

est little waist. So fragile and doll-like it would look as if she'd break if you touched her.

Naturally Priscilla Ann's happy weekend came crashing down when Olivia and Sarah came to pick her up.

"I sincerely hope she was a perfectly well-mannered little girl for you, and didn't give you the slightest problem," Olivia said, giving Priscilla Ann such a stern, forbidding look that she actually was cringing, and more so when Sarah, just as coldly asked, "I'd better not hear that Ms. Chambers, or the maid, had to use your paddle on you, well, speak up, did they?"

"N-No M-Miss Sarah, t-they didn't," she stammered in fright.

"Well, that'll be a first. It seems like every week she has to be spanked, or stood in the corner for one thing or the other," she remarked caustically.

I once again invited her the following weekend with Nicole saying, as soon as they were alone in her room, "I got a smaller corset for you honey, would you like to try it?"

Naturally Priscilla Ann said she would. But minutes later, gasping, she cried out, "Oh Miss Nicole, please it, it's so tight!"

"Oh my, how unfortunate. I'm afraid I'm only able to take it in just another two inches, and we'll have to take off another three before you could hope to wear any of Vanessa's dresses."

"A-Another three?" she moaned in dismay.

"Let me tighten it just another inch just to see how that feels," Nicole suggested, and yanking with all her might, did so.

“Oh Miss Nicole it, it’s too tight. I-I can hardly breath. Oh please loosen it,” she begged.

“Do you think you could be a really brave, little girl and just stay like that for a while? Perhaps you’ll adjust to it,” Nicole asked, although not more than an hour passed before she pleaded with her to loosen it.

“Well just lace it a little tighter each week, and I’m sure eventually you’ll be able to really surprise the Mistress,” she promised.

Chapter 15. Priscilla Ann, The Perfect Doll.

Eventually she’d wear her corset fully laced, which would give her truly the daintiest, most delicate figure.

She was devastated when I didn’t invite her the following weekend, meaning she’d have to spend it with the forbidding Olivia and Sarah. Which was, of course, all planned.

It took Priscilla Ann nearly two months before Nicole was finally able to tighten the laces till it closed.

“Oh my, why this is absolutely perfect. You know the Mistress is having a dinner party tonight and is just dying to show you off. I can’t wait to see how overjoyed and surprised she’ll be when she sees you in one of Vanessa’s beautiful dresses,” Nicole gushed excitedly.

“Is there one that she really liked more than all the others,” Priscilla Ann asked.

“Why yes, check the closet, you’ll find the most gorgeous, pink, party dress with matching shoes and socks. She loved that one the most,” Nicole said, chuckling to herself when she saw Priscilla Ann gulp in dismay as she found the dress and shoes.

"I-is this the one," she asked, obviously, by her tone of voice, hoping it wasn't.

"Why yes, isn't it positively gorgeous?" Nicole smiled, and chuckled to herself.

"Y-Yes, it, it's gorgeous," she had to admit, although Nicole was sure she was praying silently to herself that it wouldn't fit. Nicole could understand, but also knew that Priscilla Ann couldn't back out now.

Unfortunately it fit perfectly, as it was meant to.

"Oh my goodness," she gushed, trying her best not to giggle, "it really does look absolutely gorgeous on you! Don't you just love it?"

Staring at her reflection it was the last thing Priscilla Ann wanted to admit.

"Please don't tell me you don't like it? The Mistress is going to positively adore you in it," Nicole said when she heard a tiny sob of despair escape her.

"I-I really think it's, ah, very beautiful," she finally said, so despondently. Then hopefully asked, "Do you really think Ms. Chambers will like me in it?"

"I think she'll fall in love with you in it, and she'll think you're so wonderful to give her such a nice surprise," she said. And how could I not? She looked just like a dressed-up, little girl doll. Rustling as she minced into the living room in the frilliest, pink, taffeta, party dress. A dress any six or seven year old would love to wear. Her multi-tiered skirts were the shortest yet, not even coming to mid-thigh, and stood almost straight out aided but, not two or three, but a net of four stiffly starched, petticoats. She could do nothing to stop them from bouncing up and down, unable to hide her bloomer styled rumba panties with the seat trimmed

with row up on row of dainty ruffles with pink draw-strings tied bows.

The long expanse of bare legs showing between her skirts and her anklets made them looked so childish. And her darling anklets and shoes, oh my! While her other socks had been trimmed in lace, these had two tiers of ruffles top and bottom with pink bows. On her feet were the most hopelessly childish, pink patent leather mary janes with not one but two straps and stand-up bows on each toe.



Her hair, which by now was touching her shoulders, had been curled then with the biggest pink bows tied into bunches.

I was sure the last thing the poor dear wanted was to be led into a room full of strangers dressed as she was. But there was no turning back. Although she resisted slightly as Nicole led her in by the hand into the room.

Naturally all the women “ooohed” and “aaahed” over her. One remarking on, “what an enchanting, little darling,” and another saying, “why doesn’t she look like the perfect, all dressed-up doll. Which, in my mind, is what I’d always wanted her to become. And she looked so dainty with a tiny waist measuring no more than nineteen inches, over her dress.

She was blushing so shamefully as she stood in front of us, but, of course, I acted so surprised and thrilled to see her in “Veronica’s” dress, that she couldn’t help letting a pleased, happy smile escape.

“This is truly the most wonderful of surprises, sweetheart,” I said with big hugs and kisses. “How did you know this was my favorite dress to see Vanessa in?”

“Miss Nicole told me it was Ma’am. Is, is it all right, I mean, for me to wear it?” she asked anxiously.

“Oh my yes, you look as adorable in it as Vanessa did. In fact, Nicole, I insist that you allow my sweetheart to wear all of Vanessa’s most darling outfits,” I declared, pleased to see a momentary look of dismay pass across her face. As everything in Vanessa’s closet was no less childish than what she was wearing.

Later I called Olivia and told her I thought Priscilla Ann was ready for the final step in her plan.

Chapter 16. Disaster Strikes Again, Ms. Chambers rescues Priscilla Ann.

It was in the middle of the following week, at dinner, that I said, "I'm afraid we have a real disaster on our hands. I was visited today by an official of student housing. It seems it has been brought to her attention that we have an under age girl living with us. Which is against the rules."

"You mean Priscilla Ann isn't allowed to live here," Sarah asked.

"No, and the woman says she has to be out of the apartment by the end of the week."

"I-I have to move out? B-By the end of the week? I-I can't, I mean where will I go?" she wailed, bursting into tears.

"Well, I've had a little time to think about it, and about the only solution might be if Ms. Chambers would agree to take you in. If you want I can call her," I offered.

"Oh yes, please," she begged.

So I left the room and came back a few minutes later and to her utter relief I said, "Ms. Chambers is happy to have you go and live with her. Apparently she's quite fond of you. In fact she said you can pack all your things and bring tem with you to the store tomorrow."

Totally forgetting who Priscilla Ann, her one time boyfriend, Sarah said, "That's really great, now we can get a real roommate."

Priscilla Ann looked so happy when she arrived at the store with all her worldly, and by now, totally girl-ish possessions in one small suitcase. She also looked so relieved when she saw Olivia walk out of her life.

"I do hope you're as excited as I am to have you come and live with me," I said.

"Oh yes, I really am Ma'am," she replied, until I said, "However it seems we have a bit of a problem to overcome first. I just happened to mention you're coming to live with me to my lawyer. And she brought up a problem I never considered. She said I could get in a lot of legal hot water having a girl your age living with me without some legal justification, you see?"

"Is-Is it a big problem," she asked in obvious distress.

"She doesn't think so. It's really just a technicality. She's contacted a social worker who's bringing over some legal papers to sign today," I said. The "social worker", who really wasn't a social worker at all, but a most amused friend of mine, showed up a couple hours later.

"This is Ms. Grant, the social worker I mentioned," I introduced her.

"I'm most very pleased to meet you Ms. Grant, my name is Priscilla Ann" she curtsied.

"Oh my, what a precious, little girl. I can see why you're excited to have her living with you. Now, as I explained on the phone the documents I'll have you and the little girl sign will make you her legal guardian, and will keep you out of any legal problems. Now then, Ms.. Chambers, and her maid, reports that while you are with them you're well-behaved, polite and do

as they ask. However the report I've gotten from your big sister is that you are all too often not the obedient little girl you exhibit here, and that she's had more than one behavioral problem with you. So, I will be checking in to see how you're adapting and if I hear of even a hint that you're not acting as a perfect, little girl I'll yank you out of here and send you to the strictest boarding school where you'll remain until you're eighteen. Do we understand each other, Priscilla Ann?" she asked sternly.

"Y-Yes Ma'am, I'll try to be the most perfect l-little girl f-for Ms. Chambers," she quaked, obviously horrified learning what the alternative would be if she wasn't.

Well, what can I say? I finally have my very own little girl doll. I just love putting her on display to friends and parading her out in public. Several of my women friends are so envious they're dying for a little girl, sissy doll of their own.

Her days are filled with "special" tutors as I'm a firm believer that one can always improve. Nicole has managed to take yet another inch off her dainty waist and her titties and nipples she reports have become extremely sensitive. So much so that just last week she reported, smiling, that while bathing her and vigorously washing her titties Priscilla Ann's pussy had it's first orgasm. So we decided that only when Priscilla Ann has been a very, very perfect, little doll will Nicole reward her with another thrilling orgasm.

The only dark cloud is when Sarah comes to visit and brings her latest hunk with her. I always dress her up extra special in one of her most extravagant little girl party dresses when she visits.

The first time she visited I was most amused at poor Priscilla Ann's crestfallen reaction.

"Oh my, and who is this adorable little girl? She's absolutely the most perfect little doll, isn't she?" she exclaimed, with Priscilla Ann realizing that Sarah showed no recognition at all that she'd once been her boyfriend.

Neither Olivia nor I feel any remorse at turning a healthy twenty two year old boy into the daintiest, mincing little girl. "She" always needed a strong person to guide and make decisions for her. First there was Sarah, then Olivia and now me. Sarah is free of a relationship she never should have been in and I do make sure she's as happy as a sissy girl/boy could be playing with her dolls, ballet lessons and her new friends, two sissies I helped my best friends acquire. It's simply so amusing as we watch them do "kissies" as they greet each other.